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THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.
Crebillon's Electra.
As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XVII.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
MACFARLANE & FERGUSSON, PRINTERS.
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Sonnets to Winter.

It was a remark of one of the Spanish Kings that the four greatest blessings in life were Old Wine to Drink, Old Wood to Burn, Old Books to Read, and Old Friends to Love.

I.

OLD WINE TO DRINK.

Yes! fill the goblet high with generous wine,
As sparkling as the draughts of ancient Massic
Or old Falernian made by Horace classic,
Brought from the sunny valleys of the Rhine
And throwing off their daughter's brilliant glances—
Just as the diamond, long obscured from sight,
With all the rays it last absorbed is bright,
This wine, as o'er the festal board it dances,
Gives back the flashes from the beaming eye
Of the brown vineyard beauty, on our meeting:
Fill up! to friends a kind, a cordial greeting,
And though December's winds may rustle by
And lead the howlings of the furious storm,
Our faces kindle and our hearts are warm.

II.

OLD WOOD TO BURN.

Old wood to burn!—hew down the highest trunk
On Alleghanean ridges, seen afar
—A monarch crowned with his imperial star—
Against the crimson where the sun has sunk.
The sharp axe glittering in his kingly heart
Sends echo ringing through the golden woods—
And then a crashing fall!—like bursting floods
When roar the surges and great mountains part!
The dim year wanes—I see an indoor sight—
Bright faces gathered round a blazing fire
At Yule or Pentecost when rising higher
The frolic-mirth draws gladness from the light—
Of that old oak that towering once so vast
Laughed at the storm, and whistled at the blast!

III.

OLD BOOKS TO READ.

Reach from their dusty places of repose
A Virgil's lay or "Livy's pictured page,"
The varied lore of an Augustan age—
What visions panoramic they disclose!
With o'er-attentive faculties we hear
The wandering minstrelsy of Scio's bard—
Poor houseless tenant of a life ill-starred—
Or catch the minster-music of the seer
Chanting of Paradise "and all our woe."
Then with the Christian pilgrim for our guide
We safely pass the dark and bridge-less tide
To Beulah's land where flow'rets ever blow:
Of Shakspeare's heroes trace the storied line,
Or weigh the mercies of the Book divine!

IV.

OLD FRIENDS TO LOVE.

Old friends to love!—true soul bound to true soul
With olden memories, and traces dear
Of the dead past, claiming the happy tear
That still at sight of each will fondly roll!
Old friends! No sycophants of yesterday,
With smiles and protestations never done,
Bright summer-flies, true "lovers of the sun"
And all who bask beneath the golden ray.
Old friends! who on the battle field of life,
When closed the serried hosts in stormy fight,
Have raised the buckler Friendship strong and bright
And borne us bleeding from the mortal strife,
Who heart-whole, pure in faith, once written *friend*
In life and death are true, unto the end!

K. Σ.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE.*

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.

"Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

The experience of the world adds daily confirmation to the truth announced by The Preacher in the passage we have quoted. Amid the apparent vicissitudes of human affairs and human knowledge, there is really nothing but the repetition of old things. As in physical nature, summer follows spring, and winter succeeds to autumn, but the succession is invariable, and the new year is but the copy of its predecessor—so in the moral and social world of man, opinions, habits and tastes—sciences and arts—knowledge and power—nay, even the creative force of

*THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; *Or, Ghosts and Ghost-Seers. By Catherine Crowe. Authoress of "Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," "Aristodemus," Etc.* New York: J. S. Redfield. Clinton Hall. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1850.

the imagination and the dreams of poesy—seem to move, in greater or lesser orbits, through the same unvarying cycles. In dress, the fashion of to-day is but a reproduction of some long forgotten costume. The fairy tales, which beguiled us in the nursery, are traced back by learned scholars to the birth-place of the human family in the remote East; and we find that Jack the Giant Killer, with his seven mile boots, has really performed some astounding journeys, though with less speed than his biographers have represented. A more intimate acquaintance with China has shown that nation of conservatives to have possessed, for thousands of years, the knowledge of many processes, upon which civilized Europe prided herself as the crowning triumphs of centuries spent in study and invention; while the monuments of Egypt and Nineveh indicate the former existence of mechanical contrivances, and of secrets in the manufacture of unfading colors, which baffle all the inquiries of modern genius and research. Even in this, which we call the *new* world, the authentic narratives of those adventurers, who first saw the glories of Mexico and Peru, are sufficient to excite our wonder and amazement. And yet these nations were but mushrooms—the growth of yesterday—upon a soil where lie buried countless millions, whose very name has perished, of whom no tradition floats along the tide of time, and whose only memorials are the vast mounds and enclosures, that have bid defiance for unknown ages to the assaults of the elements.

We might pursue this course of illustration without end. We might prove not only from the dim glimpses of the past which pierce through the mists of early history—but from the annals which the hand of Almighty power has traced in the strata of the earth itself—that the period, of which we know something, is but a fraction inconceivably small, compared with that chain of centuries from which it has been severed. And if even this limited history presents such evidence to our eyes of renewal and repetition, how much more must lie hidden beneath the waves of oblivion?

> "So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
> That withers away, to let others succeed;
> So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
> To repeat every tale that has often been told.
>
> "For we are the same that our fathers have been;
> We see the same sights that our fathers have seen:
> We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
> And we run the same course that our fathers have run."

No department, in which the human mind has exercised itself, betrays this tendency more signally than that which relates to the spiritual world. The love of the marvellous is one of the earliest and the most obstinate of our inclinations. Nothing so fascinates the child at the nurse's knee as a terrible ghost story; and the taste, thus cultivated almost in the cradle, is seldom rooted out, even when the belief has been wholly dispelled by the light of reason and experience. Those, who have fully emancipated themselves from the control of superstition, still enjoy as a sort of stimulant the pleasing terror that is excited by such tales. So the old play-goer, to whom the stage is no longer a reality more vivid than the life by daylight out of doors, loves to be cheated for a little while into sympathy with the humor of Falstaff, or the pathos of King Lear. We have often felt, and as often laughed at, the whimsical dilemma of good Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian of the Roman Republic. He was *found* by a friend one night, when Mrs. Siddons was playing Lady Randolph in the tragedy of Douglas, standing in the back part of a box, blubbering like a school boy, and soliloquizing to this effect—"I know that I'm auld Adam Ferguson—and I know this is the Edinbro' theatre—and I know, you's just that d—d jade Mrs. Siddons—but—but—" and off went the philosopher again, in another ungovernable tribute to the matchless acting of the heroine. In like manner, when one has spent a lonely hour at midnight, in devouring some well wrought narrative of supernatural and tragic mystery, his nerves are strung up to a pitch of morbid acuteness, his imagination rules with irresistible, if not undisputed, sway. Logic and common sense are summoned to no purpose. Like hasty levies of militia, they make a show of firmness till the enemy approaches: but flee, panic-stricken, at the first symptom of his appearance. The flap of a shutter, the rustle of a curtain, makes him start as if he already saw a spectre; and if the cat upset a tray of crockery, or throw down the fire-irons, in another room, he hears the fall of the castle of Otranto, or the clang of the gigantic helmet upon the marble floor.

If this were the whole extent of our superstitious fancies, merely nervous vagaries, which passed off with a night's sleep, and left us in full possession of our senses the next day, we should have no quarrel with the makers and retailers of such fictions. But, unfortunately, there are too many who do not stop at this point. Wise as this generation is, and much as it has outgone (according to its own reckoning) all the advances of its predecessors, a large proportion of the people alive this day, in the most cultivated countries of the globe, are just as credulous as those of any age, dark or light, since the world begun. The Salem witches are defunct indeed, and their death has left a sad record behind them; but the Rochester knocking girls have arisen in their stead, and make a comfortable living by the

trade. Astrologers are no longer consulted, and fortune-tellers are mostly out of vogue; but Mesmerists and Clairvoyants are doing the self same things, with the self same motives, and with a reasonable share of success in their calling. In Catholic countries, the recent exhibition of the Holy Coat of Treves proves the public mind to be no more skeptical, than it was when the low state of physical science allowed greater scope for the performance of miracles by the bones of saints and other relics; whilst, in Protestant Great Britain, and Puritan America, the astonishing number of proselytes to the Mormon faith is no small reproach to the boasted efficacy of the Reformed religion in developing and strengthening our rational faculties.

We once heard of an infidel, who denied the authority of Revelation, and doubted even the historical accuracy of the Bible, except so much of it as related to the building of the temple. That, being a zealous Free-Mason, he believed; because it consisted with the tradition that Solomon founded or revived the Mystic order, when he commenced the preparations for that great work. Not unlike this is the singular inconsistency of the German philosophers. They have gone on, refining and rationalizing all that is supernatural in the Gospel narratives, now explaining that to be possessed of a devil means to be afflicted with epilepsy, and now resolving a miracle into what they call a *Myth*, or in other words, a *fable*—until they have reduced the life of Christ to nearly the same level with those of the gods and heroes of antiquity; making it to consist of a basis of truth, surmounted and concealed by a superstructure of fancy and fiction. Nevertheless, during all this time, they have been industrious in cherishing the forms of superstition that yet survived—recalling to existence such as had passed away—and moulding them all into forced and fanciful analogy with the idle conceits of the same character peculiar to our own times. They have employed themselves in this work with so much gravity and perseverance, as to give assurance of their own sincere belief in it; whilst their terrible array of hard words (unknown compounds from the inexhaustible chemistry of the German tongue) impresses the ignorant and unreflecting, like the jargon of other jugglers, with an idea, that there must be a vast deal of meaning in that of which they comprehend so little.

Nor is this proneness to believe the supernatural at all dependant upon religious enthusiasm, or what another class of sanguine theorists (the Phrenologists) call the excitement of the organ of Veneration.

Those, who like ourselves, are not masters of the many-sided and multiform language, derive an acquaintance with its treasures from the translations furnished us by others who have made it their study, and sometimes from books which they make up by picking and stealing from the folios of Fader-land. But they bear about them unequivocal marks of their origin. The broad German features of the subjects discussed betray their parentage on every page; and the uncouth combinations of English, in which they are clothed, have been cut as nearly as possible after the foreign fashion of the garments, in which they were first breeched.

The "Night-Side of Nature," by Mrs. Catherine Crowe, is a book, to which the preceding remarks are generally applicable, but which is in no wise subject to any charge of plagiarism or deceit. On the contrary, the authoress makes no secret of her obligations to the Magi of Modern Germany; and the frequent expression of her gratitude and reverence for them would be ludicrous, were it not so solemn and earnest. Sincere and laudable feeling, however ill-directed and misplaced, deserves to be treated with some respect; as an enlightened and liberal Christian will forbear to offend, by an exhibition of disgust or contempt, even those, whose religious faith and worship are in his eyes mere mummery and superstition. We will, therefore, not indulge in that ridicule, which Mrs. Crowe considers to be closely akin to the ignorant impiety of the scoffing atheist; though we confess, it does cost us some effort to bridle our pen, when we compare the swelling *dicta* of these scientific quacks with the "facts and experience" from which they are deduced, to the undoubting conviction of the fair writer herself. By way of a compromise, we will treat our readers to a few specimens of the book; which will serve to illustrate our own views, without damage to our reputation for gallantry and good nature.

The "German authorities" present a formidable muster roll. Doctors Kerner and Werner, Von Meyer and Eschenmayer, Schubert and Stilling, and Hegel, and Passavent, and Ennemoser, deployed into line, remind us of the Scottish names which so dismayed the muse of Milton—

"Colkitto, and Macdonnell, and Gallasp."

And it is no small honor, that the more commonplace patronymic of the Rev. Hare Townshend has been found worthy of a place on the same page with the illustrious Dutchmen; an honor fairly earned, however, by his unflinching belief in, and zealous devotion to, the great cause of Animal Magnetism.

Beginning with the expressions in the Scriptures, which, as translated, attribute to man the possession of a *body*, a *soul*, and a *spirit*, Mrs. Crowe maintains, that the two latter are invested with certain peculiar inlets or means of intelli-

gence, wholly independent of the bodily senses even during their union with the body, and when directed to physical objects, no less than to abstract and spiritual things. She says—

"In the spirit or soul, or rather in both conjoined, dwells, also, the power of *spiritual seeing*, or *intuitive knowing*; for, as there is a spiritual body, there is a spiritual eye, and a spiritual ear, and so forth; or to speak more correctly, all these sensuous functions are comprised in one universal sense, which does not need the aid of the bodily organs; but on the contrary, is most efficient when most freed from them. It remains to be seen whether, or in what degree, such separation can take place during life; complete it cannot be till death; but whoever believes sincerely that the divine spirit dwells within him, can, I should think, find no difficulty in conceiving that, although from the temporary conditions to which that spirit is subjected, this universal faculty is limited and obscured, it must still retain its indefeasible attribute."

* * * * *

"It is by the hypothesis of this universal sense, latent within us—an hypothesis which, whoever believes that we are immortal spirits, incorporated for a season in a material body, can scarcely reject—that I seek to explain those perceptions which are not comprised within the functions of our bodily organs. It seems to me to be the key to all or nearly all of them, as far as our own part in the phenomena extends. But supposing this admitted, there would then remain the difficulty of accounting for the partial and capricious glimpses we get of it; while in that department of the mystery which regards apparitions, except such as are the pure result of disease, we must grope our way, with very little light to guide us, as to the conditions and motives which might possibly bring them into any immediate relation with us.

"To any one who has been fortunate enough to witness one genuine case of clairvoyance, I think the conception of this universal sense will not be difficult, however the mode of its exercise may remain utterly incomprehensible."

* * * * *

"Nothing could be more perplexing to any one who read them with attention, than the trials for witchcraft of the seventeenth century. Many of the feats of the ancient thaumaturgists and wonder-workers of the temples might have been nearly as much so, but these were got rid of by the easy expedient of pronouncing them fables and impostures: but, during the witch-mania, so many persons proved their faith in their own miraculous powers by the sacrifice of their lives, that it was scarcely possible to doubt their having some foundation for their own persuasion, though what that foundation could be, till the late discoveries in animal magnetism, it was difficult to conceive; but here we have a new page opened to us, which concerns both the history of the world and the history of man, as an individual; and we begin to see that that which the ignorant thought supernatural, and the wise impossible, has been both natural and true. While the scientific men of Great Britain, and several of our journalists, have been denying and ridiculing the reports of these phenomena, the most eminent physicians of Germany have been quietly studying and investigating them, and giving to the world, in their works, the results of their experience. Among the rest, Dr. Joseph Ennemoser, of Berlin, has presented to us in his two books on 'Magic,' and on 'The Connection of Magnetism with Nature and Religion,' the fruits of his thirty years' study of this subject—during the course of which he has had repeated opportunities of investigating all the phenomena, and of making himself perfectly familiar with even the most rare and perplexing. To any one who has studied these works, the mysteries of the temples and of the witch trials are mysteries no longer; and he writes with the professed design, not to make science mystical, but to bring the mysterious within the bounds of science. The phenomena, as he justly says, are as old as the human race. Animal magnetism is no new development, no new discovery. Inseparable from life, although, like many other vital phenomena, so subtle in its influences, that only in abnormal cases it attracts attention, it has exhibited itself more or less in all ages and in all countries. But its value as a medical agent is only now beginning to dawn on the civilized world, while its importance in a higher point of view is yet perceived by but few. Every human being who has ever withdrawn himself from the strife, and the turmoil, and the distraction, of the world without, in order to look within, must have found himself perplexed by a thousand questions with regard to his own being, which he would find no one able to solve. In the study of animal magnetism, he will first obtain some gleams of a light which will show him that he is indeed the child of God! and that, though a dweller on the earth, and fallen, some traces of his divine descent, and of his unbroken connection with a higher order of being, still remain to comfort and encourage him. He will find that there exist in his species the germs of faculties that are never fully unfolded here on earth, and which have no reference to this state of being. They exist in all men, but in most cases are so faintly elicited as not to be observable; and when they do shoot up here and there, they are denied, disowned, misinterpreted, and maligned."

Dear reader, you have now before you the great principle of what people have so long called the *supernatural*, but which is in reality the *unperceived natural*, and nothing more. There are those, who have always maintained, that, if mesmerism and clairvoyance were true, they were certainly magic and witchcraft. Mrs. Crowe is of the same opinion. They are all operations of, or upon, the *universal sense*, which so few people are conscious of possessing, that the multitude gapes with wonder at its manifestations. The sorcerers of Egypt, who turned their rods into serpents, the witch of Endor evoking the awful shade of Samuel from the tomb, and Cornelius Agrippa, whose magic mirror displayed scenes

and persons the most remote, either in time or distance—all these, like the witches of the 17th century, were people who possessed a singular control over "the *spiritual seeing* or *intuitive knowing*" in other persons, and had some tincture of acquaintance with the manual of mesmerism. We admit the family likeness is a striking one, and does seem to warrant the suspicion of a common origin.

This *universal sense*, as it seems, is commonly inactive, when the other senses are at work, waking up for the most part only when they go to sleep: and hence the nearest approach which ordinary, healthy, work-day people can make to its exercise, is when they are dreaming. Some of the German "physiologists and psychologists" attribute the phenomena of dreams to supernatural agency, but the learned ENNEMOSER, who is the Magnus Apollo of the authoress, "maintains that the explanation of the mystery is to be chiefly sought in *the great and universal law of polarity*, which extends not only beyond the limits of this earth, but beyond the limits of this system, which must necessarily be in connection with all others: so that there is thus an eternal and never ceasing inter-action, of which, from the multiplicity and contrariety of the influences, we are insensible, just as we are insensible to the pressure of the atmosphere, from its impinging on us equally on all sides."

If our readers do not clearly comprehend the *rationale* of this explanation, we will commend them to the following passage, which is as full of *light* in its termination, as an East Indian fire-fly:

"With respect to dreaming, Dr. Ennemoser rejects the physiological theory, which maintains, that in sleep, magnetic or otherwise, the activity of the brain is transferred to the ganglionic system, and that the former falls into a subordinate relation. 'Dreaming,' he says, 'is the gradual awakening of activity in the organs of imagination, whereby the presentation of sensuous objects to the spirit, which had been discontinued in profound sleep, is resumed. Dreaming,' he adds, 'also arises from the secret activity of the spirit in the innermost sensuous organs of the brain, busying the fancy with subjective sensuous images, the objective conscious day life giving place to the creative dominion of the poetical genius, to which night becomes day, and universal nature is the theatre of action; and thus the supersensuous or transcendent nature of the spirit becomes more manifest in dreaming, than in the waking state. But, in considering these phenomena, man must be viewed in both his psychical and physical relations, and as equally subject to spiritual as to natural operations and influences; since, during the continuance of life, neither soul nor body can act quite independently of the other; for, although it be the immortal spirit which perceives, it is through the instrumentality of the sensuous organs that it does so; for of absolute spirit without body, we can form no conception.'

"What is here meant seems to be, that the brain becomes the world to the spirit, before the impressions from the external world do actually come streaming through by means of the external sensuous organs. The inner spiritual light illumines, till the outward physical light overpowers and extinguishes it. But in this state the brain, which is the storehouse of acquired knowledge, is not in a condition to apply its acquisitions effectively; while the intuitive knowledge of the spirit, if the sleep be imperfect, is clouded by its interference."

Armed with this magical weapon of the universal sense—which is tipped at both ends with *polarity*, and is capable with a touch, either of the positive or negative point, of resolving the knottiest problems in nature—Mrs. Crowe sallies forth in quest of all the marvels that ever were written or talked about, assumes their reality as Don Quixote did that of his giants and enchanters, and straightway subdues them all to the law of the "supersensuous and transcendent spirit." Dreams, magnetic, prophetic, and allegorical—Heathen oracles—Warnings, literal and symbolical—Warnings in unknown tongues, which the recipients had to get translated by others more learned than themselves—Wraiths, Ghosts, and Apparitions—*Doppelgangers* or Doubles, which present us with *fac similes* of ourselves—Troubled spirits, that walk to and fro upon the earth—others, that haunt houses, and keep their prison bounds—Spectral Lights—*Poltergeists*, who break the crockery, smash the furniture, and assail honest folks with "sticks, staves, stones and brickbats," for which they should be indicted under the statutes of Assault and Battery—all these, and a hundredfold more visitations of similar kinds, are hunted up and adduced as manifestations of this spiritual agency. Mrs. Crowe is never at a loss for authority. The venerable traditions of the East, and the Pagan fables of Western Europe, are thankfully received. German professors are quoted by the score. The alphabet furnishes a large contingent; Mr. A. and Mrs. B., Judge W. and Col. Z. contribute liberally to her stores of the wonderful. And when these are wanting, a letter, a magazine, an essay before some psychological association, or that most reliable of all sources of truth—a newspaper paragraph,—presents us with a fact so authentic, that to doubt it is rank impiety. She feeds us, as Meg Merilies did the terrified Dominie Sampson—"Gape, sinner, and swallow!" is the inexorable mandate. But truly the viands, thus forced upon us, are neither so savory as the Gipsy's, nor half so easy of digestion.

Among these narratives, there are many, of course, exhibiting a wonderful correspondence, literal or figurative, between the warning, dream,

presentiment, or apparition, and the event which either accompanied or followed its occurrence. There is no lack of the melancholy or the terrible in Mrs. Crowe's compilation. But she occasionally weakens the case very much by adducing authorites, which not only prove nothing in themselves, but detract from the *prestige* of the verified *supersensuosities*. Sometimes it is obvious from her own showing that the dream led to its own fulfilment—sometimes its absurdity discredits the possibility of a spiritual origin—and again, a most imposing introduction, full of thrilling interest, winds up with the announcement, that "nothing particular followed upon it." We present our readers with illustrations of these inconclusive instances, which the writer cites with as much apparent confidence as any of the best authenticated "correspondences," detailed in her work.

"When the German poet Collin died at Vienna, a person named Hartmann, who was his friend, found himself very much distressed by the loss of a hundred and twenty florins, which he had paid for the poet, under a promise of reimbursement. As this sum formed a large portion of his whole possessions, the circumstance was occasioning him considerable anxiety, when he dreamed one night that his deceased friend appeared to him, and bade him immediately set two florins on No. 11, on the first calling of the little lottery, or loto, then about to be drawn. He was bade to confine his venture to two florins neither less nor more; and to communicate this information to nobody. Hartmann availed himself of the hint, and obtained a prize of a hundred and thirty florins.

Since we look upon lotteries, in this country, as an immoral species of gambling, it may be raised as an objection to this dream, that such intelligence was an unworthy mission for a spirit, supposing the communication to have been actually made by Collin. But, in the first place, we have only to do with facts, and not with their propriety or impropriety, according to our notions; and, by-and-by, I shall endeavor to show that such discrepancies possibly arise from the very erroneous notions commonly entertained of the state of those who have disappeared from the terrestrial life."

* * * * *

"'SINGULAR VERIFICATION OF A DREAM.—A letter from Hamburgh contains the following curious story relative to the verification of a dream. It appears that a locksmith's apprentice, one morning lately, informed his master (Claude Soller) that on the previous night he dreamed that he had been assassinated on the road to Bergsdorff, a little town at about two hours' distance from Hamburgh. The master laughed at the young man's credulity, and, to prove that he himself had little faith in dreams, insisted upon sending him to Bergsdorff with one hundred and forty six dollars, which he owed to his brother-in-law, who resided in the town. The apprentice, after in vain imploring his master to change his intention, was compelled to set out at about 11 o'clock. On arriving at the village of Billwaerder about half-way between Hamburgh and Bergsdorff, he recollected his dream with terror; but perceiving the baillie of the village at a little distance, talking to some of his workmen, he accosted him, and acquainted him with his singular dream, at the same time requesting that, as he had money about his person, one of his workmen might be allowed to accompany him for protection across a small wood which lay in his way. The baillie smiled, and, in obedience to his orders, one of his men set out with the young apprentice. The next day, the corpse of the latter was conveyed by some peasants to the baillie, along with a reaping hook which had been found by his side, and with which the throat of the murdered youth had been cut. The baillie immediately recognised the instrument as one which he had on the previous day given to the workman who had served as the apprentice's guide, for the purpose of pruning some willows. The workman was apprehended, and, on being confronted with the body of his victim, made a full confession of his crime, adding *that the recital of the dream had alone prompted him to commit the horrible act*. The assassin, who is thirty-five years of age, is a native of Billwaerder, and, previously to the perpetration of the murder, had always borne an irreproachable character.'"

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"Joseph Wilkins, a dissenting minister, says that being, one night asleep, he dreamed that he was travelling to London, and that, as it would not be much out of his way, he would go by Gloucestershire, and call upon his friends. Accordingly he arrived at his father's house, but, finding the front door closed, he went round to the back and there entered. The family, however, being already in bed, he ascended the stairs and entered his father's bedchamber. Him he found asleep; but to his mother, who was awake, he said, as he walked round to her side of the bed, 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-by;' to which she answered, 'Oh, dear son thee art dead!' Though struck with the distinctness of the dream, Mr. Wilkins attached no importance to it, till, to his surprise, a letter arrived from his father, addressed to himself, if alive—or, if not, to his surviving friends—begging earnestly for immediate intelligence, since they were under great apprehensions that their son was either dead, or in danger of death; for that, on such a night (naming that on which the above dream had occurred), he, the father, being asleep, and Mrs. Wilkins awake, she had distinctly heard somebody try to open the fore door, which being fast, the person had gone round to the back and there entered. She had perfectly recognised the footstep to be that of her son, who had ascended the stairs, and entering the bedchamber, had said to her, 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good by;' whereupon she had answered, 'Oh, dear son, thee art dead!' Much alarmed she had awakened her husband and related what had occurred, assuring him that it was not a dream, for that she had not been asleep at all. Mr. Wilkins mentions that this curious circumstance

took place in the year 1754, when he was living at Ottery; and that he had frequently discussed the subject with his mother, on whom the impression made was even stronger than on himself. Neither death nor anything else remarkable ensued."

Perhaps the time-honored story of the mountain in labor, which produced a mouse, was never more happily illustrated; or to borrow Mr. Webster's figure, it is one of the occasions in which the vigor of the war by no means corresponded with the high sounding tenor of the manifesto.

We fear we may have dwelt upon these topics longer than some of our readers will think necessary or judicious. But we desired to show the foundation of our belief in the existing credulity of our fellow creatures, and to prove how far the philosophic pretensions of the day run in a parallel line with the ignorance and superstition of past ages. To argue these questions, after all that has been urged by abler pens, would be a waste of words.

Without referring to more elaborate treatises, we may say that the first chapter of Sir Walter Scott's Essay on Demonology and Witchcraft ought to satisfy any sane and intelligent mind of the vanity and the danger of such illusions. And yet, in the teeth of his own convictions thus deliberately recorded, Mrs. Crowe attempts, at page 148, to make a witness of the illustrious author himself.

There is, however, one view of this subject, which has struck us very forcibly, and which we have already casually adverted to. It is the tendency of such a belief, as that inculcated in these pages, to undermine and destroy the authority of revelation. If we are to refer to this unexplored natural principle all the marvels of all ages—if the devices of Eastern magi, the performances of Egyptian sorcerers, the cantrips of witchcraft, the influence of the Evil Eye, the cure of diseases by human touch, the omniscience of clairvoyants, are all to be believed, and all to be explained by natural causes—what becomes of the argument for the truth of Christianity, based upon the miracles of Jesus Christ? And if we are to regard with equal credit those extraordinary occurrences, which might seem justified by the importance and dignity of the objects to be attained, and those others, which are to the last degree trivial, inconclusive, and even mischievous, in their nature and effects—shall we not annihilate the distinction heretofore relied on, between the sublime and benevolent acts of the Saviour, and the doings of the false prophets and lying oracles, who are said to have been silenced since his coming? This is the practical result, to which such notions have brought the great mass of the scientific psychologists of Germany. Shall we follow them to their conclusion?

NOW AND THEN.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

I.

My spring task* is over, my labour is done,
The flow'rs of my fancy are bright in the sun;
In sorrow are sleeping the chords of my lyre,
They bound not as erst to the numbers of fire,
The heart of the singer is hopeless and cold,
It beats not as once in the glad days of old;
As bright as a May-day, as light as the air,
Life's sunshine around it, within it no care,
My joys are all over, they've fled like the wind,
And left not a wreck of what has been behind;
I scan not the pages of nature's bright book—
The mountain and valley, the fountain and brook,
The hum of the bee and the bird's cheering song,
Once heard with delight for a summer day long;
The rambles by meadow, by canewood and brake,
The sport on the hill-side, the sail on the lake,
The musings and visions entrancing and bright,
The glory of day-dawn, the stillness of night,
The books of the sages, the magical lore—
All, all that I cherish'd, the dearest before,
Have lost their enchantment and look to mine eyes
As things for the wealthy to cherish and prize.
The mountain and valley are fair to the view,
The roses are laden with fragrance and dew;
The rivers in music still merrily glide,
To meet the broad breast of the dark heaving tide,—
The lake is as lovely, the bird's song as sweet,
The green fields as soft to the weary one's feet;
The day-dawn as lust'rous, the star-light as bright,
The fair face of nature as radiant with light,
But alas, in my sorrow, my sighing and care,
I view them as things that a wretch cannot share,
I know they are lovely and teeming with good,
But, ah! I can't prize as I once "used to could."†

II.

Ere sorrow so heavily placed on my heart
The weight and the gloom that will never depart,
The dark thunder-cloud that in ruin has burst,
To kill the fair hopes that my young fancy nurs'd.
The ceaseless aspirings and dreams of my youth,
The fond love of Freedom and yearning for Truth,
The thirst after learning, the striving for Fame,
The goal of content, and a time-honour'd name,
The worship of Beauty, the glintings of Love,
That warms the cold earth with a fire from above,
Are fled like the even-chased shadows of noon,
The dead leaves of autumn, or clouds o'er the moon,
Sun bright, evanescent, a moment they shone,
I gazed and they vanished, all faded and gone.
As well bid the snow of past seasons come back,
And rest without change on the summer sun's track;
As well bid the rose that we plucked to decay,
Exhale the old fragrance it gave on the spray;
Bid the stars cease to shine, check the course of the sun,
Put a rein on old Time—on the Wearilcss one;
As well try to still the deep sea in its roar,
As try the lost joys of my heart to restore;

* A lengthy poem.

† "Used to could." A vulgarism used in the Southern States of America, and in the dialect of Essex and other parts of England for "could formerly."

There are some with the lost and the loved in the grave,
There are some in green Erin, my home on the wave,
And some—but they're gone, they are things of the Past,
Too bright for existence, too blissful to last;
I may search, I may call, in my moments of pain,
But 'tis echo will answer, they'll come not again!
Far better they suit me, the tempest and gloom,
That whisper of sleep, of a sleep in the tomb;
Happy thoughts, winsome dreams, fare ye well, fare ye well,
In the breasts of the gay make a home where to dwell,
Be mine the lone pathway, the deep solitude,
For I cannot be gay as I once "used to could."

FOOTE'S SKETCHES OF VIRGINIA.

We have read this book with unfeigned surprise at the immense labour it must have cost. "Records of Civil Courts and Ecclesiastical Judicatories, in manuscript, have been examined, volume after volume. Private journals, diaries, memoranda, and family genealogies have been consulted and freely used. Magazines of unquestioned standing, and pamphlets to be relied on, have contributed largely." So says the author. The book shows that the Statutes at Large of Virginia, the Archives of New York, the records of more than one Presbytery, and of more than one Synod, the library of more than one seat of learning, the tombstones in many graveyards, and the memories of many living persons who could tell of the illustrious dead, have been laid under contribution with a diligence and a regard for accuracy which are worthy of high praise. There are provoking typographical errors in this book. They sometimes, by the strange places in which they occur, make the author murder Aristotle, Quintilian, and Lindley Murray outright. They have doubtless arisen from the remoteness of the author's residence from the place at which his book was printed. They may appropriately inspire the reader with the wish that the printer's knuckles were soundly rapped as those of school-boys are wont to be for such blunders. But the book will live. It exhibits very high claims to the boon of existence. A peculiar grace or elegance of composition is not among the claims of this book to the public attention. But marks, every where abundant, of the most thorough investigation, the exhibition of historic facts of capital importance, and a gentlemanly and Christian temper throughout the book, are among its claims. This author has made himself a benefactor to the Domain of History, by not contenting himself with a vamping up of the old modicum of information in lithe and sleek sentences with flying pen, and yeleping that a new History, but by protracted and tenacious industry he has made solid additions to the historic knowledge of the reading public. The author of every such work has a right to the acknowledgment of our gratitude.

In returning to this work at the present time, we have an advantage which we should have lacked, had we attempted a complete review at the time of our introductory notice in February last. We have had facilities for the formation of a judgment, like those which the Persian king is recorded to have enjoyed in listening to the debate between Mardonius and Artabanus: "When various opinions are not heard we have no chance to choose the better, and must adopt that one which we hear (or which we entertain,) but when various opinions have been uttered we have an election; as indeed we should not always know the excellence of pure gold by itself, but when we rub it against other gold we then know that which is better."* The question for instance, whether this book of Dr. Foote's is a readable one—that vital question to the lazy skimmers of books, the enervated loungers of literature, the epicurean dreamers of gold and purple dreams of romance, in this age of shallow romance—that question is solved by the fact that many have read the book, and probably every one has regretted, when he came to the end, that it was not farther onward. The question whether the book will take its place, on the standard shelves of the well-informed man, by the side of Campbell's History of Virginia, and Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, all three of them thorough, excellent, Virginia books, well imbued as they ought to be, with the precious old Virginia spirit,—that question is answered by the fact that Dr. Foote's volume has certainly gone to that place in many a library, and is as infallibly on its way thither in many more. The question whether the obvious faults in the execution of this work will stand materially in the way of its solid value has also been readily solved by the fact that most or all of its readers—all who know any thing of the author's circumstances,—are apologists for its small faults and decided honest eulogists of its greatly preponderating real worth.

It is not a very easy task to furnish the means of a correct estimate of the book before us without trespassing upon grounds which are necessarily prohibited in such a Journal as this. The title of the book does not convey an accurate idea of what it is. It is in fact, a Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Religious Liberty in Virginia, as connected with the instrumentality of the Presbyterians. That is about what it is, and might as well have been called. It is not an easy task to tell how this then entirely new pearl of mental and spiritual freedom was won by one

* *Herodotus, Book I*, 1.

class of Christians who were not the favourites of Cæsar, from another class who were the favourites of Cæsar, and who had formerly enjoyed exclusive possession of that pearl: to point out all the difficulties which attended the tardy and reluctant divorce of Church and State; and to show these things with any thing like the clear striking shape and sharp angularity of meaning, with which they certainly occurred in fact in the days of old—it is no easy task to do these things as they ought to be done, and yet avoid as clearly as we would wish to avoid, the prohibited ground of controversies. We cannot therefore adopt such a course of remark as the work before us would justify, but must be content with such an one as is demanded at our hands by the proprieties of the circumstances under which we write. We have obtained the pearl, religious liberty. All voices are now joined in praising the pure lustre of the pearl. Few persons will now admit that they do not prefer perfect religious liberty. To make such an admission would be to confess the intrinsic weakness of the principles which they hold who might make it, and which they would desire to see abetted by the civil arm; for the advantage of a state of complete freedom of religion is, that religious principles then stand or fall, as they ought to do, by their own intrinsic strength or weakness. In the great struggle which this volume records, both parties did indeed set a *high* value on the right to worship God, both those who then enjoyed a monopoly of that right, and those who struggled to share it in common. They differed in this respect, that the one party thought the privilege would not be less valuable to any, by being made common to all, while the other party seem to have thought that their own enjoyment of it might be taken away by making others participants of it. But this mistake has passed away, and all are now satisfied with the result. It cannot therefore be just cause of offence to any truly Virginian heart, that we should take in hand at length and all too tardily as it has been, to render due honor to the spiritual heroes of our olden times and of the peculiar mould of our own State, not one of whom, we rejoice to say, not a single one of whom, was a Yankee Puritan—the great old men from the North of Ireland, from Scotland, from France, as well as from the more liberty-loving parts of England, who strove so earnestly for the priceless pearl, and won it, and have left it to us all, in its native, clear, shining purity.

The present people of the Commonwealth of Virginia, are incessantly twitted, in certain quarters, with making empty and undue glorification over the great names with whose fresh and thick honors the annals of our Past so greatly abound. It is said that by this incessant pointing to former years for our jewels, we confess, at least by implication, the worthlessness of the present generation. And however frequently this may continue to be said in the quarters in which it is now said, and though it may be said hereafter even more than it has been heretofore with a certain Sardonic piquancy of air, which betrays something deeper and bitterer than mere calm judgment, and though it should come to be said in far more respectable quarters than those from which it at present comes, yet it does not follow, and it is not so. We have no occasion to be greatly troubled by these amiable accusations. Thank God, we have a Past. We have a Past worthy of the explorations of the Historic Muse. We have a Past rich in already written glories, and rich in yet unwritten glories. And when civilization, so called, shall roll forwards so fast and so far that it becomes reproachful to have a history, reproachful to think and speak of the spirits of the mighty who shed a golden light over that history, reproachful to render due honors to their lofty deeds and high daring and great virtues, then we shall be well content and proud to receive such reproach, and to part company with the car of such a picayune civilization. We shall willingly become confessors and martyrs, so far as our shabby inquisitors can confer the crown of martyrdom, to that truth which is as old as Greek civilization, that man is a being who looks at the past and the future, as well as that small segment of time which lies beneath his nose. We shall treat those wicked and silly Iconoclasts who would deface the Images of Glory which Time and Nature and God have hung before our eyes in the Temple of History, with as keen a rebuff as we would treat some spiritual saw-bones, some surgical fiend, who should bring his saw and scalpel from the world of wicked spirits, to amputate memory from our minds, to dissect from our spirits their high joys over the nobleness of souls in other days, to put out that eye of our souls which gazes with delight on the loftiness of the virtues of other years. Thank God, we have a past! Aye, we will indeed talk of Washington and of Henry. We will remember Marshall and Jefferson. We will not forget Madison and Giles. We will mention Mason and Randolph. Nor shall Makemie and Davies, and Waddell and Smith, and Graham and Hoge, be unremembered and unhonored in our future histories. They are ours. We will not be cheated of them. The right to claim them is ours. We shall assert that right. If this be weakness, then we are very weak. Neither are we as yet become ashamed of our weakness. We yet dare to say that we would rather read these deathless names in our annals, we would rather see these awful forms in our history, than to gaze on

shabbier forms and stir our spirits with the example of meaner names. And we would even rather read far inferior names on the rolls of the past, and see far inferior and less venerable forms in the domain of history, than to look upon a past of worthless, shabby, blank oblivion.

This work of Dr. Foote's, if we do not mistake, has made permanent additions to the Virginia Pantheon of illustrious historical characters. Its attentive readers will long remember certain very striking *tableaux* almost *vivants* presented in it. They will often recall to their mind's eye, FRANCIS MAKEMIE standing before Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York, accused of preaching the Gospel—SAMUEL DAVIES confronting Peyton Randolph to assert toleration in Virginia—and JAMES WADDELL standing blind at the communion table with William Wirt in the audience. The names of these men, with several others which may be seen in the book itself, will escape oblivion, not only because they were illustrious confessors in the cause of religious liberty, but on account of original gifts of nature which made them illustrious confessors and made them much more besides.

The admirer of historic curiosities will find the year 1683 a remarkable and memorable one in both hemispheres. On that year occurred the great siege of Vienna by the Turks, which was raised by Sobiesky of Poland with the aid of a great eclipse of the moon, acting on the superstitious fears of the besiegers. On that year Lord Russel and Algernon Sydney were beheaded in London. On that year the first house was built in the city of Philadelphia. And on that year Francis Makemie, the father of the Presbyterian church in the United States, was ordained by a Presbytery in the North of Ireland and designated for a mission to America. He first went to the island of Barbadoes; and came thence to the county of Accomac in Virginia, about the year 1690. His dwelling and also one of his points for preaching, was at a place called Pocomoke in that county. His chief preaching place was Snow Hill, then in Somerset, now in Worcester county, Maryland. With him the problem commenced to be wrought out, whether the blood which was even then flowing in England and in Scotland on religious accounts under the heel of the Sadducean tyrant, Charles II., and the blood which was soon to flow so copiously in France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes under the still worse, because abler and more respectable tyrant Louis XIV., should be followed by similar flowings of blood in America, on similar accounts. He looks almost like a mythical personage, making his appearance on the stage of history as it were unexpectedly to the beholders, and yet suggesting to all minds, as soon as he becomes visible, anxious anticipations of the most momentous and lasting consequences. He comes as a stern, bold man, with a spirit full of life, and nerves strung for all events, and sets his foot down among these rising colonies, to try if liberty of soul may be had, and what he deems pure truth may be spoken among them. It is true that before his settlement in Virginia, the Revolution in England had occurred, the royal fool who "lost three kingdoms for a mass," the worst and last of the wretched dynasty of the Stuarts, had been hurled from the English throne to a piteous dependence on the king of France, and William of Nassau was king of Great Britain. And it is of course remembered by every reader that the Act for the relief of their majesties' subjects dissenting from the established church, commonly called the Act of Toleration, was passed in the first year of the reign of William and Mary. But the American colonies had been so completely isolated from the great forty-six years' struggle, by which the hearts of men in the father land had been taught a distaste for inquisitorial cruelties, that they on this side the Atlantic had missed the precious lesson which had been learned there, and what was there the era of the end of the struggle, was here about the era of its commencement in good earnest. Severe Acts of Uniformity were passed by the Virginia House of Burgesses as early as 1659, 1660, 1661, and 1662, against Quakers and other Separatists.* A congregation of Puritans, who had settled in the county of Nansemond as early as 1648, in the very hour of the power of Cromwell, had been persecuted and scattered and are not heard of afterwards.† The great Act of Uniformity went into operation, in England, on St. Bartholomew's day, (24th August,) 1662, more than a year after the restoration of Charles II. So that it will be seen that the Virginia Statutes of Uniformity were actually in advance of the English. Yet until the days of Makemie, when the English Act of Toleration had given some foothold for liberty, there could hardly be said to be any contest of much consequence against the establishment, as there was no legal ground to wage one. The first colonists of Virginia were not, like those of Massachusetts, refugees from oppression, either civil or ecclesiastical. They came here, as their children have since gone to Kentucky, to Missouri, to Alabama, to Florida and to Texas, to obtain greater affluence than they might have had at home.‡ They brought with them their attachment to the Church

* Foote, pp. 34-35. † Ibid, p. 31.

‡ It is of course admitted that there were *some* Cavalier *refugees* who came here in the days of the English Commonwealth, *some* Puritans after the restoration, *some* Whigs at Monmouth's rebellion.

of England, and indeed ministers of that church as their chaplains and pastors. According to Governor Berkeley in 1670, however, they were generally the worst of the Church of England ministers who were sent here. Perfect uniformity in religion was the golden dream of men every where in that age,—in Holland, in Scotland, in France, in England, in Massachusetts and in Virginia. They had not yet learned the wickedness of such a requirement by any earthly power. The great mind of Oliver Cromwell first conceived, in modern times, the idea of a general toleration; and even he excluded from it the Papists.

The great legal question which Makemie, Davies and others brought up before the courts in the colonies was, Whether the Act of Toleration applied to the colonies. That act was passed for the relief of Dissenters from the Church of England. It permitted them to enjoy their own modes of worship, provided they adopted the *Articles* of Religion of the State-Church, except the 34th concerning Traditions, the 35th concerning the Homilies, the 36th concerning the consecration of Bishops and Ministers, and so much of the 20th as declares that "the Church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith." That is, the Dissenters agreed to the *doctrinal* articles of the State-Church, but rejected the *ceremonial* articles and those concerning Church power. They held unanimously that "power to decree rites and ceremonies" and "authority in controversies" were divine prerogatives belonging to the Head of the Church. They were required by the Act of Toleration not to lock, bolt or bar their houses of worship; and also to make known their places of worship to the Bishop, Archdeacon, or Justices of the Quarter Sessions. On their complying with these conditions, the Clerk or Register gave them a written certificate of the fact that they had complied with the terms of the Act, and that certificate was *the license of a preaching place.*

The Legislature of Virginia distinctly recognized the application of this Act to their Colony when in 1699, ten reluctant years after it passed at home, they provided for the exemption of dissenters from penalties according to its provisions. They also recognized it in their Revisal in 1705.* It does seem to us that this recognition, by the Legislative authority, of the Act of Toleration, ought at once and conclusively to have settled the question which we shall afterwards see to have been so tediously mooted between Davies and Peyton Randolph. There was, it is true, among the Colonists about this time a sort of spirit of independence of English Laws, manifested in reference to civil affairs. "All the elements of the Virginia character," says Dr. Foote, "in its excellencies and follies were in operation in 1688, wealth, love of ease, profusion of expense, generosity, unrestrained passions, chivalric attention to the fair, high sense of honour, personal independence, carelessness of money, sense of superiority, and easy manners." As early indeed as the year 1666, one hundred and ten years before the great revolutionary struggle, the House of Burgesses of Virginia had claimed against Sir William Berkeley the right to lay the levy of their own taxes, in their own House, and had successfully maintained that right by obtaining from under the Governor's own hand his written assent to this claim, "to remain on record for a rule to walk by for the future."* But this spirit of independence of English Laws never appears among the cavaliers of Virginia in reference to ecclesiastical matters. Their loyalty to the King as Head of the Church is unquestionable.

Makemie obtained from the county court of Accomac the license of two preaching places in October, 1699. But his main trial was in the city of New York. There was no religious establishment in that Colony. This was in 1707. Queen Anne was on the British throne, and Edward Hyde, her own cousin, was Governor of New York, under the title of Lord Cornbury. This man Cornbury was the grandson of the great Earl of Clarendon, the historian, and son of that Earl of Clarendon who figures in the pages of Macaulay in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. He came to America with a very sorry character, and did nothing to improve it after his coming. "A young man of loose principles, slender abilities and violent temper," he had been among the earliest to desert his Royal Uncle, James II., on the landing of the Prince of Orange.† Blake, in his Biographical Dictionary, records the following characteristic anecdote of Cornbury after he came to New York: "A great sickness prevailed in New York in 1703. Lord Cornbury retired to Jamaica on Long Island; and as Mr. Hubbard, the Presbyterian minister, lived in the best house in the town, his lordship requested the use of it during his short residence there. Mr. Hubbard put himself to great inconvenience to oblige the governor, and the governor in return delivered the parsonage into the hands of the episcopal party, and seized upon the glebe."—Art: CORNBURY.

Before this man as Royal Governor, came Francis Makemie under the charge of having preached a sermon in an open and public manner, at the dwelling house of William Jackson

*Foote p. 49.

*Foote, p. 37-38.

†Macaulay, vol. 2, p. 461.

on Pearl Street, New York. The provincial Assembly of that colony had in 1693, passed a law for the settlement of a "good and sufficient Protestant Minister" each in the city of New York, and in the counties of Richmond, West Chester and Queen's. This Lord Cornbury interpreted to mean an Episcopalian minister, exclusively. In addition to this he had received private instructions from Queen Anne based on her ecclesiastical supremacy. Such were the laws which Makemie had violated—Cornbury's interpretation of the act of the provincial Assembly, which was indeed a very Cornburyish interpretation, and certain unpromulgated instructions of Queen Anne to her Governor. The trial may be found in Foote's Sketches, p. 66, and in 4th Force, and indeed has often before, at least in part, been before the public. It is impossible to quote any part of it here without spoiling it. We must earnestly refer the reader who loves the sublimity of manliness, to the pages of our author for the whole trial. A jury under judge Mompesson discharged Makemie, June 1707, after mulcting him with the whole expenses of the trial. When Makemie stood before Lord Cornbury, the latter and his Attorney General, maintained that neither the Act of Uniformity, nor the Act of Toleration, which was intended to take off its edge, extended to the colonies, and he relied on the Queen's instructions based on her supremacy. But when Makemie stood before Judge Mompesson, the attorney gave to the jury as in point the *Statutes of Elizabeth and Charles II. for Uniformity*, omitting all mention of the Act of Toleration! which, he had before admitted, extended as far as the acts for uniformity. Truly this was the age of Judge Jeffries. Were we requested by some American historical painter—some one who had the soul to understand fully what an American historical painter and an American historical painting should be—some one who would not bind himself to the examples of the tame and soulless things which have hitherto gone by those names, we could not probably do better than to indicate to him Makemie and Cornbury confronted. The old world and the new world stood face to face. The old Stuartism and the new western spirit were placed in antagonism. The one was connected with nobles and with Kings, who had played their parts according to their characters in the great religious drama of the seventeenth century. The other, was to be connected in a future succession, with brave stout spirits, who would kindle up sacred liberty in America for the great drama of the eighteenth century. The representative of a spirit once mighty, but approaching a death which should know not resurrection, stood before the representative of a spirit which was now in infancy, but which would be mighty, and should not know decease.

At this point we are constrained to pass unnoticed several chapters containing matters of deep moment to the main design of the work, that we may at once advance to another capital figure in the great drama of coming liberty—*clarum ac venerabile nomen*—we advance at once to the life and times of SAMUEL DAVIES. The parents of Davies were of Welsh extraction. He was born in the year 1723, in the county of New-Castle, Delaware, and was educated at Blair's famous school at Fagg's Manor, in Pennsylvania. In 1747 the Presbytery of New-Castle ordained him as an Evangelist for Virginia.

In the county of Hanover in Virginia, a preparation had been going on for seven years, for the coming of such a man as Davies, and for the influences which such a man as Davies would bring with him, in which it would seem that any eye, which ever sees such a hand at all in human affairs, might see a higher hand than that of man. George Whitfield had passed through the state in 1740.

Reports had reached certain men in Hanover of the great increase in parts of Maryland, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New England of a more vital spirit of religion than prevailed in Virginia. They had been regular attendants at the parish churches. But they did not find at the parish churches, what their newly awakened spirits craved. Some stray leaves of Boston's Fourfold State fell into the hands of one. He sent to England by the next ship for the whole book; and when it was obtained, he professed the faith exhibited in that book. A copy of Luther on the Galatians fell into the hands of another with the same result. A third obtained somehow a volume of Whitefield's Glasgow Sermons. Without any concert, four gentlemen absented themselves from the parish church on the same sabbath, and for the same reason: that they might direct their attention at home to subjects more to their taste than those presented at the parish church. For their delinquency they were summoned to answer on the same day before the same magistrates; and not until they met to be punished as culprits, did either of them know that he had three fellows in this strange offence. It is not positively known who these four men were. One of them certainly was Samuel Morris. Hunt, the father of the Rev. Mr. Hunt of Maryland, (who gave a very minute account of the affair to a gentleman of Albemarle in 1792) was pretty certainly another. We are probably to look for the other two among the persons who afterwards obtained license for houses of worship on their lands: David Rice and Stephen Lacy, of

Hanover, and Thomas Watkins, of Henrico. Or we are to look for them among those who were indicted for worshipping contrary to law, during the short visit of Davies' forerunner, Rev. Mr. Roan: Thomas Watkins, son of Edward, Joshua Morris, Isaac Winston, Sr., John Sims, son of John, Roger Shackelford, Thomas Green, and William Allen. The first four confessors, were no doubt, Morris, Hunt, and some two of these. In order to understand correctly the nature of this movement, it is indispensable that the reader of Foote's Sketches should retain distinctly in view, the fact—of which the book furnishes ample proof—that it was not sectarian or schismatical in its character. It was very far from being a movement *growing out of* opposition to the peculiarities of the established Church. It grew out of a desire for things which were believed to be the soul of all religion, which were not found in the establishment; they felt themselves compelled to forsake a particular form of church government from fidelity to that without which all forms of church government are empty and vain; they were far from being mere proselytes from one sect to another; they were converts to the Holy Evangel in its living power; they had no definite idea of the form of Church government to which they were going; they had no definite objections to the form of Church government, (considered as such) from which they were going; they left the established Church not on account of what it had, but on account of what, so far as they saw, it had not. It is true that at the sessions of the General Court in April, 1747, Robert White, Senior, Margaret White and John White, Junior, were presented by the Grand Jury for reviling the Church of England. And there were presentments of the same description against that not probably very discreet minister Roan, and others at the time of his visit to Virginia two years before. But this was several years after the opening of the Reading Houses, and grew out of a peculiarity of spirit in Roan, which most others embarked in the same cause regretted. Moreover these charges were afterwards disproven.

Among these nonconformists, Samuel Morris seems to have been deservedly regarded as the leader, both as to the firmness of his principles and his discreet conduct. Again, the four men—probably the same four who had met at first before the county magistrates—were summoned to Williamsburg, to answer for themselves before the Governor and Council. Morris had been fined about twenty times for dissent. He and his brethren had at first called themselves Lutherans, on account of the great service rendered them by Luther's work on the Galatians, and because they merely knew Luther as an eminent reformer. But during their famous journey to Williamsburg, this title was relinquished and another adopted in its stead, under circumstances deeply striking and romantic.

It seems to have been summer. One of the party was, by some means or other, detached from his companions during the journey, and while travelling thus alone was overtaken by a violent storm, from which he sought shelter in the house of a poor man by the wayside. There was in this poor man's house an old volume, lying upon a shelf, covered with dust, which our traveller took down for his entertainment while he should be detained there. To men who had seen no summary of religion but the articles of the establishment to which the law itself allowed certain exceptions—men who called themselves Lutherans merely because they had made important practical use of a commentary by that Reformer on one of the apostolic epistles—to men who *felt* the form of their religion, rather than saw it any where clearly summed up, such a volume as this proved to be, must have been very acceptable. When the storm had abated, and the traveller was to resume his journey, he offered to purchase the book, but the poor man made it a present to him as being of no use there. The book was examined by the whole party when they got again together; and they all agreed with surprise and pleasure that it was a methodical statement of the faith which they held. The title-page of the book was probably torn off. It does not appear that these men knew the ecclesiastical name of the church of which it was the symbol. But on their arrival in Williamsburg, they presented it to the Governor and Council as the symbol of their faith. It was the Confession of the Church of Scotland. Gooch was Governor; and Gooch had himself been educated in the Scottish church. He knew the book at once; and declared that men of that faith were to be acknowledged as a part of the Established Church of Great Britain. In addition, he had promised kindness to the professors of that faith in the valley of the Shenandoah, a few years previously, on account of the resolute and sturdy defence which they made of the frontier of the colony against the Indians. These things which disposed the mind of the Governor to clemency on the occasion, did not of course operate on the Council; and they might still have been found refractory; but again there was a severe thunder-storm—raging while these men stood before the Council—the second occurrence of the kind, which had been linked with their affairs since they left home—"shaking the house and wrapping all in sheets of fire," which had a softening influence on the minds of the Governor and Council, inclining them to deal gently with

their fellow men.* The confessors were accordingly dismissed with gentle admonitions to preserve the peace. There is much significance and grandeur in that scene when it is fully conceived: on the one hand the Governor and his Council, bearing themselves with the dignity which marked public men especially in our colony from the earliest times; and dressed in that really splendid and gorgeous court-dress of those times, which those who have seen the full length portraits of "King Carter" of Corotoman, the predecessor of Gooch in the Governor's chair, can appreciate: on the other hand the confessors themselves, stout-hearted, yet staid, sober men, unwilling to be breakers of law, yet asking rights of conscience; wishing to render his own to Cæsar if they may at the same time render His own to God; then there was the old and probably dilapidated volume, of whose historical importance they to whom it afforded present shield and defence, were not informed, passing from their hands to those of the Governor; and lastly, the lurid flashes of lightning illumining the scene, and awing to gentleness those who might otherwise have been severe and harsh. It may remind us in some respects, of that other scene so frequently met with in pictures on the walls of American people, where nearly the same number of men stand presenting to the Continental Congress the first draught of the Declaration of Independence.

It was among these men that Samuel Davies made his appearance as their teacher and guide. He appeared before the Governor and Council at Williamsburg, in April, 1747, with a petition that they would grant him liberty to officiate at four preaching places in and about the county of Hanover. The annoyances of the Dissenters had not ceased. Other missionaries had visited Hanover since 1743. A presentment had been made against one of them—Mr. Roan—in 1745, which together with those against the Whites, already mentioned, could not be sustained, and were accordingly dismissed. But the suits against certain persons as the hearers of Roan had not been relinquished, and some of them were actually on trial in court on the very year and month on which Davies obtained his licenses for Hanover. In fact, in two days after the date of Davies' license, the trial of those who had been indicted for hearing Roan, commenced before the same tribunal at the same place. And on the next year, when young Rodgers, who afterwards became the famous Dr. Rodgers of New York, came down to Virginia with Davies and at his earnest solicitation, to become his co-labourer should the way be clear, Gooch successfully exerted himself with the Council to prevent their withdrawing from Davies the licenses they had given him. And as to Rodgers they said: "*We have Mr. Rodgers out and we are determined to keep him out.*" Gooch has been charged with duplicity in thus favouring Davies and presenting so different a front to Roan and Rodgers. It is thought to have been a personal favour of the Governor to young Davies. There is a power in the spirit of a naturally noble man—in his very eye—which in such cases often commands respect and conciliates favour imperceptibly to him who exerts it, and to him who nobly feels and owns it; and which it is hardly less complimentary to be under the influence of, than it is to wield it. Such we believe to have been the true secret of the favour with which Governor Gooch treated Samuel Davies. Yet there are not wanting some other little incidents in the life of Gooch, in addition to the kind treatment extended by him to the first four confessors, and afterwards to Davies, which show him to have been very capable of generous impulses without any other than the best motives being imputable. One such incident occurred during the short time which Rodgers spent in company with Davies in Virginia: "One of the clergy of Hanover followed Messrs. Davies and Rodgers to Williamsburg and complained that Mr. Rodgers had preached in the province without license and demanded the rigid enforcement of the law. From members of the Council he met with encouragement: but from the Governor a rebuke—"I am surprised at you!—you profess to be a minister of Jesus Christ, and you come and complain of a man, and wish me to punish him for preaching the gospel! For shame, sir! go home, and mind your own duty. For such a piece of conduct you deserve to have your gown stripped over your shoulders.'"* It is in reference to this period of time that Burke, the historian, makes his noted remark, (quoted by *Foote*, 166,) that "almost all the intelligent men in the colony, and among the rest several who afterwards became distinguished as the champions of an unqualified freedom in everything relating to the human mind, and even the venerable name of Pendleton, appear in the class of persecutors; a proof that liberality and toleration are not instinctive qualities the growth of an hour; but the result of wisdom and experience."

Though Davies was now settled in Virginia himself, and had obtained four preaching places according to the Act of Toleration, yet when he attempted to introduce Mr. Rodgers as his assistant, the Williamsburg tribunal held that the interpretation of the Act of Toleration was doubtful as to the admission of *preachers*; and when Davies applied, as he soon did, for the licensure

* Foote, p. 124. Campbell, p. 116.

* Foote, p. 168.

of three additional places of preaching, then the Williamsburg tribunal held that the interpretation of the Act was doubtful as to the licensure of additional *places*. The king's Attorney General at this time was PEYTON RANDOLPH—a man whose course, as the standing adversary of Davies, during all this struggle for toleration, appears the more singular, as he afterwards became one of the leading asserters of civil liberty in the colony. He was in fact the first President of the Continental or Rebel Congress; and but for his untimely death in 1775, in the fifty-second year of his age, would probably have been the leading lawyer and statesman of the American Revolution. His opinion on the whole subject of toleration seems to have been an opinion constructed for a purpose, not an opinion dictated by fair judgment. From all that we now know, he did not admit the application of the Act of Toleration to the colonies at all. But Davies being in, he modified that opinion so as to hold that Dissenters ought to be limited to a very small number of places. And yet if the license of Davies was lawful, the license of Rodgers under the same circumstances would have been lawful. And if it was lawful to open four places for Davies, it was lawful, under the same demand, to open forty places for Davies, and for whomsoever else the worshippers might desire. And on this subject there was almost a life-long contest between the king's attorney, and the dissenting leader, the champion of uniformity and the champion of liberty. In the modified opinion on the subject, which Randolph adopted on the occasion of Rodgers' application for license, and on the occasion of Davies' application for the three places additional to the first four, the Attorney seems to have conformed to the views, which had by that time been made known, of the Bishop of London, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, to whose diocese the province of Virginia was recognized as belonging. That eminent prelate thought that one preaching place was all that a Dissenter in Mr. Davies' situation could ask for; and to this opinion Peyton Randolph seems to have immediately conformed, forgetful of the fact that though the Bishop of London might hold it consistently, yet it involved him in inconsistencies on every side. To hold that a Dissenter was entitled to only one preaching place, was to stultify the government at Williamsburg, which had already granted Davies *four*; and it was also an admission that the Act of Toleration did apply to the colonies—a position that he had long battled against, and which he still continued to resist!

That notable occasion of the "keen encounter of their wits" between Davies and Randolph, of which our ancestors retained, for two or three generations, a remembrance probably as vivid as is now retained of the great debate between Webster and Hayne in the United States, was without much room for doubt, when Davies applied for license for the three additional places of preaching.* Davies was permitted to speak for himself on the occasion. He was about twenty-seven years of age. His opponent was the Attorney General of Virginia, one of the ablest lawyers and most eminent men in America. The Attorney General was believed to have intended the amusement of the court that day at the expense of the Dissenters. Perhaps it was owing to that intention on the part of the keen, high-spirited cavalier lawyer—himself just at the same age as Davies—that the latter was permitted to manage his own cause on the occasion. Randolph's intention had probably been *scented* during his opening speech. A "titter" circulated in the audience as Davies rose to reply. When he had been speaking for a while, one remarked, as his anticipated fun was in the act of being spoilt or transferred; "*The Attorney has met his match to-day*"—another said: "*There is an excellent lawyer spoilt.*" Nor is it remarkable that an intelligent audience should have made such remarks. Randolph had maintained, perhaps rather more unguardedly than usual, that the Act of Toleration did not apply to the colonies. And though nothing of his speech has come down to us except this general ground of it, yet we may well conceive that his argument would be drawn from the fact that the religious laws of the British parliament, growing out of the circumstances of that kingdom, and made to meet the exigencies of that people, could not therefore be properly applicable to the colonies where the same circumstances, the same exigencies did not exist. This argument Davies turned completely against him, by arguing that if the Act of *Toleration* did not apply to the colonies, neither did the Act of *Uniformity* apply to the colonies, since the same things might be said precisely of the adaptation of that act also to the exigencies of the mother country. The Dissenter gained "the laurels" of that day and also gained his cause. The Governor and a majority of the Council sustained him.

But the opposition of Randolph did not cease there. In the year 1753, Davies went to England, partly on behalf of the new College of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and partly on behalf of the Dissenters of Virginia. A diary which he kept of his journey, in fifty rather closely printed pages in the work of Dr. Foote, giving with great distinctness a view of Great Britain as it then was, which we should not know where to find elsewhere, is itself alone worth the price of the volume. But he had not escaped his "old

* Foote pp. 171—293.

adversary" by crossing the Atlantic. Under date of March 4th, 1754, he says: "*I find Peyton Randolph, Esq., my old adversary, is now in London: and will no doubt oppose whatever is done in favor of the dissenters in Hanover.*" And again under date of March 16th, he says: "*The death of Mr. Pelham—the prospect of sending a bishop over to America,—the confusion between the Governor and Assembly in Virginia,—and Mr. Randolph, my old adversary, being now in London, are all great obstructions at present to the relief of my oppressed people.*" Yet he did succeed in obtaining the opinion of Sir Dudley Ryder, the King's Attorney General for England, in opposition to that of the King's Attorney General for Virginia, that the Act of Toleration did extend to the colonies.

The storm of war now came on—first the French and Indian War of 1755—and afterwards the wilder and fiercer storm of the Revolution. They were, in effect, like the flashing tempest which surrounded the Council Chamber when the first four confessors stood before the Governor and Council; they "had a softening influence on the minds of men, inclining them to deal gently with their fellow men," who were their fellow-citizens, and were struggling with them, with mighty ardor, for civil liberty. The harrassing trials of the Dissenters now in a great measure ceased.

It would be pleasant to occupy more space than we can here claim, to speak of those sermons of burning patriotism which Davies delivered to the Hanover volunteers which stirred their spirits more than drum and fife; after which they were ready to say: "Let us march against the enemy"—"Let us conquer or die;"—after which new men would rush to the recruiting officer to be enrolled in greater numbers than he was authorized to receive; after which whole regiments would crowd around him to catch every falling word; and from which there is good reason to believe that

> "Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
> Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas,"

first caught the electric sparks of his high oratory, his bold spirit and his love of liberty.* The forest in which Lord Byron represents his American Demosthenes as being born, was the forest in which Davies preached, and the forest in which the young Demosthenes used to drive his mother in a gig to hear Davies preach. But we must leave these things to be sought in "the Sketches" themselves, by those who love to trace those inward genealogies which sometimes exist, by the wafting of sparks of the spirit's purest fire from one to another, and their kindling to the highest issues.

* Campbell's History of Virginia, p. 133.

Davies was elected President of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and removed to Princeton, July, 1759. He departed this life in February, 1761, aged 37 years. Gordon, of Wicomico, says in his journal, under date of March 12th, 1761: "Yesterday heard the disagreeable news of the death of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Davies. Never was a man in America, I imagine, more lamented." It was perhaps Sir Walter Scott who said, on hearing of the death of Lord Byron: "only thirty-seven years old and so much done for immortality!" The manifold works which Davies had wrought for immortality, by the same period of life, crowd upon the thought in thick-coming forms of reality, and of so much more lasting material, and of so much higher dignity than the deeds for immortality of the bards of the nations—who, high and admirable souls as they often are—yet only sing for the ear of earthly fame, or seek the prizes of human ambition, that we pretend no adequate expression of them. He has left nobler monuments for the future than even emancipated Greece. His ecclesiastical posterity regard him as probably the best preacher whom America has to this day produced. His printed sermons are, to this day, probably the best on the book-shelves; taking precedence over those of Robert South as being equal to them in every important quality, and far superior to them in temper and spirit; taking precedence, at least for practical worth, over those of Robert Hall, as coming down more directly to "men's business and their bosoms," than the more stately and classical orations of the great English Baptist.

We are yet arrived only at the fourteenth of the twenty-four chapters of "Sketches." There are scenes and persons in them, yet untouched in this review, which would probably possess a deeper charm for many readers than those which we have brought forward. But for having already taken so much space, we should strongly desire to speak at some length of JAMES WADDELL, the blind preacher of Wirt—the blind secluded Milton, yet the eloquent Chrysostom, of the book, whom we seem to see far more distinctly in these pages than we had seen him before. We should much desire to speak of the "three auxiliaries to the cause of Liberty of Conscience," of which the fourteenth chapter treats; and of the progress of that cause during the Revolution, and of the deeds of Jefferson and Madison in its behalf, of which the fifteenth treats; where a high tribute would be due to the men of the old Hanover Presbytery, whose recorded action is now, for the first time, we believe, collected before the public eye, and whose motives are placed beyond the reach of obloquy by the incontestible proof that they preferred general liberty to a proffered participation in the

benefit of the Legislative enactments on the subject of religion, which were proposed and which they resisted. We had also much wished to quote at large, Patrick Henry's powerful and characteristic speech in a cause involving religious liberty, at Fredericksburg, which we believe is not found in Mr. Wirt's pages, at least it was new to us here. We also desired to call attention to the circumstances in which the College of Hampden Sydney had its rise, and the care which was taken by Henry, Madison, Cabell, and its other first trustees, that it should be, and remain, a seminary of the principles of freedom indicated in the names which it bears; and to those thrilling times when the President of Hampden Sydney, Blair, Smith, and most of its students, rushed as volunteers to the Revolutionary standard. We should much like to sketch on these pages the rise of Washington College, and the life of that great, strong man, William Graham, who led it into existence; and the life of the silver-fisted Lacy, one of the most pleasant characters in the book; and that strange scene at Harrisonburg, when an armed force interfered in a debate between Hoge and Graham, on Hoge's side, and were quelled by Hoge's rushing among them and entreating order and peace. Of these scenes and persons and of many other scenes and other persons, worth the attention of every reader who loves the good fame of his State, as made up of the noble spirits and noble deeds of the olden time, we should have greatly desired to take a much more extended notice, if this article were not already so protracted, and if we did not earnestly hope that the greater part of those who may peruse what is here written, will also read the book of which we have been speaking. J. H. B.

SONG.

The walls of Cadiz front the shore,
And shimmer on the sea:
Her merry maids are beautiful,
But light as light can be.

They drop me billets through the post:
They meet me in the square;
And even follow me to mass,
And lift their veils at prayer.

But all their smiles and wanton arts
Are thrown away on me:
My heart is now an English girl's,
And she is o'er the sea.

My English love is o'er the sea:
But ere a month is flown,
The Spanish maids will be as far
And she will be my own.

R. H. Stoddard.

HOMES OF THE POETS.

HURSLEY VICARAGE.

BY REV. PROF. SPENCER, AUTHOR OF "THE EAST," &C.

"Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And care waylays their steps—a sprite
Not easily eluded."—*Wordsworth.*

Dear Mr. Editor,—It is with considerable hesitation that I venture to send you a paper respecting the author of the "Christian Year," and his home. My visit to his delightful residence was much shorter than I could have wished, and the personal intercourse which I was permitted to have, was much less than I earnestly desired; so that I almost fear to say what impressions were made upon my mind by a visit to Hursley Vicarage, lest I should unconsciously do injustice to one whom I reverence and esteem very highly in love for his work's sake. Yet, so distinct are my recollections of this visit, and so very marked were some things which occurred, in enabling one to form an estimate of the poet's habits of mind, peculiarities of thought and expression, and various personal characteristics, that if I can succeed in telling the story as I would, I may perhaps be able to convey something of an idea, however inadequate, of the home of Keble and Keble himself. I was certainly very much interested in several things during my visit, things not of much consequence in themselves, but which seemed to me to bring out those striking points of character, which mark the pure and vigorous-minded poet and scholar, and which are so soothingly, so sweetly, and so effectively taught and enforced in the "Christian Year." Let me try, then, if I can express at all fittingly and sufficiently the impressions made upon my mind and heart at the time when I was privileged to see Keble in his own home.

It was about three months after I had been at Rydal Mount, before my engagements admitted of leaving London. I had previously enclosed to the poet a letter of introduction from a brother and kindred spirit in America, and by return of post had received a most affectionate and pressing invitation to visit Hursley at my earliest convenience. Accordingly, so soon as I was able, I named a day on which I would come, being, you may be sure nothing loth to see face to face, one of whom I had already formed a tolerably distinct idea from his noble contributions to the

poetry of the church. So one fine autumn day, I took the express train for a little place not far from Winchester and the nearest landing point to Hursley. Being whirled along at the almost incredible rate of seventy miles an hour, in about three-quarters of an hour we reached Winchester, and some little while afterwards, by another train, the terminus of my journey by railway. It chanced that I was the only passenger for this place, (the name of which I cannot now call to mind,) and on getting out and looking about me I saw a gentleman on horseback, having just left the station-house, and slowly riding away. He turned to look back several times, as though not quite satisfied, and so soon as he espied me, (for I had got out of the cars on the opposite side, and so was not visible immediately,) he rode back at once to the station-house. Dismounting he came directly up to me, held out his hand very cordially, and said in a sweet-toned voice, "Oh, Mr. Spencer, I am very glad to see you; I was afraid you had not been able to come to-day: come now, take my horse and ride." I assured him that I could not think of doing so, since in that case he would have to walk; and I begged that he would remount and allow me to walk by his side, this being a homage I was very willing to pay to Keble. He refused decidedly to do this and tried hard to persuade me to bestride the back of the gentle and yet spirited animal awaiting the result of our conference. "Well, then," said he, on my declining again, "since you are determined to walk, I will walk too; and Jenny shall not have the honor of carrying either of us." So passing his arm through the bridle, and leading the intelligent animal, who, I opine, was nothing loth to forego the honor just spoken of, we walked forward toward Hursley.

It was just such a region of country as Washington Irving has written about so charmingly, and was full of those many delightful scenes which only the rural districts of England can present. I would I were able to speak of them as they deserve, and to tell you how the hawthorn hedge, the flowing field of grain or grass, the clump of trees, the orchards and the gardens, not less than the mansion of the noble or the gentleman, the substantial dwelling of the thrifty farmer, the cottage of the laborer, and the country church with its spire pointing heavenward, told a tale of English life and character in all their manly strength; but I cannot, interesting as was this present walk with one who loves nature most devotedly, and with a true poet's regard watches and notes her every variety of beauty and grace. We entered immediately into animated conversation; no stiffness, no chilling reserve, no hesitancy on his part: but as though we had been acquaintances and friends for years, we fell at once upon topics of mutual interest. He was delighted to meet a brother from America, and that church in America who claims its origin from Christ and His apostles through the channel of England's time-honored church. He had a thousand questions to ask, a multitude of inquiries to make; and his interest in our days of prosperity and trial, our growth in numbers, our soundness in the faith, was warm, deep and abiding. It was my happiness to be able to answer his inquiries, and to tell him the story of our Church's progress, of the vigorous efforts of Rome, and the no less vigorous efforts of the Protestants in America against her anti-scriptural and debasing dogmas and practices, and of the glorious field which our country presents for the labors of all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. And ever and anon, with that ease and delicacy which marks the Christian gentleman, he would ask me to note some point in the landscape, or some spot connected with England's eventful history, and would so connect it with some quiet, deep-toned remark, as evidenced the gentleness of spirit as well as energy of thought of the true poet and the man of God. Truly, as I listened to him, I could not but think that such as he, must have been the saintly George Herbert, and the no less saintly Jeremy Taylor, true types of the country parson, and the bishop over Christ's flocks.

In about an hour, we drew near to the village, when suddenly, as is common enough in England at this season, a shower came upon us quite unprepared for such a thing. It was pleasant to see how kindly the villagers felt and acted; one and another came out to see and to speak to their vicar, (who is by no means a stranger to them,) and several of them bustled about to furnish us with umbrellas. These are not, as you may well imagine, quite so common here with rural districts as with us, among the poor, and so it took some time to get what was wanted; but at last they succeeded, and we started again towards the vicarage. The thing itself was of little consequence, and perhaps hardly worth mentioning, but as it was one of those indications of the esteem in which Keble is held among the poorer and less cultivated of his people, (who, we may safely assert, know next to nothing of his poetic and theological fame,) it seemed to me worth a passing notice. In a little while, passing close to the church, we reached the residence of the poet, of which I need only say that it is one of the pleasantest, most commodious, and most attractive of the parsonages of England.* I shall not attempt

* "While reposing in these sweetest nestling places, the happiest of the homes of earth, the thought was constantly suggested, what a book might that be which should be called THE PARSONAGES OF ENGLAND! From them,

to describe it in detail, for that would be quite unnecessary, and would in reality give very little satisfaction to the reader who desires rather to know whom and what it contains. Externally as well as internally it seemed a meet residence for one whose life is devoted to doing good: only imagine a neat two story cottage house, situate, as it were, in the centre of a lovely garden and surrounded by shrubbery and trees, very near to the church with its ancient Norman tower, and on every side the evidence of cultivated taste and refinement, and you have the home of Keble before you. We entered the house as soon as we reached it, and as it was known that I was an invalid, the poet hurried me up stairs without a moment's delay, and insisted upon my taking measures immediately for drying my feet, (which were a little damp,) and in every needful respect making myself comfortable and at home. The wood was laid in an open fire-place, all ready to be lighted, and my kind host set himself at work to kindle a fire; it did not burn readily or as speedily as he desired on my account, so, without hesitation, he got down before it on his hands and knees and strove to expedite its burning by means which were in use, doubtless, before the days of the invention of bellows. He did not stop to call a servant, or think it needful to wait for the bellows: his whole thoughts were intent upon how quickly he could provide for the immediate wants of his guest, and he did not think it beneath him to do as he did for that guest. Fastidious persons, no doubt, would say that this was quite beneath the dignity of Keble, the former Professor of Poetry at Oxford, the profound scholar, the gifted poet; but it did not so appear to me at the time, nor does it now, and when I saw that it arose out of his genuine kindness and goodness of heart, I was struck with it, and have often thought of it since as indicating one of those lovely traits of character which belong eminently to the author of the "Christian Year."

It was my privilege, soon after, to be introduced to Mrs. Keble; she had long been an invalid and was still in very delicate health: she gave me a very kind and courteous reception, and left me no room to feel that I was not at home in Hursley Vicarage. Mrs. K. had been having a little child's party, and there were some twelve or fifteen of the children of the parish assembled in her drawing room, all of them quite young, but yet appearing to feel quite at their ease. I was very glad to have the opportunity of seeing these little folks, and strove to make myself acquainted with some of them, inasmuch as they reminded me very forcibly of those dear ones whom I had been compelled to leave behind in America. I succeeded only partially in my efforts; but Keble was entirely at home in their midst; like a child himself he entered into their childish pleasures and amusements, and stooping down he was surrounded immediately by a group, some with their arms round his neck, some questioning him eagerly, some pressing to get near him, and all perfectly assured that he was their true and sympathizing friend. It was a lovely sight, that of the christian and shepherd so gently tending "the lambs" of Christ's flock, and appearing so practically to exemplify the truth of our Saviour's words, "of such is the kingdom of heaven;"—yes, of such, these gentle, trustful, loving, docile spirits, is our Lord's kingdom composed, and only to such as become as little children does He vouchsafe to manifest Himself; happy is that man who thoroughly believes and makes this truth his own!

During the afternoon, which was very pleasant after the rain, I went with the poet to look at the new church, which was not quite completed. A very old Norman tower is incorporated into the new edifice, which is one of the most chaste and beautiful of the modern Gothic, and every way creditable to the patron of the living, Sir William Heathcote, of Hursley Park. The workmen were just about laying the floors of the aisles, and it was expected that in a month or so the church would be ready for consecration. The poet did me the honor of asking my opinion of several matters purely of taste connected with the finishing of the sacred edifice; I expressed myself with all frankness, even as he had spoken, at the same time being perfectly well aware that I had no claim to scientific or artistic knowledge on any of these points. Between five and six, the whole family attended Evening Prayer in an old building temporarily in use till the church should be finished. It was some distance from the parsonage and more in the midst of the village; in company with Keble I reached it by walking through the private grounds of Sir Wm. Heathcote, and was much gratified to see how numerous was the attendance of the working class in their every day garb and just having left their daily occupation to assemble with God's minister, and offer up their prayers

as fountains among palm trees, what living streams have flowed to purify and refresh the world! How much of England's greatness and of England's glory—what scholars, what artists, what soldiers, what sailors, what merchants, what statesmen, what philosophers, what patriots, what divines, what saints!—have sprung from the Parsonages of England! What a theme would this have been for Southey! Besides the two sweet homes which I have named above, and several others, I was at three, which will ever be honored as the abodes of consecrated genius, taste and learning—Mr. Perceval's at East Horsley, Archdeacon Manning's at West Lavington, and Mr. Keble's at Hursley."—Bp. Doane's "*Impressions of the Church of England.*" p. 75.

and thanksgiving for the blessings of the past day. The service was read by the Vicar, in a quiet, subdued manner; he was extremely reverential in every tone, and yet, I will confess it, he had not that chastened animation which seems to me to add so much to the impressiveness and majesty of our liturgy. I trust that I am not hypercritical, but it has very frequently struck me in England, that the clergy of the Established Church, do not, as a general thing, perform divine service with as much life and energy as in our church at home; and I am sure that oftentimes the most impressive sermons in the world are preached by a faithful, earnest, intelligent as well as intelligible reading of God's Holy Word and the prayers and praises of the Church, as ordered in our book of Common Prayer. On returning, the poet asked me to take a stroll with him, and note some of the finer points in the surrounding landscape; while doing so we entered into conversation, which by degrees became so interesting to me that I forgot altogether the natural beauties which lay around and turned my every thought to the sentiments and principles avowed by my companion. The fine old residence of Sir William Heathcote, the highly cultivated garden, several noble trees of great age, with which is connected a true story of Cromwell's days, all have left an indistinct impression upon my mind; but I do not think that I can ever forget the tone and spirit of Keble in these hours of fraternal intercourse; I say, the tone and spirit, for I would not dare go further, and even if it were in accordance with my views of right and honor to spread before the world what was said in the free intercourse of social life, I should not venture to speak of Keble's opinions and principles, only as they have been authoritatively stated by himself. But I may say never man was more in earnest, never man appeared to possess deeper convictions. never man more pure spirited, more unselfish, more kind-hearted, more thoughtful, ventured into the arena of polemic contest, to do battle for what he is thoroughly persuaded is God's truth, and so man's highest glory. Thus much I may say, and say it, too. with the more freedom, because I was compelled to differ from him on several points which were discussed during our ramble.

The evening passed rapidly away, while seated in the poet's study, and engaged in talking over some of the topics of our afternoon's walk. Keble's manner of conversing was rather peculiar; he spoke freely and cheerfully, and yet there seemed to be, as it were, something on his mind which he did not express; no one could complain of his want of frankness and openness, when speaking of the church and her trials, and yet after all there would be to the listener an indistinct notion or idea that he had not heard all that the great man before him might, perhaps wished to say on the subject under discussion. I may be doing him injustice, which I should deeply regret, and I ought and do beg the reader to recollect that I speak with only very limited time for observation, and cannot claim any very great confidence for the correctness of my impressions in this particular. I dare say that I was too pertinacious on one point—the Reformation in England—inasmuch as I had published a small volume on that subject, and thought naturally enough that it must be as interesting to every body else as to me. Very quietly, but very decidedly, he waived the discussion of the merits, or advantages, or disadvantages of the Reformation, and turned the conversation to the present condition and future prospects of the Church of England. Did I deem it right so to do, I might record here what I recollect that he said on this deeply interesting topic; but I may not without his permission, and that I have never asked. We found other themes almost as interesting, and I can truly say that I was gratified to hear words of wisdom and learning fall from the mouth of one so eminent for sanctified scholarship, and I trust that I may profit by them as I ought. I took occasion to speak of the "Christian Year," and to tell him how highly it was appreciated, and how widely his name was known in America. He was by no means insensible to this tribute from a far off land to his genius and taste, and he expressed his gratification at hearing again what he knew from other sources, that his poetry had soothed and comforted and inspirited many a heart in our beloved country. I have often since thought of his own animated words,

"Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—
Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His hosannas here below,
Mount and claim your glorious meed,
Linger not with sin and woe.

* * * * * *

—we, like Heaven's star sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore,
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts."

I can now, too, understand the better the charm

of his sweetly moving verse, and I think that I can see how it is with him, as with others, that

—"You must love him, ere to you,
He will seem worthy of your love."—*Wordsworth.*

But, let me not trespass too far upon your patience. Much more I might say, perhaps ought to say of Keble, but I fe.r that in my hands the topic has already become tedious. It may suffice to state in few words, that however inadequately I have described my visit to Hursley, I shall not myself ever forget those hours of privileged intercourse with one of the noblest and best of living poets; and though I was compelled the next day to bid him adieu and return to London, and though almost certainly I shall never see him again in this world, yet I shall ever think of him with feelings of profound esteem and regard. Yes, though there may be grave theological differences between him and other brethren, and though I may not be able to stand on the ground which he and other Oxford men have occupied and still maintain, still I may and must think of him lovingly and with a heart full of hope and confidence; for if it be true of any on earth, it is of him, that

—"there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love."

And so, gentle poet and earnest lover of the truth, fare thee well!

POLLIO.

Translated from the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil.

BY MELBOURNE.

Virgil, in this Eclogue, is supposed by some to refer to the birth of Marcellus, the son of Octavia, the sister of Augustus; or to a son of his patron, the consul Pollio, to whom the Eclogue is inscribed. Others consider it to be founded on ancient predictions respecting the Messiah, and apply it to our blessed Saviour.—*Davidson.*

My rural Muse, essay a loftier flight,
Nor groves, nor lowly vineyards all delight;
If woods we sing, sublimer be our lays,
A worthy tribute to a consul's praise.
The era dawns, by Sibyl bards foretold,
The circling years renew the age of gold.
The Virgin comes, Saturnian realms arise,
A nobler offspring hastens from the skies.
O, chaste Lucina, cheer th' expected birth,
Now thy Apollo rules the willing earth;
Propitious be, the natal moment bless,
And, with sweet smiles, the infant boy caress;
In whose bright days, the iron age shall fail,
And golden years, o'er all the world prevail.
This glory, Pollio, of the coming time,
Shall, in thy reign, assume his course sublime;
The far-fam'd months shall hence, their cycles trace,
And stainless truth adorn the human race.
All marks of crime and fear shall pass away,
And heaven-born Justice hold her righteous sway.
The illustrious boy shall lead a life divine,
Shall heroes see, 'mid gods celestial shine;
Himself be seen, as one of heavenly birth,
And with ancestral virtue, rule the peaceful earth.
For thee, sweet boy, the soil its fruits shall bring,
Spontaneous treasures of the early spring;
The clasping ivy, with sweet "baccar," twin'd,
And "colocasia" with "acanthus" join'd.
The flocks, in sport, shall o'er the meadows bound
And fear no harm, though lions prowl around;
The kids, untended, through the pastures roam,
And bring, at eve, their swelling udders home.
Thy cradle, too, shall bloom with lovely flowers,
The noxious plant, the serpent's deadly powers,
No more shall harm; while, o'er the earth, be spread,
The Syrian herbs, that grateful odors shed.
When thou, a youth, thy father's praise canst read
And learn that fame is only virtue's meed,
The dreary waste shall yellow grow with corn,
And blushing grapes shall cluster on the thorn;
While the hard oaks shall sweat from every pore,
Honey distill'd, in many a golden shower
This age shall, still, some trace of crime retain,
And men, in ships, will tempt the roaring main,
With massive walls, their thriving towns surround,
And, in deep furrows, cleave the fertile ground.
Again, shall Tiphys at the helm preside,
Another Argo distant seas shall ride,
Atrocious conflicts heedless men employ,
Again, Achilles storm the walls of Troy.
At length, when manly vigors o'er thee creep,
The wandering sailor shall forsake the deep;
The naval pine no merchandise convey,
But every land shall every good display.
The fruitful soil no harrows rude shall feel,
The clustering vines forego the pruning-steel.
The hardy ploughman from his toil shall cease,
And from the yoke, his weary ox release.
No colors false the spotless wool shall tinge,
The ram, himself, shall dye his snowy fringe;
Now golden yellow o'er the fleece shall spread,
Now blushing purple change to lively red—
Nature abroad, shall various tints diffuse,
And clothe the lambs in rich vermilion hues.
The Fates, concordant in the destin'd page,
Cried to their threads, "Roll on auspicious age!"
Renown'd descendant of the gods above,
Illustrious increase of almighty Jove,
Assume thy fadeless honors, for the hour
Has come, when men shall own thy rightful power.
To thee the nodding world its homage pays,
Now bend the skies, the earth its joy displays.
O that the last of my long life's career,
May gain some inspiration, while thou'rt near!
In deathless song, to celebrate thy praise,
None shall surpass me in all coming days:
Though Orpheus, with his mother, strike the lyre,
Or Linus, aided by his graceful sire.
E'en Pan, to whom Arcadia lifts her eyes,—
Arcadia, though the judge—shall yield the prize.
Sweet boy, thy mother, o'er thee, joyous hangs,
Repay thy mother for her ten-months' pangs:

Begin, sweet boy, on whom, we know the while,
His parents never yet have left their smile,
Nor god hath given, at a banquet, place,
Nor goddess welcom'd to her charm'd embrace.

Alabama, December, 1850.

ISAAC AND ISHMAEL.

"And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian which she had borne to Abraham, mocking; wherefore she said unto Abraham, cast out this bondwoman and her son: for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac—and the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight, because of his son." Doubtless it was very grievous to Abraham, for never did noble nature possess more tenderness than his. With what majestic serenity, did he once endure, and gently put aside, the forgetful petulance of his hasty-tempered nephew, Lot—that same Lot, whom shortly after, he rescued, with unexampled bravery at the head of his three hundred and eighteen trained servants, born in his own house, from the power of Chedorlaomer, in the king's dale. And with what pathetic tenderness, did his heart go forth in intercession, in behalf of the guilty inhabitants of the doomed cities of the plain—and how touching is his princely sorrow, when in Kirjath-arba, he mourned and wept for Sarah, and stood up from before his dead and spake unto the sons of Hith, saying, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you, give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." His faith was not more genuine, comprehensive and enduring than his tenderness. If the one raised him up to communion with God, the other shed its perpetual fragrance about his footsteps on earth. Doubtless, therefore, it was very grievous in his sight, and this because of his son. Ishmael was his son—not the son of wedlock, but neither the son of shame. For the beautiful Egyptian handmaid had been brought to his arms by Sarah herself, that with adopted fondness at least, she might cherish the child of her lord. Nor had Almighty God, though purposing other things, frowned upon the offspring. And Ishmael had wound himself about his father's heart. He was his first born, and a child of his old age. Sarah often murmured because she had no children—Abraham never—yet who that knows anything of that human nature ever the same in Jew, Greek and barbarian, doubts that his heart silently felt the longings, which his submissive faith restrained. And upon Ishmael, the waters of that unsealed fountain had first gushed forth. And even now that Isaac, the God-appointed seed, had been given and had taken the first place in his affections, yet in that capacious heart, there was room, even with a difference, for both. Was it not grievous to Abraham, in part also, because of Hagar? The sacred narrative does not so say, but are we not at liberty to suppose it? With the marriage relation esteemed among us for its exclusive and jealous sanctity, we do not readily admit the idea of divided love. And never was love stronger and purer than that of Abraham for Sarah. Had he therefore no love for the dark-browed stranger from Egypt—the mother of his child, the bold and gleesome Ishmael? She loved him well. Once before had she fled from the presence of her severe mistress, whose restless heart was exasperated at the approaching consummation of that which she herself had planned. She had fled, but she returned, preferring to endure servitude and contumely, rather than separation from him who was more than master to her. Surely Abraham felt for her, we will not say love, but the most fastidious will not object, if we call it that pity which is most nigh akin to love. To send her away, he knew not whither, to wander in the desert with a lad whose feeble arm could do nothing to protect her against the wild roving tribes, whose violence would be invited alike by the beauty of the mother and the child—how hard this for him whose whole life had been radiant with acts of beneficence! Might he not with justice rebuke the sensitiveness of Sarah as unreasonable? What significance could a mere child's mocking have? Might not the lads live together? How inappropriate this exclusiveness in Sarah, who alone was responsible for the heterogeneous family? So Abraham might have reasoned, and have justified himself by the requirements of justice, of mercy, and even of religion, in obeying the dictates of his heart, in keeping under the shelter of his tent his own offspring and the mother of his child. But he who was honored with the title of friend of God, trusting not to his own wisdom, sought direction from on high. And God sanctioned—not the tender purposes of Abraham, but the passionate demand of Sarah. How often is the instinct of woman's heart wiser than the profoundest wisdom of man! Sarah troubled not herself with questions of casuistry about Hagar's rights—who had brought her into her present condition, and what would become of her—one thing she felt and knew—she would not brook that another should divide with her son his father's affection, his father's estate, and the glory of his name, and therefore she said, "the son of this bondwoman *shall not* be heir with my son, even

with Isaac." Pride and selfishness may have supported this haughty resolve. But that resolve was right, and God confirmed it, though certainly all that was unholy about it, in motive or in execution, be condemned. For this putting away of the bondwoman and her child accorded with the serene purposes of the Ruler of the world, seeing all things from the beginning to the end. He looked on Isaac not merely as the child of his servant, so honored as to be called his friend —but he looked on him as the future patriarch of his chosen nation, with whom his covenant was to be established, and by whom his truth was to be kept for the world—the nation that should take possession of Canaan, and build Jerusalem and the glorious temple, and above all, he looked on him as the progenitor, according to the flesh, of him who was to come as the seed of the woman for the blessing of all nations. Therefore God said to Abraham, "in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice, for in Isaac shall thy seed be called"—adding for the consolation of his bleeding heart, "and also of the son of the bondwoman, will I make a nation, because he is thy seed." And Abraham obeyed and God fulfilled his promises to him, and blessed him and Isaac, and the world in both—nor did he forget Ishmael. How merciful are the ways of God! How wise too! Compared with his, how is man's wisdom very foolishness! Suppose Abraham had refused not only to hearken to his wife, but to obey God, and had favored the son of the bondwoman at the expense of the promised seed—how mournfully different might have been the history of that family. Perhaps the tragedy of Cain and Abel re-enacted, the life of both mothers embittered, and not less that of the sire. The purposes of Almighty God could not indeed have been thwarted, nor his promises made of none effect, but Abraham, as far in him lay, would have done both, and he would have gone down in sorrow to a dishonored grave. Had he so acted, we would have pitied him, and might have been inclined to regard, rather as a weakness than as a crime, his being led by his compassionate feelings to misinterpret the command of God. But let us make another supposition: Suppose the father of Isaac and Ishmael had driven out, not Hagar and Ishmael, but Sarah and Isaac—not the bondwoman and her son, but the promised seed, and the mother that bore him, the wife of his youth—who for him had left her native Ur of the Chaldees, had with him in Egypt faced famine and endured great trial for his sake, in the house of Pharaoh, as afterwards also she did in the south country, from Abimelech, king of Gerar—who faithfully had remained at his side in all his wanderings, and who now in their old age, by the birth of Isaac, had with him become the participant of God's glorious promise extending to the latest period of the history of the earth. Could Abraham, forgetful of the past and reckless of the future, have been induced by any regard, of whatsoever nature, for Hagar and her son, to cast out his own wife and the child of promise, how enormous would seem his wickedness!

Let us make an application of what we have written.

What would be an instance parallel to the case last supposed—equalling it, if not exceeding it, in folly, want of natural feeling, in wicked disregard of God's word, and in manifest opposition to his providential plans? *The dissolution of our Union, for the sake of a handful of bondmen.* Is not our country the Isaac—the child of laughter —of the world—the child of promise given to it in its old age? When the old world seemed incapable of producing any thing noble, God revealed our country, concealed for thousands of years under his hand, and gave it as the seed of promise. Rapidly and richly, this promise is actually fulfilling now before our eyes. Each quarter of the globe is interested in us, for each has already received from us blessings which are but the earnest of others far greater certainly to come. Europe has long been receiving substantial benefits from America, and Asia has just now connected herself with the circuit of electric influence; but Africa is more privileged still, for even now we are holding her by the hand, and leading her up the steps of the temple of liberty, to worship there with us. Our nation is to enter Canaan as certainly as the Hebrews once did—and our mission there, will be, not to destroy but to bless its inhabitants. And when the spiritual Jerusalem shall be built,—of which Solomon's temple in all its glory was but a faint type—necessarily faint, must be all physical types of spiritual things—who are to be the builders, if not the dwellers in this God-blessed land? And shall any inferior nation stop us in our heaven-marked course? Can any nation do it? Did the red men arrest us? And who removed them from before our fathers, but the God who planted our fathers here?—the same God that has made us increase by the same manifest destiny by which he has made them wane and fade away. And shall the black man stop us? If one must yield, are we not right in saying—the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free? Does not God by his providence say so too? And may we not believe that we hear reverberated from the shore of Liberia, as an echo of that word—and I will make of him too a great nation because of thee. And who will set themselves against the dictates of natural reason and natural feeling, and at the same time against

God, and say—Let Ishmael be favored though discord reign—though the blood of Abel should be shed again—in spite of God's appointed order, let the son of the bondwoman divide the inheritance with the son of the free—nay, with impiety yet more heaven-daring—Let Isaac be sent forth into the wilderness to perish, and let an expectant world be deprived of God's covenant blessings—let the bow of promise be torn from the clouds, and let a black deluge overwhelm the world in final destruction—who by their action say all this? Those who dishonor the graves of their noble fathers by refusing to abide by the solemn compact they made for themselves and their children—who insult their chosen representatives in the face of all men, by nullifying the laws enacted with their sanction—who prove themselves unworthy of noble brotherhood, by the associations they select—who would pull down with unhallowed hands the fair fabric of the Union, and scatter its fragments to the four winds, that they may gratify their furious fanaticism.

S. L. C.

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is the language of excitement—the language of sincerity and power. "Words that burn" are spoken when hearts swell. The orator is the highest and noblest of the world's great ones: and nature is never grand where she is peaceful.

Excitement makes us sincere, and sincerity is always eloquent. All admire the sincere—all sympathise with the sincere—all are moved by the sincere.

Moreover, it is a fact of experience and a principle of philosophy that excitement developes the high excellencies, the strong powers, the warm energies of the character. It gives activity to the slow, and strength to the weak, and wisdom to the fool. Power is beautiful, and therefore pleases and animates, and therefore is eloquent. Power is mighty, and therefore moves and persuades, and therefore is eloquent.

Every one is eloquent at some time of his life, for in the pathway of every destiny, there is some great occasion. Excitement is the exponent, and the law, and the condition of human life.

Genuine, effective eloquence never reasons. The forced, and vague, and vapid definitions, which most authors have rendered of the term, Eloquence, express or imply argument as its end and excellency. The logician convicts—the orator awes; argument suggests—eloquence concentrates; reason directs—passion urges; excitement clings to one thought, one idea. It dies when the attention is diverted by relations, when the mind reasons and argues—Worth, the mere *scientia bene dicendi* is not eloquence—is not the power, which awes, thrills, impels.

Whence then is the might of the orator—that might, which makes the "warrior's laurel" yield to the "palm of Eloquence"—that might, which moves stones to "mutiny and rage?" It is not in the force of logic: but in the feeling of sympathy—in the contemplation of the lofty beauty of power—and in the thrill of passion's potency. In short, the power and perfection of Eloquence is in excitement.

Truth is always exciting—therefore Eloquence is the language of truth. We hear it in the shout of Eureka—we feel it in the triumphs of the Martyr. The false has no Eloquence, for where there is no truth, no sincerity, there is no power, no sympathy, no excitement.

Eloquence is the language of virtue. This truth is as old as Quinctilian; yet is it "strong and lusty." The power and the glory of the orator consists in perfectly inducing the minds of his hearers into his own feelings and his own circumstances—in making the audience his *alter ego*. Virtue is beauty and enthusiasm, and thus assimilates by its loveliness and power. Vice is cursed with deformity and torpor.

Wise, just, and beautiful, is the law and trust of nature, which lodges power in truth and virtue.

X.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

Sir, it is a favorite phrase of those who boast of what is called the "march of intellect," that things are thus changed because the "schoolmaster is abroad." But I tell you that something far more effective than the schoolmaster, a mightier than Solomon, is abroad. It is the STEAM-ENGINE—in its two-fold capacity of a means of production and a means of transport—the most powerful instrument by far of pacification and commerce, and therefore of improvement and happiness, that the world has ever seen; which, while it increases capital, and multiplies beyond all imagination the products of industry, brings the most distant people in contact with one another—breaks down the barriers which exclusive legislation would oppose to the freedom of mercantile exchanges—effaces all peculiarities of national character, and promises, at no distant period, to make the whole Christian world, at least, one great family.—*H. S. Legaré.*

SECLUSAVAL;

OR THE

SEQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG LAWYER IN THE GOLD COUNTRY.

When I wrote the former part of my story, I expected never again to hear of Judith Bensaddi. Her residence was in England—mine in the Apalachian mountains—among which, or at least within sight of their blue summits, I expected to spend my days. Whatever fortune might betide either of us, it seemed improbable that any intelligence of the one should ever reach the other. Heaven seemed to have ordained that our future experience should have nothing in common, except the sad remembrance of our disappointed love, which we might each in our far distant homes continue to cherish in secret, and I at least would cherish in loneliness and sorrow, to the last hour of life. But the way of man is not in himself. The power that rules our destiny had ordained that I should visit London, and there receive most affecting intelligence of Judith. What I heard—what followed to agitate and perplex me still more—and what the issue was—I shall now proceed to relate, after premising a brief recapitulation of my former story, in order to refresh the reader's memory.

I was studying law, when symptoms of consumption drove me from my native Rockbridge to spend a winter in South Carolina. In the spring I set out with renovated health, to return home by way of Charleston and the sea to Norfolk. In the stage I found Eli Bensaddi of London and his lovely sister Judith, going by the same route towards Boston. We travelled in company, mutually pleased to have met, and I somewhat more than pleased with the beautiful black-eyed sister.

On the first day of our voyage, poor Eli fell overboard and was lost. Judith, in her first paroxysm of grief, also fell into the sea, and was saved by my leaping into the water as she sank. I took charge of the lovely mourner, and was conducting her to a friend of hers in Boston, when my ankle was so sprained in Philadelphia, that we were detained ten days, until her cousin Von Caleb came from Boston to take her home.

Meantime my love for this pure and amiable young lady grew so intense, that I declared myself and offered her marriage. She frankly confessed that our love was mutual; but, to my great surprise, informed me that she was a Jewess; and because I had not known and considered this fact, she would accept my offer of marriage, only upon the condition that after my return home, I should deliberately and freely ratify the engagement.

From her cousin, Von Caleb, and a miserly Jew named Levi, I first learned that her father was a wealthy banker, and that an uncle had devised her an independent fortune of three thousand pounds a year.

Judith and I parted with deep sorrow. On my return, a fit of despondency came on me and presented my intended marriage with a Jewess in gloomy colors. After a severe and protracted struggle of opposite principles, I was able to decide in favor of the marriage through the influence of Judith's miniature, which she had given me. I wrote two letters; the one to go by the miser Levi from New York, as had been arranged in Philadelphia; the other to go by the usual means of conveyance. The former was probably suppressed by the designing miser, who desired Judith to marry his son; the latter must have been accidentally lost by the way. I waited in vain for an answer till the next spring, when I prepared for a voyage to London that I might solve the mystery; but was deterred from going by the loss of Judith's portrait. This unfortunate accident threw me into another fit of mental gloom, and unfortunately put an end to all hope, and all exertion to secure the lovely prize of my heart. I rashly concluded that my innocent Judith was false.

The ensuing August I was surprised by the receipt of a letter from her, giving me the history of her disappointment and despair at my long silence—her struggle with hopeless love for me—her conversion to christianity through the persuasive eloquence of an amiable young gentleman, whom she had met with among the lakes in the north of England,—and her final consent to marry that gentleman, to whom she was indebted for her christian hope and consolation.

This letter filled me with grief, with self-reproach, and with unutterable despair. Such was the unhappy conclusion for the time, and as I then thought forever, of my love-adventure with the beautiful, the accomplished, and the pure-hearted Judith Bensaddi.

All that I could now do, was to love without hope, and to mourn without consolation for my lost bride, until time and some other engaging pursuit, should distil their mitigating balm into my deeply-wounded heart.

Now I would fain hear no more of my lost one; that I might ever think of her as my own lovely bride, snatched by some evil fate from my arms, between the betrothal and the nuptials. I abhorred the conception that she lived on this

earth, as the happy or the unhappy wife of another man. Whenever I found the train of my thoughts leading towards this painful conception, I shuddered and broke off the train, saying with king Lear in the tragedy, "Ah, that way madness lies."

My only hope of relief from paralyzing melancholy, was to engage promptly and assiduously in the practice of my profession. My preparation was thorough and complete. Experience had now taught me the evil effects of indecision and melancholy. Dearly had I paid for the indulgence of these native tendencies of my mind. I was reduced to such a state that I must rally or perish. I summoned all my remaining energies to the rescue. I resolved to make the weak points of my character the objects of constant watchfulness, and of strenuous efforts at moral improvement. With the Divine blessing I succeeded in overcoming them, not wholly nor at once; (for vices of character are not cast off by a single effort;) but to such a degree from time to time, as to encourage persevering exertions, and to furnish a salutary example for the imitation of other young men.

My circumstances required a field of action more wide and promising than my native Rockbridge. I determined to try my fortune among the gathering population and stirring pursuits of the Carolinian gold country.

The day before I left the home of my youth, I took a farewell ramble over the loved scenes of the vicinage. Among other spots of peculiar interest, I visited the one by the river side, where I had so unfortunately dropped my Judith's miniature. I searched once more, if peradventure I might find the golden locket-case; for the portrait I presumed to have been blotted out forever by the envious water. To my joyful surprise, I found the elegant case lodged in a crevice of the rock above the level of the river, now shrunken by the drought of summer. Eagerly I pressed the spring—the lid flew up—and so did my heart, when I beheld the unsullied likeness of my Judith, whose lovely self appeared once more to look upon me. The picture had been preserved by a glass cover sealed hermetically to the raised edge of the case. I conceived I know not what vague hope from this unexpected discovery. Heretofore this picture had operated with talismanic power to revive my love, and to brighten my matrimonial prospects. But now, when Judith was spell-bound by solemn vows to another, what potency could there be in this or any other charm to disenchant my lost bride, and bring her again within the reach of my arms? I could not tell; but nevertheless, the recovery of the miniature diffused a new warmth, and an obscure glimmer of something like hope through my soul.

Again I hung the precious jewel in my bosom, and ceased not to wear it for years afterwards. A thousand times did I open the case, and feel anew the fascinating beauty of that countenance; as often did those dark eyes of love seem to give me an inspiring look of encouragement. But when I would close the case, and look around at the realities of my situation, all my sweet visions fled and left me to utter solitude of heart.

I reached the gold country in time to attend the fall terms of the courts. I was so fortunate as to obtain immediate employment, first in a criminal case and then in a civil one; and each time I happened to make such a creditable effort, that I sprang at once into reputation and a lucrative practice. Whatever portion of my first success might be attributed to good fortune, I strove with all my energies to sustain and to elevate the reputation so happily acquired. I labored night and day to extend my knowledge of the law, and to prepare myself thoroughly upon every case put into my hands. I knew full well that with ordinary talents, such diligence would ensure success, and that no degree of natural talents could give me ultimate success without laborious application.

So lucrative was my practice, that within six months I found myself in possession of more than a thousand dollars of clear gain; and what was of more value, my heart was relieved from melancholy; my soul was prompt to resolve and vigorous to pursue the course resolved upon. Such were the happy effects of diligence in an honorable vocation.

Speculation in gold mines began to rage; but I felt no inclination to deviate from the safe road of my profession into the hazardous experiment of gold mining. I was too full of law to think of gold in any shape but that of fees. Avarice was not my passion—chicanery I disdained—but the fair rewards of professional ability I sought, and felt justified in seeking. Yet was I incidentally involved in the gross earthy process of digging for gold.

A poor man had employed my agency to recover a meagre tract of land, out of which he had been defrauded by a speculator. But success in his suit was likely to make him poorer than before—for the soil would not repay the labor of cultivation, and the failure of the speculator in some mining experiments upon it, made the tract unsaleable as gold land. At last my poor client came and besought me to give him eight hundred dollars for his eight hundred acres of barren hills and vales. More out of pity than the hope of gain, I paid the man his price, and sent him rejoicing with his family to the rich lands of the west. For this charitable purchase I was ridiculed by the knowing ones, and had to bear

sundry unfavorable auguries respecting my prospects of future wealth.

However, I was not discouraged, but immediately employed an honest man, acquainted with the business, to search my barren freehold for the precious metal. In a few days I turned the laugh against the knowing ones, by the discovery of a rich deposit of gold, in a little valley which had not been scrutinized by the speculator. It was the most productive mine yet discovered in the country. Besides the fine grains usually met with, lumps of gold weighing often an ounce and sometimes a pound, were picked out of the gravel. My clear profits from this source amounted to about a thousand dollars a month.

Now my attention was drawn to the mineralogy of gold mines. I began to study the subject at intervals, by way of relaxation from the arduous labors of my profession. I examined the localities of the mines, noticed the character of the minerals among which the gold was found, observed the conformation of the hills and valleys, and marked how the layers of rock were disposed. In this new pursuit I derived an unforseen advantage from my college studies. In the course of my education I had gone through the mathematical and physical sciences, more with the view of gaining the honors of scholarship, than with any hope of practical benefit in future life. How often do young men mistake their true interest, when they neglect, as unprofitable, any part of those studies which the wisdom of ages has prescribed as necessary to a good education! My knowledge of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology—imperfect as it was—enabled me to pursue the study of gold mines with facility and success. In less than a year I had acquired considerable skill as a gold-finder.

A gentleman of my acquaintance was involved in a law-suit about a valuable gold mine in Georgia. I accepted his offer of a liberal fee to manage the case for him, and consequently had to make a visit to the newly discovered gold region of Georgia. This was about six months after I had commenced the study of mines. I embraced the opportunity of improving my knowledge of the subject by examining the Georgia mines. The suit was not tried until the succeeding spring, when I went a second time to the same country, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict in favor of my client, and thereby an additional fee of one thousand dollars for myself. But this was only a small part of my good fortune in Georgia.

On my return homewards, wishing to see the hill country, I was skirting the Cherokee border by an unfrequented route, when my attention was arrested by indications of gold. A torrent filled by extraordinary rains, had lately torn up the ground in a ravine, and exposed the rocks at the base of a mountain. After a diligent examination, although I discovered no mine, I was strongly persuaded that gold might be found about that locality. I went to the owner of the land in the open country below, and found him disposed to sell, but so disgusted with mining speculations, by reason of his ill success in digging on this very land, that he refused an offer of partnership. I bought the tract, and immediately hired men to dig for gold. In a few days a rich and extensive vein of gold was discovered on the mountain side, where I had observed the favorable indications. A professed mineralogist examined it, and certified to its great value. The agent of an English company immediately offered me fifty thousand dollars for my discovery. I refused to sell, until further exploration should more completely test the value of the property.

Thus by a lucky accident in the first instance, and by a fortunate exercise of scientific skill in the second, I found myself become a wealthy man, within twenty months after I had left my native land, a poor young lawyer, to seek my fortune in the gold country.

Had I been less fortunate in my speculations, I might have continued to pursue the hazardous game of mining. But my extraordinary success itself alarmed me—after two such brilliant prizes, I could not hope for another—I might rather expect to find myself, the next time, on the descending side of Fortune's wheel. I resolved to quit the pursuit at once, before the spirit of adventure should grow into a habit, and lead me, as it leads most of its slaves, to misfortune, debt, and imprisonment. For the better security against temptation, I resolved also to sell the mines which I had discovered, as soon as I could get a fair price for them. My prudent resolutions on this subject were aided by the influence of another scheme, more congenial with my natural temper than delving in gravel and quartz rocks after the miser's god. What this new attraction was, I shall proceed to unfold in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER II.

THE VALE OF SECLUSA.

During the first nine months of my residence in Carolina, I toiled incessantly at my profession, until my health was seriously injured. After the discovery of my Carolina gold mine, I diverted myself occasionally with mineralogical studies, but they were not sufficient to reinvigorate my overwrought system. When the summer heats became oppressive, I laid aside all my studies, that I might take a few weeks vacation in the mountains. Often had I looked with desire

towards the great Blue Ridge of this country, whose magnificent summits cut their waving outline in the western sky. In Virginia this range of mountains is broken, to let the rivers pass through from the Alleghany to the sea; here it casts off the rivers from both its sides, and compels them to seek a passage from its impenetrable flanks by winding and tearing through other mountains of less stern and massive solidity.

To this sublime wilderness I directed my course, with the intention of exploring its deepest recesses and its most eminent summits. My good horse soon carried me out of the realms of anxious gold-seekers to the forest wilds, where the herdsman and the hunter dwell in solitary huts, and breathe the free spirit of the mountains. About the sources of the Catawba, the Broad and the Saluda rivers, I found the most gashed, craggy, and savage region that I had ever seen. It was the very sort of country that I would have chosen to visit; consisting of ancient, steep, forest-covered mountains, rent, rugged, and grim with deep ravines, or dissevered by rich valleys of less horrid aspect—all watered with perennial streams, clear as crystal—here hidden beneath impenetrable thickets of evergreens; there leaping over precipices in splashing cascades, or gurgling through loose rocks in damp, mossy ravines, or purling over gravelly beds in the rich low grounds of wider vales, and eddying here and there under crumbling banks and bare tree roots, in deep bluish trout-pools.

With delight I threaded the valleys, crossed the ridges and mounted the tall peaks, catching every hour some new aspect of Nature's wild magnificence. Sometimes I lodged in dwellings of hewn logs in the wider valleys, where civilization had begun to make inroads upon the savage wilderness. At other times I partook of the hunter's fare in his smoky hut of round logs, in the deeper recesses of this rugged land. One while I wrought my solitary way along horse-paths in dusky glens, or up and down the mountain sides; then again my journey was through pathless wilds, and to desolate summits, where the deer ranges and the wolf makes his den.

In the course of these laborious rambles, my attention was attracted by a remarkably high summit, or knob, a few miles south of the main Blue Ridge. The whole region about it was distinguished by the cragginess of its mountains, and the richness of its vales. I resolved to scale this conspicuous observatory. A pleasant valley led up to its base, where the valley contracted itself, and was parted into two deep, narrow ravines; the one on the left seemed to be impassable to my horse; so I took the one on the right, which led me up by the north-eastern side of the great knob, where it expanded into a beautiful vale, sufficiently large for a moderately-sized farm. Near the head of this lonely vale, I found a practicable way to the top of the mountain. The sides of this great eminence consisted in part of almost perpendicular precipices, supporting broad terraces of ground, so gently sloping that arable fields might be formed upon them. The top was capped by a flat rock, elevated upon high natural walls, that gave it the appearance of a vast, half-ruined castle.

The view was immense. On the side of the Blue Ridge, nothing was visible but huge mountain masses, with deep rents between them: but on the east and south, I could overlook the craggy-sided mountains of the vicinity, and see the pleasant hill country next beyond them; and over the hills again, I could discern at a great distance the lower champaign, stealing out of sight under the blue veil of the atmosphere.

After I had looked awhile over the distant regions, I cast down my eyes, and was smitten with admiration at the romantic beauties of a valley, that lay under the southern side of the mountain. It was enclosed on every side by mountains of great height and every diversity of form and aspect. The sides of these mountains were deeply cut with wild narrow glens, one of which lay directly under my feet, beneath a perpendicular precipice a hundred fathoms deep. These glens all converged towards the centre of the valley; from their dark, shady recesses, streamlets flowed out, and uniting their cool, pellucid waters, they formed a brook, which passed out of the valley by the deep contracted ravine that I had avoided as impassable.

The main valley was more than two miles long, and at the broadest part not less than a mile and a half in width: but the outline was so irregular, that its shape is nameless and indescribable. The surface was as irregular as the outline. Low-grounds nearly flat, dales of various width and curvature, hills of every shape, round-topped, flat-topped and ridgy; smooth or rocky —all gave an infinite diversity to the surface. The valley looked like a terrestrial paradise. Nature luxuriated in all possible wildness, richness and variety; requiring only the hand of man to prune and dress its profusion, to make it outvie all the pastoral beauties of Arcadia in the golden age.

When I descended, I entered the valley by the uppermost and longest glen, which led its murmuring streamlet from the main Blue Ridge. I had no sooner plunged into its dusky solitude, than I lost sight of all the sunshiny world; the lofty tree tops formed so dense a screen, that the few straggling sunbeams which penetrated to the moist ground, were not recognised as daylight,

but looked like glow-worms or fallen stars amidst the surrounding gloom.

Not a sound was heard for some time, but the soft purling of the brook among the mossy stones, or the occasional chirp of birds in the lofty boughs over head. After I had proceeded some distance towards the main valley, I heard the splashing of a waterfall. The sound appeared to rise from a deep cavern. I soon discovered that the brook fell into a chasm, a hundred and fifty feet in depth, and then flowed out between precipices of limestone into the main valley. There was a romantic wildness about this cascade, in some respects exceeding any thing that I had ever seen. The water fell into a deep shady pool, where I could discern scores of trout enjoying themselves.

When I got into the main valley, I followed a blind cow-path, which led me a winding way, by hill and dale; one while in the dusky shades of the forest, another while through native lawns and shrubbery, until I found myself at the base of a flat-topped hill that projected from the foot of the great knob, on the upper side of the deep glen, which I had seen under my feet from the mountain-top. This hill was about midway between the upper and lower extremities of the valley; and I knew from its position, that it would afford me the best general view of the landscape, that could be had from any point within the valley itself. I ascended its gently sloping side, and from its brow, had a near and delightful view of the dales and hills and glens and mountain sides. I gazed in a sort of ecstasy over the charming landscape. Never had a place so captivated my fancy. The scenery was so various and so rich—so wild, so sweet, so majestic; the place was so shut up from the bustling and contentious world, that it seemed to have been made for a hiding place from the storms of life; yet was it not so completely cut off from the haunts of men, as to wear the aspect of a prison; for on looking through the ravine that let out the waters, I caught a glimpse of the open country of hills and valleys at a distance.

"Here, (I exclaimed in a transport of admiration,) here is the place where in all the world a lover of nature, of retirement and of books, might find the most delightful retreat: and yonder is the loop-hole through which he might still look forth upon the outer world of insatiate passions and self-tormenting hearts. So sweet a nook shall not be nameless: I call it The Vale of Seclusa, or in one word, Seclusaval. This flat-topped hill which opens at once all the beauties of the landscape, but especially the romantic glens on every side, is the hill of Glenview; and yon lofty mountain-head, which frowns so haughtily over this nearest glen, through which I look up at his sublime crags, is Craggyhead. I thank his grim majesty for giving me the first sight of this lovely Seclusaval, which, if Divine Providence grant the wish of my heart, I will purchase and improve, and make the retirement and the resting place of my future days. Oh! had it pleased God that *she*, the lost one of my heart, should enjoy with me the rural beauty and quietude of an abode so perfectly agreeable to her taste. The world might be searched in vain for a place where we could have spent our lives together so happily, as in this beautiful and romantic valley."

These last reflections saddened me; and thus I experienced that delight may be the immediate cause of sadness by suggesting some painful reminiscence. I looked again silently over the thousand beauties of Seclusaval; I drew from my bosom the portrait of my lost Judith; those eyes of love seemed again to beam into my soul; and then I sat down to weep, under an overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation, amidst the thousand beauties of Seclusaval. At length I closed the locket case and returned it into my bosom. The shadows of evening had covered the valley, and were following the sunlight up the pine-covered precipices of the mountain. I led my horse down the hill and directed my course to a solitary hut near the lower end of the valley. Here a hunter had pitched his habitation, and cleared a field in the rich low-grounds of the valley, and seemed practically at least to be "monarch of all he surveyed;" for it must have been a rare thing for any stranger to visit this secluded valley. I went nevertheless with confidence to seek a lodging in the "poor man's nest." On approaching I was met by three fierce mastiffs, that forbade my entrance without leave of the family "first had and obtained." The man came out, and, after calling off his dogs, invited me to enter. I stepped in, saluted the wife, and took my seat on a three-legged stool. After some introductory account of myself, I asked the favor of a night's lodging. It was granted, of course—but with more appearance of coldness and suspicion than is usual among mountaineers. It behooved me to make myself more decidedly welcome.

I had no sooner been seated in the character of a guest, than the dogs came in and smelt at me as if to try my quality. Finding the scent of the woods upon me, they wagged their tails; and when I patted their heads they gave me the friendly salutation of tongue and paw—licking my hand and leaping upon my breast; all of which I took very kindly, and thus secured the good will of their master. When I first entered the house, I saw four or five children run and hide themselves under the bed, and then slily peep at me. When I had done with the dogs, I called a

little fellow coaxingly, who had ventured to put his head out of the hiding place. But at first they all drew back, and seemed frightened at my invitation. Finally, however, I got the boldest one to venture near me. I patted his frizzly pate, and took the dirty urchin upon my knee: after which I soon had the whole swarm upon me. Thus I won the mother's heart. I assumed an easy familiar manner with the whole family, and took every thing as if I had been accustomed to such accommodations. Consequently I was soon treated, not as a guest merely, but as a friend. The good woman did her best to show me kindness. She prepared me an excellent treat of jonny-cake, venison, and onions. She could have treated me also with new milk; but she was not disposed to put me off with such homely fare. She burnt some coffee berries to cinder, tied them in a linen rag, pounded them on the hearth-stone with the axe, put the pulverized charcoal into water, and boiled the mixture in a skillet. She then poured the black, bitter liquid into her queensware bowl with blue flowers pictured on it, and putting in a little milk and maple sugar, handed me the finished product of her kindness. The water was irretrievably spoiled by the process: but what of that? Should I not drink the well-meant gift? Certainly I should, and did, with the firmness of resolution and fixedness of muscle, which the occasion required. And let me say unto thee, gentle reader, that shouldst thou ever be placed in like circumstances, then drink thou also,—yea drink heartily, for the giver's sake. Think not that thou canst ever show good breeding by turning up thy nose at the poor woman's fare:—nay, on the contrary, thou wouldst but show thyself impolite, ungenerous, and every way ill-bred, to scorn the kind hospitalities of the poor. Therefore should the draught be never so bitter, drink it even to the dregs, rather than mortify thy kind entertainer. Away with silly pride and contemptible affectation. Remember, that in a few years thou wilt be as poor as thy neighbors. Death will soon bring down thy pomp and thy circumstance, and put an end to thy affected airs of superiority. But I will not tire thee with my homily.

From Larkin Strone, the hunter, I learned that Seclusaval was in the midst of an extensive tract of mountain lands, owned by Major Mudge, an old gentleman who resided at the distance of thirty miles in the country below. The next morning, after a farther exploration of the valley, I made my way out with some difficulty by the ravine, and went straightway to Major Mudge, confirmed in my resolution to attempt the purchase. I found him eager to sell: for being an indulgent father, and having several sons brought up to no useful occupation, he was greatly embarrassed to pay the expenses of their prodigality. The demands of their creditors, and of his own, were just now so pressing, that he offered at once to sell me his thirty thousand acres of mountain lands for the small sum of five thousand dollars. The price was very low; for notwithstanding the ruggedness of the country, the tract contained several thousand acres of rich valleys and arable mountain sides. Seclusaval alone was in my estimation worth the whole price. I therefore accepted his offer without hesitation, and proceeding home immediately, I raised a sufficient sum from the profits of my gold mine, to make the first payment, and to commence a system of improvements on my new acquisition. I was peculiarly fortunate in obtaining an agent to manage my intended improvements.

Seven years before, Major Mudge had brought from England an intelligent and judicious gardener, whose name was Baylor. This man had conducted the improvements on Mudge's estate, with a union of taste and economy that pleased me exceedingly. He operated on the plan of following and assisting Nature, instead of attempting, by dint of labor and expense, to force upon the place a set of features and embellishments inconsistent with the design of Nature herself. Hence the garden, the park, and the other grounds of Major Mudge's estate, were all beautiful, because every operation of art was conformable to the genius of the place.

Major Mudge, for an obvious reason, was glad to transfer Baylor to my service; and Baylor, knowing the old gentleman's pecuniary embarrassments, readily accepted my offer of employment. When he saw my valley, he was delighted with its appearance, and rejoiced in the task of assisting its natural beauties with the touches of art. He not only understood at a glance my theory of improvement, but suggested several things that I had not thought of, but which, on hearing his observations, I heartily approved. The primary operations were to be directed to the following objects, namely: first to open a farm and build mills in the valley three miles below Seclusaval; secondly, to convert the rich low-grounds from the ravine of Seclusa up to Glenview into a meadow—retaining, however, many of the fine trees, either singly or in clumps: thirdly, to convert the beautifully sloping sides of Glenview into a garden, retaining here also a number of the fine trees, shrubs and vines; and lastly, to beautify the remaining hills and dales of Seclusaval, by removing unsightly trees, and cleaning the surface, so that grass could flourish in these native parks. My faithful agent went promptly to work, whilst I returned home and resumed my professional avocations.

I did not revisit my wild barony until December,

when I was on my way to Georgia. Seclusaval was already assuming the appearance of a park. Whatever was unpleasant to the eye, was disappearing from the noble woods; sweet lawns, winding and branching in various ways, not only gave variety to the landscape, but opened to the eye, as one passed through them, the most delightful views of trees, hills and mountains on every side. The plough and the spade were preparing the soil for the grass of the meadow and the vines and shrubbery of the garden.

Baylor now suggested a sort of improvement that I had never thought of: this was to cover the lowest grounds of Seclusaval with the waters of an artificial lake. I was pleased with the idea of a lake, but hesitated to incur the expense, until he informed me that he had taken all the levels and measurements, and had carefully estimated the cost, which was surprisingly small. He showed me first a narrow cleft in the ravine where a dam could be easily built of the loose rocks near the spot. Supposing the dam to be twenty-eight feet high, the water would be thrown back a mile and a half to the foot of Glenview. He then traced for me the exact boundaries of the lake. On the meadow side, the outline would wind beautifully with divers sinuosities. On the opposite side, the water would lave the bases of the hills, some with sloping, some with precipitous sides. At one place, half a mile below Glenview, a little bay would run a furlong up a dale between gently swelling hills; at another place, near the lower end of the lake, a narrow glen with steep rocky sides, would conduct the lake water to a spring-head, deeply hidden in the flank of the mountain, where the atmosphere was ever cool and dusky, between tall crags and densely interwoven tree tops. At the broadest part of the lake, the water would spread out to the breadth of a hundred rods; but generally the shores would be from fifteen to thirty rods asunder. The fountains that would supply the lake, being cool, clear and perennial, the lake would consequently never become stagnant; and would not only be at once beautiful and salubrious, but would moreover yield both pleasure and profit as a fish pond: thousands of trout and other fish, could live and fatten in its pellucid waters.

By the time that Baylor had shown me all these things, I became enthusiastic: "Mr. Baylor, (said I,) I thank you for this delightful scheme of improvement. Go to work, and by the next summer, let me see the lake of Seclusaval reflect every object around it, from the green meadow banks up to the cliffs of old Craggyhead." "It shall be done, sir," was the prompt reply.

My income from my gold mine, and from my law practice, was sufficient now, I thought, to justify incipient measures for the erection of a permanent dwelling on Glenview. I resolved to build a stone cottage on the brow of the hill where some fine trees of majestic stature overtopped a dense thicket of undergrowth, embowered and festooned with a profusion of wild vines. Baylor had already commenced pruning this tangled wilderness, which needed only his skilful hand, to convert it into a labyrinth of umbrageous walks and rustic arbors, romantically sweet, "for whispering lovers made." My fancy was pleased at the thought; but a twinge of sadness came over me, when I reflected, that all the charms of this lovely place would be in a great measure wasted on the lone heart of a bachelor, who had lost his bride, and could never love again. Nevertheless I ordered stone cutters to be employed, and materials of all sorts to be prepared for a neat rural mansion. What better could I do? If I was lonely, I needed the more to seek pleasure and consolation, from all the sources yet open to my desolate heart.

I did not again visit Seclusaval until the next spring, when I was returning from Georgia, after the discovery of my second gold mine. I found the improvements going on to my heart's content. Tenants had been settled in several rich vales, besides Seclusa. The mills and the farm near them, were in a state of great forwardness. A passable carriage road was made from the older settlements below, to the mills, and thence through the ravine into Seclusaval. The dam and area of the lake were prepared for the waters, which began to fill their destined bed, as soon as the massive wall of the dam was closed by casting earth upon its upper side to stop the crevices. I marked with interest the hourly growth of the lake. In three days it was full, and began to shed its superabundant waters in a pretty cascade over the dam, while the glassy expanse above reflected the budding woods on the margin, and the hoary steeps of Craggyhead. I launched a rude boat on the calm waters, and circumnavigated the sweetly indented borders of the lake. I was delighted with the scenery on every side, but most interested with the romantic wildness of the dusky glen, now filled with water between its craggy sides. When I entered its narrow channel, it looked like some infernal river, with its dark still waters pent up between frowning precipices and the sombre foliage of the pine and the hemlock, that stretched their branches over the chasm. This stygian recess was the more impressive to the imagination, from the circumstance, that while we let our boat lie still on the water, and held our peace, not a sound was heard; unless it were the low murmur of the foliage in the breeze, and the soft gurgling of the fountain, which at the head of the glen, poured

its little contribution into the lake, through loose rocks coated with moss. But no sooner did we speak, or strike the oar upon the boat, than a dozen echoes awoke and multiplied the sound, as if we had roused a troop of angry spirits to mock us from rock and tree. Hence I gave this the name of the Echoing Glen.

When we returned to the open lake, a light breeze came up through the ravine. Hoisting sail, we were soon wafted to the foot of Glenview, where the garden had already begun to look beautiful, and gave promise of becoming in another year, a paradise of delights.

The recent discovery of my Georgia mine, determined me to enlarge my plan of improvements. I ordered the foundation of my cottage to be laid immediately, on a larger scale than I had intended, and pretty cottages to be erected for my steward and other tenants. Among the rest a shepherd's cot was to be set in a romantic place at the foot of a precipice, on the opposite side of the valley, for I designed to give little of my beautiful grounds to the plough; but to make Seclusaval a pastoral scene, where flocks and herds might graze the lawns and mountain sides, and the sound of the shepherd's pipe mingle with the song of birds and the chime of waterfalls, to animate the beauties of the landscape. The natural loveliness of my valley, inspired me with ambition to make Seclusa the most charming of all the ten thousand vales embosomed in the Apalachian mountain.

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CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE TO LONDON.

The purchase of my lands, and the improvement of Seclusaval, involved me in so much expense, that I was under the necessity of selling one of my gold mines. For reasons formerly explained, I resolved to sell them both, and to renounce all future connection with mining speculations. Immediately on my return from Georgia, after my fortunate discovery there, I sold my Carolina mine for thirty thousand dollars. I could have obtained a higher price, if it had been set to sale a few months sooner; for it was becoming less productive than it had been, although it still yielded a large profit.

My supply of cash was now sufficient to complete my scheme of improvements, and to leave me still a considerable surplus. I had before made arrangements to transfer my residence to a village about twenty-five miles from Seclusaval. Here I took up my abode now, that I might be near my beautiful valley. I preferred this new place of residence also on account of its agreeable society. Several families from the low country, had left their estates and settled in the neighborhood. The scenery was pleasant, and the climate salubrious: the nucleus of an intelligent and refined society was thus formed; and around this attractive centre, new families from below were yearly gathering. Literary institutions would naturally arise among such a people. An academy for boys had been founded and put into successful operation. But an attempt to raise funds for a female seminary had failed. The subscriptions were insufficient to erect the necessary buildings. The cause of the failure was an obstinate dispute about the location of the seminary; some desiring to place it in the village beside the academy, while others insisted that it should be located near a country church lately erected at the distance of four miles from the village. The contest became so warm, that the whole scheme was abandoned. Thus it often happens, that a dispute about some incidental and subordinate matter, defeats the most important enterprises.

On my settlement at the village, I found several persons regretting the failure of so useful an undertaking. Now the question occurred to me, whether I was not morally bound to contribute, out of my abundance, to an object of such great and manifest utility. I was a bachelor indeed, and never expected to have a daughter to be educated: but that circumstance seemed to increase my obligation to aid literary institutions; inasmuch as my exemption from the burden of a family afforded me the more abundant means to become a public benefactor. I was a member of the society of mankind, and no less than others dependant, for my welfare, upon the intelligence and the good morals of the people. Divine Providence had given me extraordinary success. For what end? Not surely that I might consume this affluent store on personal gratifications. And then I considered, what an amount of blessings would flow from a well-endowed seminary for females; what expansion of intellect, what refinement of sentiment, what elevation of character, what new sources of happiness, to the individuals educated, and through them to society and to posterity. The more I contemplated the object, the more did the feeling of obligation grow upon me. Finally I thought of Judith Bensaddi; how much more charming, how much more useful, she was, by reason of her excellent education. I drew forth her miniature by the golden chain to which I had attached it, and caught fresh inspiration from the sweet picture of my beloved. "I have lost her, (said I,) but she shall be my good genius on this occasion. I had thought of subscribing a moderate sum for the seminary; now for her sake, I will make

myself responsible for the undertaking. With the blessing of Heaven I will be the founder of a seminary, and will make up all deficiencies in the contributions of others. The institution shall be complete, in every thing necessary to the good education of females.

Such was the conclusion of my meditations. I instantly set to work. I headed a subscription with two thousand dollars, which I bound myself to pay, upon the condition that double the sum was raised by others. I called meetings of the people, and addressed them earnestly on the subject. In a week my condition was complied with, and six thousand dollars were secured for the seminary. The location at the country church, was named in the paper, and was preferred by me on account both of the beauty of the situation, and its shorter distance from Seclusa. It was in the valley that led up to my intended home. Seven gentlemen were nominated as trustees; of whom I refused to be one, because I was soon to be absent on a long perigrination, and because I was a young bachelor. A plan of the building was soon agreed on, and contracts made for the erection of it without delay. I told the trustees to adopt a liberal scale of building, and and if they fell short of funds, to consider me responsible for half the deficiency. Thus I had put a most benevolent enterprise into operation; and I felt a pleasure in reflecting on this good deed—a pleasure in some respects more heartfelt and consoling, than all the gratification that I had experienced from the treasures of my gold mines, or the delightful scenery of Seclusaval. It was a pleasure which, if less exhilarating at the moment, was felt to be of such durable stuff, that time could not wear it away, nor could misfortune poison its sweetness.

Before I had engaged in this labor of love, circumstances had directed my thoughts to the subject of a voyage to London. I desired to sell my Georgia gold mine, and to invest the proceeds in some productive stock. I was advised to sell in England, where speculation in gold and silver mines had risen almost to a mania. Mining companies had agents abroad, exploring America from Chili to Carolina in search of mines. In London I could sell under all the advantages of competition among the buyers. Though I had received constantly increasing offers for the purchase, yet none came up to what I considered a fair price.

Continued explorations had laid open the extent of the vein along the hill side, and proved the richness of the ore. Several mineralogists had examined it; two of these were agents of the Londoners, and all gave me satisfactory attestations of the value of the mine. These and all other needful documents being provided, I gave notice to the agents that I would sell the mine at auction in London about the first of August.

When I was prepared to set off, I made a parting visit to Seclusaval on the first day of June. My beautiful valley was putting on still new charms. A hundred varieties of trees, vines, shrubs and flowering plants, were blooming in the garden and about the margin of the lake. The meadow was green with its first crop of grass. Birds were merry in every grove. The cottage on Glenview was rising in beauty; and carpenters were busily constructing other cottages in pleasant situations. Baylor, my faithful steward, now recommended another improvement which I adopted instantly. He had ascertained that the spring which flowed out of Craggyhead through the glen that opened by the side of Glenview, had its source at so high an elevation, that it might be conducted in pipes to my cottage for family use, and the overplus made to water the garden on the hill side.

"It is an excellent notion, (said I;) and I will order you a set of iron pipes in Philadelphia. Meantime have the ditch made and the pipes laid, in the course of the following winter." "It shall be done, sir," was the answer to this and all my orders to my worthy Baylor.

Having given directions about the various improvements to be made in my mountainous barony, I rode on horseback to the nearest stage-road, and then travelled rapidly to New York, where I embarked for Liverpool in a packet ship on the fifteenth of June.

The thought of my going to London, where, as I supposed, my beloved Judith dwelt, kept her dear image more constantly and more vividly present to my mind, than it had been during the two last years of my busy and enterprising life. The renewed habit of meditating on this dear lost one, gave a strange susceptibility to my fancy. Often when I obtained but an imperfect view of some young lady of her size and somewhat like features, I conceived that it was Judith herself, and my heart fluttered as if the notion were not imaginary.

A notable instance of this sort occurred when our ship was leaving the harbor of New York. We met in the narrows a French ship from Bordeaux. The day was fine, and the passengers were on deck admiring the scenery of the noble bay. The near approach of the vessels turned the attention of each party on the other. I was immediately struck with the appearance of a lady on the French ship. She was dressed in mourning. Her form and stature first, then her black locks and dark eyes, (as they seemed to me,) reminded me of Judith Bensaddi. Her eyes seemed to be directed towards me individu-

ally. The more I looked at her, the more did I think her like my Judith. I was so fascinated by this apparition, that I forgot to use the telescope in my hand, until the vessels were full twenty rods apart. When I directed the instrument towards this interesting object, I could get but a momentary glance of her features; but that glance put me in a tremor, for I saw those lovely dark eyes still fixed upon me, and the whole face was to my conception the face of my lost one. So persuaded was I for some minutes that it could be only she, that I would have returned instantly to the city, if an opportunity had been given me. But before the pilot left us in his boat, I had reasoned myself into doubt, as I soon after did into utter disbelief, of the truth of my impression. "How can I believe, (said I to myself,) that Judith of London, married no doubt and settled in her native country, should be just now landing at New York in a French ship from Bordeaux?" Thus I soon got rid of the agitation produced by the strange lady. By the end of the voyage I ceased to think of the circumstance.

On my arrival in London, I applied myself instantly to the business on which I had come. I called on the officers of several mining companies and exhibited my documents. I advertised the sale of my gold mine in three of the principal journals. My papers and statements were authenticated by two agents, and an American gentleman of science who had seen the mine and knew my character. Thus I was able to give purchasers the most ample assurance that all was right. Bidders manifested a high spirit of competition, and ran up the price to the unexpected sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Having thus successfully concluded my chief business, I spent a few days in making purchases of books, scientific apparatus, and various other articles, for myself or for the female academy. I was then prepared to leave London for Paris.

But how could I stay a month in London, and not even inquire for my lost Judith? Yet I did so, though I did it with an aching heart. But, although I felt the most anxious curiosity to know her present state, I dreaded to learn it; and although I longed most intensely to see her lovely face once more, yet I shrunk from an interview with one so beloved, when the sight of her, and the living look of those eyes that had awakened unquenchable love in my heart, could only pain me now, and might affect me beyond the power of self-control. To see her as the wife of another, was intolerable—I could not encounter the shock of feeling that such an interview must produce. Nor could I believe that she would meet me now, without the most distressing emotions.

Still, when I found myself on the eve of departure, and no remnant of business served to divert my thoughts from the tender theme; my heart began to smite me sorely, for having been so long in London, and at last intending to go away, never to return, without even a word of inquiry after Judith Bensaddi. She would not have treated me with such cruel neglect, had she known that I was so near her dwelling place. I was aware too, that I must feel exceedingly unhappy, if I left my ardent curiosity unsatisfied, and learnt nothing of her, when I could so easily gain intelligence. I therefore resolved to call at her father's house in Piccadilly, and having obtained whatever intelligence I deemed interesting, to hasten away from a place that contained an object so painfully dear to my heart.

I had brought with me a memorandum which Judith gave me in Philadelphia, containing an exact description of the situation and appearance of her father's house. Guided by this, I found the house without difficulty. Just as I had satisfied myself that there was no mistake, and was approaching the door, I was startled by seeing a young gentleman come out with an elegantly dressed lady of Judith's size. A cold shudder ran through my nerves, when I conceived that this might be Judith and her husband. But I was soon relieved by a sight of the lady's blue eyes and light hair. When they had gone, I stepped up to the door, and to my astonishment read upon the knocker the name—not of Nathan Bensaddi—but of Sir David Monteith. Yet this must be the very house described in the memorandum—remarkable in its appearance, and one of the most magnificent on this splendid street.

Presently I knocked and was admitted into the hall. From the porter I learned that Sir David Monteith had occupied the house but a few months, and that the previous occupant was a Jew, named Bensaddi, as well as the porter could remember. I sent in my card to Sir David, requesting the favor of a brief interview. After I had waited ten minutes, I was ushered into a parlor, where I met a brawny red haired gentleman, who bowed with haughty coldness, and stood before me as if to signify. "What is your business, sir?" I took the hint and instantly inquired, "Have I the honor to speak to Sir David Monteith?" "You have,"—and another cold bow. "I came to this house, sir, expecting to find it occupied by Mr. Bensaddi, the banker. I desired to see some of his family with whom I became acquainted two or three years ago in America. Being a stranger in the city, I would take it as a favor if you would give me such informa-

tion of him or his family, as might enable me to find them."

The cold haughtiness of Sir David relaxed immediately; he saw that I was not a designing nor an idle intruder. He asked me politely to be seated, and began to tell me several things in answer to my inquiries, until he gave me the intelligence, of which the following statement expresses the substance.

"I will with pleasure give what information I possess, respecting Mr. Bensaddi and his family. It is a mournful story. I never knew any of his family, but I was personally acquainted with him in his character of banker. About two years ago I had some claims on him, and hearing at Edinburgh, where I then lived, some alarming accounts of his losses, I hastened to London to see him. He had lost heavy sums by failures of houses indebted to him; but he so well satisfied me of his safety, that I not only left what I had before in his hands, but increased the deposit to a considerable amount. No banker in the kingdom had more of the public confidence, both in respect to his personal uprightness and his sound condition as a banker. He seemed to have completely recovered from the shock, when about a year ago, I was astonished to learn his sudden and total bankruptcy. This catastrophe was brought about by one of the most artfully contrived frauds, of two as nefarious villains as ever deserved a halter. The one of these was old Levi, a Jew, whom he had imprudently trusted too far as an agent, and lately as a small partner in the bank. This old villain combined with the other, who was no less than the son-in-law of Bensaddi himself. His name is Brannigan—he is an Irishman—a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who imposed on Miss Bensaddi by the most lamb-like airs, until he made her his wife. After he had drawn what he could from Bensaddi in the way of dowry, and was admitted as a partner in the bank, he joined Levi, and by embezzlement and other villainous manœuvres, which have never been fully unfolded, they got most of Bensaddi's funds into their clutches, and then left him to meet all the demands of the creditors. So vast was the sum which they embezzled, that on settlement the remaining assets were found sufficient to pay the honest creditors only twelve shillings in the pound. Now Bensaddi's amiable daughter came forward, and did an act which deserves to be engraven forever on brass and marble. She had a large fortune left her by an uncle. This, I presume, she retained in her own hands by the marriage settlement; for although she was neither legally nor morally bound to pay her father's debts, yet she promptly came forward, and at the expense of her whole fortune, paid up all just claims to the uttermost farthing; saying that she would rather labor for her daily bread, than see her father's creditors go unpaid. She separated from her villainous husband, I infer—yet I do not know the particulars—however, when I came here to reside, about four months ago, I heard with sorrow, that she had gone in bad health to the south of France, along with her father, whose health was also very low; and about two months ago, I was grieved to learn, that after burying her unfortunate parent, she died of a broken heart, and was laid by her father's side."

Here my feelings overcame me, and I exclaimed, "Dead! Did you say that Judith Bensaddi is dead!"

"You mean Mrs. Brannigan, I presume. I grieve to say that she is unquestionably in her grave. I saw the fact announced in the papers."

When the baronet thus solemnly confirmed the doleful intelligence, I groaned—I gasped for breath—my eyes grew dim—my ears tingled—and I was sinking into a swoon, when Sir David observing my situation, sprang up and brought a glass of water, some of which he sprinkled on my face, and the rest he gave me to drink. This timely application revived me, and I gradually recovered the faculty of speech. I then felt it incumbent on me to explain the cause of my deep emotion at the news of my Judith's sad fate. I gave him, therefore, a succinct account of my acquaintance with her, including the chief incidents of our mournful love story. He was so interested by the narrative, that he called in his lady and a beautiful blue-eyed daughter of eighteen, and after presenting me to them, and explaining the object of my call at the house, he requested me to repeat my story to them. I did so, and went more fully into the particulars. I spoke with a natural pathos, prompted by my feelings, and so affected the ladies, that they wept at my story, and continued to shed tears for several minutes after I had concluded. This sympathy on their part, unsealed the fountains of my own tears, and I uttered my lamentations with a freedom, which nothing but the tears of my auditors could have justified in a stranger like myself. After our feelings had subsided a little, I rose to take my leave; but they pressed me to stay and spend the evening with them.

I staid several hours. Lady Monteith added some particulars that she had heard respecting the Bensaddi family and their misfortunes—all going to confirm my belief, that the hapless Judith had married an arch deceiver, and had sunk to the grave in the flower of her youth, broken-hearted. "There at last, (said I to Lady M.,) her many sorrows have come to an end—all lovely as she was in the beauties and the virtues of the earth, she is lovelier now, when arrayed in the

unfading charms of a glorified spirit. It is selfishness, therefore, in me to complain of a dispensation of Heaven, which has taken her from a world that was not worthy of her, and has left me only this memorial of her lovely features." On saying these words, I took out the miniature from my bosom, and slipping the golden chain over my head, put the open picture into Lady Monteith's hand. She expressed her admiration of the countenance, and handed the case to her daughter, who looked steadfastly at the portrait for a minute—then lifting her eyes glistening with tears, she said to me, "How unfortunate, that one so lovely should have been deceived into a fatal marriage, and thus taken from a gentleman who could appreciate her beauty and virtue, and would have made her happy. How unfortunate!" I felt that this was not a fashionable compliment, but the unstudied effusion of a sympathetic heart; and I loved the beautiful speaker for the interest she took in my ill-fated love and its more ill-fated object.

When I expressed a desire to copy the article in the newspaper, which announced my Judith's melancholy death, a search was instantly made among Sir David's files, and the paper being produced, I read as follows:

"Died, at the village of Clairfont, in the south of France, on the 20th of last month, (April,) Nathan Benzaddi, late Banker of London; and on the 30th of the same month, his daughter, the unhappy wife of Patrick Brannigan. She had gone with her father to seek health and retirement for him and for herself, from unpropitious skies and more unpropitious connexions. But bright suns and kind strangers could neither restore their bodies to health, nor their hearts to enjoyment. They have found repose in the grave. This notice is sent by a surviving friend; that all who yet care for a once flourishing, but now ruined family, may know the sad fate of the father and the daughter who trusted and were betrayed."

I felt so melancholy, after reading this notice, that I took leave of the worthy baronet and his family; although kindly invited to become their guest, during as many days as I might choose to remain in London. I could stay no longer in a city where such distressing intelligence came upon me, and where all was strange and now gloomy to my imagination. I hurried over to Paris, where I spent a fortnight, and endeavored to divert my melancholy thoughts by looking at the gay sights of that metropolis of pleasure. But I had come in vain; unless it were that I purchased some books and other articles for my retreat in Seclusaval, to which I designed now to confine myself, as soon as I could make the necessary preparations. From Paris I went to the south, into the districts where wine and silk are cultivated. Here I engaged four protestant families to come over and settle on my estate. My object was to employ them in the culture of the vine and the mulberry, in a warm sandy valley of my estate—a place thought to be excellently adapted to these productions. I visited Clairfont, and with difficulty found the obscure graves of Benzaddi and his daughter. No inscription marked the spot—no friend resorted to it with tears. The sexton, after some consideration, pointed out the two hillocks, side by side. "This, (said he,) is the father's, and this the daughter's." "This, then, (said I,) is my Judith's grave!" It was all that I could say. I shed a thousand bitter tears on the holy earth; and having thus recorded my grief, I went to Bordeaux.

Near the last of September, I embarked with my colonists for Philadelphia, where we landed after a voyage of five weeks. Here I chartered a schooner to carry my colonists, my water pipes, and various articles of furniture to Charleston, the port most convenient to Seclusaval. I intended to go by land directly to my native country of Rockbridge, and after seeing my friends there, to continue my journey to Seclusaval, to travel thence no more, until I passed "the bourne from which no travel returns."

In Philadelphia I made a safe investment of the greater part of the money obtained for my gold mine. The stocks which I purchased then and afterwards, would altogether, yield me a revenue of more than six thousand dollars a year.

THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

I.

The moonbeams wavered across the spot,
Where an infant gently slept,
And beside his couch an untiring watch
The fair young mother kept.
She watched with the beautiful smile of love,
But an angel was watching too—
And a ray from her wings as she floated by
On the slumbering child she threw.

II.

His innocent face grows warm and bright,
The red lips softly part,
And each breath that the rosy sleeper draws
Is a joy-throb from the heart:
His spirit is sporting 'mid strange delights,
Rich bowers—and happier beams,
Than any that fall on our pilgrim-path—
Except in the bliss of dreams.

III.

A boy was running amid the flowers,
And chasing the insects gay—
'Till beneath a shadowing rose-tree's bloom,
He wearily paused from play.
He sank on the turf—and Sleep flew down—
And smilingly kissed his eyes—
He dreamed—and his dreams were of lovelier fields—
Encircled by sunnier skies.

IV.

A beautiful maiden with pensive brow
Had passively sunk to rest—
With her white arms folded in Grecian grace
On her peacefully heaving breast.
She lay like a Nymph on a coral couch,
Faultlessly fair, and free—
And the dimples were soft that crossed her cheek,
As light, on a star-gemmed sea.

V.

The spirit of gentle dreams flew by,
And poised on her pinions near;
She thought that her sister had strayed from Heaven,
And was pensively sleeping there.
Like the bird of the rainbow-glancing wings,
She hummed in her ear a strain,
That the spirits sing in their sparkling clime,
To recall her to bliss again.

VI.

A Poet was conning the fervid verse,
Of a Bard, most dear to him,
And the midnight lamp grew dull and pale,
And the lettered page grew dim.
He closed the volume, and sought his rest,
With a mind and heart on flame,
The Poet was poor, and his couch was mean,
But he dreamed that night of fame.

VII.

A weary man, worn down with toil,
In life's tumultuous mart;
Wended his way to his silent home,
With a heavily-laden heart.
His home was dreary, his soul was sad,
But his *sleep* was rife with gleams
From the sun of a far Elysian shore—
From the glorious land of dreams.

VIII.

A way-worn wanderer, bowed with years,
Reclined 'neath a sunset-sky,
And watched the rays of the fading eve,
And the river that murmured by.
The twilight air was sweet and calm,
As the tones of a well-strung lute;
And the old man's fevered brow grew cool,
As he sat by the threshold mute.

IX.

Then dreams he dreamed of departed days,
As he languidly rested there,
His withered limbs seemed strong once more,
And his spirit scorned despair.
And down from Heaven there fell the tones,
That had thrilled him in happier times,
And had haunted his heart, like the holy hymn
Of Virgins at vesper-chimes.

X.

O! shadowy realm! that lies between
A barren and thirsty strand,
And the breezy waves of the golden sea,
That lave the Immortal land.
O! shadowy realm! there sometimes come
On thy strange wind's music-wings,
Faint echoes of songs that we have not heard,
Dim glimpses of unseen things.

XI.

Ethereal spirit of blissful dreams,
Thou *art not* the child of night,
For thine eyes are sunny as summer rills,
And thy form is girt with light:
An angel stirring the sluggish thought,
Thou com'st when darkness lowers,
But thy path is marked by a million beams,
And thy words are wrought in flowers.

P. H. H.

THE ROMANS IN GERMANY.

History teaches two great lessons; one is the providence of God in the development and education of the human race, the other knowledge of human nature as seen in the individual. The moral evil that has existed in the world, and that still continues to exist, through the free agency of human action, is among the dark things that perplex the understanding; but after all our speculations on this subject; this "burthen of the mystery," that weighs upon the reasoning mind and the devout spirit,—we can only arrive at one conclusion—it is "past finding out." Then comes the consolation of Faith:

> "God is his own interpreter,
> And he will make it plain."

He will make it plain in his own time and way, and we, in the mean time, may strengthen our confidence in the benevolence and wisdom of his government by a retrospect of what men are and what they have been. When we look "far back in the ages," we find man, every where, civilized as well as barbarous, warring with his fellow-man; tribe against tribe, and nation against nation. In modern times the sword is still the arbitrator between states mutually offended, but the progress of humanity mollifies the manifestations of hostility. The sacrifice of life is less, honors accorded to conquerors are not so vain-glorious, unscrupulous aggression is more rare,—

and counsels of peace are more likely to prevail in this age than in those times when booty, and ransoms, and increase of territory, instigated the enterprises of the warrior. In our time the defence of a contested right, or the extinction of a positive evil are the pretences, if not the justification, of a declaration of war. The frightful details of ancient, or mediæval warfare, do not stain the chronicles of recent encounters between armies.

War in every age brings in its train, misery, destruction, death and sorrow; but even these have their compensations. Good is often brought out of all this evil. "The wrath of man shall praise thee and the remainder of wrath wilt thou restrain," says the Psalmist, and the results of war between nations to ascertain and establish their separate and conflicting interests, eminently prove this assumption.

The ferocity of Roman aggression: the sweeping measures of the conqueror, sometimes uprooting the usages of a past time, and giving law, where life was spared, without regard to the habits or feelings of the conquered, turning freedom to bondage, and rending the tenderest ties in domestic life, is an awful exhibition of the selfishness and inhumanity of unregenerate man. But there is another view of all this,—the "destroyers" and "plagues of men" have another mission besides the work of destruction, or the drawing of tears. The infliction of suffering is an initiatory process; the final consequence is overruled by a Disposer who sees the end from the beginning, and who, in his good pleasure, at length, changes the subjugating power into the civilizing, or the rectifying. Thus was it with Roman domination; it hewed its way among half-savage tribes, and planted the useful arts, the language, and the laws of Rome, where nothing in wisdom resembling them, had existed before, and thus fused together the mind of the eloquent Greek with that of the boorish Belgian and the painted Briton. New elements of social happiness, moral improvement, and intellectual elevation were introduced into the life of western Europe by the ambition of a Roman general, and expanded into good fruits around the confines of a Roman camp.

The frontiers of cultivated Italy invited the ravages of northern barbarians, from a period not ascertained; and after centuries of conflict they seized upon the fair territory they had so long coveted, and compelled the mighty to bear the yoke they had so often imposed. Of the Roman wars with Germany the history is most interesting. The commencement of these wars is lost in the obscurity of unrecorded time, but some of the heroes on both sides, who distinguished themselves in the age of Augustus, and his successor, have found their fame in the narrative of Tacitus. The individual characters of Arminius and Germanicus redeem the German and the Roman warrior, alike, from the reproach which pure humanity, of short-sighted views, is ever ready to cast upon "the warrior's excellence." The reader of Schiller in the translation of Coleridge will remember the admonition of a later age which the German warrior gives to his son:

> —"There exists
> A higher than the warrior's excellence.
> In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.
> The vast and sudden deeds of violence
> Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment—
> These are not they, my son, that generate
> The calm, the blissful, the enduring mighty.
> *Wallenstein. Coleridge's translation.*

"The enduring mighty" was an essential attribute of the German champion and his Roman enemy. The moral beauty which attaches to the memory of both has disposed the writer to present them to the popular reader. Contemplating them, he may learn that while the better influences of Christianity never penetrated to these valiant hearts, the pure affections of the patriot and the family might animate the breast of men who only felt the law of love after the dictates of nature. God has never left himself without witness in the human heart. In the most corrupted countries and ages there have ever been those whose goodness and greatness, could not be adulterated by false maxims, selfish passions, or unworthy motives. Such were Arminius and Germanicus. Happy are they, who better instructed, manifest, living and dying, the same fidelity to principle, the same constancy, the same domestic affections, the same untiring energy in action.

The first ingress of the Germans to Italy, related in history, occurred B. C. 113. A wild and unknown tribe crossed the Danube, and appeared upon the Alps where Roman troops guarded the passes into Italy, and defeated the Roman Consul, Papirius Carbo, in the mountains of the present Styria. This was a retaliatory act on the part of the Germans. They first offered friendly terms to Carbo, to which he consented and then deceived them, for he provided them with false guides, whom they trusted in good faith, and who of design led them astray. Carbo in the meantime circumventing them fell unexpectedly upon them; he was, however, severely punished, and took flight from their vengeance. Treachery, by a law of our nature, induces implacable enmity. From this breach of faith arose a long course of provocations, assaults, and reprisals, between the German tribes and their Southern neighbors.

These tribes, under many subdivisions, are known in history by the general titles of Cimbri and Teutones; the former from the Cimbric Chersonese, the peninsula of Jutland, and the latter from the more extended German territory. These, and some other tribes of Gaul and Switzerland, demanded for themselves a portion of Southern Gaul which the Romans refused them. The Germans resolved to obtain by fire and sword what they could not acquire by treaty.

Four Roman armies were successively defeated, and almost annihilated, by the Teutones and their confederates. The Romans, intent upon conquering the world, finding such formidable adversaries in these barbarians, sent against them another large army under command of Marcus Manlius and the consul Scipio. These generals disagreed, and the enemy took advantage of their discordant counsels. The consequence was an immense slaughter of the Romans and their allies, in a memorable battle between the hostile powers. The Romans, thereafter, regarded this day of signal defeat as the most unlucky in their calendar. The enemy did not prosecute their success by entering Italy, but gave the Romans time to recover themselves.

It was at this juncture that the genius of Caius Marius, a rude, proud man, but a valiant warrior, asserted itself conspicuously, and he was commissioned to execute summary vengeance upon these terrific German foes. This enterprise ended in a battle fatal to the Germans and triumphant to the Romans. In the course of this war the barbarians first obtained a view of the fertile plains of Upper Italy. It was about one century before the birth of Christ that the Cimbri, from the cold latitudes of Jutland, penetrated into the rich and beautiful country still renowned for the culture of its fields, and the abundance of its products. They delayed going at once and directly to Rome; the charms of the country enchanted them. Instead of their rude camp beneath the open heavens, they now accustomed themselves to the shelter of a roof, and acquainted themselves with the arts and industry that procure for man the comforts of a home. The invaders, however, did not long enjoy unclouded skies and balmy air, they were soon ejected from this forced occupation. Marius returned into Italy from the defeat of the Teutones and their allies to finish the work so prosperously advanced. A very hot day in the month of July exterminated sixty thousand of the enemy, and made as many prisoners. Multitudes of women who followed their husbands, witnessing their fate, cast their little children beneath the wagon wheels, and under the feet of the beasts of burden, and then killed themselves.

Thus was concluded this severe and bitter war; but Providence inflicted a terrible retribution upon the Romans for their cruelties to the foe. The boys and youths made prisoners in these battles were distributed over Italy as slaves. The blood of their fathers and brothers cried to them from the ground, and vengeance festered in their hearts until it broke out in the Servile war under their ill-fated leader, Spartacus.

Not quite fifty years after this defeat of the Germans, the fruitful pastures and full granaries of Italy tempted the same race to advance once more into that country, but Cæsar was then at the head of the legions in Gaul, and profited of his position to arrest their designs and turn them to his own advantage. He not only frustrated their plans but drew them to his service. They were ever ready to go forth for booty and for the love of war. Many joined the legions, and at the battle of Pharsalia, where Pompey fled, they afforded Cæsar important aids. Germans were ever after employed, to some extent, in the Roman armies. Their partially subjugated country was held precariously by the Romans after the death of Cæsar, and the emperor Augustus and his successors proved to be less merciful masters than the great Julius. German soldiers and German slaves were in request under the Empire, and the barbarous tribes, still tenacious of their liberties, often resisted the Roman mandate and the Roman sword. Drusus, the son of the empress Livia, was commissioned by his stepfather, Augustus, to enforce the imperial will upon these refractory subjects. B. C. 9-12; and after the accidental death of Drusus, his brother Tiberius was employed in the same service, A. D. 3.

The Roman policy was never so blind as to disregard conciliation in aid of force. Friendship and indulgence in some instances, relieved the bitterness of subjection, and the internal organization of a conquered province so much improved the condition of the provincials that they felt and acknowledged the benefits thus derived. Not so the German tribes, they could not willingly and tamely merge their identity in new and foreign relations. Their courage never slept; they always brooded over their own emancipation. Though the Roman civilization had some attractions for the German mind, they still held to their own independence as their best possession. Nothing had power to extinguish in them this national spirit.

A multitude of German youths, were led by divers causes at different times to Rome; some in military service, some as hostages, and some as deputies, and all with a view to win their affections, and assimilate them to the Roman character. But in the metropolis of the world they beheld no genuine liberty; no liberty of action, nor

liberty of speech. Slavery of the mind prevailed everywhere. Meanness by the side of arrogance, dissipation, idleness, flattery, duplicity; selfishness leagued with selfishness, entered into all the commerce of life. The moral character of this mistress of the world, the "queen of nations," is described justly by St. Paul in the first chapter of his epistle to the Roman Christians—"as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind"—"being filled with all unrighteousness." Such a people are not formed for any dominion but the transient ascendancy of physical force. To be ruled by such masters implies the lowest moral power in the oppressed party. To the German residents in Rome subjection to Roman masters seemed of all things most disgraceful. When these young men became acquainted with the military discipline of the Romans, when they learned their better policy, and their craftiness, withal; which last they saw employed in the oppression of their country, they determined to apply their knowledge to its redemption, awaiting calmly but resolutely fit occasion.

Notwithstanding the evils of Roman domination the Germans were in some respects improved by its influence. Intercourse with the strangers softened their manners. Markets were established about the Roman camps; the commodities of Italy displaced the coarse provisions of the German food and apparel, and the natives began to purchase and barter. Even the heavens and the earth, says a Roman writer, appeared to be more gentle and mild, for the forests were cleared, and bridges and dykes were built across the morasses. The Romans had done this, and their laws and refinements began to take effect. In the midst of ancient oaks might be seen the legal institutions and peaceable functionaries of Roman appointment, while three legions kept guard in the neighboring camps and forts. The games and feats of the Romans also made familiar to the Teutonic people, harmonised the feelings of the different natives of Germany and Italy. A wise and benevolent governor, Sentius Saturninus, contributed much to these improvements, but his successor, Varus, a weak and selfish man, without personal dignity, soon lost the authority exercised by Sentius. All judicial proceedings were carried on in the Latin language, and the very presence of the Romans was the utterance of a strange tongue. Modern Germans in the very heart of our population cling pertinaciously to their own language;—it is the proper organ of their peculiar ideas and habits;—to banish it from their daily life would be to deprive themselves and their children of an endeared hereditary possession; they only accept the language of an adopted country through a necessity above the will and imposition of magisterial power. The Germans dwelling in their own Father-land revolted with consummate disgust against the dialect of conquerors; the sad proof of their own subjection. They were likewise filled with inward rage at the view of the lictor's rods, the fasces of the Roman governor—attributes of his power, awarding corporal punishment or death at his pleasure. Nothing was more degrading to the free German mind than corporal punishment; the disgrace of the most abject slavery. The power of punishment they did not even allow to their own princes, but conceded it to the divinity himself, who alone proclaimed the sentence through the voice of his priests.

Their wrath, however, durst not give itself utterance, nor did they combine for their own deliverance till one great spirit drew the disaffected to himself, and called into action those dormant energies that only waited for a leader to rend their foreign chains as Samson rent and cast off the green withs of his enemies. The Cherusci were a tribe that dwelt on the banks of the Weser. Their prince was Segimer, and his son was Arminius, in modern times called *Hermann*. This name, now, has been endeared to the Teutonic race for nearly two thousand years; the son of the prince and the peasant bears it alike, in commemoration of a man whose mighty will and glorious deeds rescued their ancestors from degradation; from submission to a power that aimed to blend the name and nature of the German with the speech and the character of the Roman.

Arminius was one of those youths sent to Rome to imbibe, if he might, the elements of the Roman civilization, and to learn the military discipline. In Rome he acquired the dignity of a Roman citizen and knight, and he returned to his country well-instructed and practised in all the arts of war and peace. But his heart was whole; he never went over to the enemy. In the policy and manners of the Romans he only saw the ruin of his countrymen. No arts nor luxury could compensate them for loss of the national spirit; the independence of their national existence. To avert such a consummation became the business of his life, and conferring with the noblest among the subject tribes he inspired their courage, and prepared them to aim a final blow at their foreign masters. In order to effect their design they enticed Varus and his army further from the Rhine to the Teutobarger forest, not far from the Weser, that a rebellion which had broken out there might be quelled. Varus, ill-informed of the perils of this expedition, acceded unwittingly to their purpose.

The Roman governor might have escaped his fate had he listened to Segestes, likewise a prince of the Cherusci, who warned him against

Arminius. Varus, blind to the abyss which yawned beneath his feet, refused the counsel of Segestes, trusting in the professions of Arminius and his confederates. that they would take the part of the Romans against the revolters. The Roman forces were misguided in the midst of the Teutoburger forest, and there the auxiliaries they had depended on were suddenly joined by numbers who fell upon them. Varus in this unexpected crisis, soon found that all was lost, and after the Roman fashion, in the moment of despair, cast himself upon his own sword. Many of the leaders followed his example, whilst the whole army was either made prisoners or killed; very few escaping.

Tacitus, not without plausibility, calls Arminius in this transaction an "incendiary." Thus was annihilated an army of 40,000 men, Romans and auxiliaries. This was the day of retribution from an oppressed, freedom-loving, but still savage people. The victorious Germans offered up the most distinguished of their prisoners upon the altars of their gods; others who retained their lives were consigned to menial services. Some of high rank, who in Rome were eligible to the Senate, that venerable patrician body, concluded their miserable lives as the herdsmen of German flocks, or as the porters of German gates. Did they never remember in the weary days of their captivity the atrocities of the Roman slavery as it had for ages been suffered in Italy?

This great victory of the Teutoburger forest is regarded by the German people as the establishment of their freedom, and the nationality preserved intact from that day to this. "We, the descendants of the brave men who achieved this deliverance," says the unanimous voice of Germany, "are indebted to it for the unmixed German blood that flows in our veins, and for the pure German sounds pronounced by our tongue." Intelligence of this victory produced universal alarm and mourning in Rome, while the Germans were full of rejoicing, and storming the forts on the east bank of the Rhine, they soon cleared the whole country of the Romans. The Emperor Augustus was beside himself, and frequently exclaimed: "Oh Varus, Varus, restore me my legions!" For some months he allowed his beard to grow, the guards of the city were doubled that no riot might occur, the Germans were despatched from Rome as men hateful and dangerous to the State, and even the German body-guard of the Emperor was conveyed to distant islands.

Tiberius, the adopted son of Augustus, was sent with a rapidly-collected army to the Rhine to meet the expected incursions of the enemy, but, to his astonishment, he found every thing quiet. The Germans were not intent upon conquest, they only wished to secure their freedom; such was the nature of their alliance, and after danger was removed each returned to his home. When Tiberius succeeded to the empire he entrusted the command in Germany to the son of his brother Drusus, thence called Germanicus.

Germanicus was the idol of the Roman people, as his deceased father had been. His beautiful person, his gracious manners, his admirable mind, his ardent love of Rome, and his spotless moral nature drew to him "golden opinions" from all conditions of men.

"To see him was to love him, to name him was to praise."

The antagonism of such men as Arminius and Germanicus gives dignity to history;—it infuses a moral element into the inferior attribute of physical force. We wish that such noble beings had had another field for the expression of their generous sentiment; but when the world is not prepared for the services of peace, he who carries a magnanimous soul into the strife of nations, exhibits to his followers, his foes, and mankind, that exalted character that is conspicuously the glory, and the sanctification of peace. It is melancholy to read the exploits of Germanicus, that he, to vindicate and retrieve the Roman power, should ravage a country for fifty miles round a German temple, and that neither youth nor age, feminine weakness, nor infant innocence, were spared by him. He thus struck terror into the German tribes in the year of Christ 14.

The next year Arminius was prepared to encounter the Roman arms. Segestes hated by his tribe and besieged in his own quarters, called upon him, Germanicus, for assistance, which was readily accorded. A domestic motive exasperated the hatred of Segestes and Arminius. The latter loved Thusnelda, the third daughter of Segestes. This German maiden was animated by the heroic spirit of her country-women. She loved the cause of her country in despite of her father's adherence to Rome, and she loved with a profounder sentiment the hero who defended that cause. Segestes refused her to the suit of Arminius, but the lover, not so repulsed, seized his mistress, all willing, and bore her from the paternal dwelling to his own. Her father, however, recaptured her, and brought her back to his own abode. Here he was besieged by Arminius in order to recover his wife. Germanicus at this time dispersed the besiegers, while he made prisoner of Thusnelda, and afterwards sent the unhappy woman to Rome. Thusnelda, less the daughter of Segestes than the wife of Arminius, bore her hard fate with more than Roman fortitude.

Segestes, knowing well the condition of a Roman captive, pleaded for the mitigation of her lot in

terms appealing with dignity to Roman generosity, "That my daughter is your prisoner," said he with firmness to Germanicus, "I own, in your own breast it lies whether you treat her as the wife of Arminius or the daughter of Segestes." It may be hoped that the humaner suggestion took effect in the mind of the conqueror. The unfortunate lady heard this speech without visible emotion. She stood with other female captives in the presence of the victorious Germanicus, of her father, who had in fact brought this fate upon her, and other witness deeply concerned for her, but so had she armed herself to bear, that no tear fell from her eyes, nor one supplicating word from her lips. She heard her doom with hands meekly clasped upon her bosom, and eyes fixed upon the ground, and was soon after conveyed to Ravenna, where, says the historian, she gave birth to a son, and though she wore out life as an exile, never forgot her husband, nor her rank as his wife.

Segestes defended the part he had taken upon principles that vindicated his integrity if not his wisdom. "I have," he thus spoke, "approved my faith and adherence to the Roman people because I believed their purposes must conduce alike to the benefit of the Romans and of the Germans. I prefer peace rather than war, adherence to old engagements rather than the breach of them, tranquillity to turmoil. I have had no view to interest or reward, but would defend myself from the imputation of perfidy to the Roman State, of which I was made a citizen by Augustus, emperor. For the German nation I would entreat the forbearance of the Roman power, as I would ask protection for my son and my daughter, now prisoners of the Roman." We can easily conceive of convictions in the partially civilized favorable to the submissions which obtain in exchange for a wild independence, the innumerable benefits of civic order, rational jurisprudence, and the results of the useful arts. Segestes, doubtless, hoped for the good divested of the evil, which Roman civilization might bestow, and which, in the end, it did bestow, upon the Teutonic tribes.

Arminius abhorred these concessions to Roman encroachments; he called upon his countrymen, far and wide, to expel the intruders and avenge the sufferings of their friends, wives, and children in bondage. "Let Segestes," he cried, 'live, if he so will, upon the favor of our enemies, but Germans will never forgive him, or forget that they have seen between the Rhine and the Elbe the Roman fasces and the Roman toga. If, therefore, my countrymen, your father-land and families, and our ancient German manners are dearer to you than alien rulers and their followers, then join Arminius, and he will lead you to freedom and glory, rather than obey Segestes, who will only conduct you to disgrace and slavery. Let us cast off contributions and executions; let us assert our ancient liberties in spite of tyrants and new colonies!".

This exhortation of Arminius prevailed, and the Germans flocked to his standard. Germanicus who had retired with his legions to the Rhine, resolved to prepare himself for the encounter thus threatened, but first, in pious reverence for those Romans who had fallen in the Teutoburger forest, repaired thither that he might consign their remains with funeral rites to hallowed graves. A few fugitives from that fatal battle-ground had related the sad tale of their fearful overthrow, and aroused at once the tender and the vindictive feelings of the Roman heart. To pay the last sad duties to the fallen, alone remained to their afflicted countrymen,

> "Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

A similar religion commanded from the Roman a similar homage to the Roman dead. Tacitus gives a touching narrative of this melancholy service. "Germanicus and the whole army were moved with pity, some for the fate of their friends, others for that of their relatives, thus tragically cut off. They were struck with the doleful casualties of war and the sad lot of humanity." Funeral solemnities alone could express their sorrow and compassion. The gloomy forest had been explored, the deceitful morasses had been bridged over, through the forecast of Germanicus, ere the army entered upon the dismal solitude. "There they beheld the camp of Varus, and spaces marked for the Eagles, three in number indicating the number of the legions. Further on might be seen the entrenchment, and the ditch almost choked up. In the open space lay the bones of slain men all bleached and bare; some separate and some in heaps, just as they had happened to fall, arrested in flight, or resisting unto death. Here were scattered limbs of horses, the broken javelins and skulls of the dead intermingled. In the adjacent groves were the savage altars upon which the barbarians had made a horrible immolation of the Tribunes and the Centurions. Some who had survived the slaughter, related other sad particulars, thus, 'Here the commanders of the Legions were slain: There we lost the Eagles: Here Varus had his first wound; there he gave himself another and perished by his own unhappy hand. In that place stood the tribunal whence Arminius harangued: in this quarter for the execution of his captives he erected so many gibbets, and there he insulted the Ensigns and the Eagles.'" This description more highly exasperated the indignation of the

enemy against the Germans. But their heightened resentments soon gave way to a tenderer sentiment. The bones of the three Legions were reverently collected, though no man knew whether he gathered the remains of a stranger or those of a kinsman. But all considered the whole as their relations; all worthy of the pious office which they believed so acceptable to the departed. Germanicus was a partner in the grief of the living, and upon the mound that was to cover the dead laid the first sod. This religious act, characteristic alike of the faith and the affections of the Romans, was celebrated six years after the destruction of Varus and his followers.

The campaigns of Germanicus, subsequent to this time, though exhibiting alternate victories between the Barbarians, so called, and their invaders, resulted in the retreat of the Romans to the Rhine or the Danube, A. D. 16, leaving the uncontested occupation of the country to the natives. The Weser never again beheld a Roman army. The genius and indomitable energy of Arminius give an indescribable grandeur to this long struggle. We know no subject more dramatic than the life of this hero, brief, glorious though sorrowful, and full of consequences beyond the duration of twenty centuries. There remain few notices of his subsequent career. Tacitus relates that he was accused of inordinate ambition, and that "he fell by the treachery of his own kindred" while in the full vigor of his commanding mind. Prevailing against the Roman power not in its rising or sinking, but at the very height of its extent and eminence, he must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary men of any age or country. The Roman historian, and his sound wisdom celebrates thus the Deliverer of Germany. Declaring that such he was, he proceeds to say, "He assailed the Roman power not like other Kings and Leaders, in its first elements, but in its pride and elevation. In battle not always the victor, but as the emancipator of Germans always unconquered. He lived thirty-seven years, twelve he commanded. Among those barbarous nations his memory is still celebrated in their songs, though his name is not found in the annals of the Greeks, for they admire only their own exploits and renown, nor even among the Romans does this great Captain bear much distinction, while overlooking instances of modern prowess and glory, *we* (A. D. 1851,) only delight to magnify men and feats of old.

It was most desirable and natural that the German tribes should retain their independence; and through the exertion of strong affections, strong will, and united purpose, they did so. But in their turn destined to become conquerors—and planters of nations, it was a great felicity to them and to mankind in the end that the ferocity of their primeval ideas and manners should be disciplined and humanised by influence of principles to them new, and manners derived from a people more advanced in knowledge and social order.

We have seen that one of their princes, Segestes, believed in the beneficent effects of the Roman rule in Germany. Multitudes of those who defied this rule imbibed its better spirit and transmitted to their children the gentler manners and the wiser institutions of the Italian foe.

The Romans, expelled from the heart of Germany, fortified the frontiers against the excursions of the tribes. A modern historian of Germany asserts that "the proximity of the Romans on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Neckar, by degrees effected alterations in the manners of the Germans. They became acquainted with new things, good and bad. Money and many luxuries thus came into use among them. The Romans planted the vine on the Rhine, and constructed roads, cities, manufactories, theatres, fortresses, temples and altars; Roman merchants brought their wares into Germany, and conveyed thence amber, feathers, furs, slaves, and the very hair of the Germans, for it was a fashion in Rome to wear light flaxen wigs instead of natural hair. Of the cities built there by the Romans many yet remain, Salzburg, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Strasburg, Baden, Spires, Worms, Mentz, Treves, Cologne, Bonn, &c."

It should be remembered that with these cities were founded among rude tribes, municipal rule, new arts and trades, an improved architecture, and all the decencies that are connected with civic order. The effects of industry, the comforts thence arising, the developement of mind, so fostered, were gradually transfused into the whole life of the contiguous countries.

One other alteration in the political system of the Germans arose out of their acquaintance with the Roman policy. The Roman Empire was a vast combination of forces; it existed by union. The Germans were disintegrated tribes, and they learned from their enemies the benefits of aggregated action. In consequence of this wise example the heads of the tribes agreed upon confederations, which, at length, were known under four, principally; the Alemanni, the Franks, the Saxons, and the Goths. These German nations, we all know, in the fifth and sixth centuries became the founders of new states in Western Europe. They inherited in France, Spain and Britain what the Romans had done for civilization in those countries, and they brought into each elements of character, since variously modified by local causes, which, in their transmission, form the distinctive elements of the national manners and institutions in

each. The Saxon nature, in the mind, habits and language of England and the United States is the very nature that informed the firm, resisting, yet susceptible, and improveable mind of Germany in the age of Arminius and Germanicus.

It was our purpose to have added to the representation of Arminius some further details of the life and death of Germanicus, but our limits forbid. The Roman and the German hero, in their fate and character, exhibit many points of resemblance. Both loved their country with intense passion, both served, each his own, with unwearied energy; each drew to himself the enthusiastic devotion of his countrymen, each loved in purity and exquisite tenderness the wife of his choice, and both perished in the bloom of life through the envy and malice of the murderer,

——"lovely to the last,
Extinguished, not decayed."

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

On the frosty morning air
The bells begin to chime,
And they gaily ring a welcoming
To the merry Christmas-time.
Aloud they shout in a frantic rout—
A wild and joyous din,
While the wind and the tempest reign without,
And happiness reigns within.

The hearth is warm and bright
Where the Christmas-board is spread,
And youth and childhood gather there
With the bowed and hoary head.
But pause awhile in the festive cheer,—
Be stilled the laugh and song,
And let a brimming cup be poured,
As we gather round the festal board:—
A health to the old familiar Year
That hath been with us so long!
The grey Old Year that is so dear,
Having been with us so long.

Ah, he hath given us many a hope—
Sweet blossoms of the Spring,—
And many a joy around us shed
Of Summer promise, perfected
In the Autumn's ripening;
And if perchance, a saddened brow
A saddened thought express,
Why fill the goblet to the brim
And pledge a kindly health to him;
For a blighted bud or a withered leaf,
We love him not the less.
And his hath been a kindly reign,
And his a bounteous hand,
Who peace and plenty, ease and health,
Hath brought to all the land.
Then crown him with the ivy wreath—
With rarest mistletoe;
A health to thee, a pledge to thee!
Old Year, ere thou dost go;
And a blessing on thy hoary head
That thou hast loved us so!

We bless the Christmas-time,
For a holy time it is;
A mingling of the New Year hopes
With the Old Year memories.
A holy time it is,
As when in speechless awe
Upon Judea's land afar
The dawning of its wondrous star
The Persian Magi saw.
When the Delphic rites were stayed,
And the Oracles were stilled;
And faintly through the Sibyl's cave,
And over Jordan's rushing wave,
Mysterious murmurs thrilled.
When angel voices, heard on high,
Bade strife and clamor cease,
And old Etrurian Janus' shrine
Was closed before the reign divine
Of him—the Prince of Peace.
And the monkish legends say,
That when its dawning smiles
A beauteous dove with snowy wing,
Doth peace to man and pardon bring,
And the martyr-saints together pray
In the old Cathedral aisles.
And the tale may well be true,
Since in the homes of men
A deeper love, and a purer joy,
Fill every bosom then.
Let us draw with happy hearts
Round the Yule-fire's ruddy blaze,
With a pleasant song, or a legend strange
Of the olden Christmas days—
Let the song and dance go on
As the golden hours chime,
And oft in the New-Year's flowery track,
May we turn with grateful spirits back
To the Old Year's Christmas-time!

A HUNTING ARTICLE.*

A book about hunting, is a book that every body likes to read. The class of professed hunters is, with us, a very small one, but some knowledge of sport and a good degree of relish for it, belongs to almost every man in the land. Every American boy learns to shoot, as he learns to ride or swim, and the nature of our country is such, that every one has the opportunity of indulging to some extent in this pastime. Our hunting is, however, of a very simple and inexpensive character—we have nothing to remind us of Virgil's

Retia rara, plaga, lato venabula ferro
Massylique ruunt equites, et odora canum vis,

* FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE, *In the Interior of South Africa. By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 82 Cliff street. 1850.

nor yet of that excess which Somerville, (though with respect,) censures—

—"that numerous pack, that crowd of State,
With which the vain profusion of the great,
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse."

In the olden time, fox-hunting, in Eastern Virginia, was an affair of considerable preparation, some pomp, and great jollification; but it seems to have waned away, sympathetically with horse racing. In Western Virginia, and in the Valley, fox-hunting never was in vogue. To follow on horseback, the lead of a red fox over the river cliffs and limestone hills of Central Virginia, is a simple impossibility; and the best pack in merry England, could not run into one out of five that they would start.

The two best forms of sport with us, are deer-hunting and partridge-shooting, to say nothing of wild-fowl-shooting, which of course is peculiar to the tide water region. Deer are found in lowland Virginia, but their proper home is in the mountains west of the Blue Ridge. Deer hunting is either by driving or still-hunting, as it is termed—that is, without dogs. Each mode has its charms. Nothing can be more exhilarating than the early start of a driving party on a clear frosty morning, for the hunting ground where the stands are to be occupied. The impatience of the horses, the clamour of the hounds, the free, bold and sharp, yet good-humored and harmless joking of the hunters, as they canter along, quickens the blood in youthful veins to a bounding flow. Arrived at the ground, the party separate—one takes his stand by the river to which it is expected the heated deer will run to lave his panting sides, if he is not stopped by a lucky shot, earlier in his career—another goes to the dividing ridge,—another where two hollows head together, while others are directed to a blazed pine, or a fallen chestnut, or to some other locality in the usual route of the deer where they are chased. The driver goes alone on foot, or on horseback, generally on foot, with his dogs slouching behind him, or else coupled and led. On a good morning, and with good luck, the driver is a man to be envied, though his toil is arduous. He must scale the mountain side, and plunge into the deepest ravines, push his way through the tangled underbrush, dripping with dew, and clamber among the loose rock, where bask the sullen rattlesnake, and the yet more hated copper-head. And this often for hours together, and sometimes when the sun is pouring its scorching autumnal rays upon him, and his throat is parched with thirst. Sometimes, too, his patience is sorely tried by his dogs: they break away after a miserable gray fox prowling about the brush, and he winds his horn, and strains his throat in vain, to call them off from the time-wasting, and strength-consuming pursuit. Sometimes, on such an occasion, you may see him the picture of wrath, as he holds in each hand, a leash of dogs, coupled, and straining in opposite directions to get loose, to swell the hubbub the rest of the pack are making behind the fox. And worst of all is the disappointment of sometimes not being able to make a start at all, and of being obliged to return bootless to his companions worn out with waiting, and ready enough to attribute their being balked of sport, to his want of skill or diligence. But when all goes right, richly is he repaid for any mishaps at other times. Sometimes as he is crossing, for the last time, the little stream that is working its way out of the gloom of a deep gorge, his good dogs strike the trail of the deer that at dawn of day, was there to drink, and then picked his way leisurely up to some eminence, sunny but fresh, where he is now reposing. Doubtfully at first, the leaders of the pack boom out their notes, lifting their heads on high, and shaking themselves with an air of importance—the scent lies cold, and they work slowly along, with many a cast backward, so that it seems doubtful whether they will finally succeed—but the notes come faster and more assured, and swelled by the voice of the whole pack—and now they leave the stream and mount the hill, slowly still, but yet with that assurance that leaves no doubt that the quarry will be raised, and in a short time all open quick and together—the deer is up and off they go. The driver has done his part—if the game is secure he shares the glory—if it is lost, he is in position to scold all the rest for allowing it to escape. And now having listened for a moment, he hastens to an eminence where he can enjoy the rich music as it flies along the mountain side, now lost in a ravine, and now ringing from peak to peak. Often the deer makes a sweeping circle, before he leads off in a straight course, and not unfrequently comes within range of the driver, and is laid low. The standers meanwhile are at their places anxiously watching. A tiresome thing this sometimes is. For six long hours have we stood at a tree, nipped by the frost in the morning, and oppressed by the sun, and worried by musquitoes as the day advanced. A hundred times you think you hear the dogs, and it turns out to be the tinkle of a bell, or the beating of a pheasant, or the droning of a beetle. If the wind is up, and you are among pines, their varied moaning constantly deceives you. The eye too is incessantly strained. The moving of a bush exposes to view some part of the gray trunk of a dead tree, and you must look at it several times before you can make it out—or the glancing of a squirrel in a fallen lap, attracts your attention, and you fancy you can see

a pair of branching antlers. Nevertheless, a stand on the mountain side, in Indian summer, is no bad place for dreaming, if you [illegible] the dreamer. The hazy loveliness of the scene no longer affects his eye, but by an unnoticed substitution has been displaced by kindred beauty in another form—the mingled music of nature, has wakened in his ear the accordant echo of a sweet voice heard yester eve, and now only the echo is listened to. He projects his vision into the wide prospect before him, and it is to him the emblem of his future life—wide, dim, and uncertain, but soft, attractive, and hopeful. There is the vast wilderness, and the one fair spirit for a minister seems to come when he utters Mary's name—and conscious of his security, he utters it passionately again and again—no one is by to hear and smile at his enthusiasm. If the skies above, and the trees around, seem to smile, they smile with approbation, for nature always sympathises with young true love. Could Mary read his thoughts now, she would be satisfied. But where am I rambling—I am no dreamer now.

When the deer is certainly coming, the stander experiences a degree of excitement which would scarcely be credited by those who have had no experience of the sort. The cry of the hounds becomes unquestionable—it is in a direct line with you and is momently growing more eager. It is certain that you are to be responsible for the game. You cock both barrels, and with a heart that thumps till you hear it distinctly, you stand waiting, and trying to anticipate just where the deer will come—whether you will let him pass that clump of trees, or give him one barrel as he enters it, and the other if necessary afterwards; and while you are rapidly discussing these things in your mind, with growing excitement, you hear a bound and a crash of bushes, in an unexpected quarter, and the buck comes on in a long lope. Your breath is actually suspended, as you cover him, though yet a hundred and fifty yards off, waiting till he comes within range. Just before this spot is reached, he halts and looks back and listens. Now is the trying time: almost any body can shoot at game as it runs; but it is not every one who can stand and look upon large game, in momentary expectation of shooting;—the heart thumps harder, the throat parches, the sight seems dim and glazed, the hands shake violently, the knees totter, and there is an undoubted case of *Buck-ague*. If you shoot then—*sic itur ad astra*—your gun is pointed to the skies. Some may be inclined to doubt if such trepidation is ever actually occasioned by the sight of a deer. But there can be no question about it. Many a one has felt it, and confessed it, while a great many men have felt it, but have been wise enough to keep their own secrets. But suppose you have made a good shot—say, if he is coming up pretty well in front—five buck-shot in the neck and point of the shoulder and he drops in his tracks, or if he is crossing quartering and a long shot, you take him just behind the shoulder, and he only bounds higher at the crack of the gun, but you see by his dropping his white tail that he is struck, and following him for a hundred yards, you find him lying dead just over the turn of the hill—Ah, that may be called comfortable. You feel an exultation beside the fallen deer which many have failed to experience in the moment of much more important triumphs. But of course you will take care to conceal this when your comrades come up—of course it is nothing to you to kill a deer. Let us suggest another caution to the inexperienced hunter. If you have made a *long* shot never *measure it*. It cannot by possibility, be as far as you honestly believe it is, and therefore do as somebody says the astronomers have done to get the sun's distance—*guess* at one fourth the distance and multiply by four—so your conscience will not hamper you, when at night you relate the particulars of your exploit.

Deer-driving has its pleasures, but balancing the good luck with the bad, and fairly estimating the many tedious hours of fruitless watching at stands, it is a wearisome affair, and better suited to people who visit the White Sulphur Springs, than to any other class. Still-hunting is more manly, but it is so laborious, that few can endure it. Your real hunter that lives at the head of the Cow Pasture River—long-legged and gaunt, with flesh hard and sinewy as that of an Arab, and with an eye that can see to the top of the mountain, and you would be almost ready to say a little way over—he understands game, as well as a congressman does his constituents—he knows the knobs where the old bucks lie drying their horns, and the bosky feeding grounds that the does and fawns frequent. When the wind is high he goes in one quarter, and when the day is damp and close, in another. This man will kill his deer every day, or it may be two, and pack off the saddle on his shoulders, eight or ten miles to the Springs. You may have sport, if you can scrape acquaintance with one of these fellows, which, however, it is not always easy to do, for this class of hunters, are, like poets, *irritabile genus:* if you have no temperance scruples, a bottle of brandy is the best letter of introduction. But then, the amateur hunter can hardly keep up with this Alleghany ostrich, as he strides along, and to keep up with him is a matter of importance, for the stranger who has been left alone in the doubles of the mountains of Western Virginia, has a fair chance of passing the night without supper or bed. Another drawback in this kind of hunting, is the uneasiness which

besets one about snakes. The instances of persons dying from the bite of snakes or even of their being bitten, are surprisingly rare—nevertheless deadly snakes do certainly abound, and after a man has seen two or three in a morning, perhaps barely missed stepping upon one in his coil, all comfort is gone for that day—every twig that touches him makes him skip, and the chirping of every insect sounds like the alarum of the rattle. Some start out with the idea that stout boots will protect them, but as they clamber along the steep side of the mountain, they find that often their whole bodies are exposed. This annoyance belongs, however, only to hunting in the summer. The first frosts send to their homes, alike spring visitors, and reptiles. But with all its drawbacks, still-hunting has its charms. The youth whose ordinary life is among the restraining proprieties of society, never tastes the enjoyment of absolute independence, just as he does when standing on the mountain's brow, conscious of strength and exhilarated by strenuous exercise, grasping in his hand a rifle that he can trust, and knows how to use. Let some worthy game lie dead at his feet, and his proud feeling of self-reliance is complete. How well can I remember, through no few intervening years, the sensations which possessed me, as I stood alone upon a lofty spur of the Blue-Ridge, with the first and only bear I ever shot lying dead before me. A good shot, it was by the bye, though not a long one, not above forty yards, but I had no very large target. I was sitting down, and hearing a step rather behind me turned and caught a glimpse of what I supposed was a wild turkey—another step showed the bear, who just then stopped, having snuffed the tainted wind, and looked towards me, but his eye had not fallen on me—a sapling just in the line of direction hid half his head—the other half however I thought enough at that distance, and put the ball between the eye and the ear. A clear and joyous halloo summoned to my side, from a neighboring summit, the young companion who had parted from me not more than half an hour to hunt another spur, and we felt more like great men then, than we ever have done since. How often among ourselves, did we project plans for a free roving life among the western wilds. We were, I remember, to be four, who together would take up the line of march for the Rocky mountains. Into what a tissue Time weaves up the golden threads that Youth spins in dreams! One of that quartette of purposed rovers, is now a solemn preacher—another an energetic business man, though keeping his gun still, and loving it for the sake of old times—the third, if a dreamer still, dreams of other things than wide prairies, high mountains, deep rivers, and the bold ventures of a hunter's life—and the fourth—the strongest and bravest of all—ah his strength and his bravery are under the green sod. He never knew the realities of life. He went from Youth's dream-land below, to the Spirit-land above.

The pleasantest way of hunting deer, either with or without dogs, is for a party of about six to camp out for a week or ten days, far off in the mountain beside a clear streamlet. A half-faced cabin made of rude logs, and covered with brush and dirt, is the best lodging, especially rather late in the season, but a plain tent does very well. There with a crackling fire in front, venison reeking in the skillet, and roasting about, on sticks, and a half a dozen fellows of the right sort within, the hours dance along merrily until bed time, and the sleeping will do, though six must lie judiciously to be comfortable in a tent, encumbered besides with guns, saddles and saddle blankets, over-coats, boots, green deer-skins, and it may be a head or two of antlers, and in addition, liable to the encroachments of the dogs. But night soon is over, and then up in the grey dawn, and out in the wet woods, to hear the loud chorus of dogs, or to creep up to the game, as it rises lazily from its morning lair, shaking off the night-dews—and back to a deferred breakfast on mouldy bread, it may be, or on none, but plenty of juicy venison, that will do for bread and meat both, and strong uncleared coffee of your own making, without cream, taken out of a pint tin cup, of which three at a meal, used to be each man's allowance in our day. Give fair weather and good luck, and a week so spent for health, enjoyment, and reminiscence in after days, beats French's hotel at Old Point, and that beats the world beside.

But deer hunting in any shape, is an amusement for Youth—*Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni.* Its toil and exposure, demand the strength and endurance of Youth, and any age less sanguine would be discouraged by its disappointments. Partridge-shooting, however, is the sport for all ages—for the lad who has just acquired some familiarity with his piece, to the old man whose failing vision drives him from the field. And of all, it affords the greatest amount of pleasurable excitement. Of course, to bring down a brace of birds right and left, does not give the immense gratification, that one feels at seeing the wide antlered deer tumble over in his tracks—nor is the sight of the statue-like pointer, so thrilling, as the joyous burst of the fox-hounds—but still it quickens the blood in its course to hear the whirring of a large covey of November birds as they rise suddenly around you, and it makes a man cheerful to fill his bag, and it makes him bite his lip to miss a fair shot. And then the sport is continuous.

While your deer-hunter is shivering at his stand, or stalking along in snaky hollows, and your fox hunter with a dislocated shoulder is leading along a spent steed—bang, bang, goes the double barrel of the partridge shooter—hit or miss, he is always in danger of losing character as a shot, or has ever a new chance to retrieve it—no expeposure, no fatigue worth thinking of—with a cool day, two spirited and staunch dogs, plenty of birds, one gay tempered companion, or two at the utmost, and a clear conscience, there are no blanks in his lottery. What I mean by a clear conscience, is that he is not stealing from more important matters the time he is giving to recreation. Defend me from going into the field with conscience crying out at every fire—your affairs are suffering for want of your attention. Nor let any man in like condition be my companion—it is like dancing with a sprained aukle. If you have business to do at home, stay at home and do it—if you have not and want recreation, go partridge-shooting. Again I say, *recreation*, which implies that a man has business, and that he has not stolen away, but fairly parted with it for a time, on mutual good terms, as a man kisses his wife and children, when he is to return in the evening. To a man, who has no business, all amusement is a burden, and partridge-shooting is no exception. Your sportsmen that can shoot any day, from Monday to Saturday of every week, not only do not taste the highest enjoyment themselves, but they mar the pleasure of others. They are so particular, nay fastidious about their guns and the behaviour of the dogs, so etiquettish in the field, so nice about their persons, so scientific in their talk, and so filled with a humbug sense of the dignity and importance of partridge-shooting, that they are annoying and greatly in the way of the boisterous enjoyment of the man who has earned one day's holyday by many days of hard work, and is inclined to make the most of it. The fact is, I have never seen any sportsmen enjoy themselves, quite as much as schoolmasters. Teaching school is a very honourable business doubtless, but that it is at the same very confining, cannot be denied. Steadily, like a true man, the teacher works with a will all week, and when Saturday comes, he expatiates all the more exultingly, because he knows that on Monday morning he is to go into harness again. For literary men, it is the best recreation in the world. It is the easiest possible way of paying to the bodily organization, that tribute of exercise, which nature demands of all. The limbs cramped up in the study chair are well stretched—the muscles are hardened—the chest is expanded, and the lungs well inflated, while that great organ the skin, which from the inaction of the week has become dry and inert, producing chilliness all over the surface, is excited, and the health-giving perspiration streams from every pore—of course the stomach sympathises with this general invigoration, and insidious Dyspepsia is baffled of its prey, and inceptive irritability and peevishness give place to heathful cheerfulness. To all these advantages is to be added another, if your student has reached that doubtfully defined period of life called middle age. It makes him a *boy again*. No matter if he is in company with those whom he has known from their childhood—nay if he has his own son by his side—no matter if his hand has lost the craft that once it had, and uncertain vision makes uncertain shooting—so long as he can with free and long strides hurry over the field—so long as he can keep carping care sufficiently at bay to enjoy the simple pleasures of dog and gun, he *will not* feel old, nay, he *will* feel young. Oh blessed boyhood with its carelessness, and strength, and hope—glorious in actuality, blessed even in counterfeit presentment.

Let us not forget the exquisite pleasure enjoyed by the man of taste, in the contemplation of an autumn landscape, especially in a mountainous country. The thick forest on the mountain side, stained by the frost, with a thousand richest dyes, its colours disposed in masses in the most picturesque manner—the fields of russet brown, and here and there a sweet meadow, still bright green, stretching tranquilly between two *hills*, with a crystal limestone rivulet irregularly bisecting it—cattle ready for market, lazily cropping the turf, or satiated, lying with contented faces turned to the mildly setting sun—a white farmhouse full in view, with ample stores of agricultural wealth neatly secured in stacks around its shedded barn—and—say not that our sportsman wants sensibility, if his admiring eye is drawn away from the rich scene he has been contemplating, and is fixed upon the picture on that hillside just opposite. While he has been enjoying the view, his companion has walked on a little way, and see, Ponto in ranging, has struck the trail of a fresh covey, feeding late in the evening. Look how he throws his head high, and moves forward with trembling delight and caution—now he stops, but he has not made his point—again and again he stops—the birds are running—but now see, he has them there—he stands rigid to the extremity of his tail, one foot up, and his neck slightly bent round, as if to keep his chain collar from jingling, but in fact, that he may out of the corner of his eye, catch a glimpse of his master—so still is he, that his large shadow on the ground made by the slanting sun, is absolutely without motion—and with swift step but without hurry, his master approaches—his game-bag and shot-pouch, with bright brass

mounting. mark well the breadth of his shoulders, and show off the symmetry of his form—as he stands now for a moment, close to his dog, before he utters the signal to hie on. I aver that you may look long before you will find a tableau more picturesque.

But we must stop:—who will believe that we sat down in good faith to write a notice of Cumming's entertaining book, about hunting in South Africa, and have exhausted time, space and patience, and never reached the starting point? But if we have not, as we intended, led our readers into Africa, the land "of antres vast, and deserts idle," it is because we have been seduced to rove awhile in another land, where, (as some one says of Spenser's immortal poem,) are to be met with "scene after scene, castle and lake, woods and lawns, monstrous anomalies and beautiful impossibilities," a land which many have passed through, and which they love to revisit in retrospection, the Land of Remembered Youth.

S. L. C.

TO HELEN IN HEAVEN.

I knew thee not in childhood's spring,
A folded bud in beauty's bower;
The brilliant leaves were blossoming
When first I saw the lovely flower.
And other flowers shone by thy side,
A bright bouquet of sweet perfume—
Of all thou wert the modest pride,
The dewy rose in opening bloom.

The dewy rose and lily white,
Dear Helen, in thy soft, sweet cheek,
Were blending hues of blushing light
And purity when thou didst speak;
And on thy placid brow so fair,
Where genius sat enthroned the while,
The thought which played divinely there
Mingled its sunlight with thy smile!

And oh! the radiance of thine eye,
That intellectual eye, whose beam
Shone beautifully soft and clear
As liquid star in lovely stream—
That mirror of a soul serene,
With feelings pure as aught above,
Where quiet wit would flash its sheen,
The sparkling glance of life and love!

E'en old age oft would list to thee,
Forgetful of its wrinkled care,
Enraptured with thy grace and glee
And all thy brilliant humour share:
While gleams of wise and thrilling thought
Would startle e'er with dazzling light—
Unconscious thou alone of aught
Which others deemed so strangely bright!

I saw thee thus midst Tallwood's shade:
One eve I bade thee there adieu,
And wandered where the cedar made
Its grove, encircling from the view
The buried dead of thine and mine—
Each epitaph I scanned, and wept—
Then thought who first of all our line
Would sleep with her who last had slept!*

Ah! little deemed I then that *thou*
Whom I had left in quiet mirth,
With rose-bright cheek and radiant brow,
Would'st soonest moulder in that earth—
That Death should first enfold that form,
So lovely in its gentle grace,
And give to wasting and the worm,
The beauty of thy soul-lit face!

Yet thou art now *forever gone!*
Where sunlight lingers last at eve
And gilds the mountain's brow at dawn,
There love must linger now and grieve
O'er buried hopes in beauty's tomb,
O'er cherished memories sad of thee—
Till Heaven shall smile away the gloom
And show thine immortality!

Ah! tell me, angel, should we sigh
That thou hast left a world like this,
While circling round the Throne on high
E'er beams thy spirit bright in bliss?
How *could* we call thee back again!
Dear Helen! woo us now to thee,
Where purest raptures ever reign,
Radiant throughout eternity!

Oh! beautiful as the holy star
Of evening, with its eye of light
Still looking tenderly afar
O'er thy young grave through tearful night,
Will ever glow thine image dear
O'er each fond bosom's buried love,
While Memory weeps all sadly here,
And Hope points brightly far above!

Richmond, December, 1850.

* The gifted and beloved Mrs. S. C. S., interred in the family burial-ground of her ancestors, at Enniscorthy, on the Green Mountain in Albemarle.

A WEBSTER CASE IN EUROPE.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you the subsequent transcript of a letter with the hope that it may interest your readers. I know that I am in peril of reprobation for transgressing the laws of friendship in sending you what was designed for my own eye solely. I hope, however, that my friend far away will not condemn the publication, if it will afford gratification to those of his native State.

M. C.

Warrenton, Va., October, 1850.

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ROVEREDO, ON THE ADIGE.
South-Tyrol. August 30. 1850.

I have just finished reading the sad history of the tragedy that has enlisted the attention of the world, more than any similar occurrence of our land. The crime of Professor Webster and its event will live along with that of Eugene Aram, but is still a nonpareil in the records of crime. I am happy to believe, that the eyes of men eagerly turned to our Republic, will find there the majesty of the law secured with right firmness and fealty.

Whilst you are probably thinking of this, and in advance of any publication of the particulars, let me give you an account, so nearly as I can, with the evidence which has been divulged, of a case still more remarkable, the singular circumstances of which have mostly fallen under my personal observation.

M. VAIRENN was born of noble and wealthy family in the north of Parma. His father held a lovely country-seat on one of the most graceful and picturesque bends of the river Trebia, which for quiet beauty is unsurpassed, in *my* estimation, by any of the smaller tributaries of the Po. The stream is never too rapid there to reflect with an effect unbroken by a ripple, the golden sky that perpetually overhangs it.

The childhood of Vairenn was full of promise. Remote from the city, he was in no peril from the thoughtless and the vicious; had he been more intimate with it, his enthusiastic temperament, joined to the fact of his being an only son, might naturally have led to unfortunate results to his moral and intellectual habits. He grew up, as it was, a youth of ardent imagination and great sensitiveness, and an energetic student. The sublime studies of Nature were at an early age with him a passion. These things I have learned of his only sister, my acquaintance with whom was brought about as the strange and sad narrative shall recount.

When a youth of sixteen, M. Vairenn gained his father's permission to go to College; although both of his parents were somewhat reluctant to dismiss him at so early an age. The selection of the place resulted by consent in the University at Mentz, where the young man had an uncle who was a Professor. So, early in the spring of 1840, M. Vairenn arrived at this grand home by the powerful Rhine, with such healthful spirits and bloom of cheek as a travel over the beautiful regions of Lombardy, Switzerland, Baden and Bavaria alone can bring forth.

His course at this excellent institution was extremely honourable; more so than his sanguine parents had anticipated. He seemed chiefly devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and his superior genius in all studies of a more metaphysical nature was readily recognized by the Faculty, and acknowledged by his fellow-students, whose affection his warm and unselfish character had secured. He remained three years before graduating; and left in some disfavor, however, with the Faculty, for having written as his final Essay, a work upholding the Unitarian faith.

Vairenn's uncle there was named Pentern, and was a cold, ambitious and selfish man. He had occupied for several years the position of adjunct-Professor of Natural Science; to which he had been elected more through the influence of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, who was a connexion, than for any merit of his own. He was a wily and overbearing man. I have been credibly informed that he sought to prejudice Vairenn, for fear that he might be a redoubtable competitor for his chair at the septennial reëlection of officers!

M. Vairenn came home, however, much worn in health by study; and his spirits were at this time crushed by the death of his father. His physician recommended a change of air; the lowlands of Parma being, during most of the year, sultry. These were exchanged for the bracing Piedmont breezes of the extreme south of Tyrol; where he came with his mother and sister to live in the fall of 1845.

As you are aware, I had just arrived here then for the purpose of pursuing my studies in painting. He was very nearly the first acquaintance I made; and a most agreeable one it was. He selected a beautiful eminence, commanding a complete prospect of Lake Garda from the north, and the green hills to the west. This seat was about three leagues from my residence across the Adige from Roveredo, made memorable by the sorrowful days of 1796. At his solicitation I visited him here about two years after he had become settled.

I must confess that although I had frequently traversed that loveliest portion of the Tyrol valley, and always with keen susceptibilities as I flattered myself, I did not dream that there was so picturesque a spot there as the one where his cottage was built. Fancy, my friend, a gradual plot rising up from a sweet, alluvial, mossy meadow,

which fringes the clear, silver waves of Garda, whereon the gambols of a flock of sheep have written on your eye the image of Peace and Innocence, whilst with a proclivity sufficient only to give a back ground of emerald, sits as the spirit of the scene M. Vairenn's house. It is of two stories: of a light cream colour, and ornate with exquisite lattice-work. The style is free Gothic, the windows, however, coming low down within a foot and a half of the ground: in front a half-portico, with net-work sides, offers an observatory for the view.

His mother was a very intelligent woman and deeply devoted to her two remaining ties to earth. When I was there on the occasion I have mentioned, she was in delicate health, and she died some few months afterwards. His sister was a refined, spiritual, southern girl, in point of appearance, though at a glance not *every one* would call her beautiful. She had light hair, with a possible shade of red to the analyst; she had deep blue eyes, fair skin, and a color of cheek like the reflection of her Italian sky. Her mind was active, of rather humorous turn, and she was well educated; although she had strong love for her few friends, yet I would not call her a susceptible person, nor one overfond of society.

I have before described Vairenn; none could know him without affection. His thoughts were eloquent, poetical and replete with love of humanity. Although he could not physically enter the arena, yet his thoughts and sympathies lived with those who struggled for the good of mankind about him. He was, as I have before intimated, a Unitarian in religion; and so soon as he had well examined political affairs, embraced the social creed of Fuerbäche.

With so much of interest immediately connected with him, I would have thought Vairenn happy; but he was not: he had some eccentric notions, which I will merely hint at by telling you succinctly of a conversation we once had. One day I returned to his study from the parlor where I had been interested by his sister Eleann. M. Vairenn was in tears! I was astonished, and besought of him the cause.

"Ah! my friend," cried he, "I have ample cause for sorrow. But a moment since and a poor and helpless peasant paused at my door, and by his looks and story of woe asked of me alms. I gave him for his present need; the look of gratitude that lit up his face was a sufficient endorsement of the truth of what he told."

"But why should you grieve?—he is now happy," I said.

"I have watched him till he was lost in the upland passes. My mind now recurs to the thousands of our land that wander about in misery like him. My friend! why *is* this so? Surely, so long as this is the case, the will of God is undone! O that every man on earth could lose the distinction between himself and his brother; then would a world's wretchedness be done away! My friend! I am overwhelmed with grief that I have not a strong arm and a strong mind, to do away in some degree during my life, the crushing ills of two-thirds of my fellow-men!"

About six months ago I visited M. Vairenn again, and for the last time. He seemed to be in rather better physical health than before. His uncle from the University was also paying him a visit. His appearance and demeanor confirmed my preconception of his character; yet my friend treated him with friendship, even affection.

It was during a conversation with Vairenn one pleasant evening in his study, that something took place which you will need to think of more. We had been talking of the phenomena of Magnetism, which was then producing much excitation in some of the German States. "Whilst we are on this topic," said he, "I will confide to you a paper that I have written on the subject of Electricity; or so much at least as relates to this part of it, if you will not be wearied."

"I insist that you shall read me all of it," I said; "there is no fear with me that I shall grow tired."

"I will read it; for whether it be creditable or not, I will confess beforehand that it has cost me much labor and trouble."

From a drawer which sprang open at the touch of a secret-spring, which I could never otherwise have discovered, he drew forth a number of sheets of paper stitched together with care. One by one he read me the chapters, pausing at the end of each to ask any remark I had formed. But I was dumb. I had known all along of M. Vairenn's severe thought and intellectual cultivation; but the greatness of mind displayed in this essay, was, I confess, more than I had anticipated. The profound use of science—the new conclusions—the heavenly foresight, startled me at every other sentence from the unearthly vision that each one awakened in my mind. I knew that its publication must immortalize the writer; and I wished it so, for I loved him sincerely for the grandeur of his ideas, their beauty and consequent goodness.

I had been home only a month after this. I was sitting at noon, absorbed in copying a Magdalene from Correggio, when I was roused by a hasty tap at the door of my studio. I opened it, and there stood pale and trembling a servant that I knew belonged to my friend Vairenn. He placed a note in my hand, which told me of the sudden and singular death of my friend! I was inexpressibly shocked at this, and tried to get some information from the messenger; but I soon found

that from his terror this would be impossible. I resolved to go out to his seat on the lake that afternoon.

I shall never forget that visit. The strangeness and incomprehensibility of the whole affair was only augmented by investigation. The circumstances were thus. Vairenn had gone into his study early in the morning and had remained there in quiet until a very late hour. It was not the habit of the family to interrupt him, even though he did not come to dinner, as he frequently did not eat of that meal at all. A servant was sent about five o'clock to see if he would not partake of some cake and wine. He soon returned, pale and breathless, where his sister and the house-keeper were sitting; he informed them as soon as he could speak, that his master would'nt answer him, and had a strange look. They flew to the room: Vairenn was dead. He was sitting in his chair, an extraordinary and painful expression on his face; and his position indicated that he had started forward as if to grasp something. A volume of Plato's Crito was in his hand, but not held as if he had just left off reading at the time of death. A servant was dispatched that night for a physician, and one at day-light to me, as I was nearly the sole male acquaintance of the family, in Roveredo. Pentern had left the day before.

I arrived there right early in the afternoon; I found the doctor there. Eleann met me at the door; she was nearly frantic with grief, such as I have never witnessed: her face was pale as her dead brother's. I never was so unmanned at the violence of sorrow in any other.

I was present with the doctor when he first examined the body. It was inflamed, as if rubbed with nettles, on the back of the neck, (half way round,) down the back, and at several portions of the body. At one point between the shoulders the inflammation seemed to have gathered, and several points on being opened exhibited a hard skin and a mucous substance beneath.

The physician said that he was entirely at default in ascribing, or attempting to ascribe, the singular death to any cause he know of. That he had never met with, nor read of, any sudden demise with such symptoms.

We attended to the burial of M. Vairenn's body. He was buried in a small piece of ground, marked out by himself for a family place of interment, on the margin of a small creek near by that flowed into the lake.

It was affecting to all of us as well to lose one held so dear, as to witness the poignant suffering of the sister who was left almost friendless. For my own part I can not describe with what anguish I lamented the untimely death of so noble and gifted a spirit from the association of men, whom I thought him born to benefit and glorify.

About a month afterward I was sitting in my room thinking of this heart-rending tragedy, which still haunted my brain with its ghostly features and suggestions. It

> "Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before."

My servant interrupted my reverie by bringing me my file of German Periodicals. The very first review I opened to was headed "M. Pentern's Thoughts on the Electric agent." Pentern! surely that was M. Vairenn's uncle of Mentz. I laid it aside for the night's reading, and passed on to some of the Newspapers. The very first editorial paragraph that met my eye in the Zeitung, was a statement that M. Pentern had been elected to the Presidency of the new Institute at Wurtsburg-on-the-Mayne, in consideration of the power displayed by his new Treatise on Electricity, joined with compliments to his work. There seemed to be some vague and agitating *latent* association in my mind with these announcements. I picked up the Review and read on until I had finished two pages.

—You may have guessed before this: *M. Pentern's work was the same that Vairenn had read me in his study!* With a really appalling effect the truth flashed on me intuitively: *I was convinced* that M. Pentern had been in some sort connected with my friend's death. I determined to prosecute the investigation; and for this intent wrote on to the publishers for the Treatise itself, in order to see the truth of my first discovery from extracts in the Review, confirmed thereby. I immediately set to thinking over the matter; and very early on the following day set off for my late friend's cottage.

I first settled it in my mind that M. Vairenn had died somehow by his uncle's hand; and that the *motive* of the latter was to secure the essay on Electricity for his own, which had probably been read to him in confidence. He was known to have had secret ill-feeling toward his nephew when they were together at Mentz; there was motive enough, surely!

But it was a fact that M. Pentern had gone off *the day before* Vairenn died; and that too, according to his sister's account, in the morning. It was true also, as I learned of the same source, that M. Vairenn had been away to a friend's house, seven miles distant, for two days before his uncle left, and had only returned the morning he left (about two hours before).

I asked his sister how Pentern was occupied during his nephew's absence, informing her of my suspicions as to my friend's death; she replied that he rarely left the study. I asked her where M. Vairenn was on the remnant of the

day of M. Pentern's departure—and whether he had been in his study. She said that having been absent so long he had remained with her in the parlor until dinner-time, that in the afternoon he had gone with a fishing party on the Lake, and had not returned till bed-time—he had only gone in his study a moment for his tackle before the next fatal day.

The body of M. Vairenn bore no marks of violence; if M. Pentern had been instrumental in his death it must have been by means of Poison. But he must either have administered this by bribing a servant, or by some indirect method have given it himself—this part of the train of conclusions was very barren. I asked Eleann if they had taken a glass of wine together on the day of Pentern's leaving. No. If M. Vairenn had eaten anything, during the day—and what. On reflection she said she really believed he had not tasted a mouthful in the house for five days before his death! He had eaten no dinner on the day his uncle left, excusing himself by saying he had taken lunch at the Hotel des Voyagers, 3 miles above; he had come from the Lake at bed-time and had gone to bed; on the next morning he had gone into his study before taking coffee and had not come out again!

To support my theory then it must be found that M. Pentern had arranged poison of some description in the study, where he knew it would have effect in the regular course of Vairenn's customs. The scroll on which the Treatise on Electricity was written was in a secret drawer; in all probability he had arranged it in connection with the escritoire containing this drawer, so that it should have effect only when the paper was sought.

I asked now to be shown into the study which they told me was *precisely* as it was the morning of Vairenn's burial; and so I found it. The mid-day sun streamed partially through the stained eastern lattice, and was reflected from the placid lake to the south, on the sky-coloured ceiling. The light Brussels carpet sank under my foot, and the rich satin curtains folded and fitted in the draught my unlocking of the door excited. The sweet cleanliness of my departed friend's thoughts and character was displayed in the perfect system and selection of his *recherchè* Library; and his taste in the artistic masterpieces of painting with which the wall was every where adorned. Over the Library was a piece of splendid mantel-work wrought by some skilful Veloutier, wherein was woven with golden and purple thread the mystic sign of his Religion TΩ. MONΩ. ΘEΩ. The memories that all these things roused of the noble spirit that had left that Home of Thought overpowered me.

I commenced looking about. The escritoire, if it remained untouched, had not been opened by Vairenn; I approached it—touched the spring of the drawer,—*and found it empty!* I was now convinced of my suspicion. My thoughts now ranged about the room to discover the medium of death; I racked my brain vainly, and as twilight was casting a thick shadow on the Dial at the Western window I was almost in despair. To collect my thoughts for a final effort I threw myself in M. Vairenn's chair.

"O God!" cried Eleann, at that moment entering the door and supporting herself by it, "what ails you?—how like him you look!"

I had thrown myself in M. Vairenn's chair; but no sooner had done so than I felt a keen pang between my shoulders;—I sprang forward in pain, and Eleann entering at the time was shocked at the resemblance between myself, at that time, and her brother, when she found him dead. The remark struck me: I kept my position and observed it; in one instant the entire secret was revealed! I arose up, although in pain. The chair in which I sat down was one of velvet cushioning of curious oaken carving on the legs, arms, and back; it is well represented in the painting of Richelieu, now in the Metropolitan Art-Union (the original of which I saw in the Royal Institute) by the Gothic Chair in which the statesman is sitting. The velvet is thickly wadded up as far as the back of the head.

I have said that the secret was revealed to my senses, which my intellect was at fault in inventing. I called Eleann, who was still standing pale at the door. "See!" said I, "this was the villain's work!" I pressed my hands on either side of the velvet back as high up as I had experienced the pain; there started forth one of those small weapons, which were invented by a celebrated gang of assassins in Lyons, and used by them for their designs before their suppression, twenty years ago. It was best known by the title of the "Steel-sting," it is made to perforate the flesh, and being charged with a subtle poison forces it through a perforated tissue of thin metal in many different directions in the body; it was good for me that the entire charge was expelled at one entrance.

This then was undoubtedly the way in which my lamented friend had been murdered. The appearance of the body; the circumstances of his and Pentern's movements, joined with the Physician's opinion of the body in confirming my hypothesis. My course was instantly determined on; of it and its results, you can probably best judge from the subjoined letter. I received it just as I was giving the final touch to my "Death of Judas," which I consider quite a noteworthy coincidence!

"PREFECT-HALL.
Wurtzburg. July 23d, 1850.

"M. — ——

"Respected Sir:—The President, M. Pentern, died this morning at 8 o'clock. Your letter, containing certain allegations was read this morning to him, for it was known that he could not live long, and it was deemed proper that he should be told of them even though so sick. He appeared to be under great emotion during its perusal. So soon as it was finished, he exclaimed, in hearing of all the faculty, 'It is true, every letter true; he was a Devil, a damned Witch to find it out.' He then died.

"Allow us, sir, to condole with you on the loss of your friend by this singular and revolting act. We submit, however, that there would scarcely be anything gained by exposure, although some disgrace might result to this institution. They are both of the same family; both dead. We think it sufficient that the most excellent work on Electricity should be immediately published under M. Vairenu's name, with a certified confession of M. Pentern, to the extent that it was not his.

"With expressions of personal kindness,
"(By order of the Faculty.) H. RANSTANL."

I acknowledge the rightfulness of the suggestion contained in this. I have for some time been engaged on a biography of M. Vairenu, and will edit his Treatise, which cost him his life, together with some other valuable papers of his I have found, and of which, by a very interesting course of things (whereof the details in my next), I have become administrator as the brother-in-law of the deceased!

Yours sincerely.

ENIGMA.

The following Enigma was first published many years since in a northern periodical, and was attributed to the late Alexander H. Everett. So far as we have ever seen, it has not yet been solved. We invoke the ingenuity of our correspondents for a solution:—

The lightest and the softest thing
That floats upon the zephyr's wing,
I move with unresisting ease,
Before the breath of every breeze.

With power resistless and sublime,
I sweep along from clime to clime,
And I defy all earthly force
To intercept me in my course.

A favorite guest with all the fair,
I play with Beauty's twisted hair;
And harmless as the gentlest dove
I share the couch of happy love.

'Tis mine to hurl the bolts of fate,
That overwhelm the guilty great;
I wield the giant arm that brings
Dismay and death on tyrant kings.

No throb of passion ever pressed
The vacant chambers of my breast;
And no desire nor dream of care
Could ever gain admittance there.

With passion's various fires I burn;
And all, as each prevails in turn,
With equal rage incessant roll
Their boiling currents through my soul.

In Folly's lap I had my birth,
The simplest creature on the earth;
At Folly's bosom I was nursed,
And am as simple as at first.

The wisest own that I am wiser,
And sages make me their adviser;
The great demand my prudent cares,
To aid them in their state affairs.

I boast but little outward grace,
For frequent stains deform my face;
And when I bathe, though strange it seems,
I seek from choice the foulest streams.

I soar to fields of liquid light,
Where rainbows glow and stars are bright;
I sun me at their spotless fires,
And sport amid the heavenly choirs.

The nameless being of a day,
I barely am, and pass away;
Nor leave a trace behind, to be
The record of my history.

No chance or change has power enough
To harm my life's perennial stuff;
For I have built my throne sublime
Upon the wreck of conquered Time.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Our dying friends are pioneers to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Young.

For days after the terrible shock which had fallen upon Edith, she remained almost without speaking or moving, yet she was not in a state to require assistance, and evidently wished to be left alone. Her friends willingly complied with this desire, for they felt that the ordinary topics of consolation would be unavailing in this case, and there is something in the very sight of deep and silent grief, which awes and terrifies even light and unreflecting natures.

It seemed to Edith as if she had passed at once into another state of existence, her purposes, her plans, her aims in life were overthrown, for her thoughts, her hopes, had been so closely connected with her father, that she could not realise how she should live without him. She was *alone*, alone indeed; hers was not the loss of a father only, but of a friend, with whom she had lived on those terms of perfect confidence, which rarely exist between any two human beings. She had never known a feeling of fear towards him, and far back as the earliest dawn of reason, their lives had been mingled together in an unbroken chain of love, and now, could it be indeed true, these links were snapped?

It is a blessed privilege to receive the last looks and words of those we love, for when our friends die in a strange land, and far from us, the imagination constantly tortures itself to depict their last hours, and the vain and passionate wish that we could have been with them, is continually wringing our hearts.

But even in this dark hour, when all the energies of Edith's soul and body were exerted to sustain her beneath this overwhelming stroke, she found inexpressible consolation in the idea, that her father was supported and cheered in his last moments, by a strong faith in the most important and sustaining doctrine of Christianity—the great doctrine of a mediator. Her own mind had, for some months past, been closely, and frequently engaged in earnest inquiry and thought upon this subject, but how differently then and now. So many thoughts, plans, hopes, fears, desires of an earthly nature filled her heart then, but now she seemed almost transported to that invisible world, where the spirit of her father awaited her.

The Grattans had sailed for England but a few days previous to Edith's receiving the intelligence of her father's death, and she had felt very sad, very desolate at parting with them, and nourished many fears and anxieties for their future welfare, but now the recollection of them seemed like a dream melting away, dim, and distant.

But the human mind and frame cannot long support the high wrought state of thought and feeling, although the salutary effects of this full realization of eternal things, often work a permanent change in the nature, and such a transformation it gradually wrought in Edith.

She had not yet bestowed a thought upon her own destiny, her plans and purposes had been so broken off at the death of her father, but after a few days had elapsed, her attention was turned to the subject by Mr. Travers. He showed her a letter written to him by Mr. Fitzgerald sometime previous to his sickness, saying that he had frequently had forebodings that he should never return to America, but that he could not bear to give Edith unnecessary pain by suggesting such a thought to her, nor did he usually attach much importance to such presentiments himself, but in case they should be verified, he commended Edith to his care, and wished her to reside under his roof, confiding in the assurances that Mrs. Travers and himself had made before his departure from Virginia, that such an arrangement would be most agreeable to them.

This proof of her father's provident care, extending its protecting influence over her, even after his death, affected Edith deeply. She would not have objected to any arrangement made by him, even had it been most adverse to her own wishes, but it really accorded with them, so far as she felt capable of forming a wish, for she thought she should feel less desolate at Travers Lodge than anywhere else. Though she was not bound by the ties of congeniality, or strong affection to any of the family, yet she was attached both to her uncle and aunt, and felt much kindness and good will towards her cousins, and the cordial and affectionate manner in which Mr. Travers urged her acceptance of his proposal, awakened her gratitude, and strengthened her attachment for him. Then it would be a great consolation to be near Mrs. Mason, one of the very few friends she had ever had who understood her, and could sympathise with her. As to Charles, she would not acknowledge to herself that his society could afford her happiness. In few, but heartfelt words, Edith expressed to Mr. Travers her thankful acquiescence in the arrangement he proposed. Edith was now in a state of absolute, uncontrolled independence: she had attained her majority, she was mistress of a large fortune, which would probably be much increased by the settlement of Mr. Fitzgerald's affairs in Ireland, but these circumstances so far from occasioning any feeling of exultation or pleasure, increased her sense of dreariness and loneliness. The means of enjoyment were hers, but the desire to use them was gone; she viewed them now as means of usefulness, and felt the weight of an undivided responsibility. She did not feel a strong claim upon any human being but Gerald Devereux, and almost her only wish at present was to see him again. He had never known any father but hers, and had loved him as a son—how many tender associations, how many words and acts of love had bound their hearts in the days of their infancy to him, and to each other.

Gerald came, and Edith met him with a composure which appeared wonderful to the spectators, but he knew by the marble paleness that overspread her face, the quivering of her lip, and the slight shiverings that agitated her frame, how

deep was the emotion, of which she sought to suppress every outward sign. They poured out their hearts to each other, when they were alone together, and Edith found great relief and consolation in speaking of her father, to one who had known and loved him somewhat as she had done. But these communings could only be of short duration, for after the last rites were paid to the remains of Mr. Fitzgerald, and a few arrangements made, it would be imperatively necessary for Gerald Devereux to set out for Ireland, to attend to the business which Mr. Fitzgerald had left unfinished, and which intimately concerned his own interests as well as those of Edith.

Edith, as we have before observed, had never been apprehensive in her nature, and if passing fears of evil crossed her mind upon any occasion, she did not harbor them long enough for them to become what is called—presentiments. But since the overwhelming stroke which had fallen upon her, her fearlessness had forsaken her, she shuddered to think that an ocean would soon separate Gerald and herself, and the possibility that always exists at every parting from our friends that we may meet no more, seemed converted in her mind to a strong probability. Yet she had sufficient resolution and strength of mind to refrain from expressing her feelings to Gerald, she knew with what reluctance he left her in her present state of feeling, and he had also communicated to her his love for Margaret Selden, which would naturally so much increase his regret in leaving the country for so long a time as he might be detained in Ireland.

Gerald felt that he could not possibly leave the country, without once more seeing Margaret; if she did not return his attachment, would it not be ungrateful in the extreme to show no sense of the kindness which he had received from every member of the family at Sherwood. Perhaps, too, Margaret might not be so entirely indifferent towards him, as he had somewhat hastily concluded at their last interview.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

> There are moments in life that are never forgot,
> Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
> They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
> And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day:
> These moments are hallowed by smiles and by tears,
> The first look of love, and the last parting given.
> *Percival.*

But a few precious days were now left, and Gerald's desire to see Margaret once more increased, as the time diminished for his remaining in the country. He determined, however, to go first to Davenport Lodge, as he wished to make some inquiries of Louis respecting the family at Sherwood, thinking he could perhaps elicit some information from his answers, on the subject in which his heart was most deeply interested. Yet he reproached himself for his own weakness, in entertaining any doubt as to the state of Margaret's feelings towards himself, when he recalled the circumstances of their last interview.

Gerald spoke to Louis with the most unreserved confidence of his love to Margaret, and related all that passed between them, and saw, with quite as much indignation as surprise, that Louis was smiling; yes, there could be no mistake, Louis was actually smiling.

The sudden change in Gerald's countenance changed the smile into a laugh, but before his anger could find vent in words, Louis laid his hand upon his arm, and said—

"Come Devereux, you must curb this hastiness of tempor, it has, no doubt, already led to the mistake, which has caused you so much unhappiness."

"You speak in enigmas, Louis, and I am in no mood to sympathise with your mirth; pray explain yourself!"

"Then to come to the point at once, I know that at your last interview with Margaret, so far from entertaining any suspicion of your real feelings towards her, she was under the impression that you loved Virginia."

A new light broke upon Gerald at these words, a bright gleam of joy lit up his face, and he seized Louis's hand, saying—"How do you know this, tell me all about it. I cannot imagine how such a mistake could have arisen, my preference for Margaret was so decided as soon as we became acquainted."

"Yet to Margaret, and to most people, it could not seem improbable that any one who had seen Virginia should love her. But let that pass; my sister accidentally overheard a part of a conversation between Augustus Vernon and yourself, with regard to Clara Kaufmann and Virginia, she misconstrued what she heard, and supposed that your avowal of a personal interest in the matter had reference to your own love for Virginia, and immediately, as most ready-witted women would do, in a similar case, put together a variety of trifling circumstances, and arrived at a fixed conclusion as to the nature of your sentiments. This opinion, and the grounds of it, she communicated to Margaret, to whom you are aware from her character, and her devotion to her sister, it would naturally appear founded in truth."

"Then," said Gerald, "I will go immediately to Sherwood, and learn my fate from Margaret's

own lips. I could not bear to leave the country in my present state of suspense."

"My best wishes attend you, my hopes also, for I have a strong impression that you will be successful. I shall be very anxious to hear the result."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear fellow, my own hopes and fears are both so strong, I scarcely know which predominate, but whatever the result may be, I shall never forget your kind sympathy."

Gerald hastily left the room, as he said these words, and taking a path which led directly through the woods that separated Davenport Lodge from Sherwood, was soon lost to the eye of Louis, who stood at the window watching him.

He loves Margaret truly, warmly, with all the generous devotion of his nature, thought Louis, yet how different is his love from that which I bear to Virginia, a feeling which has made a part of my existence as far back as memory can reach, which can only be eradicated with life itself; can such love as this, remain always unreturned?

Hope had sprung up within his heart, though he feared to indulge it, since he became acquainted with the change in Virginia's sentiments for Augustus.

Meantime Gerald pursued his way so rapidly, and in so engrossed a state of mind, that he found himself in the yard at Sherwood, in scarcely half the time that he had supposed necessary for performing the walk. His heart beat thick and fast, and he paused for a moment before he crossed the threshold, to summon sufficient composure to enter the parlor. Chance appeared on this occasion, to have favored him, for upon opening the door, he found no one but Margaret who was standing in the recess at the farthest end of the room, looking out from the window on the wintry landscape. Could he have known the nature of her thoughts, his doubts and anxieties would have been at once removed.

Margaret had received a letter two days before from Charles Selden, in which he mentioned, that Gerald Devereux was then at Travers Lodge, but that his visit would necessarily be short, as he would be compelled in a few days to leave the country, in order to settle urgent business, which the death of Mr. Fitzgerald, had left in an unfinished state. Charles said too, that he had made some general and kind inquiries respecting the families at Sherwood and Davenport Lodge, but there was not an intimation in the letter that Gerald entertained the least design of coming to Sherwood to say farewell.

How many feelings which Margaret had thought subdued, arose with new strength in her heart, as she read this letter! The idea of Gerald's leaving the country, for an indefinite length of time, without exchanging with him one word, or look of kindness, was in itself very painful, but what rendered it doubly so, was the irresistible conclusion, not only that he had never loved her, but that he did not possess that warmth of heart and grateful feeling, which she had once imputed to him. Nothing could exceed the kindness, with which Gerald had been treated at Sherwood, he had been there on a footing of intimacy, like a member of their own family, and to leave the country without saying farewell seemed very heartless.

On this day, all the family were dining out, except Margaret, who had excused herself from joining the party, on the plea of writing letters, and attending to some household matters, which required the superintendence either of Mrs. Selden or herself. Mrs. Selden perceived that Margaret wished very much to remain at home, and did not urge her to accompany them; she partially divined, though she did not entirely understand her state of feeling, for she had observed her abstraction and silence for some time after reading Charles' letter.

As the last sound of the carriage wheels died upon her ear, Margaret felt the relief of being left alone; not, however, for the purpose of indulging her feelings, but that she might regulate and subdue them. She was so deeply engaged in thought, that she did not hear the door open when Gerald entered the room, nor was she aware of his presence until he approached within a few steps of her.

The peculiar sound of his footstep first arrested Margaret's attention, and turning suddenly she beheld Gerald. It would have been impossible for a person of Margaret's candid and unsuspicious character to meet the glance of Gerald's eye, to hear the tone of his voice, and to doubt his affection. She had scarcely taken his offered hand, before every doubt vanished; nor were his hopes at all diminished by the bright gleam of joy which glanced on Margaret's cheek and lit up her expressive eye.

When a strong and sincere affection exists between any two persons, with a real desire to understand each other, but few explanations are necessary to remove any doubts that may have arisen in their minds, and but a short time had elapsed ere Gerald had told the whole story of his love to Margaret, from its very commencement until the present moment, and the reasons which had so long delayed the avowal of his feelings. He prevailed on Margaret to confess that she was not much happier than himself during their last interview, and won from her an acknowledgment that his affection was not unrequited.

It is true, this acknowledgment would not have

been so readily obtained under different circumstances, for Margaret would have hesitated and reflected long ere she spoke words that separated her destiny from that of parents, brothers, and a sister so unspeakably dear. But now Gerald was on the eve of a voyage, which to Margaret's imagination seemed a formidable one, though at present of such every-day occurrence, that we should smile at the fears which such an undertaking at that time produced; he would probably be absent for a long time, and in plighting her faith to him if her parents approved the step, she did not realise the idea of separation from her friends.

The hours flew by unheeded in the full and free interchange of thought and feeling; such outpourings of the heart and soul reveal the nature of the spirit that dwells within, and these revelations are dangerous to those who are not pure and true in heart, rich, noble and elevated in mind. But Margaret and Gerald found new causes of love and admiration for each other, in the lights which these communications threw upon their mutual characters.

No love, according to Madame de Genlis, in one of the prettiest and most ingenious of her tales, "the Palace of Truth," can bear the test of perfect sincerity except that which subsists between mother and daughter, for none other is sufficiently purified from self-love. But a strong love of excellence, a desire and purpose of attaining it ourselves, and aiding those we love to do so likewise, at whatever personal hazard, is a talisman potent enough to enable those who possess it, to enter the walls of this dangerous palace without fear.

But Margaret felt strongly the mixed nature of human happiness when the family circle re-assembled at night, and she felt something like a pang of self-reproach when Virginia took a seat beside her and whispered that she had scarcely enjoyed herself at all, because she was not with her. How would she bear to know that the time would come when their paths in life might part no more to be united! Margaret looked from Virginia to her mother, and caught a glance fixed upon her, so full of tenderness, of inquiry, mingled with an expression almost sorrowful, that her eyes fell beneath it, and she looked down to conceal the tears which had risen to them in spite of herself. But she would not think of separation; Gerald would be persuaded to live near Sherwood she was sure, and she endeavored to rally her spirits, for she knew that his eye was upon her, and her sympathy was always so ready, the tone of her conversation so cheerful, that she was sure any thing like silence or abstraction in her would cause general observation and conjecture.

It had been agreed upon between Gerald and Margaret, that nothing should be said of what had passed during the day to Mr. Selden until the next morning, as his horror of all agitating subjects, especially towards bed time, was well understood in the family, and Margaret was well aware what a state of consternation so serious an affair would produce in his mind. Neither Gerald nor herself doubted for a moment that he would sanction their engagement by his consent and approbation, for Gerald had been an especial favorite with him, from the commencement of their acquaintance; and though in feeling he was sometimes unreasonable, in action he was eminently kind and generous, particularly towards his children. But his very kindness made the necessity of disturbing him more grievous, and Margaret, who was perfectly acquainted with his horror of family changes, knew that it would be a stroke scarcely less severe than Charles' entering the ministry had been.

Mrs. Selden's observation, and her intimate knowledge of all the slight tokens by which Margaret's feelings manifested themselves, led her to conjecture something very nearly approaching the truth. No longer able to bear this state of suspense, when the family dispersed for the night Mrs. Selden whispered to Margaret to follow her, and led the way to a small parlor, which was a favorite sitting-room of hers when she wished for retirement.

Neither of them spoke for two or three minutes, and Margaret heard her own heart beat as she drew a seat close to her mother and pressed her hand closely between both her own.

"I am almost answered, my dear child, without putting a question," said Mrs. Selden, in a somewhat faltering tone; "you are given to another, if your father and myself will consent to it."

A warm tear which fell upon her hand, was for some minutes the only reply she received. At length Margaret said, "Dear, dear mother, do not express it thus; I am still yours, always yours, but—

"Say no more, my love, I am not so selfish or unreasonable as to blame you. It is not unnatural that you should return the love of such a man as Gerald Devereux; nor is this event wholly unexpected to me, for I have sometimes suspected the nature of your mutual sentiments, but as time wore away I abandoned the idea, and of course did not seek to obtain from you confessions which would have been both useless and painful. I do not think on this account that you love me less, yet I cannot deny that it is a trial, though one which I ought not to shrink from, and will not when I have had time to prepare my mind to meet it. But tell me all that has passed."

This command was easily given, but Margaret found it one of extreme difficulty to comply with. Yet with some hesitation and frequent pauses, she at length finished the whole history of the rise and progress of her attachment, and of all that had passed during the last interview between Gerald and herself, concluding her narrative by pressing her mother's hand, which she held all the time closely locked within her own, to her lips, saying—

"But, dear mother, we cannot part; the trial would be too severe for us both: in case my father consents, we must obtain a promise from Gerald that we shall not be separated so far as to be beyond the reach of frequent intercourse."

Mrs. Selden embraced Margaret silently. It was some minutes before she gathered sufficient firmness to reply in a steady voice—

"No, my love, there must be no fetters—no compulsory obligation in an union such as this; a condition of this kind, would be particularly galling to such a nature as Gerald Devereux's. We must trust to his generosity, and I hope we shall not trust in vain; I think he will wish to make us some return for giving up such a treasure to him. But we must talk no more now, my daughter; we do but weaken our hearts, and I would fain not look upon an event which I trust will add greatly to your happiness as a subject of sorrow."

She kissed Margaret fondly, and wishing her a good night, hastily withdrew; the wish was vain, for sleep scarcely visited the pillow either of Margaret or herself.

Margaret was relieved to find upon returning to her own apartment, that Virginia, tired with waiting for her, and quite unsuspicious as to the nature of her conference with her mother, had fallen into a slumber tranquil and sweet as that of childhood. It would be more difficult to break the news to Virginia even than to her mother, for she knew she would be inconsolable.

Early on the following morning, before Mr. Selden had left his apartment, Mrs. Selden determined to endeavor to prepare his mind for the communication which Gerald intended making on the subject of his engagement with Margaret. She thought of fifty different ways of commencing the conversation, but found it difficult to decide which would be most conciliatory, when she was at once brought to a decision by her husband, who after looking at her for some time, with an inquiring glance, said—

"What is the matter, Mary? I have been watching you for the last five minutes, and see that you are getting ready to tell me something disagreeable in the most agreeable manner possible. Come out with it at once; if I have a nauseous pill to swallow, I have no fancy for wrapping it in sweetmeats."

Mrs. Selden tried to smile, but she might have saved herself the trouble, for it answered no other purpose but to show Mr. Selden how little she felt like smiling. "Well, my dear, I dare say it is best always to come to the point at once, particularly with you. I know you have such a horror of all circumlocution. I do not deny that what I am about to communicate will occasion us both some pain, but it ought also to give us pleasure."

Mr. Selden's apprehensions were immediately roused. "You know, Mary, I abhor mysteries, and never could guess the simplest riddle in my life; those things that *certainly* will give pain, and *ought* to give us pleasure, are generally confoundedly disagreeable. I suppose Arthur, or Reginald, has taken some wise scheme in his head, some plan of life which will involve the necessity of going off somewhere, or somebody has been courting Virginia."

"There is yet another supposition which has not occurred to you, that somebody may have been courting Margaret."

Mr. Selden started: this idea indeed had not occurred to him, and was now by no means a pleasant one; he had always supposed Virginia would marry at some time or other, but he considered her as scarcely more than a child, and the evil day might yet long be delayed. And if, at some distant time, she should marry Louis Davenport, and live within a mile or two of Sherwood, when she might be with them almost every day, it would not be a very bad thing. But he had not speculated on the probability of Margaret's ever leaving her mother and himself: she was always so cheerful, so kind, so helpful in the various little daily exigencies of life, that the blessing of her presence, like air and sunshine, was scarcely recognized from its continued influence. He had never before fully realised how greatly Margaret contributed to his own happiness, and now, when with one of those "swift glances of the mind," with which in moments of emotion the retrospect of years passes before us, he could not recall an act of disobedience, or instance of unkind neglect from his excellent child, a feeling of self-reproach mingled with his regret at the idea of losing her, for he was conscious that he had received a thousand proofs of affection from her, for one which she had received from him in return. And yet he had always been a kind and indulgent parent to all his children; but he felt now that he had never given Margaret the same proofs of fondness which he had bestowed upon Virginia.

"I must confess," said Mr. Selden, in a tone which expressed the discomposure of his mind,

"I had not expected this. And will Margaret consent to leave *you?*"

"I believe she would grieve deeply to leave us both, as such a daughter as Margaret must do, and if either of us were sick, or suffering, I do not think any inducement could prevail upon her to do so. But you know, my dear, it is not unnatural: I left a very happy home for your sake, and have never repented doing so."

Mr. Selden smiled affectionately at his wife, and though he said nothing of his estimation of her value, she knew that her love had always been prized by him as the greatest of earthly treasures. "I am not likely to forget it, Mary," he said; "and I remember, too, it was a long time before I could forgive your mother, when she gave what I thought a very reluctant consent to our marriage. You may rest assured that whatever I may feel, I shall never act selfishly towards our children."

"Of that I am certain, but you have not yet asked me the name of your future son-in-law."

"No, for it flashed upon me in a moment—Gerald Devereux."

"Yes, what led you to this conclusion?"

"In the first place I am not acquainted with any other young man whose talents and character would be likely to please Margaret, or who it is so probable would have appreciated her merits; and when my thoughts were turned towards the subject, I recollected there was something peculiar in Gerald Devereux's look and manner last night, when we were left alone together, and an evident wandering of mind. I thought at the time that he wished to consult me on some matter of business, but was withheld by motives of delicacy, and tried to lead the conversation two or three times into the channel in which I supposed his thoughts were running. I do not wonder now at his embarrassment, for it certainly requires some assurance to ask a parent to give up his rights in his child, and to renounce the pleasure and comfort of its presence and society; this request too accompanied by the necessary inference that his attractions and merits outweigh in the heart of your child, all the cares and love which you have bestowed upon it from the commencement of its existence."

Mrs. Selden was well aware that her husband always acted sensibly, especially when his children were concerned, but his first impulses of feeling were often unreasonable, and she had always found it wisest to listen patiently to these ebullitions, which, when they were fairly over, he was often the first to smile at himself.

"It is certainly asking a good deal; no one feels this more sensibly than I do, but parents must prepare themselves for such events, and learn to do as they would have been done by, when they wished to form similar ties themselves. I have studied Gerald Devereux's character closely, and know it, I think, intimately; and upon this knowledge I found a strong hope that he will make our child happy. It is a great advantage to us in this connection, that he is so disentangled of family ties, and his plans of life not permanently fixed. I trust we may induce him to settle near us."

"I hope so—I hope so, indeed, this would greatly lessen my reluctance. He is a fine young man, and I know of no one else to whom I could resign Margaret with as little unwillingness; but I must confess that I am rather glad he will be obliged to go at once to Ireland; it will give us time to get accustomed to the idea."

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CHAPTER XLV.

When will your parting be, Sadness and Mirth?
Bright stream and dark one!—oh! never on earth;
Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere,
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
While the heart of man is a soundless deep!—*Hemans.*

And it was all arranged, and the destiny of her life altered. Her parents consented to her marriage, and it seemed to Margaret almost as a dream, that so great a change had taken place in her prospects for life in so short a time. The idea of communicating the intelligence to Virginia was so painful to Margaret, that Mrs. Selden undertook the task herself, and when she witnessed Virginia's consternation and distress, she did not wonder that Margaret shrank from awakening such emotions.

Virginia's prejudice to Gerald Devereux had begun to wear away, since her delusion with respect to Augustus Vernon had vanished; and when she saw him again at Sherwood, she was disposed to attribute every sort of merit to him to make amends for her former injustice. But when her mother informed her of the engagement that had taken place between Margaret and Gerald, she felt disposed to regard him in the light of an enemy, who was about to rob her of one of the greatest blessings of her life; one, too, to which she had always been accustomed, and without which it was impossible she could ever be happy. And then, that Margaret should prefer Gerald to herself—that she should have loved him so long without confiding her feelings to her wounded her most deeply, and her grief was so great, that Mrs. Selden could not help pitying and sympathizing with her. She allowed Virginia at first, without reproof or remonstrance, to express all her feelings on this subject; then taking her hand

gently within her own, said in a tone of tender expostulation—

"Remember, my love, that when Margaret thought Gerald Devereux loved you, so far from entertaining any jealous or resentful feeling towards you, she would have induced you, had it been possible, to return his love, because she thought such an union would promote your happiness: this she told me herself. Can you recall during this period the slightest manifestation of unkind feeling? And, now, I believe, were her own happiness only concerned, she would not hesitate to sacrifice it, to secure yours. Will you not be equally generous, my child?"

"I would, but cannot, mother," replied Virginia, in a voice choked with tears, "I am weakness, selfishness itself, compared with Margaret, and I thought, now that I was growing a little wiser and better"—here a bright blush overspread her face at the recollection of the past—"and that we would be so happy together, and Margaret would help me to grow good, and"—. She stopped, unable to proceed.

"Will you not let your mother help you to grow good; open your heart freely to me, my love;—cling closer to a friend who can never be separated from you but by death, or your own choice."

Virginia threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her fondly. "My dear mother, I am fully conscious what a blessing I have left in you; one of which I am not worthy, and I could confide every thing to you, if you could *read* my heart; but I cannot utter every foolish and wayward thought that arises in my mind to you as I can to Margaret—I should be afraid you would think so badly of me."

"Believe me, I can read your heart and understand intuitively many things which your lips have never uttered. I have seen lately, with inexpressible pleasure, the improvement that has taken place in your character, nor does any instance of self-control ever escape my delighted observation. I do not expect perfection from you; I do not imagine that you can throw off all your faults entirely and at once, I only ask your confidence, and beg that you will for my sake, at least, until higher motives can resume the ascendancy, endeavor to control and compose yourself."

"I will; indeed I will try," said Virginia, wiping away her tears, "and I feel my own selfishness the more strongly when I see you, and hear you talk with so much composure of giving Margaret up. Indeed, this grieves me as much as my own loss: you will miss her so much, and how can I, in the slightest degree, supply her place?"

"New powers develope themselves, when the occasion calls for them, and this event, so painful to you, will, I trust, contribute greatly to your progress. You must not suppose, either, that we shall give Margaret up entirely; Gerald Devereux will settle near us—he promised me voluntarily he would do so, and it is in your power instead of losing a sister to gain a brother."

Virginia's countenance brightened very much at this intelligence. "Oh, this will soften the stroke very much, and I will try to like Gerald Devereux, though I cannot think he deserves Margaret; and I must confess, just now, I do not feel even a ray of good will towards him, and I am such a poor dissembler, I am persuaded he will perceive my feelings, and will not be able to forgive them, and perhaps, in time, even lessen Margaret's affection for me."

"I think if he perceives your feelings, he will understand and forgive them too. If you could have heard his conversation this morning, you would have found that he appreciated properly what a trial it would be to us all to part with Margaret, he mentioned you particularly in a manner which must have excited some gratitude in your heart had you been present. But you will not be tried long by his presence, as he is obliged to leave us day after to-morrow; you know he must embark for Ireland in the course of a few days, and will probably be absent for many months."

Virginia smiled, in spite of herself, at hearing this, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Thank Heaven! But do not look so grave, I will try my best to act and feel rightly."

"You will disappoint me very much, if you do not, Virginia."

And Virginia tried to seem composed, and to avoid any expression of her feelings, but the task was too hard a one. Margaret saw and felt the effort she made, and was more pained by the involuntary coldness and constraint of her manner towards her, than she could have been by any outburst of feeling. But the effort itself was meritorious, how meritorious Margaret understood better than any one else, and her manner was even more affectionate than usual towards Virginia; she found however this would not do at present, for whenever she spoke to her sister, Virginia's eyes involuntarily filled with tears.

Gerald Devereux perceived plainly the workings of Virginia's heart, for they were always written in unmistakable characters upon her face, but abstained when they were in the family circle together, from making any direct efforts to propitiate her. But when in the dusk of the evening, Virginia withdrew from the parlor, and throwing a thick shawl hastily around her, went out into the garden, that she might indulge her feelings for a few minutes unobserved, she was surprised to hear footsteps following her, and

upon turning around, she beheld Gerald Devereux at her side.

She started involuntarily, and stopped.

"Excuse me Virginia, for you will allow me now, I hope, to call you so, for this intrusion, but my time was so short for gaining your favor, and my inclination so great to do so, that I could not resist the opportunity of speaking to you for a few minutes alone."

Virginia hesitated, and stammered out a few words as unintelligible, as they were inaudible.

"Only listen to me," said Gerald, with a kind smile, "I do not ask you to answer me yet, I understand your feelings perfectly, and know that you are now making strenuous efforts not to hate me, and these very efforts perhaps, make you dislike me the more."

Virginia murmured something like a denial of hating him.

"Well," said Gerald, "hate is a strong word, and no young lady educated as you have been, would allow herself to say even in her own heart, that she hated any one, but you dislike me as much as you can dislike any one, yet so far from resenting it, I like you the better for it, for as I know this feeling towards me proceeds from the strength of your affection for your sister, it shows me the worth of a heart, in which I yet hope to win a brother's place. But consider I do not wish to deprive you of a sister, I only wish to enter your family, can you not forgive me for the wish, can you not believe me when I say, that so far from wishing to estrange Margaret from you, which would, I am aware, be wholly beyond my power, one of the first traits in her character that won my heart, was the warm and generous devotion toward you. Love is said to be selfish, but it is only so, I believe, in selfish hearts."

It would have been impossible to listen to Gerald, to look at him, and to doubt his sincerity. Virginia was softened, and she felt half ashamed of the feelings she had entertained towards him. "I am afraid my heart is very selfish," she said, "I know it is unjust to feel angry with you for loving Margaret, or hurt at her returning your affection, but then you can scarcely imagine how closely my hopes, my plans, my feelings were connected with her"—

Virginia's voice faltered and she stopped suddenly.

"But she will still be near you."

"Yes, I thank you so much for that promise, it is very kind of you."

"Then you see I am not quite a monster of selfishness, and when the ocean rolls between us, you will perhaps have kinder thoughts of me. But as I go so soon, under such melancholy circumstances, will you not at least give me the comfort of your promise to *try* to look upon me as one who would gladly love you as a sister?"

"I believe I have been unjust," said Virginia, extending her hand towards Gerald; "I think I shall like you very much, perhaps, if you can have patience with a selfish weakness, which I cannot conquer at once."

"Patience is not my forte," said Gerald, half laughing, "but I can safely promise to exercise a great deal towards *you*, if you will only promise to try to like me."

A faint smile passed over Virginia's lovely face, on which her feelings were reflected with as much beauty and rapidity as the flying shadows on a sunny field. "I will promise, if you will give me time to become accustomed to the idea of a change so great to me, and when you see me look vexed or sad, do not get vexed in turn, or think that I am not trying to conquer myself."

"I am sure that I can do my part, and I hope and believe you will not find your task so hard as you expect it to be."

When Gerald and Virginia resumed their places in the parlor, it soon became apparent that they were on much more friendly terms than when they had left the room. Margaret and Mrs. Selden exchanged a look of pleased surprise upon hearing Virginia address a remark to Gerald, and Margaret thanked him with a glance for the efforts she was sure he had been making to ingratiate himself with her sister.

When Mrs. Selden communicated Margaret's engagement to the rest of the family, Reginald expressed his entire approbation of it, as he said he had never seen a young man more strongly marked by nature with the noblest characteristics of a gentleman than Gerald Devereux, and that his talents were of that rare and high order, which would enable him to win distinction in any profession or pursuit. He was one of the few men he had ever seen, whom he should be willing to receive as a brother. Arthur said he could not imagine how it would be possible to get on without Margaret, that he considered her marriage in the light of a family misfortune, but that if such an event must perforce take place, Gerald Devereux was the only person of his acquaintance at all worthy to obtain her, or suited to her.

Mary too, who was now taken completely into the family councils, declared herself strongly in Gerald Devereux's favor, as far as a short acquaintance could enable her to decide on his merits, and for the rest, she thought herself quite safe in adopting Aunt Selden's and Margaret's opinion, for she did not believe even love could blind Margaret's clear vision. Every one regretted Charles's absence on this occasion, particularly Mrs. Selden and Margaret, who considered his opinion on all matters of importance as the

last appeal. But they were comforted by the reflection that Charles had been very favorably impressed by all he had seen and heard of Gerald, and felt sure that he would not withhold his approbation.

Gerald talked to Margaret of Edith, and begged for his sake, that she would become acquainted with her, and be a sister to her; he said he knew it was only necessary for them to be together a little while to love each other very dearly. He gave Margaret a faithful and spirited sketch of Edith's character and peculiarities, as a chart to guide her in their intercourse, a narrative of their early life under his uncle's roof, and a touching description of her bereavement and loneliness of heart. Margaret listened with sympathy and deep interest, and loved him the more for the warmth and tenderness of heart which he evinced, in speaking of Edith and Mr. Fitzgerald, and she promised to make every effort in her power to gain Edith's affections, and lessen her sense of desolation.

Amongst other subjects of interest upon which they conversed they spoke of Clara, and Gerald expressed his gratification at learning that Margaret had been enabled to render any comfort to her wounded spirit, and they found in their generous sympathy and pity for this poor girl a new bond of union. Gerald was much pleased to hear of the rejection of Augustus by Virginia, and said he should have delighted to witness his mortification, for he considered him the most heartless human being he had ever known. He told Margaret that Augustus was said to be on the eve of marriage with Miss Gates, and it was whispered he had been driven into this measure by the pressure of heavy gambling debts.

The parting hour at length came, and Gerald left Sherwood, accompanied by many kind wishes and hopes for his safe return. As he bade Virginia adieu, he pressed her hand kindly, and whispered, "Remember your promise."

Virginia returned the pressure gently, and replied, "I have begun already to perform it."

Nothing softens the heart so much as the little word farewell, when a long parting is to take place—the thought of all that may happen, the doubt whether we may ever again meet, press upon the heart with an irresistibly saddening and softening effect.

"You do not wish me lost on the passage then," continued Gerald in the same low tone, with a half smile.

"Oh no, God forbid."

A moment more and the farewell greetings were over, the last word was spoken to Margaret and Gerald was gone. But his visit had produced consequences too important to the family at Sherwood to fade from the memory of any member of it. New hopes, new fears, new plans had arisen, and an element of disquiet had been introduced, the beginning of change, which Mr. and Mrs. Selden had always feared, they had been so happy hitherto in "a bright little world of their own."

Mrs. Selden steadily suppressing her own regrets constantly endeavored to present the bright side of the picture to her husband; nor were her efforts vain, for the influence she had gained over his mind was so great, that had she been a whit less judicious in its exercise, all their acquaintances would have said he was ruled by his wife, but as it was, such an idea had never occurred to any one, not even to himself. Highly as Mr. Selden appreciated the more lofty virtues of his wife's character, nothing had endeared her so much to him, or given her so much power over his feelings, as her cheerful, uncomplaining manner of bearing their common trials, and her habit of making the best of every thing; her presence was always like sunshine to him.

Hand in hand they had walked through the bright days of their youth, and the soberer years of mature age, and their line had fallen in pleasant places, but now as the shades of evening began to fall upon their path, the storm was gathering over their heads, though they knew it not.

F*****.

Editor's Table.

JENNY LIND.

The old year has gone out amid the usual festivities of Christmas, and, with such of our readers as reside in Richmond and Charleston, amid the yet lingering cadences of Jenny Lind. The visit of the nightingale to Richmond was a great triumph for us. We claim it all as our own work. It is a fact about which there can be no dispute, that our fervent invocations to the enchantress brought her to our region of the Union. Otherwise she would have been wafted to Havana by steamer, and our immediate fellow-citizens would not have heard her. Think of that, and thank us.

Jenny's visit and concert have already been sufficiently touched upon, by our newspaper friends, but we cannot resist the temptation to say something of it ourselves. We shall be brief, and like the editor of the Bunkum Flag Staff, we "ain't goin' to give way to our feelings," but for a different reason,—because we cannot find words to adequately express them. So much by way of preface to

OUR SONG OF REJOICING.

Nunc est bibendum.

Come, fill the cup of jubilee,
And raise a gaudeamus,
For venting thus our Christmas glee
No cynic sure can blame us;

We echo but the daily press—
The joy of Mr. Ritchie—
Our own delight is none the less
We've heard the *cantatrice!*

Oh, sweet are Jenny's winning ways,
And pure is her *soprano*,
And excellently well she plays
Upon the grand piano:
And like an angel's is the smile,
That o'er her features bright'ning
Still flashes round her, all the while,
Its vivid summer-lightning.

How shall we speak of that brief dream
That passed so quickly o'er us,
Wherein we caught the radiant gleam
And heard the heavenly chorus;
Awhile we walked adown the lawn
Of early, beauteous Eden,
Or strayed at rosy break of dawn
Along the hills of Sweden.

And when, next day, her coach and pair
Were to the depot driven,
We stood like Pilgrim at the Fair,
When Faithful flew to heaven.
Alas! the bird, indeed, had flown
On lightest, swiftest pinions,
To seek a yet more sunny zone
Among the Carolinians.

Notices of New Works.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR: *A Book of the Heart. By Ik Marvel.* New York. Baker & Scribner: 36 Park Row and 145 Nassau Street. 1850.

Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentimens nobles et courageux, ne cherchez pas une autre règle pour juger de l'ouvrage; il est bon et fait de main d'ouvrier. "When a book elevates the soul"—says La Bruyère—"and inspires you with lofty and courageous sentiments, seek no other rule by which to judge the work; it is good, and the effort of a master's hand." Surely the reader need not go beyond this little fragment of French criticism to make up his opinion of the work before us. If he possess a soul not altogether rusted over by the corrosion of worldly strifes and cares, he cannot have read farther than fifty pages, without yielding to Ik Marvel the excellence that is ascribed by the author of *Les Caractères* to such as touch the best feelings of our nature.

The readers of the Messenger are already familiar with the first two parts of this volume, which were originally prepared for, and published in, its pages. Numberless were the letters we received, asking the question—"who is Ik Marvel?" At that time we could only answer "he is the author of 'Fresh Gleanings.'" Subsequently, however, his incognito was dropped, and he was known as Mr. D. G. Mitchell, but a short period only found him behind another domino, and he was applying the lash of the satirist to the fashionable society of New York, as John Timon. Whatever he shall undertake in his peculiar field of writing—that of pathos mingled with playfulness in the form of sketch or essay—let him assume what shape he may, so that he take not the grotesque habit of Carlyle, he will be equally successful in moving and softening the feelings. He is at once a true man and a scholar—his eloquence, which gushes forth at times as a flood, could only issue from the depths of a large heart, while his illustrations are such as he alone who has become thoroughly imbued with the best of the world's literature, could supply. Moreover his style is, for the most part, pure, and fragrant with sweet expressions truly original.

The Reveries of a Bachelor may be found at the bookstore of Morris & Brother.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS: *A Dictionary of Dates.* With Tabular Views of General History and a Historical Chart. Edited by G. P. PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

Mr. Putnam, whose good taste and enterprise as a publisher we have so often had occasion to commend, has long been known as an industrious and faithful student and quite capable of writing books himself as well as of publishing them for others. Some years since, he issued in England a book of "American Facts" which reflected great credit on his tact in compilation. We have not had the time to give the portly volume now on our table, that examination which should precede the expression of an opinion as to its merits, but from a hasty glance, we should infer that Mr. Putnam had not exercised his usual vigilance in preparing it. Some mistakes occur, together with very frequent omissions, which shake the reader's confidence in the accuracy of the whole work. It is really singular, for example, how Mr. Putnam could have blundered into four omissions (on one page) with regard to "American facts" that have transpired within ten years past. Yet on page 152, we find a list purporting to give us the names of Cabinet Officers under the Administrations of John Tyler and James K. Polk, in which neither William Wilkins, Secretary of War, Thomas W. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, (who was killed by the explosion on board the Princeton, during his term of office) nor JOHN C. CALHOUN, Secretary of State, all Cabinet Officers under Mr. Tyler, appears. Mr. Polk's Attorney General, Nathan Clifford of Maine, is also ignored. The Dictionary of Dates is without doubt a most excellent and valuable work in many respects, but Mr. Putnam himself cannot help seeing how greatly such palpable omissions as we have pointed out, must injure its standing as a reliable book of reference.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

AN ADDRESS ON POPULAR EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA, *in connection with the Proposed Changes in the Organic Law:* Delivered July 13, 1850, at the Annual Commencement of The Richmond College, in the First Baptist Church in the City. *By John Howard, Esq., of Richmond.* Richmond, Va; Printed by Ritchie & Dunnavant. 1850.

Our apologies are due to the author for having so long deferred a notice of the very excellent Address, a copy of which is now before us. The topic discussed is one of the highest interest to all classes, and he has presented it in a bold and striking manner. Relieving the dryness of statistical detail with the graces of a polished rhetoric, Mr. Howard carries the reader along over a field that has little to attract him, and succeeds meanwhile in enforcing conviction of his own views by a logical chain of reasoning. We trust that this able argument may find its way into the hands of every member of our State Convention and work out the good results, at which the author has aimed, in the great design of popular education.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII. RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1851. NO. 2.

THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.*

The military establishment of any country must be regarded as one of the necessary attendant expenses upon the existence of its government. It has its uses, and may have had its abuses. Of the latter class the incidents of history afford too many examples. Nevertheless, thus far in the progress of the world, no nation has been able to dispense with it. It may be that it can never be dispensed with, with safety, unless indeed we were to arrive at a millenium, or were to relapse into barbarism.

It would require no great stretch of imagination to conceive such a relapse in regard to military affairs, however preposterous it might appear to indulge in gloomy prognostications respecting the general civilisation of mankind. Indeed, it may be that such a state is nearer than is generally believed. For, until the various passions, interests, and prejudices, which have been the causes of strife since the world began, and which are inherent to humanity, have been entirely obliterated by the progress of enlightenment, wars must still have place upon the records of history. And where is the man who can predict with anything like certainty the period of such an acme of civilisation?

Self-gratulation is common to us all, and the vanity which is kept in check in individuals, by contact with others, has full scope in the world's society of nations. Flattery, which too gross might be revolting to the mind of an individual, will seldom be distasteful to the ravenous appetite of the masses. A writer, seeking temporary popularity, need never fear that he pours out too potent or too frequent libations at the shrine of public vanity. Bacchus-like, it glories in intoxication and in maudlin gratitude repays the giver of the feast by fulsome praise, perchance not less acceptable or less noisy than his own. Time, the great demonstrator of error, and history, the record of folly as well as of wisdom, may at length prove the mistakes of both. But seldom or never does it occur that even rational writers upon public affairs dare give utterance to the idea that their own is not the age of happiness, or criticise too closely the different public measures in progress, of which the general effect is prospectively beneficial.

Natures cynical and hyper-conservative may rail at things present, and sigh for the days that are past—but at this time when all things move with such lightning speed, it would be ridiculous to indulge in such fancies, and still more so to attempt to propagate them. Prudence, however, should never be forgotten, and while aught which tends to improvement should be cherished, its features should be closely criticised, that its errors may be discovered, before their effects doubly potent from the numerous facilities for extending information and ideas set forth as orthodox, become developed by the injury which they have inflicted.

We must expect that many will remain undetected, and progressives, of one hundred years hence, may smile in derision at the fallacies and misty prejudices of eighteen hundred and fifty. An error in popular belief, which it is to be anticipated will by that time, if not sooner, be discerned and appreciated, is that of the decrease of warlike controversies, so often vaunted by Proletaries of socialism, and peace-society orators.

If the latter half of the nineteenth century afford as many instances of strife as the former, the future reader of history will be at a loss to imagine that wars were not the all-engrossing occupation of the world during the epoch.

The philosopher may see in them many steps which will have been gained, for whatever evils wars may have inflicted, there never was, and never will be one devoid of beneficial effect.*

Elements of discord, sufficient causes of national strife exist yet, wanting only the proper agent to bring them into action. The spindles of the Valkyrs, those mythological creations of

*1. *Annual Message and accompanying Documents.* 1849-50. *Part* 1. See Secretary of War's Report with Documents appertaining thereto.

2. *Report of "Board of Visiters" of the Military Academy at West Point. Annual examination,* June, 1850.

*It would seem that the birth-day of the greatness of Nations, has been one of Battle, not infrequently even though it may have been one of present disaster, and humiliation. And it were a proper theme for the Philosophical historian to trace out the beneficial effects to civilisation and the general weal of man and nations, that have followed from great wars and conquests.

The annals of all nations and races are teeming with material for this most interesting, curious and instructive chapter of the World's history.

our Teutonic forefathers, have not ceased spinning the woof whereof all wars are woven. Beneath their ruthless and inexorable hands, the web of strife will grow, and clasp nations in its meshes, perhaps until the end of time and things. It may be even then, that, as from their first war,

> "Shall start the livid legions from their last,
> And man with arm uplifted still to slay,
> Reel on some Alp, that rolls in smoke away."

The latent fires break out even now, and a little news of even an abortive warlike expedition is sufficient to set a nation in a blaze. Liberty is a cry which has not yet lost its force, and is shouted at one time in sympathy with foreign miserables, and again in favor of domestic slaves. Law and order, sacred national obligations, and constitutional rights, spring up in opposition. Peaceful orators may declaim and use their powers in pouring oil on the troubled waters, but warlike rhetoricians have never been wanting to inflame the spirit of a nation and that too with success, by their loud and deafening calls to arms. Moreover, as has been said by a recent writer, "It appears to be a law of nature, interpret or account for it how we please, that all the great and ennobling virtues of humanity, cluster round the sword. The moment a nation ceases to be courageous, it ceases to respect itself, and of necessity becomes Epicurean, cringing, servile, and base; which the Romans sought to express by making valor and virtue synonymous."

History will support this assertion to the fullest extent, and as it is more than probable that wars will continue, unless we, like those nations who have fallen from an estate of national glory, should in our turn become "Epicurean, servile and base," it would seem that in our general progress, the military profession should not be neglected.

In all which may benefit a nation, all which may render it formidable against foreign aggression, all which gives ground, for a proper self-confidence and esteem in the hearts of a people, upon the glory of its arms, it should be fostered by the governing power of the nation. While at the same time, all which tends to mitigate those evils which follow in the train of war, and take from it the various opportunities which it affords for the exercise of evil passions of our nature, should be most carefully attended to.

It has been found that these various objects are secured by similar means. Discipline, which never yet detracted from the strength of banded men, has always been a preventive against outrages. An establishment regulated by fixed laws, and accustomed to obey them, secured from injustice on the part of its officers by its subserviency to a civil power, conferred as it is in our own country by the hands of the people, while it is yet strong in those powers legally conferred for certain purposes, may well afford the security for all objects required. Upon such an establishment, the force which we may find necessary for national defence in time of emergency, should be formed; not only because of the superior strength which it will possess over one which may lack its discipline, but for the security of our national honor. The exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty and temperance, without which, as has been said by a prominent historian, the glory of arms cannot be obtained, will add to that glory, another not less honorable and glorious. The evils of war will in a great measure be inflicted upon the legitimate objects of it, and while the achievements and benefits of success remain with the conquerors, benefits not less in magnitude may accrue to the vanquished.

But if military operations be conducted by persons or parties of men controlled by no governing power save their own interested views and caprices, they will not only lack the system which has characterised those of a regularly constituted army, but will necessarily partake of the nature of the predatory incursions of a bygone age. The majesty of regularly constituted authority which should be a characteristic of an army, the physical representative of a nation's strength, will be wanting. Chiefs will govern by the consent of their immediate followers, and where so many fields for the exercise of vicious propensities are within view, interested motives of vicious men will but too often designate the person to whom that consent will be given. If the chiefs then obey the dictates of their followers, the state of barbarism in military matters will have been reached, and wars which might have been elements of improvement, become the arch-enemies of civilisation.*

*The system of electing officers by the votes of private soldiers is as absurdly infeasable as vicious in operation. The Army is not a Commonwealth, and can never be so regarded. Soldiers do not enlist or volunteer in order to serve themselves, except it be to the extent of their pay, and of following their own patriotic impulses. They are, not less than the officers, servants of the State, employed upon particular service by the People.

The army is a small part of the people—voluntarily isolated for the time being but with increased duties and obligations from those of the ordinary citizen—acting for the good of the whole, and paid for its services by the nation.

Therefore if the system of popular elections is to be adopted, the people of the United States at large would constitute the proper electors, as they, and not the soldiers, are those to whom the services of officers are given. Such an election being out of the question, expediency manifestly demonstrates that the appointments should be made as in the Regular establishment, by the elected agents of the people.

The military art in its broadest sense, is one of very great extent, and reaches every element of national existence, both moral and physical. It must ever vary with the circumstances of a nation, and its establishment should be so constituted that it may be exercised in perfect harmony with the civil organization. Our purpose is to glance at the military land establishment of the United States, and the state of the military art, either progressive or retrograde, in some of its details, as it at present exists amongst us.

In so far as improvements in the mere mechanical instruments of war are concerned, it may be believed that quite a sufficient degree of attention is given thereto, and that in this connection progress in the profession is not wanting. Ingenuity incited by cupidity, has caused the invention of many contrivances, intended to facilitate destruction.

"Machines of war," it has been said by an ordnance officer in a late work upon artillery,* "have now reached a state which would seem to admit of little or no improvement." However this may be, and whatever effect mere mechanical inventions may have, they will never cause the great changes in the art of war which their inventors often claim as the consequence of their adoption. They are but mechanical, and as whatever may be the instrument of attack, in civilized warfare, the attack will be met by a defence as ingenious, they can never be trusted to, as principal elements of safety, useful as they may be as auxiliaries, and as being the proper and legitimate instruments of the times.

The great strength of armies, like that of men and of nations is, confessedly, their moral power. In so far as this moral power can be cherished by the hand of government, it would seem to be most worthy of attention. It is true, that it is dependent upon many adventitious circumstances, which spring up according to different positions in which the army may be placed—and in some respects varying as these may vary—but the great ground work of the moral force, which constitutes the fitness of the instrument for the service upon which it is to be employed, is permanent.

Governments constituted as that of the United States, seem to have arrived nearer perfection than others, if we admit the truth of Montesquieu's principle, viz. "that that government is the best which governs the least." In respect to military affairs it has been the constant aim of American legislators to keep the army of the nation at a minimum standard. Fixed principle as this has become, it would be a useless task to advocate a change of policy—especially when so many arguments present themselves in favor of its continuance. Geographical position, and the course of events, have rendered the immediate services of a large body of troops in time of peace in a great degree unnecessary—and it now appears that the army is mainly to be regarded as the force necessary to maintain the petty wars of defence, waged from time to time against the Indian tribes on our extended frontiers. This is a legitimate use of the force and so far as necessary it should be so used. But to regard the army as but the instrument for temporary service of this nature would be an error of grave magnitude.

It is, has been, and must be the nucleus around which to form the force of the country in times of danger. As these may arise at any period, prudence would dictate that the nucleus should be such as to give its healthy tone to the mass to be formed upon it; that it should be in such positions that it may be easily commanded; and that it should be essentially the army of the American republic.

Ideas such as these may be considered as antagonistic to the generally entertained opinion of the efficiency of a volunteer force, speedily called into the field upon emergency; and truly too. For, such force, unless formed upon a regularly

The subordinate civil officers of the Republic might with as much reason elect the heads of Departments and President of the United States, as that soldiers should elect their officers.

Let it be established and understood that our armies shall elect the officers and commanders, and enact their own rules and ordinances, and we should, upon the first outbreak of hostilities, find masses of men with arms in their hands to a certain extent authorized by Law to protect their own special interests. A little color of law to the action of public servants for selfish ends, will go a great way, and will be sufficient authority for the establishment of dangerous precedents.

However much an officer holding office and command by the voice of his troops may be held responsible to the authorities of the General Government for his misdeeds, he will naturally look to his constituency for support. If they are strong enough, and willing to support him, he will, unless he be a man of *uncommon* patriotism, be tempted to set governmental authority at defiance. The truer way therefore is, by making an officer dependent upon the Government, to hold him directly responsible to that Government for his acts to superiors or inferiors, enemies or friends. His character as a public servant will be thus ensured; and he can in no wise be a chief of men, or exercise authority but as the agent of his government. He must never be allowed to act as the agent and instrument of his command.

* *Vide* page 19, "Elementary Treatise on Artillery and Infantry," by Lieut. C. P. Kingsbury, Ordnance Corps, U. S. Army, published by G. P. Putnam, New York, 1849. We would here call public attention to this excellent treatise, one which fully meets a desideratum and furnishes a large amount of most valuable matter not heretofore attainable in the English language.

To the Citizen Soldiery of the Republic this work is of especial value; and it would be a most judicious expenditure of public money, were a large number of copies of it purchased by Congress, and distributed among that portion of the military establishment.

constituted base, is almost always deficient in many important elements. American history might well be referred to in support of the assertion, and despite the continued vaunts in favor of the deeds of citizen soldiers put forth in the records of popular historians, the bare and naked facts would but sustain it. Nevertheless, such a force must be the main numerical dependance of our country; and as its substantial glories have been, so they will be achieved, by this force, when properly constituted upon a regular base. A great obstacle to the organization and to the efficiency of the whole mass of the American army, is the jealousy existing between its different branches. As it undoubtedly does exist between regulars and volunteers, and must be considered an evil, its causes may well be deemed a subject for investigation and remark.

Some of them are to be found in the nature of the establishment, and in the very existence of the regular army. The small numerical strength of the army, prevents its being known to the people in any other way than through the medium of the annual appropriation bills, when it is true its existence becomes palpably apparent to the legislators of the republic. Its services in time of peace being confined to remote borders, and effecting immediately a sparse and insignificant population, are lost sight of. The citizen of a populous mart, or section of the country, may very naturally ask the necessity of such a body of men supported at public expense. He needs no support and no protection, and if his attention be called to the frontiers, he is ready with an answer, that "as our forefathers protected themselves, so may the pioneers of the present day."

But let misfortune to an infant settlement occur through Indian hostility, and public opinion is quick enough to condemn governmental authorities, and ask why a military force had not been at hand to guard against the contingency. The blame is apt in some degree to revert to the army, small as it is, and again the question is asked, "of what use is the military establishment since it ever fails to repress the outrages of ordinary savages?" No heed is given to the fact that sufficient force could not be at hand from the nature of the establishment, for the subject is of such comparatively small importance, that investigation and argument upon it are apt to be considered unnecessary. The amount, therefore, paid for the support of the army being remembered, and its services and use being but little known and less cared for, a prejudice must naturally arise against those who are regarded as recipients of public money, uselessly expended.

Again—whenever it chances that the more prominent members of the profession, the officers, are thrown into the society of their fellow citizens, they appear as gentlemen of leisure. The cares of their profession are thrown aside, and they naturally seek in the enjoyment of all the comforts of civil life, a relief from the tedious routine of garrison, or the arduous duties of field service. A ready remark may be made upon their idleness, by the incautious civilian, ignorant of the true life of the soldier, and who takes a single specimen, seen but once or twice as a type of his class. The manners, the dress, and the habit of the man are to some extent distinct from those of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and they will not fail to draw down upon his profession the animadversions of all those who may be either envious or jealous of such as "*strut en militaire.*" The officer is regarded as one of a class separate and distinct amongst the American people—privileged to the extent of his pay, and to that of wearing the livery of his government.

That he has a certain pride in his profession is most true, and he certainly ought to have. That he is apt to consider that he is possessed of qualifications for the performance of military duties, which can only be acquired by experience and education, is very probable,—and, he may with justice claim them. But he has no right, under the existing state of things, to look upon himself as separate from the mass of his fellow citizens, either in interests or in honors; and to regard him as separated is a manifest injustice to both, on the part of the civilian. The appearances which cause the prejudices, on the one side and on the other, may be laid to the necessary isolation of the soldier and to his education.

The officers of the army are principally *elèves* of the Military Academy at West Point, and their education is purely military. As that education is commenced at an early age, and closely followed without interruption for four years, it follows that the earliest prejudices of the cadet are, from association, in favour of his profession.

Various objections have been urged against this institution, some with, and some without reason. Notwithstanding, the Academy has flourished until this time, and since the late hostilities with Mexico, the cries against it have been in a measure stilled. The importance of military education has been acknowledged by the American people, in spite of the self-confidence, in some cases amounting to arrogance, which makes many a man, without ordinary education, or the knowledge of the world, which is indispensable for the conduct of any great operation, believe himself fitted to take the place of a Napoleon upon the arrival of a suitable crisis. But while men of such natures have been too apt to deny the usefulness of a military Academy, its friends, in many cases, may have been no less arrogant and presumptuous. They have appeared to

claim that all the military talent and skill, and most of the bravery of the American army, be it constituted as it may, must perforce emanate from the Academy, thereby injuring their own cause, and the true interests of the class to which they belong.

To claim that a course of instruction of *four years* can transform an ordinary intellect into that genius which is necessary to the conception of the greater plans, and the execution of the larger operations of war, would be absurd in a high degree. Education never can create the material. The minds of men are in themselves, and are self characteristic. Education can and does assist in fitting the student for the exercise of his genius: but even without it, he may figure on the historic page in spite of the difficulties which would have vanished from his path before its light. As a means of developing the military talent which it may be necessary to employ for the national defence, military education must be considered. While the usefulness of the Military Academy is admitted, it will perhaps be well to glance at the system there adopted, and inquire whether it be in truth the one best fitted for its purposes. Its purposes are meant to be understood, not as imparting merely the knowledge of tactics or of *tracés* of fortifications, but in a more extended sense—as fitting young men for the position which they are to occupy in their country's service in such manner that the service shall be most effectually rendered—both in deed and in honor.

What has been principally urged against the institution, and from the most conspicuous sources, is its so called aristocratic tendency. If by aristocratic tendency—which is the term commonly used in the resolutions of state legislatures, and the speeches of members of Congress, calling for the abolition of the Academy—is meant its tendency to raise the moral and intellectual character of the officer of the army, to give him a thorough knowledge of his profession, and to render him more eminently qualified for the service of his country than others who have not had the advantages of the education, then indeed, its tendency is such as should be desired—and in the fact that it raises up a class of men of such character would be found the best answer to the various complaints made against it.

If however, it is meant that the tendency is to create a class who believe that they are in any prominent interest separate from the mass of the American people, who are so infatuated by their own self-conceit, that they hold in utter contempt the systems of national defence which have been so long persisted in, as to have become in a manner fixed, who will rail at the entire insufficiency of uneducated soldiers, and who will not lend the aid of their talent and example to the improvement of such means as are and must be those upon which we are mainly to rely, and there be any grounds for the assertion, then truly is the tendency evil, and the causes, which must be in the system of education adopted, should be vigorously attacked and reformed.

Different as may be the ends which have been spoken of, the paths which lead to them may well be common in a great degree. A natural and an honorable pride in acquirements, may, if those acquirements are regarded as the end, and not the means, readily become arrogance, insulting and insufferable to those who may be associated with the officer in the performance of his duties, and thus not only overshadow his personal reputation, but seriously impair, if it does not destroy his usefulness.

Pedantry, too, may well creep into military affairs, and of its existence in high places in the army at present, examples familiar to the army might easily be adduced. It is the legitimate result of a narrow view of things, and of concentrating the mind too closely upon certain objects, important and valuable it may be true, but only so far as forming part of a great whole.

It may perhaps be feared that the course of instruction, pursued at West Point, has something of the evil tendency adverted to, and thus far is objectionable.

The academy has been, since its existence, under the exclusive control of the Corps of Engineers, whence have emanated many, if not all of the suggestions and counsels which have been adopted for its administration. Whether this corps, having its separate duties and peculiar interests, in a great measure distinct from those of the army, is the proper guardian of the institution may be questioned.

The services of the Corps of Engineers, in time of peace, are principally confined to the construction of fortifications upon our seaboard. Its operations are carried on by themselves; and so entirely are its interests disconnected with those of the other branches of the profession, that it has been a favorite project of its chief to expel the line of the army, whose legitimate duty is the defence of the forts, from their occupation.

Aside from any disconnection of interests which would render the exclusive jurisdiction of the Engineer Corps inexpedient, is an objection still stronger, existing in the Constitution of the Corps itself.

It is not numerous, and contains but few officers of high rank. To find in it many who combine the various qualities eminently essential in a Superintendent of the Military Academy, with sufficient rank to fill the position properly, cannot be expected. Those of the Field officers of

the corps who were available for the situation, have already served in the capacity, and the field of choice is now narrowed down to the Captains of Engineers. Without questioning the probability that there are several gentlemen of that grade who are fitted for the performance of the duties, the limited rank which they possess must be an objection to their filling a place where they must exercise a command at least equal to that of a Colonel in any other position in the army.

It would be arrogance on the part of the friends of the corps to claim, and it would be folly to admit, that the only talent fitted for the place is to be found within its ranks. As the duties of Superintendent are not merely scientific, and require in the incumbent a full knowledge of the military profession of the country, and no small experience in the affairs of human nature, it would seem that the field of choice should be as little circumscribed as possible. By making the selection from the army at large, the difficulties would in some degree be obviated, and the rank proper for the situation, connected with other requisites, might be obtained—at least there would be a larger field, and therefore a better opportunity.

The exclusive control which is exercised by the Corps of Engineers, may have an effect in causing the officers of the Academy to regard the institution itself as of a more contracted nature, than it ought to be, to be truly national. Most of the professors and other officers connected with it are *elèves* of the Academy; but few of them have seen active service in the army, or have had experience in other situations in life than those of cadets and instructors at West Point. That they are duly qualified as instructors, so far as their personal knowledge of particular branches of science extends, cannot be doubted. Indeed, for knowledge of a purely scientific character. the faculty of the Academy will compare well with that of any American, and not a few, of European institutions. It is a subject of boast, however, that the professors have been educated at the very scene, where their labors of instruction are to be expended. How far this may be matter of congratulation may be questioned, for the practice must inevitably produce its effect. The distinctive features of the institution will be perpetuated—and while those which are admitted to be excellent can hardly be improved, those known to be objectionable will not fail to become more so.

People who, throughout their lives, have been confined to a narrow sphere of action, however proficient they may be in their particular branches of science, must lack the comprehensiveness of ideas, which should present the views of times and things as they are to the minds of the candidates for military commissions. The manners and opinions of the professor, have as much effect upon the minds of students as the knowledge conveyed in scientific lectures. Their continued association, and the natural impulse which prompts a youth to copy, though it may be unwillingly, the actions of his superiors, will have a far stronger influence over his character. The cadet must perforce imbibe a certain portion of the prejudices of his professors, although he may feel and avow all the dislike to their personal character, often professed by the student in the society of youthful companions. Certainly, he will imbibe these prejudices, when they are those which will serve in turn to flatter his own vanity or selfishness.

With the deservedly high reputation which the Military Academy enjoys, it is most natural that the *élèves* of it should be fond of their *alma mater*, and to a degree vain of the honor of being her alumni. When the sphere of their action, the ends of their lives, and their very existence are confined to the plain of West Point, it is natural that the reverence in which they hold the institution should become a fixed principle, to the detriment of its national character. Under other systems of government than that of the United States, this might not be objectionable, but where the sovereign power is so directly in the hands of the people, to associate any class of public servants too closely with their particular institution, may well be fraught with evil. The aristocratic tendency of which complaint is made, may be actually and viciously developed.

The cadet seeing from the manner, life and action of his professor, if not directly from his words, that *he* believes the particular profession for which he is being educated, to be one of eminence and distinction, that the education which he is receiving is superior; and finding his impressions confirmed by the difficulty which he experiences in passing the various examinations, will in the vanity of acquirement to which youthful minds are prone, consider himself a man of no small merit, inasmuch as he has graduated at the Military Academy. Ignorant of aught save the theoretical part of his profession, fresh in the ways of the world and overflowing with prejudices and conceit, engendered and cherished in the atmosphere of the Academy, he issues upon the stage of action, to provoke the smiles and sarcasms of civilians by his self-sufficiency, and exclusive military ideas. That part of his education which is really and truly beneficial to himself and his country, does not immediately appear. Time and opportunity are requisite to take off the exterior surface under which his real worth is hidden, and so present him in his true light. In the mean while, however, the effect

which his first appearance produced remains, as well as the injury done to himself and his caste. Unless he should have the benefit of early experience in active service, it is more than probable that the same ideas will remain predominant in his mind—that he will still regard the army as the first thing which ought to be attended to by the government, as it is the profession of his life. If he has no promotion, if his advancement is slow, and if he differ from those who legislate upon the subject of the Military Establishment, he may perchance find himself questioning the expediency of the form of government under which he lives, inasmuch as it does not conduce to the benefit of his profession in a paramount degree.

All this would be objectionable under every point of view. The officers and soldiers of the republic should be essentially republicans. They should be impressively taught to look at the system of government as it is, and as it may become—even more liberal and more free than it is. They should be made to know, that the members of their profession cannot be separated from the mass of the people, and to understand that they are American citizens, performing the solemn duties of an arm of the law and of the national defence, undertaken voluntarily, without lessening in any way their privileges or obligations as citizens.

Their chief pride and object should be, it is true, to perform those duties most faithfully, and to contribute so far as may be in their power, to render the Military Establishment peculiarly American—to let it keep pace in improvement with the times, and constantly to fulfil, in its most extended sense, the purpose of its existence.

If these be the ends and aims of the officers of the army, as they doubtless are of the greater number, there surely can be no well-founded objection to the establishment. Let them be well understood by the American people, and they will heartily co-operate in any thing which may tend to the improvement of this arm of the national defence. A cordial feeling and a proper understanding of the matter, will produce their effect to the benefit of all concerned. The benefit to the members of the profesion, vainly sought and hoped for, while the army is regarded as an order by itself, will follow as the day the night.

How the course of education at the Military Academy may be modified, so as to correct some of the evils which have been hinted at, without impairing in any degree the efficiency of the institution for scientific instruction, is the next question. The answers have been already touched upon. By depriving the Academy as much as possible of its exclusive character—which would be in a manner effected by making selection of the superintendent from the Army at large—by causing the various officers on duty at the institution to serve for a term of years with their regiments, or to become disconnected with the Academy before they are eligible to a situation—and by taking the scientific professors, other acquirements being equal, from civil life.

It may be said that the military character of the institution would suffer by the innovation.

The military character of the institution would be preserved by its organization, and by the very fact that it is under governmental patronage. The superintendency, and the various military branches taught at the place, would perfectly insure it.

The course of instruction should comprise branches of a more general nature than it does at present, or at least those at present taught, not immediately connected with the profession, should be enlarged upon. The science of mathematics, that most closely followed, is undoubtedly that which best teaches the student to reason closely and accurately upon a single subject. It may be doubted, however, whether it be not calculated to concentrate the powers of the mind too closely upon the single end, unless others of a different nature are pursued in connection with it. Neither is it the only science which can lead an officer of the army to a thorough knowledge of his profession. It does assist him in acquiring that portion of it which relates to *materiél*. Artillery and engineering are both eminently mathematical, and the study of the science is absolutely necessary for their acquirement. But, they are the assistants to the performance of extended military operations, not the chief agents. A military commander, no less than a statesman, must act upon the minds of men, both friends and enemies. The moral effect of his actions is no less efficient than the strength of his battalia; and certainly all which might assist in fitting an officer for the exercise of such power, for national purposes, should be attended to. The knowledge of the systems of government as they exist at present should be especially inculcated. History should be referred to, that experience may shed her light upon the path of the neophyte—though not to the effect of inspiring him with a blind veneration for the customs or deeds of antiquity.

A modern student, however, will hardly become overburdened with conservatism, if he be in any way connected with the events of his own day. He must keep up with them, in idea, and in action, or he will be left so far behind, that he must rouse perforce—and then it may be that from a desire of preventing a similar catastrophe, his action will carry him even in advance of them.

Literature should not be neglected, for it

affords a field for the exercise of intellect, not less useful than that of mathematical science. It is less practical, it is true; it will not carry man's knowledge to the distant planetary or solar systems, nor teach him the statical or organic laws of matter. But it will open to him the gates of the immaterial world, from which many things most valuable and most potent in human affairs may be gathered.

All these additions might very well be objected to in a course already overburdened. However, they are suggestions—and in regard to the time spent at the Military Academy, it might in reason be lengthened one or even two years. An increase in the term of instruction has been recommended, time and again, and it may be doubted whether it be not absolutely necessary for the acquirement of the course as at present taught. As it is, theory goes much further beyond practice in many scientific studies pursued, than is consistent with a proper understanding of professional matters, and occupies time which might be advantageously employed in becoming proficient in the actual exercise of the knowledge. It may be safely asserted that not one out of twenty-five cadets, graduates of the Military Academy, upon leaving it, would be immediately capable of taking charge of even an ordinary survey, purely for want of practice.

In astronomy, the want is no less flagrant, and the practice in artillery, which is peculiarly a subject to be attended to, is by no means radical.

Reasons for these deficiencies may be found in the masses of matter contained in the text books, of which much is perfectly useless, except for rendering the student expert in solving hazy mathematical problems, of but little or no practical benefit.

By cutting away, and confining the instruction to that absolutely required for a practical knowledge, time would be left for the practice of the acquirement. Any increase of time of the course could be well employed in the pursuits which have been before suggested.

Many loud declamations have been made against the Academy on account of the manner of making the appointments of cadets. Most of them have been without reason, and if they were not, it can readily be seen that they do not affect the institution itself. The appointments to it is a previous matter, and as the cadets are subject, not governing persons while within its walls, the direct influence upon its character cannot be great. Be that as it may, the method of appointment lies in the hands of the people's representatives, and that it should be such as to confer the benefits thereof most equally, is their peculiar duty. Our subject, at present, is the character of our army and its officers, and we have gone no further back than the commencement of their career.

We have thus far made some few suggestions in regard to the Military Academy, and although the subject is one which requires deep thought, before action should be taken, it appears to us that the wants and deficiencies alluded to are palpable. That the various suggestions for supplying them are those most proper, would perhaps be too much for us to assert. However, if the suggestions have any effect in drawing attention to the subject, and if they should in any degree tend to the destruction of aught which cherishes the idea in the minds of either soldiers or civilians that the classes are separate in interests, much of our object will have been accomplished. In this connection we would solicit the attention of those graduates of the Military Academy who are now representatives of our people or our States in Congress. With a knowledge of the institution derived from experience, having had opportunities of observing the effects of the education which it imparts, both in peaceful times, and upon the more conspicuous and extended field of national contests, and occupying the positions which they do, these gentlemen have an opportunity of doing deeds of great good to the Academy, and through it to confer no small benefits upon the members of their late profession and the country at large. We trust the opportunity will not be neglected.*

In continuation of our subject, it may be well to look at the life of the officers of our army in different situations of their service, and to touch upon certain systems pursued in different departments of the army.

Life in garrison is generally considered one of idleness. In many cases, it may be feared that it does partake of that character. The troops occupying the posts on the seaboard, and the garrison on the Western frontier, have but little to do under the present systems, save to attend to the ordinary police and repairs of the works, and maintain the discipline necessary to the Establishment. Their time is occupied in the performance of military duties, and the exercise of the troops at duties. &c. But much leisure remains on the hands of both officers and men, to be employed as may best suit their fancies.

Of course the manner of employment must vary with the idiosyncracy of the individual. To those who consider themselves persons of a distinct class, and fixtures in the army, looking no further than the advancement which they are to

* We refer to the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of the U. S. Senate, and Messrs. Humphrey Marshall and Robert McLane, of the House of Representatives, to whom the Army look for intelligent legislation in matters connected with the good of the Military Establishment.

receive by the casualties of their comrades, time may indeed seem tedious, and dissipation will follow as a necessary consequence. But others can find the benefit of the leisure thus placed at their disposal in various employments disconnected with the army. However, it would be well, and fraught with good, both to the individuals and the service, and through them the country, were the nature of things such that the tediousness should not exist—that there should be some incentive to the action, both of mind and body—and not for the sake of amusement alone, but for positive and material improvement.

The troops in position at forts upon the seaboard, are for the most part Artillery, or at least are so called in law, and in Army Regulations. From the system which has been pursued, however, they have but little in common with artillerists, other than the name, and the facings of their uniforms. In the American army, branches of the staff have in one way or another assumed the duties of the artillery arm, and have almost entirely separated the duties of manufacture and experiment from the army. This has been dóne by a continued course of policy on the part of people at Washington who look more to their own benefit, than the good of the service at large. The artillery of the American army was at one time in two battalions; one of light and one of heavy artillery. This did not please many seniors who were desirous of more rank and more pay, than they could obtain under the battalion organization. The subject was pressed upon the attention of Congress, and finally a regimental organization was substituted,—one which does give a greater number of Colonels and other field officers upon the muster rolls of regiments, but which is entirely useless for artillery as such.

Again, to get a greater number of officers, and more rank, the creation of an ordnance corps separate from the artillery was recommended, perhaps by those most interested in the business. With specious reasoning which met with too little opposition, the matter was urged until it was established by law. A corps of officers was created, and with it a nondescript body, called enlisted men of ordnance, in numbers equal to a regiment.

Certain members of the Engineer Corps too, desiring, it may be, more patronage and more exclusive command, have attempted to model that arm of the service upon European establishments, and to have created under their control, a corps of sappers, miners, and pontoniers. Opinions of old authorities are quoted, the usages of all European nations are pointed at, and arguments without number are presented, showing the peculiar efficacy of such a body of troops—what they can do, and what it is presumed they will do—with many assertions, though fewer arguments, as to the necessity of their performances, under the existing state of things, or indeed any which it is probable will exist.

It is in these branches of the army, called, and with reason, scientific, that there is most room for misrepresentation, and most facility in conviucing members of Congress of the utility of particular schemes. A man arguing with an increase of rank and pay in view, will argue with energy, if not with wisdom. He will be indefatigable in search of authorities on his side of the question, and while he has the field to himself may very easily convince an uninformed committee on military affairs, that his plan is that which would be exceedingly beneficial to the service. It would not be too much to suppose that in such manner abuses have crept into all three of these arms of the service, requiring reform, and they may briefly be noticed. In order to understand them it will be well to look at the purposes of the three departments of the army under consideration, and mark whether they fulfil these purposes in the best manner as at present constituted. The first of them in point of numbers is the Artillery.

The artillery arm of an army establishment should be proportioned to the main force for field service, and for that of the fortifications of the country. It should be at all times ready to do duty as Artillery. In an army so small as that of the United States it would seem that the regular establishment should be eminently proficient. For, from the nature of things, and from a system of fortification which has thus far been persisted in, a very large force would be required to render the forts already constructed upon our seaboard efficient for defence, in a war with any maritime power. The artillery being the nucleus upon which to form the force, should be in such a state as to furnish not only officers, but noncommissioned officers and privates, fitted to instruct recruits and new levies—not only in the mere manual parts of their duty, but in those which partake of a scientific character.

It would be entirely out of the question, to think of keeping in constant service the number of artillery men required to garrison completely the works already erected. The number might readily be reduced to the minimum necessary for the preservation of the works, and for the duties of construction connected with the arm. These duties, now performed by the corps of ordnance, belong essentially to the artillery, and besides, are in a greater or less degree necessary to it, in order that the artillerist should thoroughly understand his profession.

As things are at present, the army of the United States has forty-eight companies of artillery,

organized into four regiments, each with its full complement of field officers. Eight of these companies (two to a regiment) are, or by law ought to be, armed and equipped as light artillery—but the remainder are infantry in armament and in every thing else except the name. From time to time they are ordered into the field as infantry in the prosecution of Indian hostilities, and even when in garrison do but little duty in their proper arm. A limited supply of ammunition is issued for target practice, which takes place once in three months—and with this their scientific performances end. The very fact that they are to a certain extent employed as infantry would show that the whole force is not absolutely needed as artillery in time of peace—and while it performs infantry duty, it would be vain to expect that it should be a formidable body of artillery upon emergency. Whatever of scientific knowledge its officers may acquire will be the result of their own exertions, not of governmental system. The men must, of course, remain perfectly ignorant of their duties, and have to be crammed, when a crisis arises, like a backward student for his examination. All of this may appear to militate against the truth of the reputation which the artillery acquired in the late Mexican war. But it must be remembered, that that reputation was in great measure acquired by the service of the light batteries, which had been some time organised, and in service, in their own arm. What was gained at Vera Cruz by the heavy artillery, was gained in despite of circumstances. The credit of it belongs to the officers under whose direction it was gained, not to a system which threw obstacles in their way. Moreover, a portion of the duties were performed by officers of the ordnance corps, who were not in direct command of troops, saving a small number of the enlisted men of ordnance.

Under the present state of things, in peace, the artillery (so called), with the exception of the light companies, is infantry. The true artillery service which is performed, other than that of light batteries, is performed by the ordnance. The experiments in gunnery, the manufacture of arms, the preparation of material, in fine, every thing belonging to the artillery arm, is done by the ordnance to the extent which its force will allow. The question as to the use of so many troops under the denomination of artillery, when they have so little to do with the duties, naturally arises. The answer appears to be, that they should be denominated infantry, as they are, if only for the sake of consistency.

However, it may well be believed that a set of officers so entirely disconnected with the army, and the service, as the majority of the officers of ordnance are, from their present duties and positions, are to a certain degree unfitted for the performance of the important duties which may devolve upon them in times of danger, when they are called upon to act with troops. It is also probable that the ordnance corps is too small to furnish the requisite nucleus upon which to form an artillery upon a war establishment.

To render the artillery establishment, as a whole, more effective, and to provide for its constant practice in its duties, and the continued knowledge of all its branches, we would suggest several changes in the organization.

A single regiment of artillery, comprising a sufficient number of companies for the performance of all the duties now done by enlisted men of ordnance, that of the light batteries, and to furnish small garrisons for the works where they might be required, could very well supersede the ordnance corps and the four regiments of artillery. It could be easily formed from the officers of ordnance and from the artillery. Under the direction of one head, and with the opportunities for improvement which would be constantly presented by the service of armories and arsenals, the proficiency which is desirable could readily be obtained and kept up. The men, however, ought in reason, to be enlisted for such a term of service as to render the knowledge which they acquire serviceable to the state, and their pay should be increased in order to induce a good class of citizens to enter the service.

By the modifications suggested, the number and rank of artillery officers would be materially diminished. But, their efficiency would be increased, and an increase of pay, and relative rank with other corps could be given, to make up for the want of rank in their own. That portion of the artillery, which would be surplus after the organization should be completed, could be embodied with the infantry or cavalry as might be most expedient. The officers should be allowed, as they would be, the benefit of more rapid promotion, and would be spared the trouble and useless task implied by the present state of things—that of keeping their troops efficient as artillery, without the means of commanding a single element of instruction.

It may reasonably be supposed that twenty companies of artillery, fitted to an establishment of one hundred men, with six officers to a company, would be sufficient for the performance of all the duties necessary for the service. Two thousand men, and one hundred and twenty officers would then be in service as artillery in truth, men and officers would be proficient in their duties, and surely such a force would be better as a nucleus upon which to form the artillery for a large army, than the four regiments as they exist at present—neither the one thing nor the other,—

and the ordnance corps disconnected as it is with the true military service of the country. At all events, the suggestion may be well worth consideration.

The duties of the corps of engineers, as laid down in the General Regulations for the army, comprise many things purely military, and are important enough, if faithfully performed, to warrant the assertion that their functions are generally confined to the most elevated branch of military science. However, by the regulations and the usage of the service, their duties in time of peace are independent of the army, and in fact only amount to the location and construction of fortifications. The labor which Engineer officers superintend is done by hired citizens, and saving the plans is that of architects. The corps in itself is small, and the system of fortifications which they are constructing immense. The consequence is, that but little opportunity is afforded an engineer officer for becoming associated with the army, or of preparing himself, except theoretically, for the performance of his multifarious scientific duties.

The engineer officer is, moreover, more exclusively the child of the Military Academy, placed by the faculty of the institution in the corps, taught to consider it as an honor of the highest kind, and that as he occupies such position, he is fully prepared for the performance of every thing scientific in military affairs. His life immediately on leaving the Academy is either that of an assistant in building a large work, where he solves problems in stone cutting, or speculates upon the benefits to be derived from using asphaltum upon casemates; or is spent in the office in Washington, where he continues his education, by constructing problems and drawing plans of fortifications. Kept to service such as this, isolated in a great degree from the world, and almost entirely from the army, the Engineer retains his West Point ideas on things in general, and is apt to keep himself confined by the rules of his art as laid down by European authorities, in the practice of even that upon which he labors. As for an engineer officer in the United States service acquiring any practical knowledge of the "planning, laying out, and superintending all military works, defensive or offensive, of troops in the field, camp, cantonment, the planning and construction of military bridges, the planning, laying out, and superintending military trenches, parallels, saps, mines, and other works of attack and siege, besides the reconnoitering and surveying for military purposes," it is almost impossible under the present system and although all these duties are assigned to them by the regulations, yet when the engineer is called upon to perform such of them as will one day be found necessary, he must depend upon theoretical knowledge.

To suppose or to assert that officers of engineers are not entirely proficient in every thing military, may be in opposition to the generally entertained opinion of the skill exhibited by them in the war with Mexico. But this does not controvert the position. Self gratulations, the exertions of a few individuals of the corps, and the effects of a West Point education, which led many officers to acknowledge with too little question the importance of services rendered, because they were rendered by engineers,—the interested landations of one set of general officers, and the praises of another class, given because it was fashionable to praise the corps, and perchance, some drippings of flattery from the pen of a diplomatist, let fall for the same reason, were in some measure the causes of the high reputation which has been awarded to them. That they served well as individuals cannot be doubted. That the gallantry of some members of the corps was unsurpassed is most true. But it was often times equalled, and one cause of the conspicuous display of it, was perhaps in the fact of their independence of command, and connection with troops, which allowed them, to a certain extent, to follow the vent of their own inclination on a field of battle. But as for the science displayed in purely military works of attack and defence, it will hardly bear the test of close scrutiny. Fort Brown was a simple work and indeed well constructed. Fort Polk, at Point Isabel, was, however, the laughing stock of the army, and famous for the absurdity of its plans. The batteries at Vera Cruz were as simple as works of attack could be, and at no point approached nearer than one thousand yards of the city. The batteries erected against Chapultepec, will hardly be quoted as specimens of skill by any one. These were all the works of construction of any consequence executed by the engineer corps in Mexico. The other duties performed by them, were those of reconnoisance and map-drawing. Much of that, too, was performed by officers of the line of the army.

The company of sappers and miners, and pontoniers, after constant recommendation, as a part of the engineer force, was authorised by law at the commencement of the war, and being organised, did service on the southern line of operations from Vera Cruz to Mexico. It was of much use, and was doubtless as good a company of infantry as there was in the army. The engineer operations not being very extensive, the operations of the company in that arm ceased with them. Such as they were, they have been made the basis of application for an increase of that kind of troops, which will probably

be persisted in, with "unmastered importunity," until they are obtained. There is much reason for their employment, it cannot be denied, and by having a corps of men better educated in the particular branch of military service, than those of the line, much practical benefit may be derived. But such a corps should be adapted to the wants of our country, not blindly modelled upon the effete systems of European powers. They are not wanted exclusively for the care of fortifications, or to build ponton bridges from West Point to Washington's valley, for the edification of the corps of cadets.

The system of fortifications which we have pursued at an enormous expense, and which will be endless if persisted in, increasing in magnitude as it does daily, it may be feared, partakes too much of the science of a few past generations. Our coast is so very extensive, that to guard it thoroughly is impossible. Forts and troops without number would be requisite, and to keep the forts in a defensive state even in time of war, would require an outlay which would cause other and more important departments of the service to suffer from the expenditure. Fortified harbors, it may safely be asserted, are not wanted, except for the protection of commerce, and as safe places for refitting and repairing the vessels engaged in it, and those belonging to the navy. To these uses may be added, the protection of those large cities whose wealth offers an inducement to the cupidity of the enemy, to cause him to attack them. But, as these large cities are the points of rendezvous for the marine, all purposes are fulfilled when they are well fortified. To multiply expenditures and stations by studding the coast with a large number of small forts, formidable only to a weak naval force, appears to be incommensurate in benefit with the whole outlay of money and means. For, if the point be of any essential value to an enemy for ulterior purposes, he will bring a force against it, sufficient to crush the ordinary garrison which the small work will contain. If it be not, then he will hardly assail it for the purpose of unprovoked and useless marauding.

Again, the great facilities for land-transportation, now at hand in every civilised country, advise many modifications in the system of coast defence, as well as the quartermaster's department of an army. Thus, one thing which has been urged as of great importance by engineer officers, might well be dispensed with altogether. To know how to construct ponton bridges is perhaps well enough, as it will afford the facility requisite upon an emergency, should it ever arise. But whether it will occur is exceedingly doubtful. The rivers of this continent are peculiar in their character. In any portion of the country where military operations are likely to occur, they are for the most part too large to be bridged in such manner, or too small to require it—and the means of passage are so immediately at hand, that such an incumbrance as a ponton train is unnecessary. In remote warfare, or in the prosecution of Indian hostilities, it would be perhaps worthless. No general commanding a small army, which will always be the operating force, can afford to trail after him through an unsettled country, for a doubtful purpose, a train, quite sufficient for the full transportation of a division, laden with pontons and their equipments.

The establishment has been authorised, and principally for the reason that there once occurred an event where it might have been beneficial. It was conceded that General Taylor might have crossed the Rio Grande, immediately after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and probably have captured the Mexican army, had a ponton train been immediately at his disposal. On this, to provide against future events of the same nature in the Mexican war, the train was authorised and constructed. But the door was locked after the steed had been stolen, as not unfrequently happens. The Rio Grande was passed without pontons, and although they were sent out to Mexico in order to operate upon the southern line, from Vera Cruz to the capital, they were utterly useless. Other than the Rio Grande, and perhaps the Panuco, it is doubtful whether in all Mexico there is a stream where they would have served any beneficial purpose whatsoever. They did not serve any as pontons—but some parts of the train were found to be useful by the quarter master's department for hay packing at Vera Cruz. A large portion of the material was sold with other *débris* of equipment, at the close of the war. What became of the remainder is not exactly known to us, but it is doubtless going to decay, serving no other purpose than that of showing how a ponton bridge may be built, and how little it is worth upon this continent, at this day.

If Engineer soldiers in considerable numbers were employed under their own officers, in connection with the army, on such duty as is required in the field, if they should construct the temporary defences upon Indian borders, move with troops and build the actual military bridges useful on the frontier, practice whatever scientific knowledge they have, and reduce it to the standard required for actual service in their own country, it is fair to believe that the men would become more ready in the construction of works of every kind, and the officers more fitted for active service, and of more use to the state, than they will ever be, building useless forts on the eastern coast—or acquiring knowledge, theoretical or practical, of effete European systems at

the bureau at Washington, or at the Military Academy.

There is nothing truer than that necessity is the mother of invention. Men will always acquire knowledge more perfectly, and with more facility, when the beneficial effect of it is within view, than when that effect is seen dimly in the distance, and clouded by contingencies. This should be remembered in the constitution and organization of our army especially. Upon this truth, may be based the principal argument in favor of the national system, of depending mainly upon a force of new levies in time of war. As, however, these new levies must learn of the old establishment, it is necessary that the troops of the latter, should be especially proficient. Hence the reasons why the regular force should be employed as much as possible upon duties which will fall to their lot in the period of strife.

The Cavalry and Infantry of the army, are the only branches of the service, avowedly kept up for present purposes alone. Their numbers both of officers and men are at the minimum. Their service is nearly constant, and inasmuch as it partakes of activity, is in many respects calculated for improvement. The Dragoon regiments are almost constantly upon the move at the west, and the continued marching gives officers and men the practical knowledge of their duties so eminently essential to cavalry. A mounted force is peculiarly necessary in the west, where there are no facilities for locomotion, and where operations are against an uncivilised foe. The school is undoubtedly a good one, and the dragoons of the West would, if properly handled, be an excellent corps upon which to form the cavalry of a warlike establishment. However, it must not be presumed that dragoons are to be made in a day, and it would be well were that kind of force much increased, especially as it is the only effective one for pursuit of Indians upon the Western frontiers and prairies. A force from which might be drawn the greater portion of the cavalry of an army, might very well be kept in service. The protection to convoys to and from our distant territories would be more efficient than at present, and when it might be necessary, a body of mounted men could be commanded for service at any point, who would make a very different figure, and do very different service from the heterogenous masses denominated cavalry, amongst volunteers. Troops of the latter character have never done any thing as yet. It is true that Col. Johnson's mounted riflemen are said to have charged successfully a line of British troops at the battle of the Thames. But the reasons why they were successful must be looked for, in the panic of their enemies and the disparity of force, rather than in any superiority in the discipline or prowess of the assailants. British, or any other good infantry, will oppose the best of cavalry with invariable success upon anything like an equal field. That they should be beaten by men who carry a weapon, not only useless but a positive incumbrance while mounted, shows that they were beaten before the attack was made.

However, the days of the superiority of cavalry in civilised warfare have passed, and especially in the United States. The greater portion of the country in the east is unfitted for its operations in masses, and speed of locomotion for large bodies is obtained by means of the steam power which every where traverses the country. Cavalry would be wanted in time of war for short escort service, and perhaps for making an occasional charge, in connexion with artillery, to be supported by infantry. From the small number likely to be required in the east, and the nature of its services, arise reasons why it should be of excellent character. While the west affords the school, and the theatre for the instruction and beneficial operation of our cavalry arm, it would seem the part of good policy to cherish it.

Infantry is, and must be the main force of every army used in civilised warfare. It is the only arm able to protect itself, is the least dependent upon circumstances for its physical support, and besides being the most powerful force, is the least expensive, and most readily formed from new levies. With us the force of the regular establishment is small, and in the garrison service of the west, the troops and officers are deprived of the benefit which would arise from the constant practice of evolutions in masses. It may be believed nevertheless, that these troops as at present organised have the elements of efficiency, if not that perfection which would be desirable as a nucleus upon which to form the mass of a newly raised army. By increasing the cavalry force to a strength which would render the employment of volunteer horse unnecessary in time of war, the infantry could be collected in larger garrisons, and would be afforded better opportunities for continued discipline than it can ever enjoy while cut up into detachments of one or two companies.

The benefit to be derived from a regular infantry establishment, above the service actually rendered, must, however, be small, unless the officers are to regard themselves as liable to do duty upon emergency in higher grades than most of them can aspire to upon any peace establishment likely to be kept up in the United States service. The duties of Captains and subalterns of infantry are simple as they can well be, and so long as an officer sees nothing before him which can call for an exertion of higher powers

he will lack the incentive to improvement. It is a natural trait in men to refuse action in professional matters unless there be an end in view. People seldom amuse themselves by the practice of anything which appertains peculiarly to their duties. On the contrary they will take almost any other method of killing leisure, unless some advancement can be derived for themselves, or some benefit conferred upon their class or their country. But, if the probability of the necessity of such knowledge as can readily be acquired be presented to officers, in ever so remote a degree, the idea of usefulness will add its inducements, all powerful with properly constituted minds, to keep up with the age in affairs of the military service.

These last remarks will apply to the whole army as well as to the infantry; if the genius of a man is confined by the stern bonds of necessity, and of legislative enactment, to a narrow sphere, without a probability of passing beyond its bounds, surely the effect will be that time will render habit second nature, and the mind will become incapable of proper action, if perchance the barriers which have long confined it are removed. Like the hopeless prisoner of years, suddenly freed from his dungeon, a man who all his life has filled a subordinate position, when called to a higher sphere, will shrink from the light, and seek to shun responsibility by a return to his accustomed confinement,—unless indeed, he regards his subordinate position as one of probation.

That the officers of the army, or many of them could be of more service to the state in higher positions than those which they occupy in the regular establishment, when there is a necessity for the employment of a large force, does not admit of a doubt. In the late war some few were employed, and surely not one failed in the duties of his grade. That more of them were not promoted to higher commands, was doubtless the result of the jealousy which has been remarked in the former part of this paper.

That the employment upon emergency, in superior positions, would require sound judgment in selection is most true, and it can hardly be believed that the rule of succession established for promotion, would answer for original appointments. That education and experience render a man more fitted for the exercise of military command than one who lacks them, if the individual capacities are the same, is a truism apparent to all. Therefore, that the country may have the benefit of this education and experience, in all necessary action, in its greatest extent, it would be well that laudable ambition, instead of being stifled should be cherished.

The remarks which we have written have been suggested by a consideration of the army of the United States as it really exists. The suggestions which we have made are those which have struck us as apposite. However, the objects which we have had in view, as we have said, have been to draw attention to the subject, and to show what we deem to be a great and prevailing error,—that of regarding those employed in the military service as a class distinct from the mass of their fellow citizens. It may be that we have touched not overlightly on some departments of the army, and that we shall incur the charge of faultfinding: if so, we are perfectly willing to take the responsibility. Faultfinding, with regard to individuals, may in many cases be reprehensible, or at least productive of no good effect. But in respect to national affairs, or national establishments, we hold that it is the first step in progression. At all events, it brings subjects of interest before the world, which being known are prominent—and then

> "Distinction with a broad and powerful fan
> Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
> And what hath mass or matter, by itself,
> Lies rich in virtue and unmingled."

QUESTIONINGS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

"Tis veil'd in mystery still!"

We are—whence come we?—whither do we go
  Who live—move—have our being here—for what?
  To take upon us this poor human lot—
Merely beneath Life's heavy load to bow?
  To toil and labor for the glittering gold—
  Not knowing who shall gather? To grow old,
  Then sicken—droop—and die—and be forgot?
O! for some Prophet-voice, to tell us *what*
  The *final change* we all must undergo!
We ask the Past the reason of our Being—
  We strive to pierce the eternal Mystery;
But in *this* brief existence only seeing
  Its sad necessities, our inquiry
Brings back no answer from the solemn sea
  Of what we shall in the Hereafter be!
But shrouded in impenetrable gloom
  The deep and tideless calm remains unbroken—
  From that dim shore no vessel hath been spoken!—
Unknown and voiceless as the silent tomb,
  No Œdipus may solve with sign or token
    The great Enigma of Futurity!

New York, Feb., 1851.

GOOD—VIRTUE.

"From words to things."

In language we have the nearest approach to a sight of the mind, which like God, is invisible in its nature, but is manifested in its operations. In language therefore, we may expect to find the deep imprint of human nature, and likewise traces of national peculiarities. Take an example or two. Does not the use of the word *good*, in several languages, afford some proof of the universal cupidity of man, by showing the high estimate put upon *property?* For *property*, we have—Greek *ta agatha*—Latin *bona*—German *die güter*—Spanish *buena*, French *biens* and English *Goods*—all, as is obvious, from the word in each language respectively, meaning *good.* Thus the Good—the great good, the desirable thing is *property.* As the Romans said *esse in bonis*—meaning to have possession of an estate—so the French, *avoir du bien—manquer de bien*—to be rich—to be poor; *il aime le bien*—ah, excellent man, you are ready to exclaim, who loves what is good; softly—spare your laudation—it only means—he loves money. In English we keep up the same idea through a variety of words. *Wealth* comes from the same root with *well—weal* is another form, and *Common-wealth* is the dignified title we give to the great aggregate of persons, things, and institutions, constituting the State. So the word *estate*, meaning originally, stateor condition, generally, has gained the specific meaning of *property—goods—wealth*—the state or estate most important, being that which has reference to worldly possessions. This meaning of *estate* is not found in the words from which it is derived. *Status*, does not mean property, though the Romans said, somewhat in this sense, of persons proscribed, *nullum statum habent*—they have nothing to lose. Nor do the French use *etat* as we do *estate*, though singularly enough it would seem to mean *clothes* in the following sentence—*vos petites dames portent un aussi grand* ETAT *que les dames de qualité.* Dress. we are thus taught, if we did not know it otherwise, is a great affair with the modern Gauls.

In a general sense, *worth* is value—its specific meaning refers to money. The ancient worthies were very different men from those who now-a-days are said to be worth the most. Were old Fuller alive to give a new edition of England's Worthies he would have to head his list with Rothschild, and Baring & Co. The contrariety of meaning in the different forms of this word, show how far the setting tide has drifted some from others—Louis Philippe was I suppose, when he died, the worthiest man in Europe—Ah, do you really think so? Pray, what do you mean? I mean that he was a man of more actual worth than any one he left behind. You are singular in your opinion—do I understand you aright? Well, I mean that at his death he was actually worth more than any man in Europe. Oh certainly—quite a different affair though. We have not however gone so far as to use the reverse of *good* and of *rich*, as synonymous. We cannot call a man *worthless* who is *worth nothing*, nor can we say a *poor* man is a *bad* man, though when we use the phrase, poor *but* pious, we do hint in direct opposition to Scripture, that this is an exception, the general rule being rich *and* pious. By such phrases as poor speaker, poor statesman, &c., as equivalent to bad, we show that poverty is associated in our minds with the opposite of goodness. So too we have taken the Latin word *vilis*, meaning originally cheap or trivial, as in the well known lines of Horace—*et genus, et virtus, nisi cum* RE VILIOR *alga est.* (By the way, see how *re* is used—thing—the great thing—what thing? Why money of course.) We have taken this word *vilis*, and have made it mean in our *vile*, moral baseness. And here suggests itself to us the word *villein* or *villain*, by some derived from the French *vil*—by others, better perhaps from *villa*—but no matter. This word, as all know, meant originally one who held land by a low tenure, but we have ceased to use it in this signification; chiefly I apprehend, because it has another signification in which as a general thing, it is at least as applicable to the master as to the servant. These villains, or servants were divided into classes, and one class, was that of villains in gross—but it is easy to see, that should one now-a-days speak of *gross villains*, there would be nothing in the opprobrious epithets, exclusively applicable to servants. Something of the same sort seems to have happened with the word *knave*, which originally meant servant, but in that sense is now obsolete, because it has another meaning—dishonest man—not peculiar as we know to servitude. So we have *dear*—first, that which cost much money, and secondly, of course, beloved. "Ah, but you are dear to me, Cara sposa," said with emphasis the husband who paid a thousand dollars for a shawl. In German we have *theuer*, and in French *cher*, with the same double meaning. So in Latin—Plautus says—*fateor esse me cocum carissimum*—so a gentleman might say, though he would not like to do it without some further explanation, *in truth my cook is very dear to me*,—the distinction of gender in Latin by means of termination is sometimes convenient. What is dearest is most precious—that is, its excellence is measured by its price. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth

speaketh—and the heart is an Achan, that cannot see a golden wedge without coveting it—and the heart is a Midas that would turn whatever it touches into Gold, to find, alas too late, that it cannot feed upon Gold. The word suggests another illustration. We love Gold better than anything else, and so whatever else we most love, we call Golden. The best age is the age of Gold. Youth is the Golden period of Life. Golden opportunity means that in the highest degree favourable. Nay, see in the following quotation from a hymn-book how far the figurative use of language diverges sometimes from the literal. The pious poet sings—

> "Golden moments, Golden moments,
> When I felt his spirit move."

Not content with worshipping Gold on Earth, we carry our idol into the very courts of Heaven.

The use of the word *Virtue*, in several languages, has something curious. It comes from *vir*, and therefore signifies primarily, what is most excellent in man. The Romans meant by it *bravery*, that being the great virtue, or excellence with the conquerors of the world. In English it means moral excellence. We honour bravery, and call it from man's noblest part, courage—from *cœur*, or as we might say, *heartage*—but when we use the word representing the whole man—virtue—we make it significant of his moral nature. When applied to men, it is so used; but when applied distinctively to women it has but one meaning. Like the Romans, we call a single excellence, because of its preëminent importance, by the name that stands for excellence in general. Do not the French manifest less profound respect for the purity of female character, when they call it *sagesse*—not virtue, but wisdom merely, which is something different, and less noble and resting upon a weaker foundation? *Pudeur* is even more insufficient, if not unworthy. May we not also, though by way of digression, charge the French language with depreciating moral character, by the use of the same word for an honest man, and for a civil or genteel man, *un honnête homme—un homme honnête*. Is probity so near akin to civility and politeness, and so constantly associated with them, that this use of language is justifiable? But to come back to the word virtue. What shall we say of the application of this word in Italian, to a love for the fine arts? The descendants of the Romans who made *virtus* to consist in bravery—have they no higher idea of it, than to make it mean skill in pictures and statues and antiques! The difference between the two meanings, may serve as no bad measure of the difference between those who expelled the Tarquins, and those who have again submitted to Pio Nono. By the way, speaking of *vertu*, how well the word *connaisseur* expresses what the French intend by it, and how contrasted with the low use of the same phrase in English—*a knowing one*. Observe too, the additional and delicate refinement of the use, in this sense, of the verb *connaitre* in the reflexive form, *il se connait en peinture* intimates more than a capability of judgment—it alludes to sensibility and enjoyment. It is much better, therefore, than our English phrase, he is a good judge. *Critic* allows the idea of captiousness, if it does not suggest it—and the idea of mistake too. The critic may be a Fadladeen, or he may be an Addison. The connaisseur must be one who with a loving sensibility, knowingly appreciates.

S. L. C.

A CHANT FOR TOILERS.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

1.

Now my summer task* is ended and the hand is free that gave
Words of counsel to the Toiler, words of cheer unto the brave.

We have learn'd to know each other, learn'd our steadfast faith to prove,
In the lessons and the promptings of the marvel worker, Love.

How it brings "surcease of sorrow," how it lightens ev'ry load,
Cheers the Worker on his mission, strewing roses on the road.

In the silence of the midnight, in my lonely, lonely room,
I have felt its lightest whisper with a magic light the gloom.

It has cheered me at my labor giving energy and fire,
And a purpose high and holy to the breathings of my lyre.

It has linked me to your quarrel with a strong, enduring chain,
Giving order to the fancies that were crowded on my brain,

'Till I strove for guerdons better than the plaudits of the proud,
Turning with a weary feeling from the phantom-chasing crowd—

From the chord of self-evoking music, wild but sweet to hear,
Fraught with mystic strange revealings to the earnest thinker's ear,

* A Series of Labor Chants.

Preaching Progress, preaching Freedom and a glorious new crusade,
'Gainst the Wronger and the Tyrant who oppress us and degrade.

Preaching Union to the units that were scattered far apart,
'Till they formed a federation with an universal heart.

Law and Order for their basis of a monument secure,
For the planting of the Standard of the Army of the Poor.

As a pioneer among you I have labored day by day,
To remove the toils of custom that were cumbering the way.

Taking soundings in the shallows of your fortune's adverse sea,
For the rocks beneath the surface where your large hope wrecked may be—

Keeping careful watch for ever as a pilot and a guide
For some brilliant, shining beacon that would light you o'er the tide;

Held the rudder firm and boldly, ordered all things for the best,
Seeking out a placid haven where your shatter'd barque may rest.

When you winced beneath the tauntings of the rich and better born,
I have taught you to repay them with intenser, bitter scorn.

Pointing to the gifts God gave you—health and strength and peace of mind,
In the mould of Nature formed not as mimics of mankind—

But of giant strength and stature, with an aptitude complete,
To resist the season's changes in extremes of cold and heat.

I am with you, I am of you, all your hopes and all your fears
Find an ever open portal in my love-awakened ears.

For I too have felt misfortune and the pang of honest pride,
Standing on the verge of ruin, not a friend to seek my side.

I have found the dreams of boyhood fiction in the garb of truth,
Manhood's sorrows aye belying all the promises of youth.

On the verge of ruin standing, with a heart of care and gloom,
I have waited in the silence for the speaking of my doom.

Woe is me, how I have striven with a fortitude for years,
I have borne my share of trial, I have wept my share of tears.

With the world in early boyhood left to struggle on alone
By cold hearts as dead to feeling as a monumental stone.

But the independent spirit, and the thought that I was free,
As the bright moon after tempests, made the future shine for me.

Fairy land was all around me—perfumed seemed the summer air,
And my feet where'er I wended trod on roses bright and fair;

Came the dawn of Inspiration, in a sudden flood of light,
O'er my mind and o'er my spirit with a host of fancies bright—

Then thy world, Imagination! stood revealed before my view,
Where with looks all love and passion my young spirit fleetly flew;

Then I learned to speak in music 'till the tracings of my pen
Had a spell to touch the feelings and the sympathies of men.

Freedom, Nature, and Religion, and the brotherhood of man,
Were the spell-words that like lightning through my inmost being ran—

Urging me to Work and Labor, from the armory of mind,
Taking stronger, mightier weapons for the conscripts of mankind.

'Till in Rhythmic march progressive, sons of Toil throughout the land,
'Neath Reform's imposing standard took a station proud and grand.

Rending bulwark after bulwark that debarred them from their right,
With a strong Titanic vigor, and a God-awaken'd might,

'Till a panic seized on tyrants marring all their cruel mirth,
As they heard the new pulsations in the mighty heart of earth—

Felt a Revolution's advent, saw the quick revolving wheel
Of a wondrous change and sudden for the universal weal—

Saw the giant-like dimensions of the people's monarch—Thought,
Pregnant in the hearts of millions by a million workers wrought—

Heard the poet like a prophet in a voice of thunder sing,
Songs of music all potential as though lightning touched the string—

Saw the meteor-like portents on the brow of coming Time,
Read the words of awful import in the page of prose and rhyme—

Heard the thun'drous diapason of a music out of sight—
Saw a bright shape strive with darkness as the day-dawn with the night—

To be victor in the struggle and to shine eternally
As the Angel incarnated whom we know as Liberty.

Oh! I've labored like the loving striving ever day and night,
Weaving plots to break your fetters that your labor may be light.

Many a morning by the waters of the far resounding sea
Have I walked in meditation all my spirit fancy free—

Many a morning in the forest, ere the birds began to sing,
Have I sung of Freedom's advent, harping on the bounding string—

Many an hour upon the mountain in the dark and lonely glen,
By the brawling mountain torrent far away from haunts of men,

With the red deer bounding by me, and the blue sky overhead,
Has my spirit held communion with the spirits of the dead—

Calling down the great departed from their high and blissful home,
Holding converse with the brightest of your heroes, Greece and Rome—

Saw again the manly bearing of the high heroic Three,*
Saw again the bold Three Hundred in thy pass, Thermopylæ—

Stood beside the brothers Gracchi, heard again their words of flame
Stirring up the banded people 'gainst the haught Patrician name—

From the base of Pompey's statue turning when great Cæsar fell,
Saw the sword of Kosciusko and the gleaming shaft of Tell—

Saw of Rome the latest Tribune in the people's maddest storm,
The young champion of Progress in the chariot of Reform;

And I caught their burning lessons—on my soul they fell like flame,
'Till they blended with my nature and a part of me became.

In my musings, in my dreamings, still for you alone I strove
But to win your heart's approval and be worthy of your love,

I have trampled mine own sorrow, I have stifled mine own care,
That I may the better serve you—unencumbered as the air.

Oh, my brothers! in the distance, starry-eyed and luminous,
With a graceful port majestic Freedom cometh unto us;

On her brow the noonday radiance of a glorious summer sun,
With a smile that dims the lightning cometh the Eternal One.

Flow'rs are springing wheresoever her celestial feet are prest,
With the fragrance sempiternal of the Eden of the blest;

Fountains laugh and rivers sparkle, into ripples breaks the lake,
All the face of Nature smileth blissful smiles for her sweet sake.

At her touch the chain must sunder and the prison be unbarred,
Though ten thousand armed tyrants kept unceasing watch and ward;

And her frown, oh God!—the anger of that young Immortal's frown,
When she hurleth kingly anarchs and their mighty kingdoms down,

Like an earthquake's roar commingled with the moaning of the sea,
Sounds her lightest word of anger, tyrant rulers, unto ye.

On and ever on, my brothers, God of Heaven give you speed,
'Tis an age of iron truly asking iron aid indeed;

But the will of man is potent, if he uses reason right,
To evoke from utter chaos all the long imprison'd light:

Yes, the mind, the master-worker, plans the labor for the hand,
Ever ruling—the presiding guardian-spirit of the land.

On, still on, my earnest brothers, with oppression warfare wage,
'Till your struggle be recorded as the wonder of the age;

Be but hopeful, be but trustful, be but loyal to the cause,
Down with wrong and with injustice, down with tyrants and their laws;

Lift your jubilant loud voices, sing the pæans of the bold,
In the breezes of high heaven, be the Toiler's flag unroll'd;

In your manhood gather round it wheresoever it may stand,
Guard it ever with the boldest of your lion-hearted band;

Let the traitor who deserts it be down-trampled in the dust,
As the coward who like woman fled the quarrel of the just.

Now my summer task is ended, and the fruit is at your feet,
If they win your hearts to love them I will deem the labor sweet.

Now for me the silent sorrow and the loneliness and gloom
Phantom shapes of long lost pleasures flit around my lonely room.

Days of childhood,—summer rambles, through green woods and gardens fair.
Days of youthhood—higher longings, sunny castles in the air;

Days of manhood,—toil unresting, bitter want within my door,
Crowd around me in the silence and with anguish I deplore.

Where be they, the rainbow-tinted dreams of fame that cheer'd me on?
Echo answers in the distance—"like to summer friendships, gone."

Where be they who named me ever as the one they cherished best?
Hark the mournful echoes answer, "they have left thee to unrest."

* The Horatii.

Where be all the golden coffers of the seniors of my line?
And the echo maketh answer, "not for thee and not for thine."

Where, oh! where get balm for sorrow, and a sure return for love?
And the echo answers sweetly like to music—"look above."

Where is pleasure sure and lasting, free from ev'ry care and strife?
Hark the echo sadly singeth—"weary spirit not in life."

When shall worth have fitting honor and a never fading wreath?
Hark! in tones that sooth the spirit, echo answers, "after death."

Truthful echo, mournful echo of the thought within my brain,
I am wedded to my sorrow—my repinings are in vain.

Come the ills of life the faster and the darker for my tears,
Falling ever as they've fallen now for long and weary years.

Oh, my Alice, pure and loving, oh! my children, fair and young,
'Tis for you that I am grieving—'tis for you my heart is wrung;

Closer to me, closer to me, that my earnest tongue may bless,
While these arms of love enfold thee in a sweet and fond caress.

Oh! I would that I had riches my affection deep to prove,
With the rare gifts I would lavish at the feet of those I love.

Gems should glitter, oh! my Alice, in the mazes of thy hair,
Naught but raiment rich and costly should my loved one have to wear.

And the tiny *little* Alice with her roguish eyes of blue,
Should be prankt in silks and satins, and have rings and trinkets too;

And for him, the sturdy roarer, silver whistle he should blow,
'Till with trowsers thoughts of greatness in his little heart should grow.

But till then this plague of childhood, with a mint of money bought,
Would console him as he "whistled in his utter want of thought."

Woe is me, befooled by fancies, and a sorrow at my door,
Morn and even moaning ever—"that 'twill leave me nevermore."

Wealthy homes are all around me, homes of luxury and ease,
Wine and music, mirth and laughter, but alas we've none of these.

Wealthy merchants in the market, dollars chink in every street,
Signs of pomp and signs of splendor wheresoe'er I turn my feet.

Comes the winter dark and hoary, bringing sharp and wintry cold,
To the homestead of the Toiler owning neither land nor gold.

'Tis the month of dark December; fleetly fall the flakes of snow—
Ice is on the running water, and the sharp winds keenly blow.

Would I were at rest and lying in kind Death's unbroken sleep,
Never more to war with fortune—never more to wail and weep.

I am weary, oh, my Alice, I will lay my aching head,
For 'tis throbbing unto madness, for a moment on the bed.

Ah, my step is getting feeble, and my heart is quite oppreat:
I am weary, very weary—I will take a little rest.

SECLUSAVAL;

OR THE

SEQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

In Philadelphia I took up my lodgings in the hotel where Judith and I had spent the ten most interesting days of my life—where in sadness and in delight we had lived like brother and sister—and where we finally separated with hearts intertwined and bound together in bonds of the purest and sweetest affection. Now, after an interval of three and a half years, I found myself again in the same house, but with feelings and under circumstances, O how changed!

I desired on my arrival, to visit the parlor which we then occupied, but was told that a family of strangers with a sick lady were now in possession. Five days afterwards, when I was about to depart for the south, I again inquired about the parlor, and was told that the family were just leaving it, and would go off in the carriage and sulkey at the door. The same moment I saw a gentleman and four ladies passing out in travelling dresses. One of the ladies was dressed in deep mourning and wore a thick veil. My curiosity was excited. I also went out to look at the party. The lady in black was behind and got in last. She seated herself so as to face my position; but the veil concealed her face. Just as the carriage began to move, she drew her veil aside, and what was my astonishment to recognise in her features, a strong resemblance to Judith Bensaddi! Her whole person agreed

with the description of my buried Judith; her raven locks, her black eyes, her oval face—all were like my lost one. But before I could scan the resemblance, to see if it were perfect, she was driven off, and I was left trembling amazed and unsatisfied. So far as I could judge, she was exactly like, probably the very lady, whom I had seen on the French ship, when I was going out of the harbor of New York. I could not believe that this was my poor Judith, risen from the dead; yet, laying all fancy aside, the resemblance was so evident, that I was sorely perplexed.

When my stupor of astonishment had somewhat abated, I went to the clerk at the bar and inquired the name of the family. He told me that they were the family of Dr. La Motte, of South Carolina, returning home from a tour in the north. I asked if the lady in black was a daughter of Dr. La Motte. "No, (said he,) I think she is the governess of his daughters, and that her name is—let me see—oh, here it is in the register—Miss Bersati." Here was another curious circumstance; the resemblance of the names; yet a difference too. A painful curiosity to know more of this lady, was excited; but how to learn more was the difficulty; for nothing was known here of the family, except the few particulars already mentioned. I could not discover even the quarter of South Carolina in which Dr. La Motte resided.

I paid a mournful visit to the now vacated parlor. There was the identical sofa on which Judith and I had so often sat, while she nursed me so kindly; there the very spot where we had mingled tears and throbs, and all the joys of our innocent love, on the night when we parted. I now left the hallowed spot with an aching heart, and in a few hours more was on my way again, by Lancaster, to my native Rockbridge. I gave my parents and friends—my *alma mater*, my native hills and vales—a visit of two weeks; and then, as I supposed, "a long and last farewell" —and proceeded southward to shut myself up in my own Seclusaval, there to live and there to die, a mourner and recluse; not that I had made a vow to do so, or that I intended literally to imprison myself in my mountain-bound retreat. But there I expected to abide in seclusion from the wide world; and only to make excursions beyond the limits of my estate, when some important occasion should summon me away.

I arrived first at the village, near which the female academy was located. I received a hearty welcome from my friends there, and was gratified to see the walls of the academy in a state of considerable forwardness. The books and apparatus, bought in Europe for the institution, had just arrived, and were stored away until they should be wanted. The next day I proceeded to Seclusaval, and found every thing going on well. My beautiful cottage was almost finished. The parlor and library were already furnished; the hill-sides about the house were all trimmed and arranged in their garden style; multitudes of shrubs, trees and plants of various kinds, had been growing in pots and boxes through the summer, ready to be set in their destined places in due season, so that by the next spring the garden would be complete. The other grounds and buildings would be in their finished state of improvement by the same time; so that Seclusaval would, the next season, exhibit innumerable beauties to charm the senses, and to make it one of the most delightful scenes of rural beauty in the world.

When my good steward, Baylor, led me into the parlor of my cottage, I remarked that he had arranged the furniture very tastefully. Among other things in this room, was a piano forte of German manufacture, which I had bought in New York with other furniture on my way to Europe. I had taken a fancy to this instrument, because its tones were remarkably sweet, and because in appearance it resembled the one in Charleston, on which my lost Judith had played the airs which so entranced my soul. But why should a lonely bachelor have an instrument which he could not play? "Because, (said I to myself,) perhaps some lady visitor may two or three times in a year awaken its silent strings, and cheer my lonesome habitation."

When I saw the instrument now in its place, I said to Baylor, "This piano. I suppose, has never yet made music in Seclusaval." "Yes, sir, (he replied,) I was just going to tell you about it. Just a week ago to day, I was directing the men about a terrace in the garden, when I happened to cast my eye down the valley, and behold, a carriage and a sulkey were coming up the lake side, full of ladies, except the sulkey, which had an old gentleman in it. A young gentleman on horseback led the way. They stopped several times and looked all round, as if they were admiring the scenery—and well they might admire it, Mr. Garame. When they came near the foot of the garden, I went down and asked them if they would not drive up to the cottage. 'Have you a good road up the hill?' (said the old gentleman.) 'O yes, (said I,) two of them; you had better drive up this way by the glen side, and you can come down by the other side. You will then have all the beautiful views from the hill.' So I led them up by the glen road. They kept looking about every way and praising the landscape—as they had reason to do, you know, Mr. Garame. When we got into the park, on the hill here behind the house, they stopped several times to enjoy the glimpses and vistas through

the trees. You will say that I have improved them since you went away. I have cut a glimpse for the top of Craggyhead, and a vista for Rocky Nook cottage over the valley yonder. Well, when we got to the foot of the great tulip tree, out yonder, and the whole valley and mountains burst on their view at once, they cried out, 'Oh how beautiful.' There was a lady in a black mourning dress, that seemed to be all in raptures at the landscape. When they had looked a little, and I could speak without interrupting them, I invited them into the house. They came into the parlor; but for some time they could not rest for going to the door, and looking through the window over the valley. Presently I asked the favor of the ladies to play on the piano and tell me if it was in good tune. First, a young lady in white played a tune very prettily. 'That is a very sweet instrument, (said the black-eyed lady,) and it is in very good tune.' Then she went and played herself, and such delightful music I think I never heard. She sung a mournful song, 'Mary's Dream;' and when she had finished and left the piano, I saw tears falling from her eyes. The old lady, Mrs. La Motte, then began to ask me about you. She said the people at the village below had praised Mr. Garame's beautiful valley so much, that they had come up to take a look at it. She finished by saying that you must be going to take a wife, as you were making such a beautiful home. 'No, indeed, (said I;) he told me that he intended to live a bachelor all his days.' 'Why, what is the matter? (said she, joking;) is he a woman hater?' 'No, (said I,) he is an admirer and friend of the ladies: but I think from what I have heard him say, that he once fell in love with a London lady, and somehow their love did not prosper—and having lost her, he expects never to love another.' When I said this the beautiful lady in black suddenly burst out a crying, and ran out into the yard to hide her feelings. The rest of them went out too, and after they had comforted the lady in black, they returned into the parlor and said they must go. I had refreshments brought in. At first they only tasted them sparingly; but I told them to make free and help themselves plentifully; for that you would not be pleased with me, if I let genteel strangers go away without partaking liberally of the good things in Seclusaval. Then they ate and drank freely; and when they left the house, I mounted a horse and rode with them about the lawns, and took them up to the dark cascade. When we came back, I proposed that they should take a little voyage on the lake: they consented to be rowed into the Echoing Glen. When they again mounted their carriages to drive away, the old gentleman stayed behind a little, talking with me about the valley. Presently he alluded to the lady in black, and I found out that his object was to apologise for her breaking out so, when I mentioned your being crossed in love. He said that Miss Julia Bersati, the lady in black, was in deep affliction; that she had lately lost her father, had lost her only brother before, and had like you been unfortunate in love. This was no doubt the reason, (he said,) why she was so affected, when she heard of your case. He told me that she was a very amiable and accomplished lady, bred in London, and once in prosperous circumstances there; and being now reduced to distress among strangers, and a lady of tender sensibility, she was easily overcome by her feelings, when any thing reminded her of her misfortunes. When he had finished his apology for the strange behaviour of the lady in black, he thanked me for my kindness and followed the company."

Such was my steward's account of the lady in black; and the reader will easily conjecture the impression that such a tissue of strange coincidences made on my mind. In spite of what I had heard and seen in London, I was almost persuaded that this lady in black could be no other than Judith Bensaddi, with her name slightly changed, probably for some motive of concealment. There was one circumstance which had escaped my notice in the tumult of my feelings, when I first heard in London of Mrs. Brannigan's death. Judith had a sister married to a christian gentleman, whose name I had never heard; nor had I heard the name of the gentleman to whom Judith had engaged herself. Sir David Monteith—being unacquainted with Mr. Bensaddi's family, might possibly be mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Brannigan was the daughter who gave up her own fortune to pay her father's debts. This noble act was certainly done by Judith, whose uncle had left to her the fortune that she gave up. So that there did seem to be a possibility, after all, that my Judith might be alive. I regretted exceedingly, that in the sudden perturbation of my feelings, I had not thought of Judith's sister while I was at Sir David Monteith's, and that I had left London without inquiring, or thinking to inquire, more particularly about the two sisters. Being left in some doubt now concerning my Judith's faith, I was prone to hope that the striking coincidences both personal and historical, between this lady and my lost one were not accidental. Judith, I felt sure, would never have chosen to visit my dwelling without a previous explanation with me;—but I could imagine plausible reasons to account for this circumstance, so inconsistent with the well known delicacy of her feelings. She could not object to coming with her employer's family, without giving a reason that would betray what she would rather con-

ceal; and knowing that I was from home, she had no reason to object: nor could she presume that the Mr. Garame of Seclusaval, was the same person as the poor student of Rockbridge, whom she had known and loved three years before.

Putting all these facts and conjectures together, I was so nearly persuaded that the lady in black was my Judith, as to feel the most tormenting impatience to solve the mystery. But in vain did I attempt to trace the course of Dr. La Motte, or to discover the place of his residence. The tavern-keeper at the village could give me no information; no one in the neighborhood was possessed of the knowledge that I sought. I concluded then to write letters to acquaintances in different parts of Carolina, and to get my friends to do the like; that, if possible, I might from some one obtain the desired information. At least fifty letters were written by me and for me; but four weary months passed away without a ray of intelligence. Nobody seemed to know Dr. La Motte. At last a correspondent in Charleston informed one of my friends, that Dr. La Motte with his family had a few days before embarked at that port for France; but that no such lady as Miss Bersati was with them. This correspondent had learned that Dr. L's residence was on the island of St. Helena upon the sea coast, south of Charleston. I determined to go immediately to the place, and obtain what information I could respecting Miss Bersati.

On the first of March, I mounted my horse, and put him to a full trial of his speed and bottom. In eight days I reached Beaufort, where I found that Dr. L. was well known. At his extensive plantation, ten miles from Beaufort, I was able at last to get a clue that would probably guide me to my object. When Dr. L. left home for a visit to France, he obtained a situation for Miss Bersati in the family of Mr. Naudain, a relation of his, in the neighborhood of Purysburg on the Savannah. Thither I went in eager haste, and arrived at the house about noon, on the tenth day of my absence from home.

I was politely received by Mrs. Naudain in the absence of her husband. She informed me that Miss Bersati was an inmate of her family, and was then with her daughters in another part of the house. I showed such deep emotion on hearing this, that Mrs. N. suspected instantly the cause of my agitation; and knowing that Miss Bersati was in a correspondent state of mind, respecting some gentleman to whom she had been attached, the good lady did not wait for any detailed explanation, but on my expressing a desire to see Miss B., she smiled, and said that the young lady would doubtless be glad to see me. "I will request her (said she) to step into a private room, that so joyful a meeting may be undisturbed by spectators. Be so good as to keep your seat, until I return." I could not literally keep my seat. My palpitating heart would not let me rest a single moment; I got up and paced the room, then sat down again; but in another moment I was on my feet, hurrying from one part of the room to another. Every minute seemed an hour, till Mrs. Naudain returned and asked me to walk with her. I followed her footsteps into a long piazza in the rear of the house, and then to the end of the piazza, where we entered a passage, on the left side of which was a door standing ajar: beckoning me to enter by that door, she retired in silence. I stood a few moments to collect my spirits. I heard light footsteps within, of a person walking anxiously over the floor. Pushing the door gently, I stepped in, and saw the lady in black walking from me, unconscious of my presence. Her stature and figure seemed to be those of my Judith. Her hair black and glossy as the raven's plume, agreed with my Judith's. The lady soon heard my approach, and turning round quickly, brought to view a face which again started the rushing tide of sensibility through my nerves. "My Judith, (I exclaimed) —my own beloved!" and I sprang forward to embrace her. She, when she caught the first glance of my person, uttered a faint cry of joy, and started to meet me. But before we met, I discovered an instantaneous change in her countenance. The glow of joyful surprise was converted into ashy paleness. An expression of anguish came like a flash of lightning upon her face. I was in the act of taking her into my arms, when she sank at once to the floor, as if paralyzed. I raised her up and placed her on a settee in the room, and snatching a cushion from a chair, put it under her head. She soon began to recover from her partial swoon. Before she was able to converse, I had time and opportunity to undeceive myself. I had discovered—to my inexpressible grief and disappointment—that the lady in black was not Judith Bensaddi. She resembled her much in every striking peculiarity of feature. But a close inspection immediately detected differences that left no room for mistake. This lady's eyes were rather smaller and blacker, her complexion darker, her face longer, and the expression of her countenance was to me less benignly sweet and winning.

She rose after some minutes to a sitting posture, and giving me a sorrowful look, she sighed deeply without speaking. "Alas, my dear stranger, (said I,) we are both, I fear, sadly disappointed by the result of this interview. I have long sought you in the belief that you were a dear lost friend. You resemble her, and this resemblance deceived me." "Oh! sir, (said she,) you were announced to me as a dear lost friend

of mine; it was a mistake on both sides; the shock overcame me; I saw that you were a stranger and not my friend. My hope is gone. Alas, alas, he is dead! I shall never see him again!" Here she burst into a flood of tears. After she had wept and sobbed a few minutes, I spoke some friendly words to her, and gradually led her into a conversation. The keenness of my disappointment would have been more sorely felt, if the anguish of Miss Bersati had not interested my feelings and excited my curiosity. I was exceedingly desirous to learn the story of one, who in so many points resembled my lost Judith, now lost again to my newly awakened hopes.

"Lady, (said I after a while,) your resemblance to one whom I dearly loved, whom I thought dead, but whom I hoped again to find alive in you, makes me desirous to know something of your history. Will you favor me with an outline of it?"

"I will, (said she,) if my feelings permit." "I have heard, (said I,) that you are from London.' "I am, (said she;) but I was born in Italy. My father, Anselmo Bersati, was a professor of music. After the death of my mother, he accepted the invitation of an English nobleman, and removed from Florence to London, when I was ten years old and my brother twelve. He had no other children. He taught music in the nobleman's family for a while, and was employed in the public concerts. His reputation grew, and he soon acquired a handsome income. He bred me to the same profession, and before I was sixteen, I was qualified to give music lessons. I was soon able to support myself in this way; and before I was eighteen, I got a good salary as musician in the opera. My brother preferred the mercantile business, and was bred to that. He was fond of travelling, and three years ago made a voyage to America. He returned to London with a young gentleman, Andrew Hazleton, of Charleston, whose father was a merchant in good business. I became acquainted with Mr. Hazleton; he soon attached himself to me; the attachment became mutual, and resulted in an engagement of marriage. He and my brother joined their influence to persuade my father to emigrate to Charleston, where they assured him of profitable employment in his profession. My expected settlement in that city induced him to consent: and the next spring, now two years ago, was fixed on for the voyage. Mr. Hazleton returned home to wait our arrival for the consummation of the marriage.

"The next spring, when we expected to embark, my father was taken ill with a lingering disease, which confined him six months to the house. When he was able again to ride out, he had the misfortune to be thrown from the carriage and almost killed. At last, however, though threatened with a return of his old disease, he embarked with me, twelve months ago, for Charleston. But it was a sad embarkation; for on that very day, we heard that my brother had fallen in a duel at Havana, to which he had gone upon a trading voyage. The news so affected my poor father, that he was taken sick before we lost sight of land. He suffered great agony during five weeks, and then, just as the American coast came into view, he breathed his last. Thus was I left a destitute orphan among strangers, and my first office on landing in a strange city, was to bury my father. His long illness, and my close attendance on him, reduced our resources, especially as he had given my brother a large portion of his capital, to set him up in trade. On my landing in Charleston, I had but small funds remaining. But I experienced great kindness from several strangers, especially from Dr. La Motte, who was a fellow passenger on the voyage.

"I must now tell you of another sore affliction on my landing. I did not find Mr. Hazleton, as I expected. He had written to me affectionately from time to time, during the first year after our separation. He then informed me that his father had met with misfortunes in business, which made it expedient for him to remove to New Orleans, where he might hope to retrieve his losses. He still urged us to come as soon as possible to America; assuring me of his unchanged affection; and declared that nothing prevented him from coming to London for me, but the difficulty of his father's affairs, which required his aid. A few days before we embarked, we received a letter dated at New Orleans; in which he promised to meet me in Charleston, as soon as he should hear of my arrival there. As soon as I was able, after landing, I wrote to him an account of my arrival and of my sad condition. A month afterwards no answer had arrived. I wrote again; but no answer was returned. Dr. La Motte then wrote to a friend of his in New Orleans, to make inquiries. In four weeks he received an answer, saying that old Mr. Hazleton was dead, and that his son Andrew had embarked, three months before, on a commercial adventure for Brazil, and might be expected soon to return. This explained the cause of my receiving no answers to my late letters, and gave me some consolation. In the meantime, I resided in Dr. La Motte's family as governess of his daughters, and received great kindness from the family. I waited in hope of soon seeing or hearing from Mr. Hazleton. But another and another month passed away without intelligence. Dr. L. wrote again to his friend, and received for answer, that Mr. Hazleton had neither returned nor been heard from. I now began to

fear that some fatal accident had befallen him. I had no doubt of his fidelity to me, and have never suspected him of repenting his engagement, or I should not have sought intelligence of him as I have done. In the month of August, I accompanied Dr. La Motte's family on a tour to the north, and returned with them two months afterwards."

Here I interrupted the fair narrator with the remark, that it was on their return from that tour, that I got a glimpse of her face in Philadelphia, and afterwards heard of her visit to my vale of Seclusa. She gave me a look of surprise and interest, when I mentioned Seclusaval. "Are you the owner of that beautiful valley?" "Yes, Miss Bersati; and it was the feeling which you showed on hearing of my disappointment in love, that led me to seek this interview, in the hope that you might indeed prove to be my lost Judith Bensaddi." "Judith Bensaddi! Judith Bensaddi!" said she in a sort of amazement: "Is she the lady whom you loved?" "Yes,—whom I loved and lost: did you know her?" "Yes, my father was her music teacher; he often praised her as the finest and most amiable scholar that he ever had. I saw her a few times; but I never had any intimacy with her." "Can you tell me, Miss Bersati, any thing of her history shortly before and after her father's bankruptcy?" "Very little, sir; I remember to have heard that she paid her father's debts out of her own fortune;—and I think that I afterwards heard of her going to France with her father, and that he died there." "Did you ever hear of her marriage, and of her husband's name?" "I remember to have heard, some years ago, that she was expected to be married to a clergyman who had baptized her: but although my father was so often at Mr. Bensaddi's house, while giving her lessons, he ceased to have any intercourse with the family afterwards, and we did not often hear of them: I do not think that I ever heard of her marriage." "Did you ever hear of her death?" "I heard something of another death in the family; but I cannot say for certain that she was the one."

Thus unsatisfactorily did my inquiries terminate. Meanwhile Miss Bersati gradually assumed a more cheerful air, in the excitement of conversation. I staid until the next day, and became sufficiently acquainted with Miss B. to admire her beauty, her talents and her accomplishments. I thought that she showed no reluctance to cultivate an intimacy with me. She often alluded to the beauties of Seclusaval, and to her despair of again seeing her lover. I thought her an interesting lady, resembling my Judith a good deal;—but on the whole far inferior, especially in the undesigned simplicity of heart, and virgin purity of sentiment, which gave to my lost Judith her transcendent loveliness: not that Miss Bersati was notably deficient in these estimable traits of character; but the Italian ardor of her feelings, was not tempered with such a degree of unsophisticated sweetness and modesty, as distinguished my Judith. Yet I sincerely commiserated her misfortunes, so much like those of my beloved.

The reader, if interested in her story, will be pleased to hear that within a month after my visit, her lover returned and fulfilled his engagement.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

I returned home with a heavy heart; taking Charleston in my route, that I might lay in a supply of all things needful to complete my establishment in Seclusaval, where I was now more than ever disposed to lead a solitary life, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." With this view I purchased every thing now, in the way of furniture and stores, that my little household and my laborers would be likely to need for several years. I was liberal if not profuse, in my purchases; I designed to be not only just, but generous to my agents, tenants and dependants: and accumulated such various stores, that I could always have suitable presents to bestow. For my worthy steward's family I made special provision. As to my private and ordinary style of living, I resolved that it should be simple and plain; but when genteel friends or strangers should visit my lovely Seclusaval, I resolved to bring forth out of my stores the elegancies and luxuries that would make their visit agreeable for the style of my hospitality, as well as for the charms of the scenery.

Thus did I think to console my desolate heart. By the first of April, I again saw the unfolding verdure of my valley, promising a glorious summer display of all that is beautiful in external nature. The house was finished in a simple, but remarkably neat and cleanly style of architecture. It was spacious enough to accommodate a large family. The water pipes were laid, and a clear fountain spouted in the yard, and ran sparkling to trace its mazy rounds about the slopes and terraces of the garden. The garden, now finished and furnished, began to bud and bloom with all the riches of a temperate climate. The meadow, sprinkled here and there with trees, single and in clumps, was clothed with a luxuriant sward of the deepest green. The pure waters of the lake were inhabited by a thousand sportive fishes, among which the trout seemed

to find peculiar joy in the cool, pellucid element. The neighboring hills and dales differed from the meadow, only in being more shaded with the native forest trees, which had been selected to remain for their stately magnificence, their beautiful forms, or their rich verdure: but among these chosen remnants of the forest, a green turf grazed by flocks and herds began to cover and adorn the ground. Lawns here and there permitted the eye to penetrate into the bosom of the park, and afforded glimpses of beautiful groves and retreats, that enticed the imagination as much by what was hidden as by what was revealed.

A carriage road had been made to wind among the hills and dales towards the upper end of the valley. Passing by the Dusky Cascade before described, it pursued the dark glen that led up to the Blue Ridge; but presently took the point of a low ridge, that led it gradually up to the top of Craggyhead. From this road another led down into the valley on the north-eastern side of Craggyhead, and down that valley until it joined the road leading out of Seclusaval by the ravine.

Now, with all these varied sources of pleasure and amusement,—such choice gifts of nature, such sweet embellishments of art, such stores of all that my heart could covet of the productions of human industry; such a collection of books and of philosophical apparatus, and such specimens of the fine arts, as I had collected in Europe and America,—which if not very costly, were all that I desired—did I not feel happy? How many are there in this country, male and female, young and old, who fancy that the possessor of such abundant sources of enjoyment, must needs enjoy them and be satisfied. Or, if these alone could not satisfy; if the pleasures of society were wanting in my valley; still as I could easily allure what company I would into so charming a retreat—many perhaps among my readers will scarce believe me when I say, that after the excitement of unpacking, storing away and arranging my late acquisitions was over, and I had nothing to do but enjoy the beauties of Seclusaval and the goods that I had laid up for many years;—then did I begin to feel a degree of hopeless despondency, such as I had never felt since I came into the gold country. While I was laboring in my profession, and was full of duties and engagements, I was happy. The constant stimulus that kept my faculties in a state of activity, left me no time to brood over real or imaginary evils. Now when my work was done, my fortune made, and a home lovelier than I had ever dreamed of in my most poetic moods, was mine, to have and to enjoy, according to my pleasure; I first began to feel a sense of weariness and satiety, then of loneliness; then, as the remembrance of one favorite object unattained, came up more frequently and took hold more deeply upon my mind, I became so sad and restless, that I saw no other means of alleviation, than to fly from my quiet paradise and mingle again with the turmoils of busy life. In fact there was an aching void in my heart; I was alone, and *it is not good for man to be alone.*

Happily, there was one favorite enterprise of mine yet unaccomplished. The female academy was not yet supplied with teachers. A difficulty arose; and the trustees sent me a request to come down and aid them with my advice. The difficulty was this: The trustees had after much correspondence fixed their hearts on procuring the services of Mr. Danforth, who was teaching a female academy in New York, but thinking the climate too cold for his constitution, was desirous of obtaining a situation in the south. But as his qualifications were high, so, and justly so, were his terms. He required the guarantee of a specific sum for himself during one year, and for his music teacher during three years. He would not engage in a new institution and a strange country, without satisfactory evidence that a complete seminary under good management could be sustained, and this evidence was the guarantee. The trustees could obtain from the families of the country around sufficient engagements to guarantee Mr. Danforth's own salary, and that of his wife;—but the demand of one thousand dollars a year for the music teacher, seemed extravagant, and the patrons were not willing to join the trustees in securing it.

When I met with the trustees, I found them reluctantly brought to the conclusion that they could not employ Mr. D. and must look out for another and probably inferior teacher. When I read his letter prescribing the conditions, I noticed that he spoke in the highest terms of the lady who taught music in his school; he valued her services so highly, that he would not engage any where without her, nor without securing her an ample salary. He said that she was in no degree related to him or his family, and that she was a friendless and unfortunate lady, whom he would not forsake, and whose talents and accomplishments would adorn any station. I was struck with the noble sentiments expressed by Mr. Danforth, and conceived such an esteem for his character, that I promptly resolved to make myself responsible for the music teacher's salary.

"Gentlemen, (said I,) Mr. Danforth speaks like a man conscious of his deserts; and what is more, like a generous friend to the unfortunate. The high terms which he demands so peremptorily for the accomplished and unfortunate lady whom he has taken under his protection, are to me the strongest reasons why we should accept them. I take upon myself the guarantee of a

thousand dollars annually, for three years, to the unfortunate lady:—I will go a step further, and promise the same lady three elegant suits of apparel, yearly, if she will come three times each year and play upon the instrument that stands silent in my lonely parlor: and by way of assurance that the promise shall be fulfilled, I will send to Philadelphia to-morrow for the first three suits. Mr. Lappet sets out to-morrow for that city, he shall be my agent. So write immediately to Mr, D., and tell him that his terms are accepted: but I forbid any mention of my name in the letter. The music teacher might feel some scruple, if she knew that a young bachelor had bidden so high for her. She might suspect that I had some design upon her."

The letter was written; and in three weeks an answer was received, announcing that Mr. D. and his teachers would set out in a few days for the academy.

This affair lightened the burden upon my heart for some days. I returned to Seclusaval, but soon began to droop again. I busied myself awhile in superintending some improvements, not yet finished or newly undertaken. I visited all the new farms on my estate, especially the French colony in Soyevin, the name which I gave the valley devoted to vineyards and mulberry orchards. I found them doing well. Thus I made out to spend the month of April. But when May came, my melancholy increased. The opening charms of nature in Seclusaval served only to inspire melancholy thoughts. I was still alone; and *it is not good for man to be alone.* But what could I do? Though the Houris that adorn the fancied paradise of Mahomet had all smiled upon me, not one could have touched my heart, so long as the sweet miniature that I wore in my bosom, daily renewed my love for the peerless Judith Bensaddi—ever to be loved and ever to be lamented.

I could stay at home no longer. I mounted my horse and rode again to the academy. The workmen were busily engaged in preparing it for the expected teachers. It could divert my melancholy but a day or two. I mounted and rode away, scarcely knowing whither I would go. Once I thought that I would visit the place where I first resided in Carolina; but when I reached the fork of the road leading to it, I felt too gloomy to appear among my acquaintances there: so I turned eastwardly and travelled on without object. I was flying from melancholy; but I carried the evil in my bosom, and fled in vain, because I could not fly from myself.

The third day of my travel from the academy was Saturday, and brought me at nightfall to an inn by the way-side, where a Mr. McTab, a Scotchman, furnished homely fare to travellers. The family had just arrived from a religious meeting, which was being held at a village seven miles beyond. The meeting was numerously attended on account of the presbytery, which was holding its sessions at the place. The Lord's Supper was to be administered the next day, and a great congregation was expected to attend. I was glad to hear of this meeting, and resolved at once to attend it. I felt myself in woful need of religious consolation; and hoped that by means of the holy communion, I might at last obtain rest for my weary soul.

I accompanied Mr. McTab and his family the next morning. I found the church in a grove on the outskirts of the village. Hundreds of horses were tied to the trees and fences. Although Divine service had begun, great numbers of loose persons were strolling about or gathered in groups wherever they could find logs or benches to sit on. Every door had a crowd about it, and every seat and every aisle in the church were thronged with auditors. Mr. McTab's pew being near the front door, we made out to work our way to it; and by making some youngsters stand among our feet we were enabled to seat ourselves. I could not see the preacher, except occasionally through openings in a dense mass of heads and shoulders. The sermon was an edifying one, and prepared me for joining devoutly in the communion.

When the communion service began, there was considerable difficulty in passing through the crowded aisles to the table. Therefore I waited until the service was nearly over, and then accompanied Mr. McTab's family to the table. Finding it nearly full, they took the space on the one side, while I passed round to the other, and sat facing them. Two or three ladies still lacked seats. The elder in attendance touched my shoulder, that I might make room for them. By pressing closely together, we left a space that was scantily sufficient for the ladies. The one next to me was in deep mourning, and closely veiled. She was much affected after she sat down, and strove in vain to suppress her sobs and tears. She had been pressed so closely to my side, that I could feel the tremor of her nerves and the palpitation of her heart. Her tokens of distress excited my sympathy. Her bereavement was doubtless severe, and probably recent; whether she mourned for parent or brother, or, what seemed more likely, for the companion of her bosom. As I did, so did she, and sorely too, need the consolations of religion. I raised my heart in supplication for the weeping mourner, as well as for myself.

When the bread was distributed, she seemed to be so absorbed by her devotions as not to ob-

serve it. I took a small piece from the plate, broke it and put one of the parts into her hand. She took it from me and ate it, as I did the other part. So, when the wine came round, I tasted first, and then gave her the cup, which she took from my hand. Every moment I felt a greater interest in this stranger, and repeatedly implored the Father of Mercies in her behalf. I know not why, but I was conscious of a singularly tender sensation from the soft touch of her arm and side, involuntarily pressed against mine. The feeling had nothing in it incongruous to the sacredness of the hour and the place: it was a pure sympathy for the griefs of a breast, so gentle and so devout as I *felt* hers to be. I was no little gratified to perceive the soothing effect of the communion upon her heart, whose spasmodic action ceased; tears flowed no longer; but a holy calm seemed to have been breathed into her soul, as it was into mine, through faith in the expiatory sufferings that were signified by the sacred emblems of bread and wine. We felt the peace which the dying Son of God bequeathed to his disciples;—the spiritual peace, without which the soul of man is but a fountain of bitter waters.

When we rose from the table, the ladies at my side preceded me in retiring. The mourning lady then appeared to be of the middle stature, and she wore a bonnet somewhat different from any others that I noticed. These were the only observations that I could make, before we parted in the crowd and I lost sight of her. I felt a natural curiosity to know who she was, but had no means of learning, as I could not describe her to another person with any distinctness.

During the short intermission that preceded the afternoon service, I walked out to meditate in the woods. I felt a delightful glow of spiritual comfort. A fountain, lately closed, had been opened again by the devotional exercises of the day. I no longer considered myself a solitary unconnected being. If I lacked one tie, of all earthly ties the closest and dearest—if, so far, I was severed from that without which human nature and human happiness are incomplete—I now felt the drawing of other bonds which bound me to many hearts, even of strangers, around the communion table. I was still a member of the human family:—I was also a member of the spiritual family, gathered by him who came down from heaven, into a peculiar brotherhood—a brotherhood of renewed hearts, which by prayer draw sweet effluences of love from the common fountain of Deity, ever flowing from its exhaustless source to purify and to console. Alas! that so many should never seek these living waters. Alas! that so many should infuse the bitterness of their own hearts into these healing streams, and call the polluted mixture religion!

The afternoon service was begun, before I returned to the church. The sermon was an excellent one; chastely and beautifully eloquent, and strictly appropriate to the occasion, but delivered with less vehemence of manner than is usual in the south. The people generally seemed to listen without interest to calm and lucid exposition, logical argument and mild persuasion. The popular mind is yet too uncultivated to relish such refined oratory. I asked Mr. McTab who this preacher was. "A stranger frae the north, (said he,) ganging awa' south." Altogether the services of the day had a surprising effect on my mind. I left the church, renewed, brightened, and sanctified, at least for the time. I thanked Divine Providence for directing my wandering steps to this presbyterial meeting. I could now go home refreshed.

As I pressed through the crowd to get my horse, I happened to hear a couple of plainly dressed old country women, in earnest conversation. Their Scottish dialect first struck my attention; but the subject of their colloquy soon awakened all my curiosity. "Aweel now, Mrs. McGraw, I wud na mind that a bawbee. Ye'll agree that a Jewess may be a gude christian, when she is convarted." "Why, yes, Mrs. McCracken, I grant ye, if she be thoroughly and truly regenerate: but that is nae easily done wi' ane o' them hardened Jews, Mrs. McCracken. And then I wud na mind her being a private christian, like, but I unnerstan' that she is a teacher, a sort o' public character, like,—ye know, Mrs. McCracken. Now just think—wud ye like to put your daughter unner a Judaizing teacher? Ye know how the Apostle warns us agin sic Judaizing teachers. Think o' that, Mrs. McCracken."

I had stopped at the word Jewess, which struck me like a thunder-clap, not now to frighten, but to rouse me. I waited for some further development of the subject of conversation. But Mrs. McCracken's husband called her off suddenly. "Good e'en, Mrs. McGraw," said Mrs. McCracken. "Good e'en, Mrs. McCracken," said Mrs. Graw: and ere I could address either Mrs. McCracken or Mrs. McGraw, they had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Had I met an acquaintance then, I would have inquired, if they had a converted Jewess for a teacher in their neighborhood. But a few moments reflection made me conclude, that it was a matter of no consequence to me. Jewesses were found half the world over; and a converted Jewess was no such rarity, that the mention of one should make me fancy that my lost Judith had risen from the grave.

I returned to Mr. McTab's on my way home. The next morning, while conversing with the hostess on the occurrences of the meeting, I was

about to ask her a question suggested by the allusions of the old women at the church, when she anticipated me by asking, if I knew that the lady in mourning, who sat by my side at the communion table, was a converted Jewess. I started, turned pale,—and almost breathless, answered, "No." "Aweel now, she was;—but ye need na be frightened. I trust that she is truly regenerate, and I dinna think that we should feel sic antipathy to ony christian, though she be o' Jewish bluid." "I feel no antipathy, Mrs. McTab. But what you tell is very surprising. Does she reside in this country?" "Na, she is a stranger amang us. She came till the presbytery on Saturday with the preacher that ye heard in the afternoon. They are ganging south, I hear, till teach a seminary." "Do you know the preacher's name?" "Aye, I heard it; I think they ca' him Donfort, or the like o' that." "Danforth, perhaps." "Aye, aye, Donfurth, preceesely." "Is the Jewish lady his wife?" I asked in great trepidation. "Na, na; his wife sat next till the Jewess, in white claes. They say that the Jewish convert is his music teacher—though I canna say what sort o' music she teaches—some o' their ungadly whuslin lilts, I fear,—for they dinna teach psalmody in their academies, I unnerstan—the mair is the pity." "His music teacher! Did you hear her name, Mrs. McTab?" "Her name? O aye, I heard ane tell it till anither: but it is sic a strange name—I canna remember—but it sounded like a Scriptur name too—Beersheba—or Belshazzar—Ach! na—it was na jist a Scriptur name:—Benhadad—it was amaist like Benhadad—but I canna forgather it." "Was it Bensaddi?" I asked with almost breathless anxiety. "Bainsawdi! A weel now I think that was it:—But I canna tell: I think now it was mair like Baalsamen." "Try to remember, Mrs. McTab—do remember, I beg you. "Ye seem to hae a curiosity about it, Mr. Garsme: Ah, here is Jenny:—Jenny, dear, did ye hear the Jewish laddy's name at the kirk yestr'een?" "Nae, mither. I only heard her called the Jewish music teacher."

This was all that I could learn of the family. Though unsatisfactory, it was sufficient to kindle again some trembling hope—at least it stirred up a thorny impatience to know who this music teacher was. She was a Jewess; she was a mourner; I had caused her to come to our academy; and at the communion table, I had felt that there was a tender and mysterious sympathy between our souls. These alone were points of deep interest—and then the name! Oh how I longed to know the exact form of it! I was cautious, since Miss Bersati's case had disappointed me, not to trust in resemblances.

Breakfast had been just finished, and the hostler was saddling my steed, when a two-horse barouche passed by towards the west. I stepped to the door and saw that the hind-seat was occupied by two ladies, one in white, the other in black, with the identical bonnet of the lady in whom I felt so intense an interest. In five minutes I was on my horse, and ere I was aware I had urged him to a gallop. When I overtook them, a short turn in the road brought the side of the barouche into view. Mr. Danforth sat on the fore-seat as driver; but the lady in black was so closely veiled, and so covered from my sight by the other lady, that I could make no discovery. I could easily have passed and turned to look at the faces of the party, but I would not risk a recognition of such importance in such circumstances.

Supposing that they must have taken an early breakfast and would of course stop for dinner, I laid a scheme to gain my end at the house where they would stop. The only convenient house for the purpose, I remembered to be in a rocky vale, where a mill, a store and a smith shop, made a sort of village. When Mr. Danforth stopped the barouche at a brook to let the horses drink, I rode past, holding my umbrella so as to conceal my face from the ladies. I then dashed on, and arrived at the tavern nearly an hour earlier than the barouche.

Telling the landlady that I did not "feel well," (a true saying,) I called for a private room that I might lie down. She showed me first a back room, which I rejected; then she offered me a room up stairs which I declined also. She looked with curiosity into my face, to see if my periœranium was sound. I asked if she had not a bedroom at the end of the front piazza. "Yes, (said she,) but the sun makes it too warm, at this time of day." "Give me that, madam. it suits me exactly." She gave me another scrutinizing glance and then led the way. It was within thirty feet of the gate, and had a small window, opening towards the road. Requesting to have some toast and tea prepared, I lay down on the bed. But I seemed to lie on thorns. I got up and prepared the window, by having the sash up and the curtain down, so as to leave a small opening adapted to my scheme of peeping—for I desired to see before I was seen. Meditating on the possibility that this might indeed be my Judith, I considered what I should do in case that it was herself. She was probably a widow, as her deep mourning and sorrow indicated a bereavement more recent than the death of her father thirteen months before. I conceived the outlines of a plan of action; and was absorbed in the subject, when I heard the sound of wheels. My heart fluttered; in great trepidation I took my seat by the window, just as the vehicle stopped.

Mr. Danforth disappeared, and hearing that the party could have dinner, he handed out first the lady in white, who walked straightway into the house. Then he handed out the lady in black, who, as she entered the gate, partially drew aside her veil. A soft dark eye, and part of a lovely face, made me almost faint with fearful joy. Mr. Danforth spoke to her: "How do you feel now, Miss Judith?" "Better every way than I have felt these many days," was the answer; and as she spoke, she turned her face so that every feature was distinctly seen.

I heard—I saw—it was—it was beyond a doubt my Judith Benoaddi! Her softly beaming eyes, her sweet countenance, somewhat pale and overcast with years of sorrow, but yet all sweet and lovely; the dulcet voice—the name—all agreed. I must have believed, though I had seen her laid in the grave. She lived—she looked—she spoke—she was *Miss Judith*, not Mrs. Brannigan. Yesterday she sat by my side a devout christian. I then felt the sweet influence of her presence—as if Heaven designed that our re-union should commence at the holy place where we mingled pious vows, ate of the same consecrated bread, and drank of the same hallowed cup. Now, when all was evident, and my fearful hope was changed to certainty, I sank down upon the floor smitten almost to death with excessive joy.

Soon after a servant brought in my tea and toast. He found me apparently very ill,—really ill with joy. I had crawled into the bed; now I attempted to rise and go to the table, but stumbled and fell. I made out to get on a chair and drink a dish of tea, which revived me; but I told the servant to take out the things, as I had no appetite for food. The servant's report of my illness brought in the hostess, who asked if I would have a physician sent for. I told her that I was getting over the fit, and could do without medicine. "There is a strange gentleman here who knows something of physic, (said she,)—he desired me to ask if he could be of any service." "I shall be pleased to see him,"—was my reply. She left me; and the next moment Mr. Danforth entered the room. I told him that my illness was going off and needed no further treatment; but that I wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with him. He cheerfully assented. I locked the door, and after some introductory inquiries and remarks, requested him to tell me what he knew of the late history of his music teacher. "My reason for asking, (said I,) is, that I once knew the lady and was much attached to her; I recognised her as she came into the house, and was astonished to see her; because on a visit to London nine months ago, I was informed that she and her father had died near the same time in France."

"Of course, (said Mr. D.,) you were misinformed respecting her death. I presume that it was her sister, Mrs. Brannigan, whose death you heard of. I will relate to you how I came to be acquainted with her. Bad health led me and my wife to spend the winter before the last in the south of France. We resided some months at Clairfont, a pleasant healthy village near Bordeaux. We chose that village because it was inhabited by protestants, and was a place of frequent resort for invalids, especially English invalids. Here we became acquainted with Miss Benoaddi, who was attending on her sick father and sister. An English family in the village had known the Benoaddis in their prosperous days. They spoke in such exalted terms of Miss Judith, and compassionated her afflictions to such a degree, that I resolved to seek her acquaintance. Her assiduous attendance on her father and sister confined her almost constantly to the house; but having gained an introduction, we assisted her in nursing the sick, and soon gained her warm friendship, and what is more, acquired such knowledge of her modest virtues and talents, that we felt loth to part with her. After the death of her father and sister, which she deeply mourned, but bore with pious submission, we proposed that she should come with us to America. We knew that she had nobly surrendered her own large fortune to pay her father's debts,—that she was the only survivor of the family, and that she felt reluctant to go back to London, where nothing but melancholy reminiscences awaited her. I assured her, that in America her talents and acquirements would gain for her an ample support. She replied that her nearest and best friend resided in Boston, and that she would thankfully accept our kind protection, until she could meet with that friend. She declared her intention to devote herself to teaching, that she might gain an honest living, and be useful to her fellow creatures. We embarked at Bordeaux and landed in New York on the fifteenth of June."

"Did you? (said I;) then I was not mistaken, when I thought that I saw Miss Judith on the deck of a French ship, which our packet met in the Narrows on that very day. I was then on my way to London." "You remind me, (said Mr. D.,) of a circumstance which then occurred. We observed that Judith looked intently at the passengers on board a ship that we passed in the Narrows; and at last burst into tears. When we asked what was the matter, she said that she recognised a dear friend on that ship, one whom she had never expected to see again, and probably had now seen for the last time. She was obviously reluctant to mention particulars; so we did not press her, and she never spoke of the

circumstance again. You, I presume, are that friend.

"In New York, I again resumed the school which I had taught. Miss Bensaddi addressed a letter to her Boston friend, Mr. Von Caleb; after long delay, she received a letter from another gentleman there, a friend of his, saying that Mr. Von Caleb had gone, just a week before her letter arrived, to reside in London: that being left in charge of his affairs at Boston, he had opened her letter. He apologised that pressing circumstances prevented him from affording her any aid, but that she could write to her cousin in London, if she would. She desired no aid except friendly advice; so she wrote no more; but accepted my offer of employment as music teacher in my female seminary.

"She lived very retired in my family,—seemed indisposed to mixed society;—but in private, with my family and a few friends, she was a delightful associate; while her extraordinary skill and assiduity as a teacher, were of great advantage to my school and to every pupil that she taught.

"But a confined city life did not suit her natural taste and constitution. Though as cheerful as such accumulated misfortunes would permit any one to be, she evidently drooped and pined away; until about the middle of autumn, when we made an excursion up the Hudson, visited West Point, the Kattskills and Niagara. This tour had a wonderful effect on her health and spirits. She was inexpressibly delighted with the scenery on our route, and showed that a country life could alone give her continued health and pleasure. On her account, therefore, as much as my own, I was gratified with the prospect of a residence in upper Carolina, where the climate will doubtless suit me and my wife, and the vicinity of the mountains will suit the taste of Miss Bensaddi. I can see that her health and spirits are already improved by the mere expectation of living near the mountains."

"I hope that she will reside in the midst of them before long," said I, under a sudden impulse. Mr. D. looked surprised, and waited for an explanation. But as yet I gave him none.

"Do me the favor, (said I,) to keep this conversation a secret, for the present. I wish to remain unknown to Miss Bensaddi for a short time. I reside but twenty miles from the academy, and will see you there in a few days. I must also at present withhold my name from you, until I can make it known with evidences of its respectability." After he had given me the promise of secresy, I asked him if he had heard of Miss Judith's being engaged to marry a gentleman in England, about three years before. He had heard it from the English family in France, who could, however, give no other account of the matter than this, that the gentleman had died without consummating the marriage. Judith had never mentioned to them any thing respecting it. Though communicative on all other subjects, she had never alluded to any love affair in her past history.

Mr. Danforth being summoned to dinner. I took advantage of the opportunity to make my escape, unobserved by the party, and rode post-haste to the academy.

SONNET.

BY MRS. EAMES.

(After reading a celebrated Book.)

Yea! tenderly doth it express the want—
The silent thought—the yearning of the time—
Or speaking like *true* poetry sublime,
The universal heart of man doth haunt.
Rever'd and cherish'd in the quiet study,
Recall'd at random in an hour of mirth—
And where the winter firelight burneth ruddy,
'Tis always welcome by the household hearth!
Holiest humanities—the purest spirit—
And deep Experience, eloquent with truth—
High moral lessons, full of wondrous merit—
All sentiments of Poesy and Youth.
Long may the stream of Time, cast on the Future's shore
Thy noble fictions still increasing their bright store.

New York.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, JANUARY, 1851.

The weekly minutes of the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences have furnished during the last two months an unusual amount of interesting matter. I could easily occupy with them the whole of the space which is allowed me in the *Messenger*; but as it is the duty of your Paris correspondent not to cater for the appetite of a particular class of readers but to endeavor to serve in his varied bill of fare a morsel for each, I must select from my scientific notices a few, and such as I think will prove of most general interest.

M. Ed. Collomb has recently presented to the Academy a memoir upon the origin and formation of the polar ice and the glaciers of Europe. There are indeed many very plausible reasons for assigning to these phenomena a not very ancient date. The distinguished French geologist, Constant Prevost, holds that their appearance is *recent* in the geological sense of the word. M. Collomb not only adopts this opinion, but after having made a scientific tour among the Alps, in the Vosges, Alsace and the valley of the Rhine, he believes that he has been enabled to fix the

epoch of the formation of glaciers in Central Europe. He maintains that the marks date from an earlier period than the recent tertiary formations containing the fossil remains of the great pachydermata. They mark he thinks the last term of the series of geological times, or the commencement of the modern era. Constant Prevost himself undertook the office of presenting to the Academy the memoir of M. Collomb. He accompanied the presentation with a written original notice of his own upon the same subject. He rejects the thory of certain *savans* who account for the formation of icebergs and glaciers by supposing that at a certain epoch the earth became extremely cooled by traversing very remote and cold regions of space. He puts away too as untenable the doctrine that the sun at some distant period, obscured by the extension of its spots, momentarily lost its calorific power. We will let him describe his own theory in his own way. He says:

"What are the conditions necessary for a glacier? They are, 1st. that the water which falls from the atmosphere should remain upon the surface of the earth in the form of snow and ice. 2nd, that heat of summer should not melt all the snow which fell during the cold season. It is the sum of these annual remainders which form and increase the glacier. But, the relative average temperature of summer and winter remaining the same, the amount of evaporation must also remain fixed. For if it diminishes, there will fall less rain and snow upon the mountains; the annual residue of ice after the heats of summer will consequently diminish or cease altogether, and existing glaciers will gradually disappear. The increase or decrease in the elevation of mountains must also be taken into consideration as an element in the resolution of this problem. Mountains it is known may become higher in consequence of volcanic dislocations or become less elevated from the action of the atmosphere and other causes. Now it may be well supposed that up to a given epoch in the existence of our globe, its own proper heat united with the action of the sun rendered it impossible for water to remain in the form of ice upon any portion of its surface. At a subsequent period, determined by the extent to which the cooling of the planetary mass had progressed, glaciers became possible wherever the amount of evaporation occasioned in winter the fall of a greater quantity of snow than the average summer heat of the locality was enabled to melt. This annual residue was of course greater in moist than in dry regions. Thus according as a given portion of the earth's surface may have been at various epochs more or less submerged beneath the waters may be explained the alternate formation and extension, decrease and final disappearance of glaciers which have marked that quarter of the globe.

"Let us apply these considerations to Europe as we find it at the present moment. Suppose a sinking of the earth's crust in Europe or a dislocation upon a grand scale, which depressing the level of the great basins which already exist should increase proportionably the elevation of the high grounds which separate them. We should then behold the sea occupying the valleys of the Seine, the Loire, and the Dordogne. The ocean would communicate with the Mediterranean, and this last would extend itself over the coasts of Italy, Spain, and Africa. The great valley of Switzerland, that of the Danube, all of Belgium, Holland and the North of Germany, Poland and finally Russia, would be submerged. The Alps, the Pyrennees, the Cerennes, the Vosges, the Black Forest. the Appenines, and the centre of Germany would be converted into islands or peninsulas around which would be produced an amount of evaporation greatly exceeding that which takes place at present. There would fall a greater quantity of rain and snow in winter; and a less amount of snow and ice would be melted during the summer. These effects would be increased by the fact that this overflowing of the waters would moderate very sensibly the summer heats of Europe. The glaciers of the Alps and of the Pyrenees would then gradually become again what they once were; and others would be formed among the Vosges, the Jura, the Cevennes, in Auvergne and in Brittany perhaps, which would grow and extend more and more until that should happen again which in fact did take place at the end of the tertiary epoch, that is to say until those portions of the earth's surface which we have just been supposing to be overflowed should successively emerge from the waters. It must be observed here that the explanation which I have just been seeking to give of the origin and growth of glaciers, and then of their decrease and final disappearance is only applicable in my theory to very large tracts of the surface of our globe; and that in other quarters phenomena of an exactly opposite nature may be simultaneously taking place. Thus the emersion of Europe may coincide with the inundation of a portion of the continents of Africa or Asia; and in this event glaciers might be produced, or assume unwonted magnitude in Asia and Africa while those of Europe would diminish in size or gradually disappear."

The phosporescent animalcules of the sea have recently been subjected to a rigorous course of investigation and experiment, which the *savant*

author, M. Quatrefages has made the subject of an interesting memoir to the Academy of Sciences. He calls these animalcules *noctilucs*, (Lat. *nox*, night, and *lux* light). Their structure he describes as very simple and curious. One might imagine them to be, says he, little melons of about a millemetre (0.03937 inch) in diameter, and of which the stem would be represented by a small moveable appendix. The body is formed of a tough diaphanous membrane in which is discerned a hardly perceptible opening. Within is perceived a small collection of granulous matter, semi-transparent, from which start in all directions irregular filaments composed of the same subetance. These filaments ramify and run into each other always touching with one extremity at some point of the enveloping membrane, which thus appears, as it were, carpeted internally with an extremely close net work. The substance composing these filaments is eminently contractile in its character.

The brilliant phosphoric luminosity of the ocean was made the matter of curious investigation many years ago by M. Tessau of the scientific corps attached to the frigate Venus in its voyage around the world. He considered the animalcules, which are now known to be the cause of this luminosity, to be the spawn or fry of fishes. When at the Cape of Good Hope, he collected large quantities of them by straining sea water through a linen cloth. The animalcules remained in the towel and were so abundant that he found them to constitute actually more than half of the total volume of a bucket of water. But his experiments were made upon an occasion when this phosphoric light was observed in a degree quite phenomenal. At those points of the sea where the light was observed to be the strongest, the water was thick as a syrup, and of a blood red colour. The globules examined by M. Tessau, through a magnifying glass, presented the appearance of "small, transparent, swollen bladders having near the surface a black point from which black streaks radiated in all directions." This is evidently a similar object to that described above by M. Quatrefages. The "globules" collected by M. Tessau had a strong fishy smell. Separated in the manner above mentioned from the water the globules appeared to M. T. highly phosporescent, The least agitation, the slightest touch caused them to emit a vivid greenish light; while the water which had passed through the towel had completely lost its luminous quality. Pressed gently in the hand the globules emitted a slight crackling sound like that of snow when passed between the fingers. After remaining twelve hours in the vessel in which they had been deposited, those globules emitted an intolerable smell of putrid fish; *and they had ceased to be phosphorescent.* This struck him as particularly worthy of remark, being in opposition to the general rule of organic phosphoresent bodies, which only become phosphoric when in a state of putrefaction. The room occupied by M. Tessau was more than fifty yards from the shore. He compares the flash of phosphoric light that illuminated his chamber when the waves broke upon the shore to that of lightning. He attempted to read by its light, and was only prevented from doing so by the shortness of its duration.

In 1835 this subject was made the subject of special study by M. Ehrenberg. at Heiligeland, a Danish island in the German ocean, near the mouth of the Elbe. This philosopher attributed the phenomena to the presence of marine animalcules which he called *mammaria*, which he supposed to be provided with special organs for the production of this light, as certain fishes are known to be for the production of electricity. In this opinion he is at variance with M. Quatrefages whose experiments and observations prove to demonstration that the animalcule in question possesses no such organ. The investigations of this gentleman were conducted upon the Atlantic coast, near the French port of Boulogne. They extended through a number of years; and were originally directed exclusively to the *annellides*, and *ophyures*, animalcules quite distinct from those of which we are speaking, but whose larger size renders them of more easy observation. In reference to these, the microscope discovered that the brilliant flashes they emit are made up of an infinite number of very minute suddenly illuminated points which are to be remarked only upon the muscles in action. The flashes are frequent and brilliant in proportion with the energy of the muscular contraction; and they cease altogether when the animal is motionless, exhausted as it were by the frequency of the luminous discharges.

Touching the *noctilucs*, the animalcules to which the sea is indebted for its phosphorescent light, M. Quatrefages thus resumes the result of his observations in the memoir lately presented to the Academy of Sciences.

To facilitate observation the *noctilucs* were placed in a glass tube. Upon shaking the tube they became luminous and by subjecting to a magnifying power of from six to eight diameters it became quite manifest that with the great majority of the animalcules, phosphorescence was only partial; that in some cases it appears and disappears alternately upon various points of the body. Beneath the microscope and under a magnifying power of 30 diameters, these facts became perfectly evident, and it remains demonstrated that the noctilucs do not possess a special

organ like the glow-worm, whose function is the production of light. If the magnifying power be increased to sixty diameters we begin to perceive that the luminous parts are very far from presenting an equally diffused homogeneous lustre. Very minute brilliant points appear and disappear, sparkling here and there, and upon borders of a still uniformly luminous surface. Carrying the magnifying power to one hundred and thence up to one hundred and forty diameters, and the number of these brilliant points is perceived to augment in the same proportion. The general luminous surface or ground is almost totally effaced and it is ascertained that the total lustre emitted by a noctiluc represents the sum of light formed by an infinite multitude of very small sparks or illuminations. The phosphorescent portions of the animalcule are, so to speak, so many *nebulæ*, resolvable under sufficient magnifying power into separate lights; only these *nebulæ* instead of being composed of fixed stars, are made up of instantaneous flashes or sparks.

M. Quatrefages obtained the animalcules by the process adopted by M. Tessau at the Cape of Good Hope, straining sea water through a towel. The water after filtration was not phosphorescent. The animalcules collected emitted a vivid light. They were carefully washed in water not luminous and then being again placed in the sea water, that water immediately became again phosphorescent. The experiment proved that the light emanated directly from the bodies of the noctilucs.

M. Quatrefages subjected the animalcules to the action of sulphuric, azotic, chlorhydric and sulfhydric acids, to the action of potash, sal ammoniac, alcohol, ether, spirits of turpeutine, salt, Owen's liquid, and fresh water. Nearly all these experiments were made for the purpose of comparison, both during the day and at night. They all gave very similar results, differing only in intensity. To observe during the day the effect produced by these various agents he placed upon the inferior glass of his compressor a drop of water containing the noctilucs. By the side of it he placed a drop of the liquid with which he was making the experiment. He then brought the superior glass to its place, and placed the whole beneath the microscope. Bringing the glasses of his instrument gradually together, he effected the contact of the two drops without losing sight of them, and was enabled to observe the first effects of the poison. When this was sufficiently powerful he saw the ramifications of the internal filaments rapidly contract, and break, one after another, from the general envelope. After a few instants all the filaments were thus broken and drawn up to the centre from which they emanated. The envelope itself resisted a longer or shorter space of time, according to the virulence of the liquid with which the experiment was being made. The envelope finally burst. If the experiment took place by night, a vivid phosphoric light was observed to make its appearance first upon a single point of the body of the animalcule. Gradually the light spread over the whole body, and was of greater or less duration, according to the nature of the liquid employed. The very fragments of the body, especially when the fragments were obtained by crushing, retained their luminous quality for some moments. But in no case did the phosphoric light, thus violently elicited, reappear, after it had once become extinct.

He placed in a long glass tube water charged with noctilucs. The tube was then closed with a stopper, through which a thermometer was introduced; after which the lower extremity of the tube was dipped into water, heated to about 80 degrees centigrade (176 degrees Fahrenheit). At the moment of insertion the animalcules were giving no sign of life. When the thermometer marked about 25° C. (77° F.) some of them began to emit light. Soon they were all blazing with their greatest lustre; and it was indeed a curious spectacle that, of these small luminous globes ascending and descending along the interior of the tube, indicating thus the direction of the currents which had been established in the water which it contained. When the thermometer indicated a temperature of about 40° C. (104° F.) the lights went out one after the other.

Sparks drawn directly from the electrical machine did not produce very positive results; owing probably to the unsatisfactory condition under which the experiments took place. It was not so, however, with Leyden jar or with Voltaic battery. The effects of these were nearly the same. Discharges from a small jar strongly charged, provoked the phosphorescent light. Three of these discharges sufficed to render the animalcules subjected to them luminous over their whole body. To observe the action of the Voltaic battery, a glass capsule was filled with water containing the noctilucs. One of the poles was immersed in the water, and the other at first was alternately immersed and withdrawn. All the animalcules became speedily luminous over their whole body. A continued current produced the same effect. It was remarkable in all these experiments, that no matter which electrode was left stationary, it was always toward the zinc pole that the phosphorescence commenced and manifested itself with most vivacity.

A long glass tube was filled with mercury and reversed in such a manner as to obtain almost a barometric vacuum. By means of a bent glass pipe there was then introduced into the interior

of the tube about 2½ inches of the water containing the animalcules. The layer formed by the noctiluca was about 0.15748 inch. Immediately after their introduction into the tube, they became totally luminous. The brilliancy, however was of very short duration, and it completely disappeared. After the lapse of an hour and a quarter, air was introduced into the tube; but not the slightest sign of light could then be elicited from the noctiluca.

Four glass tubes filled with water containing the noctiluca were placed side by side. After a moment or two, a portion of oxygen was introduced into one of the tubes; hydrogen into another; carbonic acid into a third: and chlorine into the fourth. The action of the first three gases was exactly similar and the same in all respects with that of atmospheric air. The globules ascending in the tubes, emitted a transitory phosphoric light, caused by the agitation of the water. Chlorine, on the contrary, immediately determined the phenomena observed to have been produced by all irritating agents. The light emitted was vivid, continuous, extending over the whole body; but it was of short duration, and was very rapidly extinguished. At the end of a quarter of an hour the tubes were shaken. That into which the chlorine had been introduced gave no signs whatever of phosphorescence. The other three might have been taken for tubes containing merely a quantity of air globules.

* * * * *

I had prepared for insertion here, a notice that would have occupied two entire pages of the *Messenger*, descriptive of a new astronomical theory which has just been made the matter of a stout volume. It makes the sun not only the centre of our system, and the grand source of attraction and heat, but also the *prime mover* of all the planets, by the force of its rotary motion combined with attraction. It proposes to efface completely from all scientific books the known idea of an original mysterious impression of motion in a straight line impressed upon planets, which became a circular motion by the force of attraction. The new theory is broached by a man quite unknown in the scientific world; and is so paradoxical, that, just before closing my letter, I have concluded to withdraw what I had written, and submit the theory to a more careful examination before giving it the honor of publicity in your columns. If, upon examination, I do not conclude to put it away as of no value, it shall have a prominent place in my next letter. The theory made its first appearance about two weeks since. It does not appear to have created yet much sensation in the scientific world. Arago and Leverrier are silent respecting it. I ought perhaps, thereupon, to conclude at once that it is worth nothing. But, no! its truth would be such a mortal reproach to them that they may well be excused, considering human frailty, for wishing it to be false, and holding it to be so until it shall be proved to be true without their aid, and even in spite of them. It would be unnatural and contrary to all experience and precedent for these scientific men to give in, and abandon promptly, even in face of manifest truth, the doctrines they have taught, the errors they have cherished during their whole lives. The history of Harvey's great discovery is full of painful instruction upon this subject.

Before dismissing astronomers and astronomy, let me just mention that the distinguished Russian *savant*, Struve, has been making the newly discovered planet *Neptune*, and its satellite, the subject of special study. It results from his observations that the mass of Neptune is equal to $\frac{1}{14446}$ part of that of the sun; a weight much superior to that ascribed to it by the English observers. The revolution of its satellite is performed in 5 days, 21 hours, and 8 minutes.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris have just awarded the Lalande-medal to the distinguished young Italian astronomer, *Gasparis*, for the discovery made by him on the 14th April, 1849, of the little planet *Hygeia*, one of the little group revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. The astronomical prize for 1850 was awarded conjointly to the same M. Gasparis and to the English astronomer Mr. Hind, for the discovery by them of three new planets all of the same group; viz. *Parthenope*, on the 11th May, by M. Gasparis, *Victoria*, on the 13th September, by Mr. Hind, and a third, the name of which is not yet known, discovered on the 2nd November, by M. Gasparis.

The prize in Mechanics (fr. 1,800) was awarded to M. Lesbros for his inventions and experiments in experimental hydraulics.

A prize of 1000 fr. was also given to MM. Maurel and Jayet for their ingenious and laboriously invented *Calculating Machine*.

M. Hurtant received a prize of 1000 fr. for his memoir upon the physiological and therapeutic effects of the emanations from tobacco as observed upon the workmen in the manufactories of Paris.

W. W. M.

COINCIDENCE.

England on whose Empire the sun never sets. See Webster. It was used previously by either Burke or Mackintosh. A curious parallelism is, however, furnished by Ammianus Marcellinus, who says, in speaking of the immense landed estates of the wealthy Romans "*quæ a primo ad ultimum solem se abunde jactitant possidere.*" Amm. Marcell. lib. xiv. c. vi. § 15.

H.

A COMPLAINT.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Ah, that my soul might melt itself away,
Into its own ideal,
Or that its fair creations might become
The living real.

Its life is with its loveliness oppressed—
Beauty too finely wrought;
And into utter weariness sinks down,
O'erburthened with its thought.

Thought that goes brooding through the summer hours,
And through the wintry day,
With never voice to give its meaning forth—
With never work nor play.

I stand alone beside the Sea of Life—
Upon the desolate shore;
I hear the mellow music of its chimes—
I hear its angry roar.

I long to mingle in that eager strife,
Or in that careless play—
To breast the bounding billows' angry strife,
Or yield me to their sway.

Beside that sea—upon that lonely shore,
A glimmering twilight gleams,
And shadowy shapes move ever to and fro,
Like e'er-returning dreams.

I call to them—they slowly pass me by
With faint and cold replies;
I find no loving on their icy lips,
No cheering in their eyes.

And all night long my troubled spirit wakes
And wanders far away,
Where wailing winds make melancholy moan
Amid the pine tops grey.

Where mournfully the sullen shadows brood
In some enchanted grove,
Or floats the liquid moonlight to and fro
As the trembling branches move.

And images of terror fill my brain
More desolate than these:—
Of lurid gleams of light, that stream afar
O'er frozen polar seas.

Or of some vessel with its ghastly crew,
Locked in with icy bars;
Where only broods the lonely albatross
Above the crumbling spars.

I strive in vain to cast the weight aside
That broods upon my breast;
And like a wearied dove my spirit yearns
For quietude and rest.

Not death—the cold, the voiceless and the stern,—
Not this my soul doth crave—
I turn in deeper sadness from the cold
Dim quiet of the grave.

But life that flows in rapture through the heart,
That thrills in every vein,—
That findeth pleasure in its own excess
Of human joy and pain.

Ah, that my soul might melt itself away
Into its own ideal,
Or that its fair creations might become
The living real!

Richmond.

RULES OF LIVING.

From the German of A. von Platen.

1.

Read frequently the following precepts; impress them carefully upon your mind, and let your purpose of living by them ever grow firmer and livelier, and let them be to you more inviolable than an oath.

2.

Let your religion be that of sensible and reasonable men. Let it consist in faith in the great all pervading Spirit, whose body we call the world: in faith in a Providence, whose guiding and directing presence is clearly manifested in all the events of your life.

3.

Permit no doubt, nor doubter to perplex you. It is neither possible nor conceivable that you, with human understanding should be able to comprehend the Deity and the original creation of things, since you can survey only so small a part of the universe, and can perceive that only through the senses and externally. "No created mind," says Haller, justly, "penetrates the interior of nature."

4.

Do not, however, on this account consider yourself bound to receive as true, whatever has been handed down by men. The moment that you are obliged to reject reason, your faith will cease to have any definite aim or limit. You might then meet the fate of that English Bishop who was not content with the mysteries of Christianity, and who, in the excellent purpose of exercising his faith, carried it so far as to believe even fairy tales.

5.

A belief in Providence, of which you can never arrive at any material perception, is fully in accordance with the limited nature of human faculties, but, think not that God can require of you to receive that which contradicts sound reason,

which he himself has given you, and through which you belong to him.

6.

Communicate your principles only to those who are animated by similar views. Do not assail the prevailing doctrines of religion. You will convince no one who does not convince himself. The reformation of the world advances at a slow pace: let time perform its work. All projects of sudden enlightenment have proved abortive.

7.

Never engage in so-called religious disputes: break off such a conversation as soon as an opportunity of doing so is presented.

8.

The idea of a Supreme Being will necessarily lead you to the belief of the spirit's immortality, without which life would be without meaning. The soul does not leave the body, as is commonly said, but the body, being subject to decay and death by reason of its materiality, forsakes the soul; and although the latter continues to exist, its operations must be hidden from our view as soon as our bodily organism has denied its functions. The stagnation of the life-juices, the contraction of the blood vessels, a leaden bullet or poisonous plant, which are destructive to the body, stand in too slight a relation with the thinking faculty, are too little homogeneous with it, to be able to cause it the smallest injury.

9.

Your reason which is, as it were, an emanation of the spirit of the world, would not be able to err were it not, in an incomprehensible manner, united with the body and limited by it. The more, therefore, the reason is influenced by bodily motives and affections, the less you should trust it.

10.

Neglect not the body, from which your whole earthly existence depends. Inform yourself of what is beneficial, and what is pernicious to it. Despise it not; but on the other hand also consider what an inert, useless and mouldering mass it is, as soon as it lacks life, its animating principle.

11.

Do not torment yourself with conjectures about a future existence. As soon as you have learned to keep the purposes of the present one always before your eyes, your life is consummated, even though death should remove you in the midst of your hopes and plans.

12.

Let the object of your life be, improvement in what is good. All is good which contributes to the health of your own body and mind, and that of others.

13.

For the perception of the good, a sincere desire is sufficient. But it is only by reflection and observation of ourselves that we attain to that rapid penetration and that nice power of distinction, which are so necessary in the manifold and complicated events of life.

14.

Never lose sight of that aim of life, not even in little things. Believe that no action is so insignificant that some virtue may not be promoted by it. In bodily suffering and disagreeable occupations, exercise at least patience, of which man stands so much and so frequently in need, and which is the best safeguard against ill humor.

15.

The good man contributes to the welfare of others not alone by positive act and instruction. But his life resembles a fruit-bearing shade tree, by which each passer-by finds shelter and refreshment, which disinterestedly and even involuntarily scatters happy germs upon the surrounding soil, whereby it produces what is like and similar itself.

16.

Whatever you do, trust in Providence and also in yourself. One of these will seldom benefit you without the other; but both united will extricate you from every dilemma, encourage you in every undertaking.

17.

Should any misfortune threaten to plunge you into the deep gloom of despondency, stimulate your courage by an effort of your god-like nature. What can fell him to the earth, whose will is free, and subject to none?

18.

Shun no toil, as the wise Seneca says, to make yourself remarkable by some talent or other.

19.

Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for science is but one.

20.

Follow also the counsel of Garve: acquire the art and skill to render the whole man at least tolerable, although you may gain your real repu-

tation in the world by a single part only. To a rational man this attainment is obligatory.

21.

Let your watch-words be constant activity and daily contemplation of yourself and the ways of God. These will guard you against every false step.

22.

Allow yourself, moreover, as much recreation as is needful for you, but not more, unless you would reap the reward of disagreeable feelings.

23.

Force yourself in the evil hour to no labor, except it be a positive duty. Yet on the other hand, fly procrastination, which Young justly calls the thief of time. These rules have their exceptions, not likely to be mistaken.

24.

Introduce changes in your reading and studies. Who reads but little at a time, retains that little the better.

25.

Guard against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read and reflect upon it.

26.

Weigh every step that you are about to take, whenever your passions become involved. How often do things assume a different aspect, when they are fairly considered.

27.

On the other hand be prompt and decided in all that you have ascertained to be clear of doubt, irreproachable and in accordance with duty, and in which you can in no wise fear misconstruction.

28.

Maintain your name blameless and deliver it pure and stainless to posterity. Let no end induce a resort to questionable means.

29.

In all things study moderation, a virtue more difficult than it appears, but more necessary than any other. Think not however that any thing base can be ennobled by moderation.

30.

Diminish your wants as far as may be in order to preserve your freedom as far as possible. Many a man, says Horace, would serve to all eternity rather than learn to live upon a little.

31.

Upon the sea of destiny surrender not your boat to the waves, but row yourself; yet do not row unskilfully. Once more reflect.

32.

Be prepared for the worst. Never let your sorrows get the mastery over you; conceal them always. Those things, says La Bruyère, which are most wished for, do not happen, or if they happen, it is not at the time and in the circumstances when they would have given the greatest pleasure.

33.

Be always frank and true, and spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

34.

Observe, hear, and be silent. Judge little, inquire much.

35.

Be not deterred by unfavorable appearances, provided your intentions are good. Be not too proud to dissipate a prejudice that happens to attach to you, whenever it lies in your power. If it does not, entrench yourself within your virtue, as Horace says.

36.

When low-spirited, remain rather alone. In company be as cheerful as possible. It is incredible to what an extent a gloomy and surly deportment can disfigure—how prepossessing cheerfulness is.

BIBLIOTECA

37.

When you are in ill-humour, ask yourself seriously: What is the cause of my vexation? May it not be dispelled? What shall I do? In most cases an earnest effort will be successful.

38.

Be punctual. Admit no disorder in your effects and papers. Look over your papers from time to time, destroying those that are useless.

39.

Appear rather too liberal than too economical, but never lavish. Economize in little things. Learn self-denial.

40.

In a strait betwixt truth and falsehood, decide unhesitatingly for the truth. Candour is always best.

41.

Be strictly on your guard against the risings of anger. Never vent your displeasure against those who can not or dare not retort.

42.

Compesce mentem. Restrain your self-will. An opportunity will not be wanting for exhibiting your firmness. Banish obstinacy, however, from where it does not belong.

43.

Let your repentance be a lively will, a firm resolution. Complaints and mourning over past errors avail nothing.

44.

When you wake in the morning, think over the day. Endeavor to look at the bright side, though unpleasant business lies before you.

45.

Keep a journal; the utility of it is manifold, as is also the pleasure. Make it, however, a point of duty to be rigidly candid. Let it not be to you merely a remembrancer, but a means of self-knowledge.

46.

In respect to poetry, write little. Do not neglect for it any more important work; do not indulge, except you feel an irresistible impulse. Keep every production long to yourself, and spare not the file to make it complete. Follow in this the rule that Horace gives.

47.

Submit your writings to people who can and will judge of them impartially. If in their judgment you write *invita Minerva*, forswear the muses forever.

48.

Preserve cleanliness of mind under all circumstances. Guard against the follies of love. Allow due importance to first impressions, but do not let yourself be carried away by them. Study physiognomy in indifferent persons, but not in those for whom you begin to feel affection, for in that case it will assuredly mislead you. Shun all self-deception. Accustom yourself to esteem only inward and acknowledged worth, and to regard the exterior rather as a snare for your freer judgment. Do not delude yourself by fine-sounding words, by self-created idols. Whenever you resist the illusion its power for mischief is past. Only will to forget and you can. Do not therefore avoid persons that might become dangerous for you; rather seek to know them better. This will either cure you or prove your love well placed. Resolve firmly to overcome the timidity which their presence inspires and much will be gained. Above all do not think upon the absent.

49.

For this it is particularly necessary that you should be master of your thoughts. Difficult as it may be not to indulge one's darling ideas, be determined nevertheless to strive against them. Should they intrude themselves during your walks, take a book along with you and read with attention. But read something that will change the tone of your mind, not Petrarch for example, nor Pastor Fido, which would only make it worse.

50.

Attend scrupulously to the duties which your situation imposes on you; but bear also in mind that you have especially to care for your improvement as a man.

51.

Take a benevolent interest in all that concerns humanity and its progress, as well as the welfare of individuals. Be sensible to the claims of all.

52.

Let the judgment of the multitude make you reflect, but never despair.

53.

Visit nobody, says Krigge, and let nobody leave your dwelling without saying to him something obliging or instructive, or giving him something for the way.

54.

Leave every company, every man and every house in such a way that you need not dread meeting or visiting them again.

55.

Receive with politeness and kindness all who address you whether indifferent acquaintances or strangers; but be not forward to make advances. Rather be reserved and distant, until you have good reason for cultivating a closer intimacy.

56.

Observe the same rule with new acquaintances. Never be enthusiastic for them, although they may please you. Never give them your confidence. Do not talk with them about yourself (as, in general, you should speak of yourself as sparingly as possible) nor monopolize the conversation. If they are really like you, you will be sure to become better acquainted.

57.

Do not imagine that every person that lays claim to your sympathy at the first moment, is made for you, for experience contradicts it.

58.

Be the more confiding with your friends. Do everything for them that lies in your power. For Pope was right in saying that when we deduct what others feel and think, our joys sicken and fame sinks. Let no threats, no fate induce you to forsake your friends.

59.

Trust them, for without confidence never do two persons really get near to each other. On the other hand keep sacred not only every secret confided to you, but also every word not proper for all to hear.

60.

Never read other people's papers, letters or journals that happen to lie in your way.

61.

See your friends neither too often nor too seldom.

62.

Promise little, particularly in small matters, but keep your promises in spite of all hindrances. Do not place reliance in the promises of those that you do not know well.

63.

Better trust too much than mistrust. Believe not with La Rochefoucauld and his followers that all men and all their words and actions, are regulated simply by their interest, if indeed you deem yourself capable of a disinterested action.

64.

Epistolary correspondence is as pleasant as it is profitable, but do not extend it so far as to make it burthensome. Continue no correspondence out of politeness, if you can avoid it.

65.

From vulgar people, persons without breeding or education maintain a cold, yet by no means haughty distance. For, as an oriental proverb has it, cold alone restrains slime so as not to soil the foot.

66.

Be more polite to inferiors than superiors.

67.

Follow the precept of Marcus Aurelius: of listening attentively to every one, even to the most trifling talker. You will gain by it, partly in the esteem of the man, and partly by what he says, always more than by being absent-minded.

68.

It is good to be often alone, yet on the other hand do not shun society. You live for the purpose of being amongst men.

69.

Seek to make yourself acceptable in every company, but not to shine.

70.

Attend insipid assemblies and play-clubs as seldom as possible. In visits of ceremony be sparing.

71.

Avoid drinking revels; or in case you can not entirely refuse, withdraw at least after the first half hour.

72.

Avoid cards as much as possible. It will never be accounted a shame if you do not play.

73.

In your intercourse with the female sex never let yourself down to them like a silly coxcomb; rather seek to elevate them to you. Abstain from fulsome flattery, yet show them certain unimportant attentions that one may neglect with men. Never appear to prefer one lady alone.

74.

In ceremonial politeness and conventional courtesy better do too little than too much. Never talk when you do not feel inclined. Express yourself frankly and candidly where you visit. People will become accustomed to your manner.

75.

Discard all loud and boisterous deportment. Never indulge in censure or ridicule of any one in the presence of persons not in your confidence. You are never sure, even when they concur with you, that they will not betray you, especially in moments of excitement.

76.

Spare the foolish and mischievous as long as candor and your own dignity permit.

77.

Be never bashful and embarrassed without cause. All with whom you can have to do are men like you, and have their follies and weaknesses. The wiser and better among them you have surely no reason to dread. As soon as you

have confidence in yourself, says Goethe, you know how to live.

78.

Learn to talk, but learn also to listen. Speak your own language free from provincialisms and grammatical errors. It is the lowest grade of education.

To One in Affliction.

Dear friend! if word of mine could seal
The bitter fount of all thy tears,
And, through the future's cloudy years,
Some glimpse of sunshine yet reveal—

That word I might not dare to speak:
A father's sorrow o'er his child
So sacred seems and undefiled,
To bid it cease we may not seek.

Thy little boy has passed away
From mortal sight and mortal love,
To join the shining choir above
And dwell amid the perfect day;

All robed in spotless innocence,
And fittest for celestial things,
O'ershadowed by her rustling wings
The angel softly led him hence:

As pure as if the gentle rain
Of his baptismal morn had sought
His bosom's depths, and ev'ry thought
Had sweetly cleansed from earthly stain:

Such blest assurance brings, I know,
To bleeding hearts but sad relief—
The dark and troubled tide of grief
Must have its painful ebb and flow—

And most of all when thou dost plod,
Alone, upon these wintry days,
Along the old familiar ways
Wherein *his* little feet have trod.

And thou dost treasure up his words,
The fragments of his earnest talk,
On some remembered morning walk,
When, at the song of earliest birds,

He'd ask of thee, with charméd look,
And smile upon his features spread,
Whose careful hand the birds had fed,
And filled the ever-running brook?

Or viewing, from the distant glade,
The dim horizon round his home,
With simplest speech and air would come
And ask why were the mountains made?

Be strong, my friend, these days of doom
Are but the threads of darkest hue,
That daily enter to renew
The warp of the Eternal Loom.

And when to us it shall be given
In joy *to see the other side*,
These threads the brightest shall abide
In the fair tapestries of Heaven!

J. R. T.

ANTONINA.*

We sincerely trust that our readers have already made themselves familiar with this highly interesting novel, for we have no intention to dwell at this time upon the plot of the story, the delineation of characters, or the æsthetical peculiarities of the work. In these respects it is certainly open to some slight objections, but it is still more certainly entitled to the warmest commendations for numerous and striking excellencies. Its principal merit, however, consists in its accuracy and verisimilitude as a graphic portraiture of an attractive and important period of history—albeit one which has hitherto met with but little attention and regard. It is principally from this point of view that we design making our present remarks on Antonina; and we hope those who may take the trouble to peruse our remarks, will pardon us for once the enormity of employing a novel as a text for an historical disquisition.

"The Fall of Rome" must always constitute one of the most instructive lessons which the page of history can offer to the student. Its immediate connection with both ancient and modern civilization, as being the bridge which unites them, invests it with a more ready interest than can be expected to attach to almost any other portion of ancient story. The solemn significance, too, of its teachings, (especially in a period of social convulsion, like that in which our lot is cast,) entitles it to the most careful and diligent regard. The causes and phenomena of the gradual decay and slow decline of the Roman Empire merit the same profound scrutiny and philosophic appreciation that have been bestowed by Machiavelli and Niebuhr upon the rise of the Republic. Ammianus, Jornandes, and the writers of the Augustan History, miserable as the last undoubtedly are, may be made to us suggestive of present, practical, political wisdom, not less valuable than that which the great Florentine drew from the earlier books of Livy. It was not altogether an empty or arrogant fancy of Zosimus that his history might present the necessary counterpart and complement of the history of Polybius. His mistake lay, not in any misapprehension of the propriety and importance of the task, but in over-estimating his capacity to execute it. And yet the fragmentary and unfinished form, in which his work has been transmitted to us, may be the cause of a censure which

* ANTONINA; *Or the Fall of Rome.* A Romance of the Fifth Century. By *W. Wilkie Collins: Author of the 'Life of William Collins, R. A.'* New York. Harper & Brothers. 1850.

might not have been justified if his history had been complete. Certain it is, that the labour contemplated by Zosimus is one which it is the duty of our age to accomplish as well as the materials furnished to our hands may permit; for in the present condition of European society, and in the present agitation of our own, there is a more urgent necessity to study the course of national decline than to follow the progress of national growth. But the phenomena of national dissolution are exhibited most clearly, and on the grandest scale, by the history of Rome from Cæsar to Justinian; and it is therefore in this direction that our eyes must be turned. It is on that large and diversified canvass that we are best able to trace the intimate connection between social progress and social disorganization, between material wealth and popular distress, between national aggrandizement and political corruption, between the decline of religious faith and the destruction of all the elements of permanent national vitality. It is there, too, that we can best contemplate the headlong and immediate tendency to ruin which accompanies the decay of public and private virtue. A diligent examination of these times also conveys the important lesson, that the germs of new life are always to be discovered among the debris of ancient organizations; that in the rottenness and putrescence of effete institutions spring the roots of a new creation; that the destruction of our system of civilization does not merely clear the ground for another, but furnishes the seeds, and the necessary conditions for their germination; and that we must look in the chambers of the dead and the dying for the budding signs of a coming resurrection to a higher, an ampler, and a nobler existence.

These considerations would render it difficult to estimate too highly the value of that light, which the attentive study of this period is calculated to furnish to any extended or profound system of social and political philosophy. Yet it is singular that, notwithstanding these high claims, it has met so rarely with suitable appreciation. Montesquieu and Gibbon, almost alone of modern scholars, seemed to have recognized its importance, for Guizot's retrospective view does not extend sufficiently far: and these great authors have certainly left behind them much more for the accomplishment of others than they have themselves achieved. The gleanings to be gathered after the reapers have passed over the field, promise to be both more valuable and more abundant than the harvest which they have garnered. Montesquieu devotes to this subject only a few of the concluding Chapters of his Essay on the Greatness and Decline of Rome; but these Chapters evince higher powers and a keener sagacity than are exhibited by his more celebrated and brilliant Treatise on the Spirit of Laws. Gibbon confines himself too much to the mere narrative of events, the succession of crimes, casualties, and wars, and to the squabbles of religious sects. We profess to be among the warmest and most enthusiastic admirers of Gibbon's great history; but our admiration is neither blind nor unreasoning; and, though we cannot conceive of any successful attempt to surpass him in what he has done, nevertheless we think that ample rewards, not less interesting and important, await the industrious laborer, who may be willing to devote his energies to the elucidation of those views which Gibbon has omitted. Some prospect of the satisfactory execution of this task is afforded by Mr. Merivale's recently commenced work on the Romans under the Empire. The two volumes already issued serve barely as an introduction to the subject, as they bring us down only to the assassination of Julius Cæsar; but from their fulness, and from their sound and comprehensive philosophy, we may augur favorably of the further continuation of the History. We are indeed apprehensive that Mr. Merivale, from that ignorance and neglect of the Roman Law, which so strongly characterize the researches of English scholars, may deny himself the assistance of the most valuable materials which those times present; but we trust that he may not render his work obnoxious to this grave and fatal objection. We anticipate much from the satisfactory completion of Mr. Merivale's work: for we have trodden in the footsteps of Gibbon, have diligently consulted his authorities, and studied the sources from which he drew; and, while it has confirmed all our previous admiration for his immortal and unrivalled history, it has produced a deepening conviction of the necessity for some fuller and more philosophical treatment of the earlier periods of the Decline, and a daily growing recognition of the fact that the solution or explanation of the social evils, which now infest European society, must be sought by the light to be borrowed from a thorough apprehension of the condition of the Roman Empire under the later Emperors of the West.

But, in addition to the value of this history as a source of philosophical instruction, it has a special aptitude for the purposes of fiction. We believe that the remark was first made by Lady Mary Montague, that the finest landscapes and the loveliest scenery were to be found in those regions where the spurs of the mountains melt into the plains. The views may be more confined than they are elsewhere, but the constant undulations of the surface give a charm and a

variety to the prospect, which are equally denied to the dull monotony of a champaign country and to the overpowering sublimity of mountain valleys and plateaux. In this intermediate region the landscape is ever shifting with each change of position, the prospects are equally countless and diversified, and the narrow setting of each view adds to its picturesqueness the domestic tranquillity and grace which appeal most directly to the affections. Observations of a somewhat similar character might be safely hazarded with respect to the various epochs of history. It is in the transition stages of social change that we must principally look for pictures requiring and capable of rewarding artistic treatment. The events of a fully developed civilization address themselves directly to the reason: they are hard, practical, uniform: the imagination finds little room for play in their exhibition or in their embellishment. There is a methodical and orderly progress; a routine of advancement, admitting and suggesting its own explanation, and proceeding with the perfect regularity of machinery. Every thing glitters in the same bright sunshine, which irradiates all beneath it with the same brilliancy and nearly the same hues: there are no obscurities to vivify the fancy, no lights and shades, or mellow hues to kindle the imagination or touch the feelings. The dazzling glare brings everything immediately before the eyes; the picture is grand, but there is no room for small details, and even if there were, there is a strong resemblance, if not actual identity of thoughts, feelings, habits, usages in a full blown civilization, which is at variance with that diversity which art requires. It is in the by-ways of history, and not on its highways, that imagination must look for subjects of interest. It is in the wild dreamy era preceding civilization, or in the stormy and shifting scenes which characterize its close, that its requirements can be most fully satisfied. It is not when the uniform coloring of a whole nation fills up the canvass that we must expect to paint a picture of romance: but we must resort to times when the wild impulses, the unregulated passions, the unchecked fancies, and the varied feelings of individual life are not machined into monotony by the constant predominance of the same unvarying influences. Hence it is, that the strong poetic feeling of barbaric life has given us the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Arabian Nights, the Ballads of the Ciel, and the Nibelungenlied; while the incidents of Mediæval times have long been the attractive arena of romance. But not less interesting or rich in the elements of the ideal are the periods of national decay. The phenomena which accompanied the downfall of antiquity and the birth-throes of our religion and our civilization, invite the fairy footsteps of the Muse no less than the wars of the Crusaders or the tales of knightly courtesy and ladye-love.

These firmly entertained convictions ensured to Antonina on its publication a cordial welcome at our hands, wholly independent of its merits as a work of pure imagination. Not that we were by any means insensible to these, or indisposed to proclaim loudly its excellence as a fiction; but, beyond its claims to our regard on this score, its advent was most grateful to us as inviting popular attention, and conciliating popular good-will towards a subject, which had been left unfortunately too long in the shade. But the same considerations which ensured for it so cordial a reception on our part, ensured also its subjection to a closer and more exacting examination of its historical value than a romance is ordinarily expected to undergo. We are happy to say that it has passed unscathed through this trying ordeal, and that we can freely point to it as exhibiting the best general picture of the times in which the scene is laid, which has fallen under our cognizance. This accuracy and fulness of delineation is the more remarkable, inasmuch as Mr. Collins seems, by his own declaration, to have drawn from no other authorities than the history of Gibbon, and an old and careless translation of Zosimus. The valuable aid of Ammianus Marcellinus, Jornandes, and Cassiodorus is dispensed with, and the need of such aid is scarcely perceptible. The assistance of these authors would have been previously thought by us absolutely essential; nor should we have deemed it prudent to disregard the incidental illustration to be derived from Procopius, Agathias, Priscus, Petronius Arbiter, the writers of the Augustan History, and the Roman Panegyrists. But we cannot pay a higher tribute to Mr. Collins's skill and sagacity than to say, that, if his neglect of these writers has perhaps occasioned some omissions which might not otherwise have occurred, it has occasioned neither discrepance nor want of accordance with the pictures which they present.

The particular scene of the long drama of the Decline selected by Mr. Collins is judiciously chosen. It concentrates within the limits of a single picture all that is most attractive or important. It unites to the melancholy interest of a fading civilization the fresh and vigorous hopes inspired by the early dawn of a brighter and more familiar day; and thus, while it tempts our curiosity with the quaintness and charms of antiquity, it secures that more immediate interest which attaches to the birth of the regime under which we still continue to live. It furnishes ample opportunities for striking contrasts between the new and the old; and exhibits even under

that contrast the essential affinities which render them parts of the same great whole, and link in a chain of unbroken continuity the most modern periods with the most remote ages of the past. We have the blending, without confusion, of the dissimilar systems of the ancient and modern world:—the co-existence, and yet the contradistinction of different societies and polities. The warring religion of heathendom, heated to a false fervor, and maddened by a factitious rage—the passion of the intellect, the rebellion of the reluctant will—is exhibited side by side with the faith of Christendom, which has already borrowed from her elder and spurious sister the corruptions, the vagaries, and the Protean forms which characterized her feeble old age. The arrogant confidence, the hopeful recklessness, the wild fidelity of the fresh and untamed races of the North are arrayed—a most unequal contest—against the selfishness, the despondency, the corruption, the licentiousness, and the utter disorganization of the degraded people, whose ancestors had won and ruled the world. The rude simplicity of the Teutonic race is thrown into high relief by its contrast with the curious and highly artistic effeminacy of their Roman victims. The conflicting forms of superstitious delusion which ruled the Goth, the Christian, and the heathen of the ancient world throw a common atmosphere over all the groups which compose the picture, and tend to harmonise their different hues.

The siege of Rome by Alaric constitutes confessedly a crisis in history: it is the turning point of the drama—the shifting of the weights that sway the balance from the scale of Roman to that of Teutonic ascendancy. It is an event of solemn significance in itself: it is replete with incidents of a poetic character; and it has been described by the annalists and chroniclers of that and the succeeding age with a minuteness which enables us to apprehend the feelings and the position of all parties, and which we scarcely meet again in ancient story until we come to the Fall of Constantinople, and the tedious precision of Phranza, Acropilita, and Chalcondyles. This great event, moreover, forcibly arrests our attention: we dwell upon it; we hang over it; it throws our thoughts forward to all the possibilities of the future, to the contemplation of the coming destinies of the victorious barbarians; and it also throws back our reflection to the antecedent causes which have entailed upon the vanquished their present doom, and brings prominently into view the previous phenomena of the decline which at length culminated in the conquest of the Imperial City by the barbarians.

The First Book exhibits in strong contrast and in high relief the dissimilar characteristics of the combatants, who are to occupy the stage. The opening scene of the story introduces us skilfully and at once to the causes of irritation which precipitated the torrent of barbarians on Rome. The character of Goisvintha may be coarsely sketched: it is a vulgar, violent, selfish nature, perhaps not altogether consistent with the peculiarities of her time and race, but her recent escape with her crippled child from the carnage of Aquileia brings prominently forward the great provocations which tempted the invasion of Alaric, and enlists our sympathies in favor of the barbarians, to whom they might have been denied if their wrongs had not been made more prominent than their savage manners.

From the time of the Civil Wars which followed the dethronement and death of Nero, the principal force of the Roman armies had consisted of the barbarian soldiers who had been lured to the Roman eagles by the double hope of pay and plunder. With the recognition of their constitutional right to participate in the imperial elections, and to appoint a successor to the Empire, with or without the occurrence of a vacancy in the throne, the power, the licence, the rapacity and the luxury of those barbarian troops had increased. With the progress of vice their courage and their military virtues declined, but the temptations to military service were just in the same degree augmented; and it was only when the perils of imminent and continued campaigns of desperate warfare became alarming, by the pressure of the fresh and not yet enervated hordes of new barrian tribes on all the frontiers of the empire, that there was any great difficulty in supplying the requisite recruits from the dependent provinces of the Roman dominion. Then the veteran soldiery shut themselves up in walled cities, or deserted to the enemy, or ran away at the sight of the first danger. But the safety, as well as the permanence of the empire was threatened by the constant presence of furious barbarians; who were pushed forwards on the Roman soil by the aggressions of bolder and more furious barbarians behind. The fountains of the great deep were broken up; the uncivilized nations of the whole earth were poured out from their ancient wilds; and the current bore them onwards in an irresistible stream towards the lands of the ancient but doomed civilization. Under these circumstances, the empire without force or the means of resistance within herself, but compelled to adopt some measures of defence against the increasing danger, unable to trust her protection to the cowardly mercenaries, who were her scourges in peace and her betrayers in war, sought for temporary security by bribing her assailants, and employing the arms of the first comers to repel the aggressions of the rest. This plan, which had been

first extensively resorted to by Constantine, was an adequate protection under the great Theodosius, and could be dispensed with by the brilliant courage and magnanimity of Julian, but it was fatal when attempted to be carried into effect by weak princes. The tribute which fear paid inspired the disposition to exact a heavier tribute for very uncertain immunities; the Emperors and the Empire were in constant dread of their defenders, yet they could neither quell their outrages nor refuse their demands. They were afraid of their assistance, yet they dared not refuse it, and they could not dispense with it, though the sword which had been placed in the hands of their barbarian allies struck a deeper terror into their hearts than it did into the hearts of the enemies of the nation. Treachery was the consequence of cowardice and fear; the barbarian contingents were at one time petted and corrupted by inordinate indulgence; at another defrauded of their dues by the rapacious officials of the crown, or traiterously assassinated in remote provinces. The connection between the empire and the barbarians was always hollow and uncertain; each party endeavored to cheat and delude the other; and the most horrible crimes were of daily occurrence on either side.

The Emperor Theodosius on his death, had left Stelicho and Rufinus the guardians of his children and empire. With the latter, we have nothing to do, except to mention that he first invited Alaric and the Goths to invade the Empire, and himself soon after fell a victim to the superior craft and power of his western colleague. Stelicho, who was himself a barbarian, though closely allied by marriage with the Imperial family, thus became the sovereign ruler of the Empire, though without the title of Emperor. He left the ceremonies and the trappings of royalty to the sons of Theodosius, but exercised all the powers of the state with absolute control in the name of his feeble son-in-law Honorius. With equal cunning and courage he repelled the assaults of the barbarians—fighting fire with fire, according to the received policy of the times, but always rising triumphant over the numerous difficulties and desperate disadvantages by which he was beset. His barbarian allies were afraid of him; his wonderful capacity for intrigue, his indomitable energy, which was unchilled even by the snows of age, his fortitude and daring, and his admirable dexterity in the management of his ferocious allies, combined to enable him to preserve inviolate the integrity of his dominions. A close and intimate connexion was maintained between himself and the Goths under Alaric, which was strengthened by the wholesome fear inspired by the well fought day of Placentia. By his assistance invasion was repelled from the frontiers of Italy, and the tides of exterminating warfare poured down upon the eastern empire.

But the greatness of Stelicho, and the extent of his absolute authority, excited the malignant jealousies of frivolous but greedy courtiers. The weak Honorius hated the great general before whom he trembled like a child, and was easily won over to the side of his adversaries. Stelicho knew the vices of his time, but he had the virtues of a better age, and his whole career is a refutation of the trumpery charge on account of which his ruin was prepared. He was accused of treasonable intercourse with the Goths—the soldiers of the empire, who had won all his victories, and fought all the battles by which the Empire was preserved. He was assassinated; and the result proved that the one man, who had been murdered by the orders of a faithless sovereign and a jealous court, had alone averted by his single might the destruction which so speedily burst upon the empire.

Dread of the Goths had been among the causes which had precipitated the murder of Stelicho, and rather on this account, than from the alleged fear of their avenging his death, the Gothic soldiers were dispersed, circumvented, murdered. It was a part of the treacherous policy which led to the condition in which Göisvintha is first revealed to us; for the Goths in Aquileia were shamefully massacred soon after the death of Stelicho. To avenge the assassination of Stelicho and the murder of his countrymen—or more probably, to carry into effect the long meditated designs, which there was no one capable of resisting, Alaric marched his motley army, composed of Goths, Huns, and Alans, over the frontier, and passing by the gates of Ravenna and the imbecile Honorius with the most crushing contempt, he marched directly to the Imperial City, and commenced the memorable siege of Rome.

The Court of Honorius, and the Emperor himself were, indeed, beneath the notice of Alaric, whatever might have been the motives which prompted his incursion. Ravenna was a point of no importance to any one who was not afraid to take the field; its sole merit even in the eyes of the Romans was its secure and convenient position as a City of Refuge. It could have been reduced only by a long siege and desperate assaults. It was not easily accessible to hostile attack, and the sea was open to it to furnish provision to the Court, the garrison, and the citizens. Any attempt to reduce it must almost necessarily have been accompanied with a blockade on the sea, and for this Alaric was not provided. He knew the composition of its inhabitants well enough to know that there would be no peril in consequence of leaving in his rear the sensual,

cowardly, impotent and luxurious crew which revelled within its walls during the last struggle—almost the last agony of the Western Empire.

We are skilfully introduced by Mr. Collins to that corrupt and ribald throng, and from the accurate picture which he presents us of the vice, the folly and the imbecility of Honorius and his Court, we not only anticipate the certain doom which is hanging over the degenerate Romans, but we recognize its justice, and feel that the harvest is indeed ripe for the sickle. The frivoless and effeminate Emperor, who amuses himself with feeding his pet poultry, at a time when the Goths are advancing, the armies without a general, the State without a pilot, the treasury without means—is already ruined beyond redemption. The coarseness, the brutality, the infuriate passions of bold criminals are not as terrific and repulsive as the union of imbecility, heedless indifference, and cold-blooded treachery. The poor fool, amusing himself in the midst of his worthless court with infantile amusements, after having imbrued his hands in the blood of his best benefactor, and his best defenders, and drawn upon the nation, which he was called to protect, the execrations of men, the curses of Heaven, and the irresistible arms of savage assailants is more chilling to the heart than all the butcheries of Nero or of Robespierre. We are thankful that this petty puppet is not allowed long to cumber the stage; but the change is not much to be applauded when we see the circle of vicious courtiers by which he is surrounded, and whose whole aims are limited to selfish gratifications and frivolous employments. The fate of the nation, the fortunes of the country, the lives of the citizens are utterly disregarded, while state ceremonies, and the novelties of the *cuisine* and the *boudoir* are magnified into all engrossing importance. Genius, and sense, virtue and courage, are alike banished from the contemptible circle that performs its petty mummeries around the Imperial throne; but in their place we have far-fetched affectations, bald witticisms, silly extravagances, and all the tawdry finery of the intellect, which cannot distinguish between Helicon and Grub Street; we have the most over-powering sentimentality, the most engrossing devotion to all forms of sensual pleasure, and conscious cowardice proud of having assumed the guise of genteel nervousness and exquisite sensibility. Over all hangs, like the leaden and sombre atmosphere of the Inferno, an all pervading languor, which is compelled to inflate trifles into things of momentous interest, for want of healthy and legitimate ends, and avenges the dereliction from every duty by rendering even vicious pleasure fatiguing, and poisoning the chalice of selfish indulgence. In such a society every principle of vitality is extinct, neither heart nor soul remains to direct its action, the very body is impotent and rotten, and putrefaction has interpenetrated the whole carcass even before the blow of the executioner has been struck. Yet the Court of Honorius only exhibits in its highest intensity, though perhaps in its least disgusting form, the corruption which was preying upon all classes in the community. The soldiers in the field and the populace in the cities were not less licentious, less frivolous, less vicious, or less worthless. With such a population Roman civilization is of course at an end.

At the court of Honorius we are introduced to one character, who is entitled on many accounts to a more extended consideration. He is one of the most prominent characters in the drama, if not exactly the hero of the play. He possesses most of the vices of his age, but they are polished into a more perfect and fascinating shape; and he has the merit of possessing some virtues, however disguised or misdirected they be, which are certainly not the characteristics of his contemporaries. His character too is more minutely and skilfully elaborated than that of any of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*; it is more delicately and truthfully finished; it is more fresh and original; and if it is the character of a consummate *roué*, he is not entirely *blasé* like the whole of the society around him. In him is also exhibited the contrast between the remains of the old religion and the new creed introduced by Christianity; he is in some respects the philosopher, in others the infidel of his times; and on all these various accounts will reward a more intimate acquaintance. By confining ourselves in great measure to his company, we will be able to follow without much divergence the windings of the plot; and to see the latent ulcers and organization of the old society, at the same time that we peep at the secret springs of its successor. It is hardly necessary to say that we refer to the Senator Vetranio, who exhibits in himself the very model of an intellectual voluptuary.

Vetranio is decidedly the rage at the Court of Ravenna; he is the envy of the men in all things which are there considered enviable, and he is the idol of the women who yield themselves an easy and happy conquest to his charms. He is popular with the people; wealthy, handsome, witty, and, what was rare in that age, munificent. He is a votary of the old religion, rather from the impulse of classic tastes than from any sincerity of belief. He is an epicure for want of other occupation; a sensualist *pour passer le temps*, and in order to find that excitement which is denied him in more legitimate modes. He writes poetry—such *vers de société* as were written by Ausonius and his friends; he pretends to

philosophy—no arduous attainment,—because in an age of hypocrisy and imbecility, it is the fashion to disguise trivial inanities and the lack of serious thought under the name rather than under the garb of philosophy. When philosophy makes its way into boudoirs and ball rooms, we may be tolerably well assured that there is not much of it any where else. And when such flimsy stuff is all that is requisite for the attainment of intellectual eminence, we may know that the hour of doom is ready to strike. There are many symptoms in the present condition of European intellect and society which present strong analogies to the age and the contemporaneous vices of Vetranio, and from the contemplation of the latter we may pass to apprehensive auguries with regard to the former without any violent transition. Those auguries perhaps are better unuttered at present.

SONG.

I met thee 'mid the throng—
But from them all apart—
A child of fancy and of song,
A creature of the heart,
And 'mid the lovely, loveliest there,
For the *soul's light* is ever fair.

Thy soul is in thine eyes,
And I have drank their beams,
Soft as the rich autumnal skies,
And beautiful as dreams:
A world of love smiles in their deeps,
The brighter that its glory sleeps.

O! thou hast touched a chord,
Whose melody seemed o'er—
And stirred within my soul a word,
I thought to breathe no more,—
My sun of love, I deemed had set,
But twilight girds th' horizon yet.

O, lady! be my star—
To make that twilight dim,
Lovely as summer twilights are—
And vocal with a hymn;
Not the 'rapt song of happier years,
But a still music born of tears.

O, lady! be my star—
And when the storm comes by,
I'll bless thee, shining from afar—
The angel of my sky:
Perchance that pure and lonely light
May lead me to some Pisgah height.

O, lady! be my star;—
Then Fancy, slumbering long,
May gladly mount the golden car,
And win the heaven of song,
And the obscurest poet's name,
If blessed by *love*—be linked to *fame*.

P. H. H.

THE MANAGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY BARNARD PHILLIPS.

The end of the theatrical campaign had brought the provincial actors to Paris. A whole people, a Bohemia of cosmopolite comedians, were gathered together in the common centre—the vast Parisian bazaar, where every year the country manager picks and chooses—selects and organizes his assortment—offerings to a grateful public. In bad weather this market is held in some obscure café in the Rue St. Honoré, but when the weather is fine, buyers and sellers find one another under the lindens of the Palais Royal. To depict the bargaining, the chaffering, the huckstering, the rise and fall of the market, would carry us too far from our subject. We would not dare attempt to paint the curious face of comedy or of tragedy; to describe the men, the women,—the old, the young, all seeking fortune, dissimulating misery,—and wrapping themselves *a l'Espagnol* in the most voluminous folds of vanity. Listen to them on the subject of their recent successes—what bravos! what laudations! have been theirs! They have more laurels than hats, but in the end they are good companions—and little do they care—only let them live upon their engagement. This nomadic people change garrison with the recklessness of soldiers.

It was a pleasant morning, and an April sun shone on the crowds of the Palais Royal. Many groups were actors,—a single glance would show you this—something dramatic about a hat or the peculiarity of a necktie would betray it. The season was advanced, and those who strayed behind, had but small hopes of success,—anxiety could be read upon their countenances. A man of fifty years, clad in sober black, with newspaper in hand, passed by them, and the comedians bowed low before him,—a bow of respect and hope; he moved quietly along—glanced at them, and then reperused *l'entre acte*. When out of sight, our artists who had all taken their most appropriate positions, seeing them of no avail, gave vent to their bad humor.

"How proud Balthazard is—he did not even speak to me," said one.

"Perhaps he don't want any body," said another.

"Very strange though, for he is the cleverest of directors."

"To keep clear of us is no proof of the manager's abilities. Ah! my friends, to what a state is art reduced."

Whilst the comedians continued their conver-

sation, Balthazard met, with evident satisfaction, a young man who entered the garden by the Passage du Peron. They shook hands, and sat down together at one of the tables, which are placed under the trees of the Café de Foy on the first symptom of a leaf.

"Well then, Florival, my dear fellow," said the manager, "does my proposition suit you? may I call you mine? The instant I heard of your quarrel with Picardin I was delighted, for you were too precious a subject to lose sight of; young gentlemen like yourself are but few, a handsome face,—a good person, and then the talent, the fire—the soul—the voice! Oh! I excuse your modesty, and will spare you the rest of the good things I had to say to you. With such qualities you should now be starring in Paris, or at least in some of our first cities, but you are young—and although this is just what is wanted for a first tenor and general lover, still you know business makes us prefer reputations established and consecrated by years. Your *rôle* is filled almost always by old Abadons of forty-five, plentifully wrinkled, with grey hair, and rusty sentiments, singing with a husky voice, but in a good school. My brethren hold much to this presentation of names to the public—you are a novelty and have nothing but your talent, and that is sufficient. Now on your side are you contented with what I offer you? Times are hard, the season is advanced, and many of your comrades have sought fortune beyond the seas; we will not go so far—we will scarce pass over our ungrateful country. Germany opens her arms for us—a kind nurse is she too, and the Rhine wine you know is not to be detested. Now let me explain to you my plans. You know I have often directed business in Strasbourg; last year having not much to do, I must needs go to some watering place, and selected Baden. There were there, as always, the first people in Europe. You elbowed your way through princes, and trod upon the toes of sovereigns, and you could not walk five steps without being face to face with a crowned head. The crowned heads, princes, dukes, mixed in the kindest way with everybody. Etiquette is banished in Baden; in that delightful place, these grand personages, though keeping their titles, give themselves the freedom and enjoyment of incognito. Among the amusements of Baden was a theatre, where miserable actors afflicted their audiences once or twice a week. These poor devils would not have lived, but for the support given by the gambling table. I used to go sometimes, and amongst the few who frequented the house, always found one in particular, a gentleman of distinguished air and manner, who seemed to take great pleasure in the performance. One evening he addressed to me some question on the piece, and of course a dramatic conversation ensued. He soon found I had a particular acquaintance with the drama, and after the play, he invited me to take some refreshment with him. I accepted, and after having supped and conversed, we separated at twelve o'clock. In coming to my hotel, a friend of mine met me, 'allow me,' said he, 'to congratulate you on your new acquaintanceship.' He meant with the person in whose company I had spent the evening. I learnt from him that my companion was no less than His Serene Highness the Prince Leopold—sovereign of the Grand Duchy of Noeristhen. Yes, Florival, my boy—I, Balthazard, had the distinguished honor of passing a whole evening with a crowned head. Next day, as I walked in the park, I met his Highness, and after having respectfully saluted him, I held myself at a distance. The prince, however, came up to me, and proposed a promenade. Before accepting this honor, delicacy dictated that I should inform the prince of my profession, which I did in a modest way. 'Truly,' said his Highness, 'I had divined it—most certainly, after your judicious conversation, and particularly some significant remarks which escaped you—I had not the least doubt but that you were a French manager.' The prince thereupon took my arm, and during an hour's walk, told me his desire to have in his capital a troupe of French actors, who could perform for him operas, dramas, ballets, and what not. He was having built a theatre, to be finished in the winter, and in fine offered me the direction of it. Never was a proposition more *apropos*. The prince offered me the most advantageous terms, my expenses, benefits, and so on. I assure you I did not hesitate an instant, and after having interchanged our word, the arrangement was completed.

"According to my promise, I must make my grand entry into Carlestadt, the court residence and capital, in the beginning of May. We have no time to spare. My troupe is already nearly formed, but I want still a first tenor for the opera, you can fill this post, and I count upon your acceptance."

"What you propose," said the young tenor, "would exactly suit me, but there is an obstacle, *une affaire du cœur*. yes, my dear Sir, I am dead in love. and every other interest is effaced before this sentiment. My reason for breaking with my last manager, was his refusal to engage the lady I love."

"Ah! is it an actress then!"

"Yes—but two years on the stage, beautiful—charming—adorable!—what wit! what grace! what talent! and such a voice, a better singer never appeared before the public."

"And she has no engagement?"

"None, the beautiful Delia has no engagement, from a series of misfortunes which would be too tedious to mention. Where she goes, I must go, I want the same theatre to unite us—that she may hear my voice in the first part, that she may listen to the tender verses of our poets, the—the touching prose of our dramatists—then perhaps may I obtain a regard of sympathy, and my fondest hopes be realised by the sacred tie of marriage."

"Very well indeed," said Balthazard, getting up, "tell me where lives this wonder, that I may run after her? I make a great sacrifice, but I engage you both, and to-morrow we start."

They were right who said Balthazard was a clever manager. None knew so well how to form a company; he had both taste and address, a certain art of deciding the wavering and seducing the rebellious. Suffice to say an hour after the interview at the Palais Royal, Balthazard had the signatures of Delia and Florival, two excellent acquisitions, worthy of honoring his name in Germany. The same evening his troupe was completed, and the next day a substantial dinner at the *Roché Cancale* found all the actors together. The day after, all, bag and baggage, were in the diligence for Strasbourg.

Our troupe was thus composed:

Balthazard—manager, taking the noble Fathers, the Dukes, the old Kings, the rich bankers.

Florival—first tenor, lover in general, hero, gentleman.

Rigolet—comedian, buffo, the country characters.

Similor—valet in high comedy.

Anselme—second tenor, and generally useful.

Ledel—Chef d'orchestre.

Mademoiselle Delia—soprano, marriageable young lady, heroine.

Mademoiselle Foligny—contralto, second characters.

Mademoiselle Alice. danseuse, figurante.

Mad. Pastourelle—mother, duenna, step-mother, general ability.

Nothing remarkable happened, no adventure worthy of being recollected on the journey. At Strasbourg thirty-six hours rest was granted, and Balthazard profiting by the halt, wrote informing the grand duke of his proximity and of his immediate arrival; the troupe again took up their march, and soon crossed the Rhine and entered the German territory. In three days they traversed twenty four different duchies; and at length arrived at the frontier of the dukedom of Noeristhen, and halted at a little village called Krusthal.

From the frontier to the capital was four leagues, but all means of conveyance was wanting. A single carriage sufficed for the postal arrangement, and its departure was for the day after, and besides it had accommodations but for two. The place boasted no vehicles, a delay was absolutely necessary. Our poor artists began to lose patience, patience was not their dominant virtue—with two notable exceptions. The first tenor and soprano were together, and could they tire of each other's company? for to tell the truth, the Prima Donna, though acting with the strictest decorum, was not altogether insensible to the advances of Florival. Balthazard was no less impatient than the others, but liable to discouragement. After having searched for a couple of hours through the village, he returned in triumph mounted on a light car, vigorously pulled by a Mecklenburg horse. Unfortunately the vehicle was quite filled by the portly manager.

"I must go alone," said he, "as soon as I arrive, I shall pay my addresses to the grand duke, and your position will be known, and without a doubt, he will send two or three of his carriages to bring you honorably into Carlestadt."

His speech was received with acclamations. The driver cracked his whip, and off started the horse in full trot. The four leagues were accomplished in as many hours, the usual speed of the German courier. Evening was beginning to replace the day, when Balthazard made his entry into Carlestadt. The streets were almost deserted, the shops were shut, for in this happy country, business retires to rest at early hours. Our manager, of course, could scarce judge of the importance of the city. Soon the carriage brought up before a handsome hotel.

"You wanted to go to the palace of our well beloved prince—here we are," and with this the driver pulled up and descended. Balthazard entered the carriage way, not the least disquieted by the sentinel who performed duty before the august mansion.

In the vestibule Balthazard met a chamberlain, who politely bowed to him, and passing on, he arrived in the ante-chamber, which was empty. Here he had expected to meet a crowd of gentlemen, but not one appeared. He went on—all was still; there was no rustling of plumes or clanging of sabres: gaining courage, he advanced farther, and here, in a small room, lit by a single lamp, he saw a respectable looking person, clad in black, sound asleep upon a sofa. Balthazard ventured a cough; the man in black rose, and looking at him with an astonished air, asked his business.

"I request immediate audience with his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke," said the manager.

"There is no entrance to the Prince at the present hour."

"I am expected," said Balthazard, with dignity, as he adjusted his coat collar, and smoothed down a wrinkle in his kid glove.

"Oh! that is different; who shall I announce?"

"The privileged director of the court theatre."

"What did you say, sir?"

Balthazard repeated his title, giving this time full weight to every syllable. He was left alone for an instant, and poor Balthazard began, for the first time, to doubt concerning his success, when he heard the voice of the prince, who said. "He may come in."

Balthazard entered. The prince was seated in a rich *fauteuil*, before a table covered with green cloth, on which lay in dire confusion papers, books, a portfolio, a smoking pouche, two candles, a sugar bowl, a sword, a plate, gloves, a meerschaum, and a case of decanters of Bohemia crystal. His Highness was devoted to the national occupation—he was quietly rolling a volume of smoke from his amber-mouthed cherry stick.

The privileged manager bowed thrice, exactly as he would have done in announcing some novelty to an audience; then keeping silence he awaited the pleasure of the Grand Duke. The face of Balthazard was so expressive, that the prince said—

"Well, there you are; certainly, I recognized you, and remember an agreement made at Baden-Baden; but, sir, you arrive at a most unfortunate time."

"I beg your Highness' pardon, for presenting myself at this unexpected hour," said Balthazard with another inclination.

"The hour has nothing to do with it," quickly replied the Grand Duke, "if it were only that. See—here is your letter; I have just re-read it: and I regret that instead of not addressing me a month ago, you deferred it to so late an hour."

"A thousand pardons—I was wrong"—

"Yes, more than you thought for; had you informed me in due time, I should have spared you much time, trouble, and an useless voyage."

"Useless," cried Balthazard, with fear; "has his Highness changed his plans?"

"No: I love the theatre, and I should have been delighted to have had you: upon this subject my taste will never change, but unfortunately I cannot satisfy it. Look you here, sir,"—upon this the prince got up, and taking the manager by the arm, led him to the window, "Last year I told you my theatre was building."

"Yes, your Highness."

"Well then,—look to the other side of the grand square, in front of my palace—what do you see?"

"I see nothing, your Highness, but the foundation of a building just rising from the ground."

"Exactly—my theatre."

"It pleased your Highness to inform me, that this monument of your princely taste, was to be finished before the end of the winter."

"I did not know then, that I should be forced to suspend the work for want, sir—want of money to pay the workmen—for such is my position to-day. I have no money to offer you—much less a theatre;—it is because the means are wanting. The state coffers—the private purse is empty. You look at me with consternation—What are you surprised at! Adversity is no respecter of persons—not even of Grand Dukes, but I bear these troubles with fortitude—with philosophy; try to do the same. Allow me, M. the director of the court theatre," continued the prince, with a smile, "shut my window, help yourself to a glass of kirsch, and we will drink to better times. You know I am not proud,—now less than ever—besides I owe you some explanations, since unfortunately you suffer from my misfortunes. I will give them to you frankly. I have never kept great order in my expenses; however, when I met you, I had every reason to suppose that my affairs were in the best of situations. The deficit I discovered too late last January. The year was an unfortunate one; the hail had ruined the crops—the duties fell in proportion—a considerable sum was owing for the maintenance of the palace—and a rumor of inadequacy of funds came for the first time to my ears. For the first time, I ordered the most minute details of my financial returns, and found out that from my ascension to the throne. I had been constantly spending more than my income. My first act on succeeding my father, had been to diminish certain duties paid to my predecessors;—my misfortunes took start from this; to day I am ruined, encumbered with debts, and without means to repair my disasters. My cabinet had proposed a way—it was to double the taxes; to institute new ones—in a word, to load down my poor people. Excellent method! to make the poor devils pay for my want of forethought. In other countries it may be the custom; but with me, I shall never have recourse to such a measure. I want justice above all things, and like better to remain as I am, than to cause suffering to my people."

"Excellent prince!" cried Balthazard, touched by sentiments so noble and so rare with sovereigns.

"Well, now," said the duke, with a smile, "are you going to take the part of a flatterer? Take care, sir!—the task will be a difficult one, as you will find not a soul to help you. I can no longer pay for flattery: my purse will not allow it. In coming to me you passed through empty rooms: you met no grooms, no ushers, no

chamberlains. These gentlemen have sent in the 'notices to quit;'—my civil and military attendants have left me, because I could no longer pay them. Here, sir, I am alone, but a few patient and trusty servants remain with the fortunes of their master,—and the first gentleman is at present filled by Wilfrid, my valet de chambre."

In these last quiet words, the sad accents of the Grand Duke went to the heart of Balthazard: two tears stole down the face of the manager—he was not actor enough to hide true emotion. The prince solaced him with a smile.

"Do not grieve for me. Can you call it a misfortune to lose a crowd of lying faces? On the contrary I feel released from a heavy ceremony, disembarrassed from cringing fools and spies which encumbered my person from morning till night."

The prince said this so frankly, that Balthazard felicitated the prince upon his courage.

"Courage," said the duke; "I have more than you give me credit for—and may not then have enough for the new blow which menaces me. My abandonment would be of little importance, if it were only owing to my finances,—as soon as I got in funds, I could have another court. I could buy back the same, merely to have the satisfaction of putting my foot upon their necks, and revenging myself; but their defection causes me to dread a storm in the political horizon, as said my last diplomatist. Money was not the reason for their desertion; they would have waited for better times: vanity would have taught their avarice patience. They left me because they thought the ground they stood upon was shaky—they are with my enemies. I cannot dissimulate the danger which menaces me. I am on the worst of terms with Austria: Metternich is not my best friend. In Vienna I am thought too liberal—too popular; they say I set a bad example, and the reproach is that I govern my people too cheaply, and that they are not galled enough by the yoke. These are the reasons they have collected, to play on me a deep game. One of my cousins, a general in the Austrian service, covets my Grand Duchy. I say grand, because it has ten leagues of length, and five of breadth,—but as it is, it suits me; I was born to it,—I have the habit of it,—and if I lost it—something would be wanting. My cousin, who so kindly wishes to displace me, is determined to involve in confusion my incontestable rights; and though I have a good cause, I may easily lose it—seeing I have not a kreuitzer to enlighten thereby the judges. My enemies are powerful—I am surrounded by treason which seeks profit from my embarrassed situation—in fine, they wish to drive me hence to bankruptcy," continued the prince. "In these critical circumstances, nothing would be more acceptable than yourself and company, as a distraction; but as I have neither theatre nor money, it is not in my power to retain you, my poor director. I am sadly worried at it:—all I can do is to allow you a small indemnification, and to pay the expenses of your return to France. Come and see me to-morrow morning—we will arrange the matter. Good evening, sir."

The misfortunes of the prince had so worked upon the sensibilities of Balthazard, that he had entirely lost sight of his own position. It was only as he left the palace, that his situation rushed upon him. How was he to arrange affairs with his company! Actors and actresses, brought 300 leagues from Paris upon written engagements! What was he to say to them—how explain his situation! The unfortunate director passed a restless night. At daybreak he arose and sought an inspiration from the freshness of the morning.

"Some good and practical manœuvre to extricate me from the difficulty," said he.

A walk of two hours made him acquainted with Carlestadt. It was an elegant, coquettish, lazy little city, with wide streets, fresh houses, the windows of which bore mirrors which reflected the promenadings of the passers by, and threw into the apartment the scenes of public life, so that, thanks to this animated daguerreotype, the indwellers could satisfy their curiosity and be in the streets without leaving their houses. Carlestadt appeared to pay but small attention to industry or commercial enterprises; luxury was banished, and prosperity was evident only in the modish tastes, and the phlegmatic philosophy of the citizens.

A company of actors could never reap laurels, much less Napoleons, in such a country. "Ah!" said Balthazard, "a second retreat of Moscow," as he looked at his watch, and turned with a slow step to the palace.

He entered as uninterruptedly as yesterday. The faithful Wilfrid—the whole court—received him quietly and hastened to introduce him to his master.

His Highness' countenance betrayed trouble. He walked with a quick step up and down his apartment; his eyes cast down, his arms folded, and crumpling in his hand some papers, the contents of which had evidently worried him: for a moment or two he kept silence; then stepping towards Balthazard, he said quickly:

"You will find me less calm than yesterday. I have just received most disagreeable news, and I struggle against its effect. As true as I live, this would not weigh a feather upon me: I would give up with all my heart my poor sovereignty—this crown of thorns, which they dispute with

me—if my honor would allow me to abandon my legitimate rights. Yes, this very moment would I give up my Grand Duchy—my title—my crown, to live quietly in Paris as a civilian, with 30,000 francs a year.

"I have not the least doubt of it," cried Balthazard, whose wildest day-dreams had never risen to such a height.

This naive exclamation brought a smile—it took so little to chase away the *ennui*, and to bring back the good humor which buoyed up the prince's character.

"I understand you," said the duke, "it is not a disagreeable idea to spend 30,000 francs a year in independence, and amid the pleasures of a Parisian life; it is a more agreeable lot than to govern all the duchies of the world. You are right, and I know it by experience; when I was hereditary prince I spent six months in Paris, free—without a thought;—memory tells me they were the happiest days of my life."

"Well, your Highness," said the manager, naturally, "in parting with all you have here, could you not realise that sum? besides, your cousin, whom you did me the honor of speaking of yesterday, would grant you the 30,000 a year, if you give up your title. But, Monseigneur, may I speak frankly?"

"I do not ask better.

"A quiet or modest life, doubtless, would have a certain charm, as you say, sir, but on the other hand, you hold essentially to your crown justly upon reasons of honor. You may say what you please—exaggerate the softness of repose in a moment of danger,—but a throne, shaky as it may be, can never be left but with regret; that is my opinion founded upon the dramatic school—perhaps it is the reminiscence of some part; but you find often truth upon the stage. Allow me, sir, everything considered, to ask, do you hold to your throne? You ought to—but pardon me, your Highness, my speech is too bold."

"Speak, I beg of you, my dear manager—I allow it and request it. I ought, you say"—

"Your Highness should, instead of giving up to discarded, hackneyed, common-place ideas, be in advance of the threatening storm:—why should you fall? Circumstances are not so unfavorable as your Highness is pleased to think; you have neither ministers nor state counsellors to disturb your projects. Strong in your right, and in the love of your people, it is impossible that we may not find a means of restoring you to your position. Can not your Highness divine?"

"Yes, there is one."

"That is sufficient."

"You mean a good marriage," said the prince, with a smile.

"Exactly; it was what I was thinking of. You are single. Well, your Highness, do you not see you are saved. A good marriage! In this way all great houses consolidate themselves when threatened with a fall. Your Highness has but to marry some rich heiress—the only daughter of some rich banker."

"What do you say—a *misalliance!*"

"Excuse me, your Highness, but if pride"—

"I have none; but what would Austria say at such a thing? If I should lower myself, it would be a new cause against me; but, besides, the millions of a banker would not suffice: true I must have a rich wife, but I count more upon a powerful family—a family who will give me their support. In such an alliance is my only hope of safety. One of my neighbors, Prince Maximillian of Hanau, (high in favor at Vienna,) has a sister to marry. The princess is young, pretty, amiable and rich, an excellent person, and I had already entered into some preliminaries upon the subject, when these cursed despatches, just received, overturned all my plans. This is the reason for the depression of spirits in which you find me."

"Your Highness will allow me to examine the matter. I fear you are too quickly discouraged."

"Judge for yourself. I have a rival, the elector of Biberich; his electorate is smaller than mine, but he is more firmly established in his power than I."

"Allow me, Monseigneur—did I not see this elector at Baden last year? Without flattery—he cannot be compared with yourself: you are but thirty; he must be more than forty: you are well-made, have a *distingué* air; he! why he is heavy, badly built, with flaming hair—I notice yours is auburn."

"Bah!" said the prince.

"The princess could not but decide in your favor."

"Very good, but think you, M. Balthazard, the choice is left to her? She belongs to her august brother, who will marry her without asking her opinion."

"That is exactly what we must hinder," said Balthazard, so excited, that he joined himself with the prince's interest.

"How?"

"In making the lady love you. There are so many resources in sentiment and sympathy. Do we not see it every day—marriages of *convenance* given up to mutual affection."

"Yes, we do—upon the stage."

"Which furnishes lessons," said Balthazard, quite warm.

"To certain classes, but we princes have not the advantage in this sort of combat, where the determination of two hearts, by an ingenious

plot and orchestral accompaniments, breaks down all obstacles."

"Upon this subject, Monseigneur will allow me to differ; the masters of art I study tell me that these things happen in palaces, as often as elsewhere—all the difference is in the form;—with you it is more pompous, that is all: but I beg of you, why not make the attempt? If I had a counsel to give you, it would be to set out to-morrow and visit the prince of Hanau."

"Perfectly useless. To see the Prince and the Princess Edgeing, I have no need to put myself out of the way; one of these papers announces their intended arrival at Carlestadt. Can you not understand my unfortunate position? They are on the point of arriving. They come from Berlin. They will pass through my duchy on their way home, and ask hospitality for two or three days in Carlestadt: do you not see I am lost forever? What can they think when they see me alone, abandoned—my palace deserted? Do you think the sister would share my lot? Last year they were in Biberich; the elector received them with warmth and enthusiasm He had at least all the pleasures of an animated court to offer them; he had at their service gentlemen, chamberlains; he could give them fêtes, balls, concerts; and I—nothing! Am I not sufficiently unhappy—humiliated? Besides, in order that no affront may be spared me, my rival wishes to negotiate his marriage here;—yes, upon my soul, the elector braves me to this point. He is about to send me the Baron Pepinster, his ambassador, with instructions, (as he says,) to conclude a miserable commercial treaty with me; but this is but a pretext; the baron has another mission—it is to make terms with Hanau: the rencontre is well managed—they wish to accomplish it quietly and secretly; and must I be obliged to see this? Must I bear this outrage, to exhibit to the prince and his sister the spectacle of my misery—of my degradation. Heavens! to escape this shame!"

"There may be means," said Balthazard, after a moment's reflection.

"A means! Speak! Whatever it is, I adopt it."

"A ridiculous, yet hardy attempt."

"No matter; we are ready to risk all—everything."

"You must dissimulate your situation—repeople your palace—have a court."

"Yes."

"Could you induce the return of your old court."

"Never: I told you they had been bought over by my enemies."

"Are not others to be found amongst your most distinguished families?"

"Impossible: there are but few gentlemen. Ah! if a court could but be reinstated, I would take the last tradesman of Carlestadt."

"I can offer you better."

"What!"

"My players."

"How—you want me to compose a court with your actors?"

"Yes, sir; and where would you find better! Pray remember that my performers understand perfectly their business, and are at home in the parts of lords and ladies. I answer for their quick appreciation, discretion and probity. The instant your illustrious visitors have left you, they will receive their dismission. Recollect you have no choice: time presses: the danger is at your door: you dare not hesitate."

"But look you:—if such a *ruse* be discovered."

"But a supposition—a chimerical fear: I can but say this—reject my proposition, and your misfortune is certain."

The Duke thought for an instant. Under an apparent weakness of character, he had determination, and inclined much towards the adventurous and perilous. He was not ignorant that fortune crowned the daring, and he had all the audacity of his desperate position. Balthazard's expedient was hailed with intrepid delight as a last resource of despairing royalty.

"*A merveille*," cried the manager, "you will have no cause to repent. You see in me a sample of your company; and since the dividing of honors, and change of affairs is to commence, let me beg your Highness to think of your humble servant. I feel myself already in the spirit of my part: for instance, as a courtier I should always profit by the absence of my rivals to get the best place. Your Highness will be good enough to name me prime minister."

"Granted," said the prince seriously; "your excellency will please to enter immediately upon your office."

"His excellency then will commence by drawing up a small paper, and begging your signature. But first your Highness will answer me two or three questions; when one is a stranger in a country, and besides a novice in diplomacy, a little instruction would not be amiss. If you should require armed force could you obtain it?"

"Yes—without a doubt."

"Your Highness has soldiers?"

"A regiment."

"How many?"

"One hundred and twenty, without counting the music."

"Are they obedient—devoted?"

"Their obedience is passive—their devotedness without limit; officers and soldiers would kill themselves for me."

"No more than their duty. Another question—have you such a thing as a—a prison?"

"To be sure."

"But I mean a good, substantial one, Monseigneur; strong. well guarded, thick walls, close gratings, and ferocious and incorruptible warders!"

"My castle of Raufrang, built by, my ancestor, Rodolph the Inflexible, is at your disposition. I have never made use of it; my ancestors knew, however, better than I."

"The Inflexible! ahem—an excellent name. He, I warrant, never wanted for money nor courtiers. Monseigneur, allow your minister to speak the truth—I consider your Highness to have been in the wrong, for not having given lodgers to the crown domains. The first act of my authority is consecrated to a salutary measure of incarceration. The castle of Raufrang must have accommodation for twenty persons?"

"What! you want to imprison twenty people?"

"May be more; may be less—for I do not know the exact list of your former court dignitaries. It is only the deserters that I hope to put under the shadow of the walls of Raufraug,—it is indispensable."

"But illegal."

"What does your Highness say? You make use of a word not in my vocabulary. I take it thus—what is necessary is legal. Besides, in the position of prime minister, I am responsible. We cannot allow your courtiers their freedom—or how shall we act our play? We would be betrayed! The safety of the State depends on their imprisonment;—it is nothing but justice. I beg to know what courtier, during a year's service, has not been worthy of incarceration? Did you not say they were traitors! I beg of you for your own safety—for the success of our project tending to the happiness of your people, give me the names of the culpable. Sign this order, and inflict at least a week's punishment upon them."

The Duke, overruled, wrote the names and signed the paper, which was immediately taken to the officers of the regiment, with an order upon receipt to conduct the prisoners to Raufrang, three leagues from the capital.

"Your Highness must be impatient for his court. How many carriages has your Highness?"

"I have a berlin, a caléche, a cabriolet"—

"And the horses"—

"Six carriage and two saddle horses."

I will take the berlin, the caléche, and four horses—I will go to Krusthal and bring my actors, all well up in their parts. We will arrive to night, and will install ourselves in your palace, ready to serve your excellency."

"Very well; but before going, pray answer this note of the Baron Pepinster, who demands an audience."

"Yes, your Highness, I give you my answer. Four lines—very ministerial—very dry,—adjourning him till to-morrow. We must be under arms on his arrival. Here is the note; but how to sign it—Balthazard has scarcely a diplomatic look"—

"Call yourself—Count—Count——of Lipandorf."

"'Lipandorf.' Thanks, your Highness. May I nobly wear my title, as I assure you I will return it, with dress and properties, when the comedy is played."

The Count of Lipandorf wrote his name; it was taken to Pepinster, and an instant after Balthazard was driving to Krusthal in the ducal equipage.

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The next morning at early reception the Duke was surrounded by his new court. He received them with perfect grace. The ladies and gentlemen had on their best dresses: the Duke declared himself delighted with the latest Paris fashions. After the first compliments, the distributions took place, as follows—

Florival—tenor. *Aide de camp to His S. H. Duke Leopold, Colonel of Hussars and Count of Riensberg.*

Rigolet—first comic. *Chamberlain and Baron Tierbach.*

Anselme—general utility. *Gentleman in ordinary. Chevalier de Grillesmell.*

Ledel—chef d'orchestre. *Maestro della capella and chevalier de Harpengaz.*

Mademoiselle Delia—prima donna. *Countess of Rosenthal. Interesting orphan with immense expectations, disposable only at the pleasure of the Grand Duke, and lady of honor to the future Grand Duchess.*

Mad'lle Alice—danseuse. *Gay young widow of a general, and Baroness of Fizdrig.*

Madame Pastourelle. *Governess of the ladies of honor, and Baroness Bichozikopfs.*

Each of the new dignitaries received decorations in proportion to their rank. De Lipandorf, first minister, wore two stars and three grand orders. Florival de Riensberg hung five crosses upon his frogged coat.

Each rôle was distributed and learnt. A reading and rehearsal took place with decided effect. The Grand Duke thought it worth while to arrange some *corps de theatre*, and to give certain indications relative to the ceremonies: as Prince Maximilian and his sister were to arrive that evening, not a moment was to be lost. As a grand rehearsal, and to try the force of the

company, it was agreed to give audience to the Baron Pepinster.

The baron had requested permission to present his wife, together with his letters of credence; the favor was granted, and the throne room was prepared for the first act of the comedy.

At the sight of the august Baron, the new courtiers scarcely kept their countenances. The baron was fifty, immeasurably tall and remarkably thin, tremendously powdered—wearing silk stockings stretched on slim legs; a long queue hung down his back: his face resembled that of a bird of prey: he had two little eyes, a hooked nose, and retreating chin. It was difficult to look at him without laughing. A profusion of decorations shone upon him: his chest being too narrow to bear them all, they were hung in two perpendicular lines from his throat to his sword-belt. He balanced himself along with an unhappily adjusted sword and cocked hat. Madame la Baronne, by way of revenge, was a pretty little woman of twenty-five; of a beautiful figure, with a graceful tournure; she had a quick eye, a nose slightly *retrousé*, and a smile enamelled with pearls. Her toilet alone was extravagant: the little woman had put on her best; she was covered with diamonds and rubies, but for all she could do, her tallest plume but touched the shoulder of her superb lord. On their grand entry, taking each other's hands—proud, haughty, and marching with measured step, the effect was ludicrous. A serious glance of Balthazard, (seated on the right of the Grand Duke,) checked the laugh. The comedians recollected they were courtiers, and acted accordingly. Perfect in his part of prime minister—taking matters at once most seriously, Balthazard opened his batteries. His natural penetration showed him at once the hole in the cuirass—the weak point of the Baron—he imagined that the diplomat, old and ugly, must be jealous of his wife. He was not deceived: Pepinster was as jealous as a tiger cat; but lately married, the thin diplomat had not dared leave his better half at home: not wishing to lose sight of her, counting upon his own vigilance, he had brought her to Carlestadt, thinking that *his* presence must prevent all danger.

After having interchanged with the Baron some words in the most profound serio-political manner, Balthazard sought the aide de camp, Florival, and taking him to the window, he received secret instructions how to act. The brilliant first tenor, after having given an extra curl to his perfumed locks, and adjusted his splendid uniform of Hussar, approached the Baroness. The ambassadress replied most graciously to his salutation, and received him with marked distinction (she had remarked the elegant form and captivating deportment of our handsome tenor) and was soon delighted with his wit and gallantry. Florival had a brilliant imagination, and besides possessed a fluent gift of seducing words and sentimental phrases, borrowed from his repertory half from memory—half from inspiration—and he was always listened to with pleasure. The conversation took place in French, from the following circumstance: "It is my habit," said the Grand Duke to the ambassador. "French is only spoken in this palace, it is a law I have had some difficulty to introduce, and to tell the truth, I had to impose heavy penalties for each German word pronounced in my presence; as you may perceive, my court speak it perfectly—and I doubt wherever your excellency can discover an error; my first minister, Count de Lipandorf, alone has dispensation, I allow him sometimes to forget himself, and speak his mother tongue." Balthazard had been for years director of a theatre in Strasburg, and spoke German like a Frankfort Brewer. Baron Pepinster was plunged in the deepest uneasiness, whilst his wife spoke in low tones with the handsome aide de camp; the prime minister held the Baron by the button hole, and heavily unrolled his system concerning the treaty of commerce, the unfortunate Pepinster blundered in a most unministerial manner, his countenance showed the greatest solicitude, a convulsive movement shook his slender legs, he made vain efforts to escape his torture, but the cruel Balthazard held him fast.

Wilfrid, transformed into first gentleman in waiting, announced dinner. The ambassador and his wife were invited guests: all entered the spacious banquetting room. The aide de camp, was placed next the Baroness, and the Baron had the seat of honor between the Grand Duke and his minister at the other end of the table. His misery knew no bounds, for Florival kept up the tender conversation, which seemed to delight his companion. The ambassador, generally a great eater, almost fasted.

There was another person, however, whom the conduct of Florival displeased. Mademoiselle Delia, the Countess, looked angrily from her pretty eyes. After dinner Balthazard, who allowed nothing to escape him, said to her, "Do you not see that he is but playing his part? Would you be jealous were Florival to make stage love to one of your comrades? it is just the same, the performance once ended, he will be at your feet again."

The Countess of Rosenthal was, however, but half convinced,—she feared he liked too well his new part.

A courier announced that the august travellers were within a post of Carlestadt. The Grand Duke hastened to meet them, followed by his aid de camp, the Count de Riensberg, and some

officers. It was night when the Prince Maximilian of Hanau, and his sister arrived, they were ushered into the grand entry, and retired for the night to their apartments.

"Well, sir," said the Grand Duke, "the play has commenced, and Heaven help us!"

"Confidence, sir," replied Balthazard, "I have seen the Prince Maximilian, and from his countenance it was easy for me to discern that every thing will go on swimmingly; as to Pepinster, Florival has made him too jealous to attend to his master's affairs. A pleasant night to you, your Highness."

Next morning the royal guests had a morning serenade—the military band led by the Chevalier Harpengaz.

The day was beautiful, and the Grand Duke proposed a promenade in the environs of Carlestadt; he was desirous to show his guests his finest country seats. It was indeed a beautiful country, full of those picturesque points of view, which are so often copied upon the German canvass. The pleasure party was accordingly arranged, the ladies to be in carriages, the gentlemen on horseback. The rendezvous was the old castle of Rudersvell, a relic of the middle ages. As soon as the brilliant caravan had arrived in sight of the castle, the Princess Edgeing begged to proceed on foot. Every lady alighted, the Grand Duke offered his arm to the Princess, the Prince offered his to the Countess Rosenthal, and at a sign of Balthazard's, Madame la Baronne de Pastourelle de Bichozikopfs laid violent hands on the Baron Pepinster, whilst his smiling lady accepted Florival as cavalier. All was for the best. The young people moved on with a gay and rapid step, the unfortunate Baron did his best to move up with his long legs near his little wife, but the portly Baroness, weighed heavily upon the poor ambassador's arm,—out of respect for the Grand Marèchal the Baron dare not complain.

In the ruins of the castle, the company found a table covered with luxuries, an agreeable surprise of the prime minister's.

The day was passed in roaming through the woods. The princess was in the gayest of moods, the ladies were most charming, and the Prince Maximilian complimented the Duke upon having such a pleasing court. The Baroness Pepinster, in a moment of enthusiasm, regardless of the dark looks of her husband, declared that Biberich was stupid, horribly dull when compared with Noeristhen,—of course she could not have said anything more adverse to the interest of her husband. The Princess Edgeing had a fashionable predilection for everything French,—it was a rage with her. She spoke French like a Parisian, and she also complimented the Duke upon the choice of his court, and his law concerning the court language,—however, the Princess thought it remarkable to find such proficiency, and tried to make them commit a mistake in a word, but without success.

Upon the return to the palace, the prince and court adjourned to the private apartments. A spirited conversation took place, which might have terminated the evening, but the chevalier Harpengaz was at the piano, and Mademoiselle Delia sang a grand air from the newest opera. It was a veritable triumph. The Prince Maximilian had been markedly attentive to Delia during the morning—the grace, the wit of the actress had begun to work an effect upon him, which her music finished. Passionately devoted to music he was enchanted. Her song finished, the talents of Florival were spoken of, and upon a request of the Baroness Pepinster, he sang a duo with Delia, with still greater success—a third was begged for, the grand chamberlain kindly made the third to a comic trio—the comic of the Baritone and Baron of Kochenberg was applauded to the skies. Our artistes were at home, their triumph was complete. Notwithstanding his reserve, the Prince of Hanau deigned to show his emotion, and even the ambassador was obliged to affirm that with such a voice, the count Florival would rank high in the world. You may imagine that his part was only objective.

Next day the Grand Duke proposed a hunt, Florival surpassed all others, (it was said in Paris that he commenced as an *éleve* of Franconi*). In the evening they had a dance. The question was raised of having a large party, but the guests were so delighted with their new court friends that they begged permission to join the family circle.

"We are four," said the Princess, pointing to the ladies, "amply sufficient for a quadrille, I hope the gentlemen will not be found wanting." The quadrille was immediately formed, the Grand Duke, the baritone, the aide de camp—the general utility, formed vis à vis.

"I regret," said the Grand Duke, "that my court is so curtailed, within the last three days, I have reduced it a half."

"And why?" asked the prince of Hanau.

"Imagine your Highness, that a dozen or so of my courtiers had a regular plot organized against me, instigated by my cousin of Vienna. The instant I discovered it, I put them under arrest, they are now in our good castle of Raufrang."

"Excellent! well done! what energy—what vigor—just what I like. To think of their saying (excuse me) that you had a weak character, how you have been calumniated." The Grand Duke

*The celebrated circus of Paris.

cast a look full of thanks to his minister, Balthazard, who, as high dignitary, was as perfectly at his ease in his new situation, as if he had been brought up to it, and even began to think that the government of a Grand Duchy was child's play in comparison with the management of a company. On the alert for the interests of his master, he manœuvred to bring about the marriage of the Grand Duke; notwithstanding all his finesse, the Baron Pepinster employed every instant of repose his wife allowed him, to consummate the marriage for the Elector of Biberich. To tell the truth Biberich was dead in love with Edgeing, and the alliance met with the favor of Prince Maximilian. Thus the Baron could triumph simply by the Prince's will, and unless the manager could bring his machinery to work, and that most quickly, the affair must turn against him. It was absolutely necessary to destroy the credit of the ambassador or to drive him off the field. Balthazard was at his task, learning Florival his part, when the Prince Maximilian met him and begged a moment's conversation.

"I am at your Highness' commands."

"I shall go straight to the point, M. Lecomte de Lipandorf. I am the widower of a Princess of Hesse D'Armstadt, whom I married to satisfy political exigencies. I have three sons by this marriage. To-day I wish to consecrate a new union, without sacrificing myself to reasons of state. I meditate a marriage of inclination."

"If his Highness would honor me by asking my poor opinion, I should say he was perfectly in the right. After having sacrificed himself for the happiness of his people, a prince ought at least be at liberty to think of his own."

"Is it not so? Now sir, you shall know my choice. I love Mademoiselle Delia de Rosenthal."

"Mademoiselle Delia!"

"Yes sir, the countess Delia—and let me add, I know everything."

"What do you know?"

"I know who she is."

"Ah!"

"It is a great secret."

"And how on earth did your Highness penetrate it?"

"Easily—the Grand Duke."

"I could never have believed it."

"He alone, upon my honor—and my dear minister, I am delighted at having addressed myself to him."

"How!"

"This morning on asking the Grand Duke to what noble family the lady belonged, the prince Leopold hardly hid his embarrassment. The position of Mademoiselle Delia gave me cause for reflection—she is young, beautiful, but at the same time isolated, apparently without a protector—it appeared suspicious. I shuddered at the idea of an intriguante, then to destroy all suspicion the Grand Duke told me all."

"And after such a revelation what does your highness propose."

"It does not change my prospects in the least. I hope to marry her."

"Marry her! Your Highness jests."

"Count of Lipandorf, I never joke. What is it that is so strange in my determination? The father of the present Duke was particularly wild—he contracted during his life a number of left-handed marriages,—what do I care about the illegitimacy of her birth,—she has noble blood—is of a princely race, and that is sufficient."

"Yes," said Balthazard, who had dispersed his fears and composed his countenance, with the talent of a consummate actor and statesman, "I understand your Highness perfectly. Your Highness has a peculiar faculty of convincing all who hear him."

"As fortune will have it," continued the Prince, "the mother is unknown, and upon that side, not a trace of family."

"As your Highness is pleased to remark, a most lucky circumstance, without doubt the Grand Duke is informed of our august wishes."

"No, as yet not a word—not even the lady. To you alone, my dear sir, I confide a request, which I hope can have your immediate attention. You have the day to arrange it. I shall write a few lines to Mademoiselle Delia, I want to hear from her alone; if I am accepted, I will beg her to meet me to night at the little pavilion in the the park. You see I behave in this matter exactly in the true lover style—a rendezvous, a mysterious meeting. I beg of you to leave me now, and arrange my business. I am anxious that a double link be made between our families. You may tell the Grand Duke that upon this condition alone, he shall have the Princess Edging. Let him break with me and ten minutes after I am for Biberich. My fortune and your master's are in your hands. Good day, sir."

An instant after the Grand Duke and Balthazard held state council; upon motion of the manager Delia was sent for and admitted. What was to be done? What part was to be played? Hanau was obstinate. To acknowledge the deceit was to make him an enemy for life, on the other hand to let him fall into his error—to espouse Delia—that was a delicate affair—and if discovered would bring the whole Aulic council about the ears of the Grand Duke.

"What advice does my prime minister give me?" asked the Grand Duke.

"A retreat—instant flight. Delia must go instantly—we will find an explanation."

"Yes, and to-night Maximilian signs his contract with Pepinster. My opinion is that we are too far advanced to retreat; should the Prince discover some day the truth, he will be the first to hide it, besides Mademoiselle—you are an orphan—have neither parents nor family—I adopt you—I recognise you as my sister."

"Ah! Monseigneur—what goodness!" exclaimed the cantatrice.

"You accept, Mademoiselle, are you decided to seize fortune, and to brave the consequences?"

"Yes, your grace." All women will understand the resolution of Mademoiselle Delia; whose head is not dazzled by a crown! the heart is often silent before such unexpected accidents,—besides reasoned she, is not Florival inconstant—heaven knows what those tender scenes with the Baroness have led to? The Prince Maximilian was neither young nor handsome, but he offered a throne. Comedians apart, how many great ladies would you have found under similar circumstances to spurn ambition, and reply by a refusal?

Balthazard manœuvred with all his influence against the project upheld by the Grand Duke—Delia accepted the rendezvous.

"I accept," said she, with resolution, "what a dream! a sovereign! a princess of Hanau!"

"And I then," said the prince "will most certainly marry the princess this very evening, the poor Baron must go back to Biberich—what a retreat!"

"You may well say a retreat, your Highness, it will be a most shameful one—worse than you imagine—he will return discomfited, confused, with the loss of one half his forces, for Florival intends to run away with his wife to-night."

"What!" said Delia, with a tragic start, "have matters gone then to such a pitch?"

"But I can never allow such a scandal," said the Duke.

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Delia awaited the rendezvous. Strangely moved—half dreaming, she walked slowly through the wooded avenues of the park, when Florival stood before her. They were both troubled, they felt that they had played too deep, the button of the comedy foil had dropped, and each expected a sharp wound. Spite of her ideas of grandeur, Delia felt her heart beat quickly, and it was with a forced smile, that she addressed the tenor, with a sentence full of reproaches and sarcasm.

"I wish you success, M. l'aide de camp."

"The same to you," replied Florival, "doubtless her ladyship will leave instantly for her principality of Hanau?"

"Yes, certainly—we have decided—instantly."

"Your Highness has determined."

"Without a doubt, sir, the wife should follow the husband, a princess should reign in her states."

"A Princess! A Wife! What does your ladyship mean, will you allow yourself to be carried away by such extravagant promises?"

Every doubt of Florival's was effaced before the serious explanations of Delia. Of course there followed a touching scene, in which the young tenor, for an instant bewildered, felt his love return, and found expressions so tender, that his words went straight to the heart of Delia. All young hearts have these sudden and powerful feelings, which drive away even ambitious dreams.

"Would you have a proof of my love, Delia?" said the tenor, "look—down that walk comes Pepinster, I shall bring him to the pavilion—there is a closet in it,—you must conceal yourself—let what I say to him decide."

He proffered his hand, Delia took it, they entered the pavilion, Delia was closetted, and with a beating heart overheard the following:

"Your pleasure, sir," said the Baron.

"An affair of the deepest interest."

"I listen, sir, but I beg, be brief, I have an important engagement."

"I also," said Florival.

"I must call on the Count Balthazard, in respect to his project of commerce, his ideas are so preposterous we cannot accept."

"And I must hasten to the rendezvous, this letter requests. Cast your eye upon it, I believe the handwriting is your wife's?"

"What—this letter—yes—the handwriting of my wife—heavens and earth—fire and furies burn the woman!"

"Yes, Baron, your lady has been good enough to write me; we intend to leave together this night, the Baroness awaits me in a post carriage—these words, do you see, are traced by her hand—a very pretty hand, by the way," added Florival with perfect French impudence.

"And you dare reveal to me this disgraceful proceeding?"

"You are less generous to me, than I deserve, sir. We have taken every measure, and I shall carry off the Baroness, your present wife, with honor before the world. Perhaps you are not aware that in your marriage contract, the dower of your wife rests in her own hands, besides there are some quite fortunate errors in the contract, which we have taken the trouble to examine, which will be enough to break it, we have ample means for a divorce, and I shall marry her (Delia trembled). Pray be good enough to make preparations to make over the dower—a million of florins, I believe?"

The Baron was frightened out of his wits, he sank in his fauteuil—he had no strength to hear more."

"After all, your excellency, there may be a means of arranging this little affair. I do not hold myself at such a very high price as that I might not espouse the lady in question in second marriage."

"Ah!" said the Baron, "you give me life."

"Yes—but let me inform you I do not give up my part without certain conditions."

"Name them."

"In the first place—you sign the treaty of commerce, just as the Count Balthazard has arranged it."

"Consented to, and now"—

"It is not all—you will be good enough to take this precious letter," and here the tenor pressed it respectfully to his lips, "and meet your amiable lady, you may leave in the same post carriage—a most comfortable one by the way, with fast and sure horses, but in order that the affair may be perfectly diplomatic, (pray see what consideration I have for your rank and position, your excellency,) you must write a note to his Highness Prince Maximilian to the effect that you cannot accept his propositions—in fact you renounce in the name of your master—the marriage"—

"But, sir, think of my instructions."

"Very well, sir, act according to instructions, be a good ambassador, and give up your wife, her million of florins,—and be miserable. Ah, what a treasure you are about to lose, a beautiful woman, a handsome fortune, one of those fortunes that never happen but once, but I bid you adieu. I see we cannot arrange matters—I may not keep the Baroness waiting any longer (Delia trembled, as did the Baron and Florival.)

The Baron thought for an instant, had some ideas of drawing, for effect, his slender court sword, and making a lunge at Florival, but the aide de camp wore a regimental Prussian sabre; besides, only that morning the Baron had looked on with amazement at the tierce and carte of the tenor, and had been lost in admiration at the pistol shooting of the Count of Riensberg—there was no chance for him in a rencontre—with an effort, he cried "Give me the pen—the paper—dictate—I shall lose my place."

Florival dictated, the note was signed, and the letters were interchanged.

"I request only this, your excellency—that you will behave like a gentleman towards your lady—spare all reproaches. Recollect that your marriage contract is not over safe—she may break with another less generous than the Count of Riensberg—amateurs are not wanting."

"My word of honor, I promise. Do you not know that she does with me what she pleases! doubtless it will be me who must ask pardon."

Pepinster left; Delia issued from her hiding place, and taking Florival by the hand said "I am satisfied."

"But the poor Baroness will not say the same, though she deserved the lesson. Upon such an acquaintance too"—

"Hush—here comes my prince—the closet, sir—and listen."

"Charming countess," said the prince, "I am come—that is to say—you have got my note—we mean to say—decide my fate." Evidently the love making of the prince was a difficult thing.

"What is the purport of your excellency's speech," said Delia, with the most perfect stage assurance.

"You ask me—did you not—have you not—what I mean to say is—have you received no communication from the Duke?"

"No, my Lord."

"Nor from the Prime Minister?"

"No, my Lord."

"Is it—how—it can't be possible!"

"Your Highness!"

"Charming countess, have you not received a note from me"—

"Yes, your Highness. At the moment of receiving your letter, in which you deign to honor me with such sentiments, I was on the instant of begging a favor"—

"Can I be so fortunate—so happy as to—dispose of me, I am at your feet."

"Thanks, Monseigneur. You have already shown such kindness, that I feel encouraged to beg you to make the Grand Duke, my brother, a revelation that I could not make myself. It concerns a—a secret marriage that I have contracted with the Count Riensberg during this last month."

"Heavens!" cried Maximilian, sinking into the same fauteuil, with the same attitude as Pepinster.

"It is well, miss—very well," and he left the pavilion. A messenger brought him the Pepinster letter, and this was the topping point to his rage, but somehow or other as his anger cooled down, he came to some sound reflections,—it was not the fault of the Grand Duke that the Countess Rosenthal did not mount his throne, there was an invincible obstacle; the precipitate departure of the ambassador of Biberich was an insolence to be quickly avenged, besides the Grand Duke was a prince full of good will and energy, had the best ministry imaginable. The princess Edgeing was already in love with the Grand Duke, and could imagine no royal life more agreeable than surrounded by such courtiers—all these reasons determined the prince, and that very night

the marriage contract was consummated between Noeristhen and Hanau. Three days afterwards the celebration of the marriage took place.

The play was played.

The actors had well performed their parts, it had been done with *esprit*, and besides disinterestedness. They bid an adieu to the Grand Duke, leaving him a grand alliance—a beautiful and rich wife—a powerful brother-in-law—and last, and not least, a commercial treaty certain of filling the state coffers.

Their departure was explained to the Grand Duchess by missions, embassies, and disgraces. Then the gates of Raufrang were opened, and the old courtiers dazzled by the new state of affairs, woke from a dream, begged amnesty, and retook their stations.

The new fortune of the Grand Duke was entirely owing to Balthazard, and with a sigh he let go the reins of government, and resumed his more difficult task.

Here ends our comedy. What became of Balthazard may interest our readers. Twelve months afterwards, in the height of a successful theatrical management, our manager gave up business, took to reading political economy, wrote articles against Metternich, and lived in fact, like a man who had at the least, an income of 30,000 francs. He sported a foreign order in his button-hole, and when last heard of, had every chance of being returned deputy to the present republic.

Florival of course married Delia, continued an actor, became a great tenor, went to Russia and made a handsome fortune, but he and his wife gave themselves such airs of dignity as to fasten upon them the soubriquet of count and countess.

SONNET.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

Now from the azure portals of the East
  Comes the fair Moon to charm the gloom of night—
Comes like a bride forth from the marriage-feast
  To make all glances like her own look bright.
As sanded silver, strewn beneath her feet,
  The air grows luminous, and every star
Veils its bright brow, as up the radiant street
  Serene she goeth to her couch afar.
In the blue North a single snowy car
  Silent hath paused—its wingéd steeds held back,
While Angel Beings glad beholders are.
  But high and higher yet the shining track
To the bright zenith leads—and down the West
Her starry way she wends, night's radiant Queen confest!

Painesville, Va, 1851.

Eulogy on Benjamin Watkins Leigh.*

DELIVERED BEFORE THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY WILLIAM H. MACFARLAND, ESQ.

Mr. President,

and gentlemen of the Historical Society:

I could not be so indifferent to your good opinion as to decline your request to sketch the character of one whom we all lament, now he is no more, as he was, when in life, the object of our esteem and affection. Yet for this office, so full of interest, and capable of subserving the purest ends, I am sensible of no other claim than a profound and unfaltering admiration of his many virtues. It is right to cherish the memory of noble men; and it is only as we desire to recall them, and to meditate on their bright examples, we can be sure, in our own persons, of the sympathies and hopes which belong to noble natures.

It is not an easy matter to delineate faithfully one so eminently gifted, and who exerted as large an influence, as the honored subject of this hasty sketch. The best eulogy of an useful citizen, is a true, faithful, accurate description of him; and it is such a description only which is of any value. What we desire to know respects the individual, and refers to those separate and peculiar traits and endowments which elicited the praise, confidence and esteem he attracted and retained. We desire to be admitted to a nearer view of the particular man, and to learn how it was, and by what deeds or virtues, he became segregated and distinguished. It is resemblance we look for in a picture; and it is resemblance alone, which can satisfy a pure taste, or present worthily a noble subject.

Benjamin Watkins Leigh attracted observation, at the first, by his graceful personal appearance. Apart from those silent indications of high spirit and intelligence, seen and felt, as soon as he was seen, and which never fail to invest any form with power to attract, he would have gained upon strangers by his fine and striking presence. It has fallen to my lot to perceive the impression made by his superiority over most other men in that respect. I have known him to be gazed upon, followed, admired, for the grace and attraction of his person. But if with-

* We deem it proper to say that the publication of the Eulogy is made in accordance with the request of a Committee of the Historical Society.—[*Ed. Mess.*

out that higher beauty, which the spirit reflects upon the form, Mr. Leigh was a handsome man, it was the soul beaming through his expressive lineaments—the harmony of the outer with the inner man—which invested him with a rare and imposing charm. In a peculiar degree, was his countenance an index of his feelings, sentiments and thoughts. It not merely expressed what he felt, but represented with such truth and distinctness, as well his intentions as his passions, that it seemed he was incapable of practising concealment if he would. His features were delicate, and well nigh effeminate;—yet there was such an impress of frankness and sincerity, and of energy and decision, that he was on the instant recognized as alike bland and resolved.

Some lineaments of the man might have been discovered in the child. Interested as his family might be, and were, by the prepossessing boy, it was not for his good looks alone, nor mainly, that bright hopes were cherished of the distinction which awaited him. Sincere and earnest, quick and resolute, there were visible even then the frankness, intrepidity, and directness for which he was afterwards conspicuous. His father dying when he was a child, his mother's nurture, bestowed with the care and vigilance to which a mother only is equal, found its rich reward in the progress of her son. It was a proof at once of his goodness and her superiority, that Mr. Leigh often acknowledged, with grateful affection, his obligations to his mother. It was indeed one of the most touching evidences of his ingenuous and grateful nature, that he delighted to revert to those who had shared in the training of his youth;—and among them, was his early and excellent preceptor, in whose school he passed several years, the Rev. Needler Robinson, whom he mentioned always with regard and veneration.

At College he held the position which might have been expected from his power of application and quickness of apprehension. The pride of doing well whatever he attempted was as characteristic of him at William and Mary as at the bar or in the Senate. This ancient seat of learning, in common with the classical city of which it was the ornament, was replete with associations fitted to inspire a lofty ambition. It was there, as witnesses survived to relate, the royal government had figured in the imposing ceremony and display which rank and wealth could command, and there that free government had been proclaimed, and brave hearts marshalled to its defence, in tones as eloquent as can flow from mortal lips. It was a place and time to inspire heroic sentiments and aspirations; and young Leigh's was the mind and spirit to kindle and expand with the inspiration. His life was a practical illustration of his conformity to the pure standards of the honest age of the republic. Disdaining to profess doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, his opinions were formed, and his course resolved upon, regardless of approbation, save as it did justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. The venerable college, entitled by hereditary right to transmit a true heroism, was justly proud of the massive character of her favourite son.

It was there a friendship had its beginning, which interrupted never by professional jealousy, incessant and elaborate as were the collisions to which the parties were summoned, was even more unreserved and cordial at the close of life than at the outset. Greatly as they were respected and admired by the public, each, one for the other, cherished feelings not only of kindness but affection. It afforded no pleasure to know that opinion was divided between them, for each did not hesitate to admit against himself differences, which caprice or prejudice would not have sanctioned. Leigh, Chapman Johnson, Henry St. George Tucker and Robert Stanard, connected in youth were scarcely separated by death, for in quick succession did they sink into the tomb, the victims of wasting and inexorable application. They stood confessedly at the head of the profession. The immediate successors of the illustrious Marshall and Wickham, it was high praise to know that the profession lost none of its dignity and influence in their keeping.

The attachment between Mr. Leigh and Mr. Johnson is worthy of a more particular notice. It was an instance of their magnimity and goodness, rare and affecting. Contrasted in some respects, differing occasionally in their views of leading questions, tenacious of their opinions, of strong will and competitors from the force of circumstances, they were never insensible of the sympathy which united them in affectionate intimacy. The explanation of a friendship, which we cannot contemplate without admiration of their frank and generous natures, is to be found in the knowledge which each had of the true, simple, earnest character of the other. Of high principle both, the *spiritual* in them was incontaminable, by the expedient and politic. With just and manly views of their own powers, and equal to the occasion how great soever the effort it required, each would ascribe to the other a superiority which each might have claimed for herself. Cherishing the highest opinion of Johnson's powers of analysis and induction, when speaking of him familiarly, Mr. Leigh would say, his "sledge-hammer was resistless;" whilst of Leigh, with a humility which must have been witnessed to be appreciated, Mr. Johnson

would declare, that it required his grace and the charm of his elocution to gain and gratify attention. Incomparable men, none but yourselves were unjust to your varied and great powers.

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full."

The style of Mr. Leigh differed at an after period from what it was in the early years of his forensic practice. Then it was ornate, copious and empassioned. There are those who survive to describe the effects of his rich and vehement declamation in the District Court of Petersburg, where he commenced his career. One of his earliest cases, if not that in which he made his *debut*, was of a nature strongly to excite him, and to call forth bursts of indignant and pathetic eloquence, of which he could be an eminent master. It was the volunteer defence of a boy prosecuted for killing his step-father in the act of beating his mother. The effort inspired enthusiastic admiration, and placed him at once in the front rank of a bar, distinguished by great ability. We are reminded of Thomas Erskine, England's greatest advocate, emerging to rank and fame by a single effort of intrepid invective. When he removed to this city, and entered regularly upon the practice in the appellate court, his style had assumed a more severe, compact, and simple form. The change proceeded from his exact and critical taste. He assented to Swift's definition of style, "proper words in proper places," and was wont to admire its beautiful exemplification in the history of the last four years of Queen Anne. Now, he aimed at clearness, simplicity and force. The old habit would, however, sometimes break out, and when led into that field, he never failed of applause for his affluent and varied profusion. It was easier for him to gain applause than to satisfy himself. His taste rejected whatsoever savoured of display, and decided for plainness and brevity. It might have been that he would have gratified more the general ear by allowing himself a greater freedom. Yet within the limits which he prescribed to himself, there was latitude enough for the best efforts of an orator, as his own brilliant example demonstrated. Such was his depth and elevation, and so largely did his feelings enter into his speeches, that his terse, sententious, epigrammatic style, glowed with an ardor which elaborate ornament would have obscured. Refine he did not, nor deal in subtle distinctions. Everything about him denoted a powerful intellect, eminently practical. Confining himself to common sense views, which, after all, involve the solution of every question, he presented them with a perspicuity and force of diction which impressed his hearers with the highest opinion of his dignity and ability.

Learned he was, and admirably trained, for discipline and learning were essential to such an order of elocution—learned in the law as a science, and built up and grounded in its principles. And beside and beyond this, he had explored the fields of literature, and returned laden with its treasures ever ready for use. He went deep into the nature and essence of things, impelled by a love of truth which refused to be satisfied with semblances and forms. Knowledge for him possessed a value in itself, and was for itself coveted, unaffected by any concern for the advantage it might reflect. From his well stored mind every thing came forth finished, rounded and suited to its place.

His position at the bar was one of influence as well as of distinction. His brethren delighted to put him forward as a leader they were proud to acknowledge; and the bench to welcome him as one who was sure to edify, when he failed to convince. His frank and manly bearing—high-toned and scrupulous propriety, could not fail to produce their own resemblance in those permitted daily to contemplate and admire him. It was a fortunate consequence of his connection, as advocate, with the adjudications of the appellate Court, that he exercised an important agency in settling our system of jurisprudence. The bar is scarcely less influential than the bench in ascertaining and determining the law; and for this, the loftiest distinction of the profession, Mr. Leigh was happily constituted by the exactness of his knowledge, his contempt for sophistry, and his reverence for just and stable principles.

As lawyer and advocate, he filled the measure of his fame—aye, more—occupied exclusively with his profession, averse to public station, contemning influence gained by interested attentions, and scorning the arts by which popularity is usually sought and acquired, he was yet, unconsciously to himself, singled out, by common consent, as worthy the highest honors of the State. It was a high tribute to receive, and not less honorable in the State to pay.

The mission to Kentucky, though not the first of his appointments, was a flattering instance of the State's regard. Previously he had been associated with other distinguished jurists in the revision of the Code, and had gained upon public consideration by his large share in the laborious work. The objects of the mission were of deep interest to the State, and it was not less due to her fame than to the magnitude of the questions at issue, that Virginia should be represented by the most eminent of her sons. Kentucky had set the example of such state intercommunication, and invested it with all the imposing circumstance which the loftiest character could impart. Clay, accompanied by Bibb, had

been sent hither, and here in this hall was heard that magic eloquence, which, in the national Senate, happily for the nation, has so often controlled and determined public measures. The State had every motive which could influence a magnanimous people, to be represented before the legislature of Kentucky in a manner worthy of her fame. The choice fell upon Mr. Leigh. His speech in execution of his mission remains, a fine specimen of a chaste and nervous style, and of perspicuous and logical compactness.

Though not next in the order of his public services, his mission to South Carolina may here claim our notice. The occasion was one of intense national excitement and anxiety. Carolina, inflamed under a sense of supposed wrongs, proceeding from the general government, was about to expose the union to a fearful hazard. The crisis was of momentous, awful concern; Virginia so regarded it, and so did Leigh, content ever to leave public concerns to those who aspired to them, when no impending calamity was discerned. His brave heart looked on with dismay and distress. The sensibilities of our legislature, in common with the whole country, were painfully excited. The authority of the Union was about to be defied, and Heaven only knew what might be the issue of the direful conflict. The integrity of the sacred Union itself was threatened, and as in such case it must ever be, until we be mad enough to defile the memory of our fathers, and throw away a jewel richer than earth's treasury, a cord was struck which beat responsive in every patriot breast. It was an occasion for State interposition in its most majestic form. And who so worthy as Leigh to represent the State in a mission to avert the threatened catastrophe. It was a theatre to bring out high qualities which found no place in his retired and laborious walks. One of his earliest admirers and a constant friend, whose brilliant career has attested his own great ability, as it has advanced the fame of his country, (Major General Scott,) gracefully ascribes to Mr. Leigh his own taste for military subjects, and pronounces that he would have made a peerless soldier. His coolness, chivalry and intrepidity, and his generous appreciation of those noble qualities in others, fitted him to prevail with chivalrous men, intent upon a venture in which success, had success been possible, would have been the most fatal disaster. There is a sympthy between elevated spirits which insures success to temperate intercession, when other means would fail. The highest commendation of his conduct was contained in the short, but expressive declaration of Carolina, that he had executed his mission with "ability, temper and affection."

The highest efforts of his genius and wisdom were witnessed in the State Convention of 1830. The place he had sought, excited by a dread of the changes which he foresaw would be attempted, and an apprehension that old principles, the better for their age, would be sacrificed to dangerous theories. In his cautious philosophy he condemned, as fatal to rational freedom, many current devices for a larger liberty, and desired to retain institutions which had worked well, even though they might not conform to the latest discoveries of science, so called. In a true and large sense a conservative, he was opposed to experiments upon the body politic, and recoiled from most of the popular schemes of innovation as dangerous to the general safety and decorum. Experience, he acknowledged, was a safe guide in deciding questions respecting the alteration of the organic law, but he dignified with that title, not the hasty inductions of careless observers, nor every expression of popular discontent or impatience, but a comprehensive and accurate resolution of results into their causes, for which candor was as necessary as discrimination. He entertained, we may suppose, the opinion of Hooker, that "the love of things ancient doth argue stayedness; but levity and want of experience maketh apt unto innovations." His maxims linger yet in the memory of the public, if they abide not in its faith.

It would not be too much to say, that whatever there be in the Constitution which is really valuable, if indeed in this day it be conceded there is any thing so, is to be credited more or less to Mr. Leigh. In the august assembly which framed it, consisting of the illustrious men of another age—Madison, Marshall, Monroe, Giles, who yet retained the faculties which made them memorable, and of Randolph, Tazewell, Johnson, inferior only to those conscript fathers in the length and variety of their public services, he was confessedly the leader. Admired, deferred to, quoted, it was a summons to thoughtful attention whenever he addressed the house.

> "Of piercing wit and pregnant thought—
> Indued by nature, and by learning taught
> To move assemblies."

His speeches may be consulted by statesmen with advantage, and those who aspire to lead in the State might make them their models.

Of the course of Mr. Leigh in the Senate, it is difficult to speak, without introducing topics of a disturbing political nature ill suited to this occasion. I wish to say only so much of him, as all just men of whatsoever party will concur in ascribing. As a public man he was necessarily involved in those discords which, more or less,

continue to agitate the public mind. "Time, the corrector where our judgments err," must pass on his and ours.

But confining ourselves to his conduct and bearing as a public man, we may say of his career in the Senate, that it displayed throughout the purity, intrepidity and independence of his character—a thorough devotion to his sense of public duty, under circumstances most trying to his sensitive pride, and that it was throughout adorned by a brilliancy of eloquence rarely equalled.

Elected in spite of his known aversion to public life, and greatly to the detriment of his private and professional interests, and in the first instance, under circumstances implying the most gratifying public confidence, he did not shrink from the course he deemed it his duty to pursue, nor faint or falter in the pursuit of it, by reason of the falling off of those on whose support he had a right to rely, and the fierce asperity with which he was assailed.

No man ever lived with a heart more full of home affections. Tenderly as he prized the support of his State, and necessary as it was to his usefulness in the Senate, he scorned to court favor, or avert censure, by submission to what he conceived the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*," and maintained his post, until, in his judgment, neither public duty nor private honor required a further sacrifice.

For the Senate he was in his day too senatorial—offending often by the inflexible advocacy of his convictions, and his unsuppressed disgust at whatsoever he considered venality, artifice or assumption.

It was his last appearance in political life, as indeed it was the first, with the exception of a short service in the legislature of the State, when he appeared there to animate and nerve his countrymen in the national controversy then pending with England. On that theatre he was a much prized favorite, kindling the enthusiasm of others with his own generous ardor.

His professional engagements were too onerous and engrossing to permit him to engage, except occasionally, in composition, yet he contrived to make himself known and admired as a writer. His style was classical, and abounded in the glowing thoughts and language which gave effect to his speeches. There was indeed a striking resemblance between his essays and speeches. The papers which he published on the Arbuthnot and Ambrister affair, under the signature of Algernon Sidney, were eagerly read both in this country and in England. They were master pieces of their kind—distinguished by great ability and compass of argument, and by the tone and spirit of a resolute and lofty citizen. Though relating to topics, the interest of which has passed away, they deserve to be remembered.

Mr. Leigh was of a nature to attract to himself strong feelings either of attachment or opposition. He *would speak out*, and had nothing of the policy which endeavors to propitiate by simulating assent, or garbling unwelcome truths. The only thing which he seemed not to consider, was the effect of his acts and opinions upon himself. In matters which appealed even remotely to his sense of duty, or that disturbed his fastidious propriety, he was impatient and intractible; but those obstacles out of the way, he was gentle and indulgent, and of unsurpassed benevolence and hospitality.

Of one of such earnestness and truth, it is consoling to know, religion had never been altogether forgotten or contemned. When he entered upon life, infidelity was a thing of fashion and a boast, but the sophistry of pedants and scoffers moved him only to pity or disgust. He inherited a devout admiration of the Episcopal church, for his father was a holy man, and ministered at her altars. Attracted to theological literature, he had strengthened his religious convictions, and trained and purified his taste by the study of Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Sherlock, Tillotson. The illustrious person to whom I have before referred, owns gratitude to Leigh, for his rescue in early life from a fearful state of infidelity. A common faith added another tie to their indissoluble friendship. Under the waste and weakness of declining health, his devotion became apparent, and, God be praised, he seemed possessed of its holy influence.

Much as there was to honor and revere in this good and great man, it was in retirement, midst his friends, and in his family, and only there, he could be appreciated and loved as he deserved. There his joyous spirit gave itself vent, and gentleness and affability seemed his greatest distinction. His quick and open affections seemed, indeed, hardly consistent with his inflexibility before the world, and yet nothing could be in more exact and beautiful harmony. Lofty natures alone are capable of the lovelier manifestations of love, confidence and hope.

Thy name, oh Leigh, may perish from human memories. 'Tis the heritage of mortality. But thy being was invested with power more enduring than the memorials of kindred and friendship, derived from the light of the high endeavors which circled thy life, and felt it will be as a stirring moral incentive when its source shall be no more remembered. A well spent life, through the creative energy of the virtues it illustrates, is an indestructible element of advancement, not the less influential because a thankless world is unconscious of its benefactor.

Notices of New Works.

SHANNONDALE. By *Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth.* Author of the "Deserted Wife," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. 1851.

To speak in proper terms of this work might lay us open to the charge of assailing a lady, and we therefore forbear to give it that extended notice which, as an American novel, published by a worthy American house, it might otherwise claim. Merits it has none to demand a moment's consideration. Of all the inanities which, within twelve months past, have issued, like the heads of hydra, from previous critical decapitation, to the delight of milliner girls and the terror of editors, "Shannondale" is beyond all question the most flat, stupid and absurd. The plot is wretched and made worse, if possible, by palpable anachronisms, the characters "have no character at all," and the style is about midway between the nursery and the boarding school. As an instance of what we have charged concerning the plot, we may content ourselves with saying that the scene opens just after the American Revolution, and a young gentleman is introduced who has graduated at the University of Virginia—an institution, at that time undeveloped in the brain of its illustrious founder, Mr. Jefferson. To fortify ourselves as to the characterless condition of the *dramatis personæ* would demand larger space than we can here devote to the subject, and we spare our readers, in mercy, any quotations, as specimens of the style, referring them to the volume, (which we trust they will not buy,) *passim*. But by far the worst feature of "Shannondale" is its imitation of the French school of fiction, and those yellow covered American novellettes near akin thereunto, in which the hero always falls in love with somebody else's wife, and otherwise conducts himself after a fashion quite *contra bonos mores*. We think it high time that respectable publishers should unite in suppressing this demoralizing sort of literature. The Appletons are responsible for the appearance of a former work by Miss (or Mrs.) Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth—(a *nom de plume*, we sincerely trust,) which we felt in duty bound to condemn as a novel of the Dudevant stamp. We cannot say as much, even in condemnation, of the present volume, for while we consider it equally vicious in its tendency, it surely lays no claim to any of those striking qualities which render so fascinating the compositions of George Sand. "Shannondale" is very appropriately printed with bad type, on wretched paper, and, but for the name of the publishers, might readily enough be mistaken for one of the free and easy issues of Ann Street. In this respect, observing the unities, it is an improvement on the "Deserted Wife."

QUARTERLY REVIEW, *of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.* D. S. Doggett, D. D. Editor. Vol. V. No. I. Richmond, Va. Published by John Early, for the M. E. Church, South. No. 167 Main Street. Printed by Colin, Baptist and Nowlan.

The publication office of this excellent review has been removed since the death of its former editor, the lamented Dr. Bascom, from Louisville to Richmond, and the present number appears in the handsome typography of a printing establishment of our own city. We hope to see the Review here maintain its high reputation, and we have every confidence that in the hands of Dr. Doggett, it will, in no degree, lose rank or influence. This gentleman has long enjoyed great distinction in the pulpit, and needs, we are sure, but little training to become equally distinguished as an Editor. In the present number of the Review we find several articles of unusual merit. "Calvin & Servetus" is the title of a valuable historical essay from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Lee of the Methodist Church of Richmond. The Hon. Mr. Hilliard, M. C. from Alabama, contributes an interesting paper on "The Smithsonian Institution." But the best article in the number, to our taste at least, is a review of Morell's Philosophy of Religion, or more properly of that portion of the work which relates especially to the Inspiration of the Scriptures. This paper was recently delivered by its learned author, the Rev. T. V. Moore of this city, before the Students of the University of Virginia, as one of a series of Discourses on the Evidences of Christianity—now being pronounced on alternate Sundays at that institution by the most celebrated Presbyterian divines of the country. Mr. Moore is one of the most elegant scholars and original thinkers in the whole range of our acquaintance, and his present effort has at once all the perspicuity and polish of his style. We are sure that it will attract general attention.

THE STETHOSCOPE; *and Virginia Medical Gazette.* A Monthly Journal of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by *P. Claiborne Gooch*, A. M., M. D. Vol. 1. No. 1. January 1851. Richmond, Va. Printed by Ritchies & Dunnavant.

This is a *home* work, and as such we should hail its appearance and ask for it a generous reception at the hands of the public, independently altogether of its merits. But we are quite sure that Dr. Gooch's journal deserves large success on the ground of real excellence. We are no judges, of course, in the premises, being all uninitiated in medical technicalities, but the articles of the Stethoscope have an able *look*, and the names of the contributors furnish a sufficient guaranty of their ability. We are not sure, however, that the editor has not started on too large a scale, in promising 64 large pages for each number. This is more, we think, than is usually given by works of the class, and more than his readers have a right to expect. It should at least secure for the Stethoscope extensive patronage.

We are indebted to J. W. Randolph for a copy of the Debates in the Virginia Convention of 1829–30. Just at this time, when another Convention is in session to remodel the Constitution of our State, this volume is likely to attract increased attention. Perhaps a more remarkable assembly—when we consider the great names that appeared on its roll, or the brilliant efforts of oratory that were elicited during its deliberations—never convened than the Convention of 1829–30. Madison, Monroe, Marshall, Randolph, Leigh, such are the lights that shed lustre upon that memorable body, lights whose effulgence has been shed abroad in all lands. The volume of Debates contains therefore much of the finest forensic argumentation that our age and country have produced. We learn that Mr. Randolph has bought up all that remains of the only edition of the Debates ever published, and those who desire to procure copies had best make application speedily.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WANDERING FOOTSTEPS.

NAPLES.

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori."—*Italian Proverb.*

Queen of the blue, the tideless sea!
My spirit fain would call on thee,
By that sweet, unforgotten name,
Which links with thine its deathless fame;—
A name so dear to him of yore,
Who sleeps upon the western shore,
Under the rock's o'erhanging brow,
Where droops the agéd ilex-bough,
To shade, with reverential gloom,
An urnless, but time-honored tomb,*—
A name—but what would it avail
To tell again the fatal tale?—
The dark despair of Beauty slighted,
The doom of passion unrequited;—
On such a theme 'twere sad to dwell,
The World already knows it well,
For many a time it hath been told.
In music-breathing lays of old
As sweet as those which charmed the wave,
Ere love-lorn lips grew mute and cold,
And the sands were scooped for the Syren's grave.

Oh! beautiful Parthenope!
That sittest by the azure sea,
'Mong scenes that more than realize
Thoughts of primeval Paradise,
Too fair indeed art thou to be
A child of earth's unholy beam!
To mortal vision thou dost seem
The picture of a poet's dream,
A radiant gem dropped from the sky†—
A sight to gaze upon and die.

'Tis evening, hark! the distant chime
Of many a deep Cathedral bell,
In music pours its soft farewell
To sunset! It is just the time
That heaven and earth look loveliest.
And from the portals of the west,
A flood of brilliancy, unknown
To any save a cloudless clime,
Streams upward to the zenith high,
Suffusing half the peerless sky
With amber light of radiant tone.
Soft falls afar a purple ray
O'er mountain, plain and silent bay,
Where many a strange, fantastic prow
Of foreign shape and gilded bow,
Is mirrored in the placid tide
That laves its gaily painted side.

There's not a breath to mar the sleep
That lulls the azure tinted deep,
Or break the silent hush that seems
To fold in vague, mysterious dreams
The motionless boughs that shadow o'er
The margin of the curvéd shore.

St. Elmo! from thy castled hill,
A wondrous scene mine eyes survey,
And through my bosom shoots a thrill
It hath not felt for many a day.
Above me frowns the fortress dim,
With battlement and bastion grim,
Below—almost beneath my feet,
Extends the princely columned street,
And the far sweeping, noble quay,
Bordered by Palaces of State.
Graced with Moresco Tower and Gate—
Curtain and sculptured balcony;
Convents and spires and villages
Gleam through the dark and distant trees,
Dotting the dusky masses o'er
Of woods that stretch along the shore,
By Promontory, Rock and Bay,
Embalmed in many a deathless lay.
And hallowed by the Sibyl's fame,
The Hero and the Sage's name.

Lo! all the beauty of Land and Sea!
The villa and the gadding vine,
The grove of Cedar, Cypress, Pine,
Where hums by day the golden bee,
Round myrtle bower and marble shrine;
And ceaseless through the night's deep noon,
The bird of sorrow hymns the moon,
In garden fair, by glittering fountain
Or yet more hallowed solitude,
Where once the Cæsar's palace stood;
While Echo, from the far-off mountain,
Returning o'er the Elysian plain
Repeats some rich, melodious strain
Of music breathed upon the shore,
Which swells a moment, then again
Is faintly heard retreating o'er
The sleeping waters, far away,
To die upon some distant bay,
Among the listening Isles of green
That gem the crystal seas serene.

Here Nature fondly vies with art
To win the homage of the heart,
How beautiful!—but 'tis not all—
Even loveliness like this might pall,
But for the unseen spirit there
Which dwelleth in the very air,
And whispers from each dusky wood,
Each crag that dreameth o'er the flood,
Between the Earthquake's mountain hold
And the imperial, rock-based Isle,*

* Virgil.

† "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra."—*Sannazzaro.*

* "Quem rupes Capræarum terra latebit
Incesto possessa seni?"—Cl. de 4to. Conf. Hon.

Which in the South, uprising bold,
Hears many a tale of guilt and guile
In the low murmur of the waves
That light its azure Grottos' caves.

Here with the past the present blends—
Hues bright and sad melt into one,
Here Truth begins where Fable ends,
Her emulous career to run;
Like flowers that clamber in the sun,
And gleam and glitter as they twine
Some columned shaft or carved shrine,
Thus o'er each fair Elysian spot,
Fane, villa, tomb or ivied grot,—
O'er buried mole and riven mound,—
O'er every wave that wanders round,
The lavish hand of Legend throws
Her sybil leaf of golden lore,
And still another charm bestows,
Rare as the bloom of Pæstum's rose
On all that touched the heart before.
While Fancy stamps the very hour
With Greatness! Genius! Splendor! Power!
The glorious gifts of olden time
To Beauty—daughter of the clime.

Oh! Land of classic font and grove!
Fair haunt of Naiad and of Muse!
Siren retreat of ease and love
There's nothing in thy vivid hues,
And radiant aspect to impart
One tinge of sorrow to the heart,
Or check, at first, the rapturous gush
Of feelings which to greet thee rush,
As on the sands tumultuously
The wild tide hurries from the sea.
But ah! a secret horror dwells
With Beauty in thy shadowy dells,
Thy caves and far deep solitudes,
Where sleeps the Lake shut in the woods,
And where the mountain to the sky,
By night glares upward fearfully.
A thousand signs of wo and wail
Strown on thy fair but fatal coast,
Reveal to time the awful tale
Of cities, with all their countless host
Lost in their hour of revelry!
'Mong sights of joy and shouts of glee!
Lost! ere the echo of their mirth
Had ceased to jeer the perishing earth!

And yet there came a darker day
For thee! a doom more wretched still,
When the wild shock had passed away
From riven plain and shattered hill!
Would they had perished like the rest,
These monuments of glories past!
Nor left one fragment to attest
Thy fall! They speak in scorn at last,
And sear the Patriot's heart with shame
That burns, but may not burst in flame,
To light throughout thy lost domain
Old Freedom's altar-fires again.
Each sternly writ historic page
Cries "out on thee," degenerate age!
Which from such vast ancestral fame,
Hath garnered nothing but the name
To scoff the miseries that await
The crouching bondsman's bitter fate.

Still lovely as in days gone by
Look sea and land and glittering sky,
As if the shore—the wandering wave
Were not one universal grave;
As if all 'neath the vault of blue,
Were to its smile of beauty true,
And joyous in that loveliness,
Which only glosses o'er distress,
And mocks where it was meant to bless.

The Doctrine of the "Higher Law." Mr. Seward's Speech.*

This speech has made a considerable noise in the world; and if circumstances, apart from the merits of the performance, did not account for it, we should indulge our surprise without restraint. It is said that Mr. Seward is a man of ability, and an orator of more than ordinary power. This may possibly be true; but we do not hesitate to risk our whole credit as a critic, on the assertion, that nobody would ever imagine it from the speech before us. We have read it again and again, tested every link in the logic, and tried the full force of his attempts to be sublime. The result has been a very decided opinion, that if Mr. Seward is a man of real ability, the fact must have been discovered in something else than this speech. The style has the single merit of perspicuity. The logic is drawn with an affected regard to precision, under the apparent opinion, that the visible contact of the propositions would deepen the impression of strength, by giving the appearance of coherence; as if a skeleton with its bare and yawning ribs conveyed a more striking impression of strength, than a suit of muscles concealed by the skin. The statements of fact and doctrine, which form the premises of the argument, are distinguished by no quality of vigor of conception or force of expression. The intellectual merit of the effort is decidedly moderate; and yet no speech of the last session of Congress has attracted more attention, or roused such a variety and virulence of passion in the different sections of the country. The whole secret of this notoriety lies in a very small space. One reason of it consists in its being the speech of a notorious man. No doubt an address by Benedict Arnold, or an explanation by Judas Iscariot, on the subject of their respective treasons, would attract universal notice; and it is not to be disguised, that Mr. Seward has already made himself a

* CALIFORNIA, UNION AND FREEDOM. Speech of WILLIAM H. SEWARD, on the admission of California. Delivered in the Senate of the United States, March 11, 1850. pp. 16.

very formidable competitor to the great masters of treachery, for the detestation and contempt of mankind. Another reason consists in the extraordinary doctrines on the morality of the public law, which he did himself and his species the disgrace to promulge from his seat in the Senate. The great reason of all, consists in the fact, that these oracular responses on the immorality of the Constitution, and the claims of conscience, embody the policy and the ground of it, on which the abolition party are determined to be guided in their course towards the fugitive-slave-law.

In the statement of his policy and his argument to support it, Mr. Seward has displayed a moral sense of such extraordinary capacities of distention and contraction, that it is really difficult to do justice in describing it. The idea of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel has received in this speech a fresh illustration, which sets its infamous absurdity in a strong light. The grand position which has given this performance its notoriety and its influence, is the bold assertion of moral immunity by which the honorable senator proclaimed his title to an imperishable reputation for integrity, on the ground that he had violated his oath in compliment to his conscience. The most cruel enemy of the gentle abolitionists, will not hesitate to accord to the author of this speech, the credit of a new discovery in the science of canonization, by which perjury is made the passport to the reputation of a saint, and the deliberate violation of public faith is converted into an instrument of political apotheosis. Who can sufficiently admire the abilities of the man, who has cut a new way to the crown of the martyr, and insists upon the honor of political destruction rather than be subjected to the torture of preserving his integrity at the expense of his passion for wickedness?

Of course the idea alluded to as the main feature of this speech, is the office of conscience in setting aside the Constitution. We must allow Mr. Seward to express it for himself. After arguing the right granted by the Constitution of the United States to exclude slavery from the soil of California, he proceeds to inform us that,

"There is *a higher law* than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain and devotes it to the same noble purposes."*

"We deem the principle of the law for the recapture of fugitives, therefore, unjust, unconstitutional, and *immoral*, and thus while patriotism withholds its approbation, *the consciences* of our people condemn it."†

"A question, a moral question, transcending the too narrow creeds of parties, has arisen, the public conscience expands with it, and the green withes of party associations give way and break and fall off from it."*

Again, referring to the clause for the recovery of fugitives in the federal Constitution, he declares that—

"The law of nations disavows such compacts; the law of nature, written on the hearts and consciences of freemen, repudiates them. Armed power could not enforce them, because there is no public conscience to sustain them."†

These sentences set forth the idea in a manner not to be mistaken; and it is an idea which deserves to be thoroughly discussed. The great principle of religious freedom and the rights of conscience are involved. The application of the principle to the subject of slavery may be easily settled; but the principle itself is a subject of immense importance. Mr. Seward himself does by no means fully comprehend the great doctrine involved in his appeal; he has mixed it with such a strong infusion of error in his conceptions of it, and has made so awful a misapplication of it to the subject before him, that in our hatred of his detestable caricature, we are in danger of trespassing on doctrines which lie at the bottom of our civil and religious freedom. There is need of a wary and cautious vigilance in the examination of this doctrine. Even independently of its intrinsic importance, its influence upon the destinies of this nation invest it with a dignity approaching the sublime.

But before we enter upon the discussion of the principles which lie at the foundation of this appeal from the laws of the land, to the supremacy of conscience, we feel bound to spend a few moments in attempting to express the ecstatic admiration with which we are inspired towards the author of this speech. We are admirers of greatness wherever it appears, and the claims of the honorable gentleman from New York are distinguished by several marks of excellence in their line, that are really remarkable. It is to be supposed that Mr. Seward, on entering the Senate, was required to take the usual oath of fidelity to the Constitution. By his decided allusions to the clause in that instrument, for the recovery of fugitives, he clearly admits the existence of such a clause, which his oath of office bound him to support. There is, therefore, a degree of coolness and self-possession in the air, with which he announces that such compacts as the Constitution of the United States are repudiated by the law of nature, and are offensive to his conscience, which is peculiar in the extreme.

* Speech, p. 10.
† Speech, p. 6.

* Speech, p. 12.
† Speech, p. 7.

There is an appearance of scrupulous integrity, an exhibition of lofty religious principle, and of a pure and saint-like elevation of character. in this constant parade of conscience, that is very attractive. But if we only fix a steady gaze for a single moment upon his Holiness of the Senate, we shall quickly discover that which will reverse the current of our admiration. Who would dare to suspect in these saintly appeals to the conscience of the senator, that he was endeavoring to conceal as bald and gross a perjury as ever led a thief to cultivate a profusion of hair, to cover a deficiency of ears? This age is the age of progress and improvement; and it is not to be denied, that the senator from New York has entitled himself to rank among the first leaders in the march of events. He has not only discovered that the violation of an oath may be made the means of political advantage, but actually has the portentous impudence to make it the basis of a claim to reputation for an integrity approaching the fulness of sanctification. We have hitherto been under the impression that the violation of an oath was one of the worst crimes of the decalogue; but who can measure the march of improvement, or set a bound to the excursions of genius? The recognized ethics of mankind are apparently doomed to perish under the fresh illuminations of the senator from New York. Whatever may be the correctness of the speculative position of the right of conscience, to repudiate the laws, it certainly cannot release from guilt a man who has bound himself by an oath to obey those laws. In spite of all that can be said in defence or palliation of Mr. Seward's conduct, he stands convicted of swearing to support a compact which his conscience pronounced to be immoral, and then of attempting to shrink from his oath behind the shield of his conscience. It is really hard to understand why that extraordinary specimen of a moral sense, that rules the bosom of the senator, after distending itself to the enormity of swearing to support an immorality, should so quickly contract into the utter impossibility of allowing him to redeem his pledged veracity. It is astonishing that so much liberality should coexist with such an excessive parsimony of moral feeling at the same time. Yet in the very midst of these absurd and atrocious sentiments he dares to quote an indignant condemnation of all counterfeit virtues, from the pen of Edmund Burke.

"Far, far from the commons of Great Britain be all manner of real vice; but ten thousand times farther from them, as far as from pole to pole, be the whole tribe of spurious, affected, counterfeit, and hypocritical virtues. These are the things which are ten thousand times more at war with real virtue; these are the things which are ten thousand times more at war with real duty, than any vice known by its name and distinguished by its proper character."*

The climax of impudence is gained at last! Indeed, there is a mixture of coolness, effrontery, and a hard consistency of wickedness in the moral sentiment of this speech, which is absolutely marvellous. No honest man can rise from a perusal of it without a sentiment of disgust amounting to horror.

The abolition movements of the present day are distinguished by several very singular peculiarities. Among these we have only space to notice one feature to be found in each division of the great theory. This characteristic reveals the whole secret of their power for mischief. It consists in the bold application of a few specious and plausible generalities, whose truth no one is able or willing to deny, and in a rash and utterly unreasonable pressure of these maxims to the full length of their *possible*, not their *safe* or *logical* employment. For instance, the abstract maxim, which lies at the basis of all republican government, that *all men are by nature free and equal*, is made the ground and the excuse of those mad schemes which now threaten the integrity of the Union. Unable or unwilling to apply these abstractions, as justice and common sense require them to be applied, these tinkers of metaphysical and political philosophy push them to every extreme to which they can possibly be made to apply. As another instance, it is the rigid and unskilful management of the abstract idea that *all creatures are equal* by nature, which has produced those absurd and disgusting movements among the females of some parts of the North, demanding a release from the dignity of their sex, and full liberty to disgrace the idea of woman, by mixing in all the haunts of professional and business life. Nor can the most rigid analysis detect any flaw in the argument, which binds the conclusion to the premises, until we seize upon a distinction which soon dissolves the subtle yet most atrecious connection. If all creatures are equal, then woman is equally entitled with the man to the command of armies and the management of States. But the delusion vanishes, when we discover that creatures though *equal* in right, may be different in *nature*, that this difference of nature may possibly involve a difference in duty and a distinction in right, that when creatures are reciprocal in nature, this reciprocity necessarily involves a *reciprocity* of duty, and of course forestalls all *identity* of right.

Of the very same complexion is the conscience doctrine of the senator from New York. It contains an obvious and acknowledged truth, whose

* Speech, p. 5.

effect no one could fear; but this truth is so mixed with error and so distorted in its application, that no friend of religion or his country can view it without horror. The honorable senator, when bending from his spiritual elevation to dispense his oracles on the Constitution, did not feel himself under the slightest obligations to common decency and sense to draw a single discrimination in the principle itself, or its application in practice. The omission was wise; a single descent from the broadest generalities would be fatal to his cause. It is our purpose to disentangle this truth from the folds of error that encompass it, and to display the only true and safe principles which can govern its application to civil and political affairs.

The whole argument of the honorable Senator in his appeal from the Constitution is based upon the assumption, that *moral* is superior to *human* law. This is very true. No one in his senses can deny or dispute it; and he must be a very great fool who is alarmed at this admission. Truth is not to be feared, and the man who dreads the closest application of truth to the institution of slavery, shows that he knows very little of the real strength of the cause which he espouses with such zeal and defends with such folly.

The law of God is unquestionably superior to the enactments of men. No human legislation can make it the duty of the citizen to commit a crime. No law of man can under any possible circumstances supersede the law of God. This great fact is taught by the plainest language of the Bible, by the consent of all the great masters of moral philosophy, and by the ablest political and philosophical writers of modern times. The doctrine of the Bible is perfectly explicit. *We ought to obey God, rather than man.** The Apostles of Christ were ordered by the authorities of Judea to quit preaching the Gospel; yet no one will contend that such an order superseded the commands of Christ, and nullified the Apostolic commission. The early Christians were repeatedly ordered by the decrees of the Pagan Emperors to renounce Christ and sacrifice to Jupiter, yet all will admit that obedience to those decrees would have been a high crime against heaven. The blood of every martyr, who has perished for his faith, is an example of the lawful supersedure of human by divine law.

Wayland declares, "We have no right to obey an unrighteous law, since we must obey God at all hazards. And aside from this the yielding to injustice forms a precedent for wrong, which may work the most extensive mischief to those who shall come after us."†

* Acts v. 29,—also Acts iv. 19.

†Wayland's Elements of Moral Science, p. 364.

Paley declares, that "still it is right to obey God rather than man." Nothing that we have said encroaches upon the truth of this sacred and undisputed maxim. The magistrate is not to be obeyed in *temporals* more than in *spirituals*, where a repugnance is perceived between his commands and any credited manifestation of the divine will."*

Adam Smith declares, "that to obey the will of the Deity is the first rule of duty, all men are agreed. But concerning the particular commandment which that will may impose upon us, they differ widely from one another. In this, therefore, the greatest mutual forbearance and toleration is due, and though the defence of society requires that crimes should be punished, from whatever motives they proceed, yet a good man will always punish them with reluctance, when they evidently proceed from false notions of religious duty."†

Burke sets forth that "religion to have any force on men's understandings, indeed to exist at all, must be supposed paramount to laws, and independent for its substance upon any human institutions."‡ "They conceive that he who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed therefore the State. He willed its connection with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this his will, which is the law of laws, and the sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a signiory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all public solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in music, in decorations, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature, that is with modest splendor, with unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp."§

Burlamaque informs us, that in certain cases "we should nobly exert our courage and with all our might resist injustice, even at the peril of our lives. It is better to obey God than man. For in promising obedience to the sovereign, we could never do it, but on condition, that he should not order anything manifestly contrary to the laws of God whether natural or revealed."‖

Blackstone declares that "this law of nature, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to any

* Paley's Moral Philosophy. vol. 5, p. 396.

† A. Smith's Moral Sentiments, p. 283.

‡ Burke's Works, vol. 2, p. 414.

§ Burke, vol. 1, p. 499.

‖ Burlamaque, vol. 2, p. 118.

other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times; no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force, and all their authority mediately or immediately from this original."*

These authorities have been quoted to let the reader see that the superiority of moral to human law, is a principle, not only defended by the highest of all authorities in the Bible, but is fully admitted by the first writers of the past and present age on the subjects of moral and political philosophy. Indeed it is impossible for any well regulated mind to object to the proposition that the laws of God are as superior in force as they are in dignity, to the enactments of men. The reason is obvious; the law of God is the *law of right*, and by the terms of the definition a violation of *right* is the commission of *wrong*. The law of God is the law which requires that everything that ought to be done, should be done in *the right way*; that obedience to human law should be paid in the manner that is *right*, and of course any conflict between the two is a contest between right and wrong, either in the substance of the order or in the manner of its discharge. The principles of morals are eternal and unchangeable, nor can any agreement on the part of man extract the venom from the nature of crime; no human law can be binding which is a violation of the law of God governing the case.

All that is necessary now to the complete discomfiture of Mr. Seward on his own principles, would be to inquire whether the law for the recovery of fugitive slaves is really an offence against the law of God, or whether it be not in fact merely a repetition of that law. But we will postpone this inquiry for the present, for the purpose of ascending the broadest principles involved in the issue, and there face to face, with the newly illuminated Senator from New York, crowd him to the edge of his spiritual elevation and pitch him from the battlements. To enable us to accomplish our object, we must beg the patience of the reader in a preliminary survey of the field of argument.

It will be perceived at once that this doctrine of the "higher law" involves the great principles of religious liberty and the rights of conscience. It forms one of the grand divisions of the contest, which is now about joining for a mortal struggle between the hosts of error and the armies of truth, on the issue of which are suspended far higher and more magnificent results than even the fate of this noble republic. The abolition movements of these days are members of that great family of pretended reforms, which, divorced from the authority of religion, are plunging forward under the reckless guidance of a philosophical turn for speculating on all the affairs of human life. The foundations of civil society, the bounds of political rule, the rights of private judgment and the prerogatives of conscience, the laws of property and the principles of wages, the authority of marriage and the political rights of women, in short, every possible form of social existence, to which the abstract maxims of Equality among men can be forced to apply, are fast becoming subjects of fierce dispute. Some are already the material of able and reckless controversy, and others are fast taking their position for the great field-day of Armageddon. It has become necessary for the friends of order and the foes of fanaticism, to prepare themselves to meet and confute the bold and impudent plausibilities of the rising philosophy. It is the easiest imaginable task to trace the parentage of this detestable brood of socialist and levelling principles to the atheistic speculations of the French philosophers. The speculations of the French infidels on the subject of morals and religion were from the first more or less mixed with their speculations on government. From this fact there sprang an unnatural alliance between the principles of infidelity and the theory of freedom, and a violent severance of the tie that inseparably connects the true rights of man with the true obligations of religion. This state of affairs has given origin to some of the most outrageous violations of the first ideas of justice and the simplest dictates of decency. From this has sprung the wildest and most atrocious doctrines of radicalism and a crop of theories not less abhorrent to every sentiment of honor, than offensive to the principles of morals. The reason is clear. The abstract maxims of the republican theory that *all men are by nature free and equal*, can be very plausibly applied to various parts of social law, with the most startling results. One application of it would entitle all men to equal rights in the ownership of the soil. Another would demand an equal division of every species of property. Another would require that the wages of all men should be reduced within the limits of justice, by a scale of equality. Another would rob the husband of his right to the exclusive possession of his wife, as a trespass upon the equal rights of his neighbor. All the horrors of a spirit of agrarianism far fiercer and more ravenous than in the days of the Gracchi, may be logically justified by a *misapplication* of the great truths contained in the *theory* of freedom. The metaphysical distinctions which guard the cause of truth from these consequences, from its principles, are so subtle and attenuated that the intellect of the masses is unable to

* Tucker's Blackstone, vol. 1, p. 41.

pursue them to their just and discriminated results. The consequence is that the plausible conclusions just alluded to, appear to the rude apprehensions of the people as the just and necessary consequences of those principles of freedom, which are universally admitted to be true. Hence all these social evils, fraught as they are with everything to shock and disgust a cultivated sensibility, appear to the masses as the necessary fruits of all just reform. When this sentiment is created, society perishes under the armed shock of the democracy.

Now the only possible way, in which this sentiment can be kept from growing up in the minds of the people, is to check the misapplication of the maxims of equality by the precepts of moral law. Men must be met by a law which they acknowledge to be authoritative, ordering them to refrain from entrenching upon the rights of their neighbor. They must be informed that such absurd misapplications of acknowledged truths as result in all the theories of socialism, are absurd in themselves, are violations of justice between man and man, and are offensive to the laws of God. The authority of Deity must be invoked to give force to these sentiments of morality, or else they will lose all weight by subsiding into *advice*, when the whole benefit of their application depends upon their having the force of *law*.

The evil done by the French speculators is then plainly discerned. They stimulated the people to a rigid examination into their natural rights, and at the same time broke down the authority of moral and religious law, by discrediting the evidences of Christianity, and even the very existence of a God. The rude intellect of the people unable to draw the delicate yet essential distinctions in the metaphysical theory of freedom, and at the same time taught to believe that the concrete truths and precepts of morality, which guarded against the misapplication of the maxims of equality, were without any legitimate authority—soon began to insist that the equality of men extended to every object of desire and that all obstacles in the way of a practical application of them were crushed by the mere force of necessary right and justice. The result is well known. In less than five years from the time, when the States General met in 1789, to embody the demands of the French nation in a new constitution, France had become memorable to the remotest ages, as the theatre of the most fearful tragedy known to the history of modern times. The Reign of Terror was the legitimate offspring of a union between the republican theories of Locke and Sidney, and the skeptical theories of Voltaire and Rousseau. The doctrines of the abolitionists springing from the same source, and allied by blood to all the atrocities of socialism will produce the very same kind of effects.

The question of moral sentiment raised in the speech of Mr. Seward, is involved in this mass of metaphysical speculations, and the whole may be brought into a manageable form by reverting to the grand principle common to all. The discussion of it then leads us back to original principles, and from a consultation with the origin of government, we may determine the rights and immunities of conscience.

There are several theories held on the subject of the origin and design of government, and from the differences in these theories are derived important differences in practice. The grand idea of the abstract equality of men considered simply as creatures, found no place in the feudal system of Europe. The divine right of kings and the passive obedience of the subject formed the political creed of all Europe. The first glimmerings of the modern liberty dawned on the keen intellects and stubborn pride of the English people. From a time beyond the records of authentic history the essential elements of political emancipation gradually expanded in the English jurisprudence, until they were transplanted and matured in the fresh and vigorous conceptions of the statesmen of America. Here the bold and daring genius of our fathers pushed the popular principles of the British Constitution to their just and most noble conclusions. Preaching the glorious evangel of absolute equality of right in human creatures, the fathers of this republic reared the magnificent structure of democratic government. Caught by the fascinating beauty of this new philosophy of politics, the speculators of Europe began to expand them in the machinery of a metaphysical logic, until the prescription and hoary legitimacy of a thousand ages trembled to the hosannahs, which proclaimed the rights of man and the equality of the race. Metaphysical theories and metaphysical schemes of reform grew into the most dangerous repute. Facts were left out of view, all secondary rights were forgotten, all regard to the influence of circumstance was impatiently thrust aside as standing in the way of the immediate regeneration of mankind, and the naked maxims of abstract equality were pushed to extremes at once ludicrous and terrible. The results have already been alluded to in this review. The excesses of the French Revolution excited a total revolution in many minds until then fully imbued with the principles of freedom. The fearful power of these maxims in the hands of an undisciplined rabble, led the cautious, nay, even many of the most sanguine, to question the utility of a speculative theory capable of such a terrible abuse.

The current in England ran high against everything tainted with the French philosophy, until, in the effort to avoid the evil, the good was remorselessly assaulted. Sentiments begun to be uttered, which would have disgraced the worst days of the most imperious Tudor, or the most unprincipled Stuart. Ideas, which would have been the scorn of the Englishmen of the times of Hampden and Cromwell, were the avenues to promotion in the reign of George the Third. A prelate of the Established Church boldly declared that "the people had nothing whatever to do with the laws except to obey them." The great philosophical statesman of the day fell back from the platform on which he had preached the doctrines of freedom in his youth with a force of eloquence, a profusion of fancy, a wealth and amplitude of logic, a splendor, vehemence, and variety of diction, unexampled in the parliamentary history of England; and the matured wisdom of Edmund Burke, alarmed for the very foundations of society, was found combating the ardent principles of his young and glowing genius. The whole theory of freedom fell into contempt, and principles were asserted in the heat of the conflict which would perpetuate every despotism on earth, and petrify all the miseries of social life. Everything was resolved into prescription, and no right was admitted to be valid, which could not trace a pedigree back through the records of authentic history into the mists of tradition. The University of Cambridge sent forth from the pen of Hey, a denial of all the rights of man, except such as were created by civil government. This theory could not resist the formidable accusation of being founded on the absurdity that government existed before man, and of justifying all possible extravagances of tyranny. Certainly the only right that man has to complain, exists when his *rights* are violated, and if he has no rights at all but what are allowed him by government, if government choose to allow him no rights at all, he must suffer in silence, with no room to complain. The very grossness of this theory proved its destruction. The theory of Burke differed from the theory of Hey, by admitting the rights of nature, and claiming that they were all surrendered into the hands of society to be doled out according to its own ideas of prudence and necessity. It is fatal to this modified theory of absolutism that it is followed by the very same practical results, which slew the theory of Cambridge. If a man has given up all his rights, then he has no more right to complain if any or all of those rights are withheld from him, than if he had no rights at all, except what were granted by the favor of society. The true theory of the design and origin of government is this: that *all men are by nature free and equal*, is a self-evident truth when properly understood. It does not mean to affirm that men are *equal* in anything but in their abstract rights considered simply as creatures. Nor does the assertion of *freedom* affirm a release from all obligation to existing law; neither does the phrase *by nature* mean that men are actually born to equal equitable right to the existing valuables of human possession. The whole sentence has reference to man considered as a creature, and prior to any consideration of him as a member of society. Of course since all are by nature free and equal, no one has a right to control another, which the other does equally possess over him. But the propensities of nature and the necessities of the case drive men into society, and this is necessarily formed by the relinquishment of certain personal rights on the part of those who compose the association and form the compact. If *all* the rights of the individual had been relinquished into the hands of society, then no injury could be done to the individual, no matter how despotic the action of government might be; but the theory of the *partial* surrender of right guards the reserved rights of the individual and marks the just bounds of the civil authorities. The end of government is not complex, but specific; it is not a great reservoir into which the whole mass of human rights have been poured, and from which the individual is to draw all the rights of his person, and the supplies of his wants. The state is not the great parent of the *individual*, to whom is committed the charge of stimulating the energies and directing the conduct of the separate atoms that compose it. The just end of government is simply the protection of the members of society in the use and enjoyment of their reserved rights, and if the individual chooses to neglect or abuse them, the government has no responsibility to render, and no right to complain. The contrary theory that all rights of person have been merged in the general good of the whole and committed for management to the care of the government, would make it the duty of the civil authority to apply all necessary means of coercion to secure the industry of the individual and the supply of all his wants. Of course if the government failed in this duty, the individual might complain that his right to take care of himself had been removed, and yet the government failed to provide for him. It is this grand mistake as to the proper design of civil government, which brings the armed mobs of Paris round the Chamber of Deputies, clamoring for employment, and looking to the civil power to provide them bread to eat and clothes to wear. The whole scheme is built upon a false theory. The end of government is simply to protect the individual in the enjoyment of his rights and in the proper

pursuits of his calling; not a protection and a patronage by direct acts of governmental power to promote his interests, but a simple protection from interruption or disturbance in his own efforts to enrich himself. The just functions of a civil government are defined by the rights relinquished into its hands, and it cannot equitably pass the bounds of those relinquished rights. As soon as it begins to touch the individual by direct acts of power, it does to that extent transcend the just functions of its office.

It is perfectly true, as Paley says,* that the social compact is a fiction, that no solemn convention was ever held in reality to define the rights of the governor and the duties of the governed; but it is not true, as he says, that it is not just to allow practical results and reforms to grow out of this fiction of fancy. Although the formal creation of the social compact has never occurred as a historical fact, it is, nevertheless, a metaphysical truth. *It is the idea implied* in the formation of society. When men are found formally relinquishing their rights, it *must* be supposed that they are doing it in consideration of some other advantage. To suppose men then to relinquish their rights of self-control to another, is to essentially and necessarily suppose that they are to receive some benefit in return. It is this idea of mutual advantage that is the cause of society, and is necessarily pre-supposed in its formation. Just as the idea of a fixed relation between numbers is taken for granted in the operations of arithmetic, so the existence of society implies the mutual expectation of advantage. Even Burke himself in the midst of his splendid effort to discredit the theory of freedom admits that *society* is a *contract*.† This compact is the implied guaranty of mutual benefit between the ruler and the ruled. This implication is positive proof that the theory we have advanced as to the partial relinquishment of right on the part of the individual is true, because a *total* relinquishment of right would involve an evil far worse than those designed to be avoided by the formation of society, and the gross folly of sacrificing the end to the means.

It will be noticed that the individual has no right to complain unless his *reserved* rights are invaded, and that government has no right to regard anything as rebellion which does not violate the functions of its office. The individual can never destroy his abstract rights as a creature, because he can never be anything else than a creature, but these abstract rights remain as pure abstractions, entirely subject to the rights and duties growing out of his new position as a member of society. The right of the individual to complain of oppression is measured by the rights he has reserved, and not by his rights in the abstract.

What then are the rights which man has relinquished to society? In the briefest terms, they are only those which are necessary to the discharge of the functions and the accomplishment of the purpose of civil government. All rights not necessary for this purpose are reserved to the individual. Thus the rights of conscience are not necessary to the existence of society, and are retained by the individual. Thus the rights of property are not necessary to the maintenance of society, and are reserved to the individual. The right to tax is a species of exception, because some property value is essential to the support of the government. So, inasmuch as conscience may be concerned in the execution of the laws, when the control of conscience becomes necessary to the existence of society, the government may exert a negative control over it, and analogous to the power of taxation. But civil government has no more right to interfere with the proper rights of conscience, than it has to absorb all the property of the land, under a pretence of exercising its acknowledged and lawful right to levy taxes for its necessary support.

This simple conception of the origin and design of government, as *based* upon rights relinquished by the citizen and *designed* to protect him in the rights he has reserved, cuts through all the confused and disorderly disquisitions of Paley and other moralists, who have attempted to reconcile a union of the Church and the State with the genuine principles of religious liberty. The whole system of a state religion is based upon the usurpation of certain functions by the civil government, to which it had no manner of title. No government has the right to discriminate between contending creeds to the advantage of one, and the restraint of the other, simply because the rights of conscience have been reserved to the individual and all interference with them is usurpation and tyranny. This is the outline of the theory of religious freedom, rising from the mists of oppression and fanaticism like a tower of steel, whose dark and polished battlements lift themselves towards Heaven in all the severe simplicity of invincible truth.

But inasmuch as obedience to the laws is a moral duty, and as such comes under the jurisdiction of conscience, what principle is to govern the civil authority in its requirements from conscience, and conscience in its conduct towards the law? On the broad principles on which we have discussed the formation of government, it has no right to require from conscience obedience to any law, except those which properly belong to its functions. Within the bounds

* Paley, vol. 5, 288—289.

† Burke's works, vol. 1, p. 498.

of its appropriate duty the civil law has a right to call upon conscience to enforce its dictates, and conscience so far from having the right to refuse is bound to comply. But this supposition involves the implication that government is discharging its *just* functions, which of course cannot conflict with the rights of conscience. By the *just functions* of government we here mean, not the functions which may be just and lawful according to the particular constitution of a country; but functions that are proper according to the abstract idea of a just government. A thing may be lawful, by a particular constitution or frame of government, and yet be a violation of moral right. It may be lawful according to the laws of a country to force conformity to an established religion, but this would be an outrage to moral law, because it is injustice to the rights of conscience. No government has a *moral* right to require any obedience from conscience except within its morally just functions. If it does make such a requisition, although conformable to the laws of the land, the government is responsible for a breach of what is right. There can then be no difficulty, when the functions of civil government are confined within the limits made lawful to it by moral propriety. The real difficulty in the case arises, when government makes a requisition upon conscience which it was entitled to make by the laws of the land, but which it had no right to make according to the precepts of abstract justice, or when conscience, whether truly or not, receives the impression that the requirement of the law is an offence against God. If the government requires an offence to morality, of course the government is to blame. If conscience puts a false construction on the morality of the requisition, conscience is to blame. We here consider both the government and conscience under their mutual relation and subordination to the law of God. But we must consider them under their relations to each other, if we would reach practical conclusions. If every conscience which conceives its rights to be violated is allowed to nullify the laws of the land, the laws lie at the mercy of each individual moral sense, and society is dissolved. On the contrary, if the government is permitted to force any requisition it may choose to pass, all the rights of conscience and the freedom of religion is annihilated. Who shall decide upon an issue between the claims of the law and the conscience of the citizen? If the government decides, does it not become a judge of conscience; if the individual is to decide for himself, do we not admit the superiority of individual opinion over the laws of the land? These are the grave and difficult questions involved in this controversy. They must be answered in detail.

It will be seen and admitted by all that conscience as the representative of the deity has no right, in a moral view, to oppose the laws of the land, except when they violate the laws of God. If there is a real discrepancy between the law of the land, and the commands of God, it is right "to obey God rather than man." No such law can impose an obligation to obedience; it is void by the essential nature of morality; men are bound by every tie of loyalty to God not to obey it. But conscience may often mistake and misrepresent the requirements of God; has it no rights in this case? It is here necessary to distinguish between the rights of conscience towards God, and its rights towards man. No one will admit that conscience has any right to alter or modify the laws of God. If therefore conscience pronounce a thing to be immoral, which is really *commanded* in the divine law, it is responsible to God. But the government has no right to become an umpire between conscience and the divinity, and decide that this scruple is just and that scruple is unfounded; as this would constitute the government lord over conscience, whose rights have been reserved to the citizen. If *mistaken* consciences have no rights, their freedom in religion is a mockery. No matter how wide may be the errors of a conscience, the civil arm has no right to judge of the error. There is responsibility somewhere; but the matter is personal with the citizen and the decision rests with him. It is just here that the grand question of the freedom of thought—the rights of private judgement—the necessity for an authorized interpreter on points of doctrine and duty so long agitated between the Protestant and the Papist, takes its position in this mass of metaphysical rights. The decision is forced by the inevitable necessities of the case to rest with the individual. Will it be asked shall his single opinion control his conduct in the face of the combined suffrages of the nation? To this we answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. He has no right to follow a multitude to do what seems to him to be evil. It is impossible to throw the decision of the question from the individual, no matter on what grounds he forms his decision, that decision is his own. If he yield his opinion in deference to the public voice, he is fully responsible, because the opinion of the multitude, or the decision of the Pope, as the case may be, are only *the grounds* of his decision, but that decision is his own. The united opinion of a large number increases the *probability* that they are right, and that he is wrong; but a man sins, if he does what he thinks is wrong, because others think it to be right. The freedom of thought is invincible, and no man can throw of his responsibility in the use of it.

Do we then plead for anarchy, by leaving the law subject to the opinions of each individual? By no means. The idea just stated guards that conclusion. The individual decides under a double responsibility to the law of God and the law of man. For whatever may be the *justice* of the human law, as affected by the views of conscience, the objections of conscience do not invalidate its *force*. If conscience leads a man to violate the law, he must suffer the penalty, whether *justly* or *unjustly*, rather than endanger the tranquillity of the public.

If, therefore, there be a conflict between the laws of the land and the dictates of duty, what should be the course to be pursued? Do the ethics of the Bible permit every man, whose conscience becomes wounded by the acts of the legislature, to raise the standard of seditious resistance to the constituted authorities of the law? By no manner of means. When the requirement of the legislature is a palpable violation of the divine commands, the duty of reverence to lawful authority is still binding, and the citizen is bound, while avoiding all offence against God, to uphold the dignity of the government. The scriptures no where authorize a violent and seditious resistance to law. But where there is really an issue between a law of man and a command of God, it is the duty of the citizen to decline obedience to the *precept* of the former, and if it is required he must quietly submit to its *penalty*. Should he *resist the law* by violence, he would be guilty of a high crime in perilling the interests of society in defence of an individual right however sacred. The safety and tranquillity of society is of far more importance than any mere personal affairs, and no man can lawfully insist upon an individual right, that is incompatible with the general safety. He has *no right to obey* the law, because it would offend against God and pollute his conscience. He has *no right to resist it*, because it would endanger the peace of society. The only alternative is to endure the penalty. A man may lawfully become a martyr to his sense of duty, but he has no right to become a rebel against the laws of morality. Such is the line marked out for conscience, when it comes in conflict with law.

Now the question arises, what should be the proper course of the government towards conscience? If the law is absolutely necessary to the existence of society, it must be enforced at every hazard. In this conflict between conscience and the law, the superior necessities of the safety of society, gives the government the right of a *negative* control over conscience, analogous to the right to tax. By this *negative* control, we mean the right to apply the penalty of the law, when its precept is violated. If the law is not absolutely necessary to the peace of society, it ought not to be enforced on the tender conscience. If it be necessary, and the end can be gained at the same time an exception is made in favor of scrupulous consciences, that exception should be made. If the end of the law can only be attained by enforcing it on all indiscriminately, it must be enforced, because the safety of society itself is of more consequence than the rights of any individual or class in society. It is here a contest between the right of the person and the right of the government, a conflict of rights, a state of affairs peculiar to a world where the whole moral system has been jarred by the existence of moral disorders. In such a conflict the most important right must prevail. Thus taxes for the supply of military stores are necessary to the safety of society; but the law for raising supplies for military purposes, ought to make a formal exception in behalf of the Quakers, who are conscientiously opposed to the whole system. But if the necessities of the times should demand supplies which could only be raised by a general assessment, then the right of the Quaker to the protection of his conscience would give way to the commanding exigencies of the hour. The law must be upheld; yet conscience must be saved from pollution; and the only way for the accomplishment of the double purpose, is the infliction on one side and the endurance on the other, of the penalty of the law. This is the very utmost extent allowed by duty to the individual in contravening the laws of the land. The majesty of law must be honored either by compliance with its precept or submission to its penalty. In deciding upon an issue of this description, the law is by no means properly considered as constituting itself a judge over conscience, but simply as exercising its judgment as to what is demanded by its own necessities, and the means to supply them.

We have just considered the general principles which should control the conduct of conscience towards the law, and the law towards conscience. We purpose now to glance very briefly at the moral law which controls both law and conscience. The argument just closed supposes the decisions of conscience to have been already formed, and had reference to their practical application. The present inquiry respects the rights of conscience to form these decisions adverse to the laws of the legislature.

If the requisition of law condemned by conscience be a *real* offence against God, of course the moral sense is not only justified in protesting, but is bound to protest against it. All requirements of obedience to such a law are void, and if enforced are oppression.

If the law embody no trespass, but is conceived

to do so by an honest though mistaken conscience, then the requisition of obedience is only oppression when the rights of conscience are *unnecessarily* disregarded. But conscience stands responsible to God, and is guilty according to circumstances, for pronouncing that to be a sin which is in fact no sin.

If the law embody a requisition of no particular moral character in itself, and conscience should scruple it, then the law must be disregarded in precept, and, if enforced, must be honored in penalty. In this case, if a man violate his conscience to obey the law, he is guilty for violating a greater to honor a lesser obligation. He is also responsible to God for this discrimination, and the guilt of the mistaken decision of conscience is controlled by circumstances.

But when the law of the land embodies a positive moral precept in its requisitions, no one can hesitate to decide that no conscience has the right to decide the law to be an offence to itself. When the law of man, so far from requiring a violation of divine law, is actually nothing less than a repetition of it, and when the objections of conscience to the law, are really objections to the law of God, no man will hesitate for an instant in deciding that the claims of such a conscience are entitled to no more respect than the yells of a maniac. The contrary supposition would place the law of God, as well as the enactments of men, at the mercy of every conscience on earth. No conscience has the right to form a decision impeaching the morality of divine law. The grand error of the senator of New York lies in his mistaking the dictates of his conscience, for the commands of his Maker; and in appealing to the one, he committed the fatal blunder of supposing he had appealed to the other. There is an essential difference between conscience and the law of God. The former is but the exponent of the latter; but inasmuch as it is liable to be deluded, all its decisions on points of duty must be reviewed by the law of God. Hence a man may *sin* against God by obeying his conscience. It is a piece of blasphemous nonsense to suppose that the law of God may be set aside by every debauched and absurd conscience in the land. A man is bound to resist conscience when it is leading him astray. Besides this, the rights of conscience, even under human society, have reference to speculative opinions and points of morals in which there is no overt danger to the State; but not to gross and outrageous violations of morality in which the peace of society is concerned. No man would think of tolerating, under the rights of conscience, the moral sense of the Indian Thug, which persuades him that it is a moral duty for him to assassinate every man he meets. A weak conscience has its rights, but a conscience debauched until crime becomes its morality, has no rights.

Now let us apply these principles to the case of Mr. Seward and the Fugitive-Slave-Law. Admitting that the recapture of a fugitive slave is the crime he imagines, we charge him with guilt on the very broadest principles of religious freedom, for encouraging a seditious resistance to the law, when he was bound to uphold the dignity of the government at the same time that he protected his conscience, by submitting to the penalty. Besides, in his own case, his guilt is heightened by the violation of a positive oath to the constitutional provision for the law, and on the part of his constituents, by the violation of the pledged and sacred guarantees of the Union. Admitting all that he assumed, as to the criminality of the law, he was only justified in a simple non-compliance with the precept, and by submitting to its penalty; not in seditious resistance to its authority.

But this is not all of his guilt. Mr. Seward and the abolitionists of the North, are responsible to God, in a fearful account, for debauching their consciences into a decision of duty that sets at defiance one of the simplest requirements of morality, makes the decalogue a permit of crime, the Bible an immoral lie, and blasphemes God as the open approver of the worst of crimes.

Here is the great issue in the controversy, and here we meet it. Mr. Seward either holds slavery to be a sin *per se*, or he is trifling most egregiously with our credulity. The whole justification of his splendid specimen of pious perjury, turns upon the question, whether the recapture of a fugitive be or be not an offence against God. The honorable senator affirms, and we in addition to denying that affirmation, venture another, that it is *the refusal* to recapture and restore the slave which constitutes the offence to morality. In other terms, Mr. Seward appeals to a "higher law" than the Constitution to protect him from his oath, while we appeal to a "higher law" than his or any other conscience, to maintain the integrity of our rights.

Now when we know that all the renowned and illustrious saints of the Old Testament were, without exception, owners of large numbers of slaves; that slavery is justified in the very letter of the tenth precept of the moral law; that it was legalized by the lawgiver of the Jewish nation, acting under the immediate direction of Almighty God; that it is sanctioned by repeated rules given in the New Testament for its regulation and control; that all the early members of the Christian church, both Jew and Gentile, were owners of slaves, we cannot help being amazed at the astonishing discoveries effected by Mr. Seward in the higher resources of impudence. But

this is not all. The Bible contains two distinct instances of that very crime so abhorrent to the chaste sensibilities of the honorable senator. One is the restoration of Hagar, flying from the jealousy of Sarah, met by an angel of God, and by him directed to return to her mistress and submit to her authority.* The other case is the restoration of Onesimus by Paul. The Epistle to Philemon is a letter written by the Apostle to a Christian slaveholder and sent by the hand of his fugitive slave, who had been met in his wanderings by the great orator of the church, converted to the faith, and was now returned to his master with an *inspired letter* in his hand, acknowledging the rights of the owner, and entreating him to deal gently with his repentant servant, on the ground, that though master and servant according to the flesh, they were then brethren in the faith of Christ.† Now when we see an Apostle of Christianity sending back a slave to his master, with what is now admitted to be a part of the canon of revelation, in his hands, what are we to think of the men who are perpetually denouncing acts identical with the act of the Apostle, as the consummation of all practical villainy? Mr. Seward must excuse us for hinting that his infidelity is largely spiced with the rankest venom of blasphemy. He has improved upon the delicate invectives of Thomas Paine, and, while owning the truth of Christianity, has stultified himself by attacking its morality.

This appeal to conscience becomes all the more remarkable from another slight consideration. It has uniformly been esteemed a breach of morality by mankind for one man to harbor or conceal the stolen or missing property of his neighbor except for the purpose of restoring it. The man who finds a purse lying in the public highway, and either knows, or makes no effort to discover the owner, is sometimes facetiously termed a thief. He, who can discover any difference between a refusal to restore the purse, and a refusal to restore the flying slave-property of a Southern slaveholder, is entitled to extraordinary credit for sagacity. It is a mere evasion, and that an evasion without the merit of plausibility, to deny that a slave is property. We recommend to Mr. Seward a comparison between the last precept of the decalogue and the slave-laws of the Jewish Theocracy.‡ The man who admits that there is such a relation as master and slave, and denies that such relation consists in the property right of the one, to the services of the other, is simply a fool, who admits a thing in one breath, that he denies in the next.

* Gen. xvi: 7—13.

† See Epistle to Philemon.

‡ Compare Ex. xx: 17, with Gen. xvii: 12, and Levit. xxv: 44—46.

From this statement of the case, it appears that the appeal of the senator from the Constitution to his conscience, is really an appeal to that singular piece of his spiritual machinery, to warrant him in violating his oath, in order to commit a breach of one of the simplest duties of morality, at the same time that he blasphemes God, and stultifies himself on the most enormous scale. The temptation to an indulgence of his taste for villainy, presented too rich a specimen to be refused. We are really under the unpleasant necessity of telling the gentleman from New York, that we are rather at a loss to decide whether to accord him superior credit as a knave or a fool; and the perplexity in the case seems altogether attributable to the fact, that he has approached a degree of perfection in the qualities of both.

This simple statement of facts, from the acknowledged moral code of all Christian nations, settles the question as to the *real* accordance of the fugitive-slave-law, with the will of God. We desire now to propose and answer a direct question, as to the duty of a conscientious abolitionist, in regard to that law. What is the duty of a man, who is sincerely of the opinion, that a compliance with the law is an offence against God. To this question we reply that his sense of duty has become morbid and fanatical, and has placed him in a dilemma from which it is impossible for him to escape without guilt. If he violates his conscience, he is guilty for the breach. If he obey his conscience, he offends against God. His infidel disgust at the morality of slavery, has placed him in this fearful strait, in which he cannot do right without guilt, nor wrong without conviction. In the language of Burlemaque,

"We ought always to follow the dictates of conscience, even when it is erroneous, and whether the error be vincible or invincible. But it does not thence follow, that we are always excusable in being guided by the dictates of an erroneous conscience; this is true, only when the error happens to be invincible. If on the contrary it is surmountable, and we mistake with respect to what is commanded or forbidden, we sin either way, whether we act according to, or against the decisions of conscience."*

In other words, the debauched and distempered conscience of the unhappy fanatic has placed him between contending obligations. To which must he yield—to his conscience or his God? Of course the strongest obligation must prevail. On one side are the dictates of an evil and diseased moral sense. On the other the law of God and the salvation of the Union. If he violates his conscience and discharge his duty to the law, he will contract a degree of guilt;

* Burlemaque on Natural Law, vol. 1, p. 163.

but although he will *not be justified*, he will contract *far less guilt* by resisting his conscience and obeying his maker. In no form in which this question can be considered, is there any shadow of excuse to the fanatics of the North, in resisting the fugitive-slave-law. On the very strongest supposition that their *consciences* are sincerely convinced that it is wrong, they are bound *by a law higher* than conscience to fulfil it to the letter.

In closing this review of the principles involved in the speech of Mr. Seward, we cannot refrain from taxing the patience of the reader a little farther, to express the concern which fills us in regard to the safety of the Union. Whatever may be thought of the propriety or necessity of the causes which resulted in the grand dilemma, it must be evident to all that the issue on which the existence of the Union is staked, has been at last presented in the fugitive-slave-law. Like success in all parties, the late attainment of anti-slavery desires, in the newly acquired territory, has only sharpened the appetite and flushed the hopes of the anti-slavery party, for a more complete accomplishment of their views. In the madness of the hour it makes little difference, that the object of attack is covered by the flaming shield of the Constitution. A mere pretext—a bare and unprincipled evasion—a mere quibble, of a conscience grown insolent by impurity, a reason, which, if true, would prove every anti-slavery member of the government, a perjured villain, is alleged as sufficient to nullify a law demanded by the plain and palpable letter of the Constitution. The objection that the absence of the habeas corpus, makes the fugitive-slave-law unconstitutional, is based upon the assumption that the two clauses in the Constitution are utterly contradictory to each other. If this be true, every anti-slavery man, who has sworn to support that instrument, has perjured himself, by swearing to support two things essentially contradictory. What madness rules the hour—what insanity prompts a course, which makes every man in a large section of the government, a fit subject for the public whipping post and the shears of the sheriff.

But the issue on the repeal or nullification of the fugitive-slave-law is deliberately made up. This journal has spoken a warning before, and we now speak it again. From every section of the South the voice has been unanimous, from every hue and shade of opinion on other questions. There can be no more doubt than if no such thing as doubt were possible, that a repeal by Congress or a nullification by the people, of the law, so hideously berated by the fanatical mountebank, who disgraces the American name in the Senate of the United States, will dissolve the confederated Union, and cover the land with the signs of civil strife. A war unexampled for ferocity of feeling, for length of duration, for consequences whose disastrous evil will be felt to the most remote ages of the future, must be the necessary result.

The danger has not yet passed. The time is full of gloom, and the future is rolling back towards the past in portentous silence. The elements of evil seem to be gathering for an explosion, to be remembered forever.

ita turbine nigro
Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.
Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes.

The omens which preceded the death of Cæsar, are surpassed by the stern and admonitory signals of these times. The fierce, but momentary displays of feeling in some parts of the country, seem to discover dense masses of phantom troops, and play on the silent banners and the lifted steel of the avengers. A time seems approaching, full of a woe too grand to fulfil any description but the magnificent declamation of Isaiah over the wrecked and shattered glory of Babylon and Tyre. All agitation on the part of the North must cease, and the South must summon its magnanimity and present the spectacle of a noble self-command to the admiration of future ages. Whatever may be thought of our wrongs, let the safety of our government and the peace of our homes lead us to endure them. The agitator at this crisis, realizes the vision of the prophet, where the armed messenger of divine retribution sowed coals of living fire broad-cast over the doomed and guilty capital of Judah. The evil must be arrested, or *the glory of the kingdoms, the beauty of our excellency, shall become a habitation of dragons, pools of water, the dwelling place of owls, and the possession of the bittern.*

SONNET.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

Ah well! I *do* look back upon it *now*,
That unknown good, that came in early life,
To be my greatest strength in each heart strife—
When years of care had mark'd my alter'd brow!
Yes! thanks to *thee*—the good seed *then* was sown,
Which day by day grew to a fragrant flower:—
The right cord then was touch'd and each low tone
Vibrated high and hopefully each hour!
And so this Intellectual Life did grow
All vivifying glorious—intense—
Heaven's Beauty resting on my thoughtful brow,
Serene and holy, 'lumining each sense.
O! bright and blessed influence of my Youth—
Still from thy *Presence*, let me learn the Truth!

New York.

GHOST STORIES.

The article, entitled "The Night Side of Nature," in our January number, has suggested to a friend of ours the idea of supplying us with a few "original" ghost stories. If they do not aspire to that tragic dignity, which clothes the legends of sorcery and magic in mysterious terror, they aim at a purpose of practical usefulness, and they have the advantage (?) of being credible. Mrs. Crowe's book is not unfitly named. She has indeed withdrawn from the cheerful light of day into the gloomy darkness of night. She has exchanged the clear vision of the eagle, the joyous carol of the skylark, and the swift pinion of the dove, for the vague flittings of the bat, and the mournful hooting of the moping owl. Every attempt, however humble, to divest extraordinary occurrences of the superstition which is apt to gather about them, deserves encouragement as an effort to advance the cause of sound reason and sober truth. And, with this view, we commend the stories to the notice of our readers.

The letters of Sir David Brewster upon Natural Magic, which were designed as a supplement to Sir Walter Scott's essay on Demonology and Witchcraft, form an admirable treatise of this character, which should be put into the hands of every child, as an antidote to the spurious philosophy of the day. In it are to be found explained some of the most astonishing phenomena of nature, as well as many of the surprising contrivances of art, ancient and modern. For example, he shows us how, upon purely natural principles, we may account for many marvellous deceptions of the sight. He points out why it is, that the involuntary expansion of the eye in a very obscure light is unfavorable to an accurate perception of the form, size, and distance of objects—why the brighter parts of an object are often visible, whilst the other portions are unseen—why parts of one object thus seem to be combined, not unfrequently, with those of another—why objects sometimes appear to us in positions, and at distances, that are really impossible—and why, the focus of vision being in such cases ill adapted to the perception of near objects, they disappear entirely at the very time when we expect to see them most distinctly. These suggestions go very far to explain the apparitions, so generally seen at twilight, or after dark—of grotesque and misshapen figures—in situations where, by the laws of nature, they could not be found—and almost invariably *clothed in white*, which, from its contrast to surrounding objects, is most likely to attract the notice of the beholder. There are also the gigantic spectres of the Brocken—the pictures in the air of ships, castles, and mountains, of men and horses trooping along the face of inaccessible cliffs—all of which are familiar to us now as the effects of reflected and refracted light. Such appearances have constantly been regarded in ignorant times, as the results of witchcraft and magic; and are still viewed as alarming portents by the great majority of those who witness them. Yet, in the hands of the true philosopher, they are stripped of all their mysterious terror, and become pleasing manifestations of the wonderful perfection and variety of the works of God.

But our business is just now with things of much less pretension: and, without further preface, we come to the promised stories, which we leave our friend to tell in his own way; to which he is the better entitled, as he professes to have derived them, for the most part, from actual witnesses.

First Story.

A youth, about 14 years of age, was sent to pass some weeks of his summer holidays, with a great aunt, who lived in one of the old counties of the Old Dominion. The venerable lady occupied one of those great mansion houses, memorials of the colonial aristocracy of Virginia, built of imported bricks, full of staircases and passages, and with rooms enough to accommodate half a dozen families, and scores of individual guests, when congregated for some high festival. But at this time it was almost deserted. The old lady and her grand-nephew were the only white persons within its walls. She occupied a bed-room on the first floor: our hero slept in the story next to the garret: and the servants were all in the basement. During the day, his time passed merrily enough. Horses, dogs, and guns—boating and fishing—filled up the hours with sports, in which he was supported by as many of the Africans, great and little, as he thought fit to enlist in his service. But the nights hung heavily. His aunt always went to bed at an early hour. The few books in her library were soon exhausted; and the short evenings of summer seemed to his sleepless eyes to be stretched out interminably. Now and then a gossip with some old negress, who had grown gray in the family, beguiled him with snatches of the history of the former occupants of the hall: and these narratives, as might be anticipated, were plentifully sprinkled with incidents of the superstitious character, in which such old crones delight.

One night, he had lain in bed a long time, courting in vain a relief from ennui in sleep. He had listened, till he was tired, to the ticking of the

antique clock, to the whistling of the wind about the clusters of chimneys, and the echoes that repeated and prolonged every sound in the interior of the house, through its vast and empty spaces. The latter class of noises had entirely ceased: and the profound stillness that pervaded the mansion was broken only by the monotonous voice, which told him how slowly the weary minutes were passing by. He had thought over more than one tradition of the olden time, as it had been related to him, with its concomitants of a supernatural description: until, in spite of his better reason and his fixed disbelief of such things, he found himself growing nervous and uncomfortable. He began to fancy that he saw strange things in the uncertain moonlight, and was almost afraid to look at them steadily enough to undeceive himself. Suddenly, he heard, right over his head in the garret, a dull knocking sound, which travelled back and forth, now in this direction and now in that, with a succession of thumps. Anon he thought he could distinguish something like a stifled voice; and this impression was confirmed when the knocking got opposite the door of the garret, whence it came down the stairway and through the passage, unobstructed, to his room. A wild, unearthly cry, uttered as if by a person choked or muffled. and expressive of painful suffering, smote upon his ear. He started up in bed: and at this instant the sound began to descend the stairs. At first, it came down two or three steps with successive thumps —then it seemed to roll over and over, with a confused noise of struggling and scratching—and so on, with an alternation of these sounds until it reached the floor of the passage. Here the dull knocking was resumed as it had been first heard in the garret, rambling hither and thither, at one time approaching the chamber door, till the poor boy strained his eyes in instant expectation of witnessing the entry of some horrible shape. But it passed by and at last arrived at the head of the next flight of stairs, where it recommenced the descent after the manner already described. At intervals rose the same stifled wailing, so full of mortal terror and agony, that it almost froze the marrow in his bones. When he was assured by the sound that the traveller had arrived at the floor below him, he mustered courage, and by a great effort jumped out of bed, huddled on his clothes, and hurried to the head of the stairs, armed with an old sword that hung in his bed room, and which had probably seen service in the Revolution or the old French war. But he had no mind to encounter his mysterious enemy at close quarters, and contented himself with following its progress at a safe distance, and peeping over the balusters in the hope of catching sight of it. In this, however, he succeeded only so far, as to get one glimpse, as it passed a window, of something with an enormous and shapeless head: and the slow chase was kept up, till he found himself at the head of the steps leading down to the basement, while his ghostly disturber was at the foot, thumping and scratching at the kitchen door, and uttering the same indescribable cries as at first. Two or three of the servants had been aroused by the din, and were crouched together in the furthest corner, trembling with fear, and in momentary expectation of suffering death, or something still more dreadful. At last the latch of the door gave way to the repeated assaults of the unwelcome visiter, and he rolled into the middle of the floor, in the full blaze of the fire light, and under the very eyes of the appalled domestics.

The mystery was at an end—the ghost exposed—and an explosion of frantic mirth succeeded to the breathless terror which oppressed them. An old grey tom cat, as it turned out, in his rambles through the house, had chanced to find in the garret a large gourd, in which the housemaids kept grease for domestic uses. Into the opening of the gourd Tom had worked his head with some difficulty. and without duly considering how he was to get it out again. When he attempted to do this, he found himself tightly grasped by the ears and jaws, and secured in a cell which became every instant more intolerable. Hence his struggles to escape—hence his unearthly and smothered cries—and hence the extraordinary varieties of locomotion, by which he accomplished his long journey from the top of the house to the bottom. Our hero drew from the issue of this adventure a confirmed resolution against a belief in the supernatural; and detailed the particulars next morning, with great unction, to his good old aunt, who had slept comfortably through the whole of the uproar.

Second Story.

A carpenter was at work one night, at a late hour, in the second story of an unfinished house in Philadelphia. He was a man of strong, plain sense, free from superstitious belief, and of cool courage and self-possession. On the side of the room opposite to his work bench, came up the flight of steps from the first floor; and on the same side, but at the other end of the house, was the flight leading to the third story. The floor on that side was clear of all rubbish, and gave him an unobstructed view of the space between the landing of the first flight of steps, and the foot of the second. Suddenly he was surprised to hear a heavy, regular, but seemingly muffled, footstep, proceeding along the floor of the room beneath. He knew that the two doors were

locked, and all the windows secured, and he wondered how any one could have found entrance. However, as he feared no harm, he awaited with composure the coming of the intruder, whom he now distinctly heard ascending the stairway. But, when the approaching steps at last reached the landing place, and no figure became visible, he was filled with astonishment. Without pausing, the mysterious visitor proceeded, with the same measured tread, in the direction of the next flight of stairs, passing directly in front of the carpenter, and where it should have been in his full view, but he could see nothing whatever. The place was well enough lighted, he looked sharply along the line of motion, following the sound with his eyes, but he could detect no trace of the person, whose movements produced it. At length, the step reached the foot of the second flight of stairs, which were also full in our hero's sight, and began to ascend them also. By this time, his amazement had reached a climax, not unmingled with some vague apprehensions, which he had no time to analyze. Still he stood motionless, gazing eagerly, as the invisible night-walker mounted step after step, and had almost reached the top. And then—as if the scales had fallen from his eyes, or the object which they sought so long in vain had flung aside the veil which concealed it—he was aware of an enormous wharf rat, jumping from step to step, with a noise precisely like the heavy, dull, footfall we have described. He now easily understood why it had escaped his notice. He had looked *too high*: and so failed to discover "the gentleman in black," until he had attained an elevation above himself. But he admitted very candidly that, had he not seen the rat at that last moment, his unbelief in ghostly visitations would have been seriously shaken.

Third Story.

A laborer, on his way homeward about nightfall, was passing along the outskirts of a little village, when his ear was assailed by repeated groans, which seemed to issue out of the very ground beneath his feet. Looking about him, and listening, he presently discovered that they proceeded from an old well, which had been abandoned, and was half filled with rubbish. Approaching the edge of it, he called aloud, but received no answer, except the same groans, which were uttered at intervals, with a hollow reverberation, that appeared to die away in subterranean passages. To see any thing below the surface was impossible: and the man set off at once to announce this strange occurrence, and seek assistance from the nearest houses. The alarm spread rapidly; and, in a little while, a busy crowd was collected at the spot, with torches, ropes, and other implements, for the purpose of solving the mystery, and releasing the unknown sufferer. A windlass and bucket were hastily procured, and rigged up: and one, more adventurous than his neighbors, volunteered to descend. They let him down about twenty feet, until he reached the bottom, which he declared to be completely covered by a large barrel, upon which he found firm footing. At this time, the noise had ceased: and the new comers were disposed to question the truth of what had been told them. But those, who had first reached the place, stoutly and angrily reasserted the reality of what they had heard. The first explorer had been drawn up almost to the top, when the groans were renewed, to the discomfiture of the sceptics, and the dismay of some of the bystanders. Dark hints were conveyed in smothered whispers from one to another. A few were observed to steal out of the circle, and silently move off towards their homes. None showed any particular inclination to repeat the descent in their own persons. But, at last, two or three, more resolute than the rest, determined, "at all hazards and to the last extremity," to know what was beneath the barrel. A pair of shears was sent for, such as are used for hoisting heavy packages into warehouses. Another descent was made, and, in spite of groans that might have shaken the nerves of Pilgrim himself, the shears were securely hitched on either side of the barrel. Several pair of strong arms were applied to the windlass, but all their efforts proved fruitless for a time. It seemed as if the barrel had been anchored to the rock-fast foundations of the earth. At last, however, it yielded a little: and with a slow, interrupted motion, and a harsh, scraping sound, an empty barrel, with no heading, was detached from its fastenings, and then brought up rapidly to the top. Once more, a daring fellow went down, armed to the teeth, after giving repeated injunctions to his assistants to turn very slowly, and hold on hard. He encountered at the bottom a formidable animal indeed, at least in such a situation. It was no other than a cow, jammed into the lowest part of the well, with her branching horns pointing directly to the sky above. The poor beast, indulging a natural taste, had thrust her head into an empty salt barrel. Her horns had stuck fast in the sides: and retreating blindly, in her efforts to escape she had backed down the dry well, dragging the barrel after her, which fitted so closely to the walls of the pit, as to break the force of her fall. With some difficulty, the poor creature was extricated from her sad plight, without injury, but probably not without matter for serious *rumination*.

FOURTH STORY.

The subject of the fourth and last story is the only one not derived from parties, personally cognizant of the facts: but this circumstance is fully compensated by the notoriety of the occurrence at the time and place where it happened, as well as the prominent social position of the gentleman concerned in it. He was a lawyer of respectability in this State, and was riding alone one summer evening to attend a court. The clouds, which had been threatening for some hours, shut out the expiring gleams of daylight by suddenly folding together their dark and heavy skirts, and began to let fall those great drops of rain which precede a thunder-storm. The road was lonely; for it lay chiefly through forest land, and where it skirted a plantation, it was generally at some distance from the mansion. The traveller was thus obliged to keep on his course, long after the increasing violence of the storm had made him long for some shelter, however humble. In vain did he endeavor, by the aid of the lightning that flashed every instant around him, to descry some house: in vain did he hope, in the moments of darkness which intervened, to discover the faint twinkle of light from some log cabin or negro-quarter. Meantime, the elements seemed to lash themselves into greater fury: the lightning blazed incessantly, the thunder crashed into his ears, and the falling limbs of trees contributed to the danger and embarrassment of his situation. His horse became terrified: now he stood still and trembled, resisting every attempt to urge him on: and now obeying a sudden and frantic impulse, he would spring forward with a force that menaced destruction both to his rider and himself. After some miles had been passed in this way—an experience which no man can well appreciate, who has not endured it—the traveller was overjoyed to find himself in the neighborhood of a house. It was one of the old glebe churches, deserted and partly in ruins: but the walls and roof were still sufficiently good to afford some protection, and of this he gladly availed himself. Dismounting at the door, he led in and tied his horse, and took his seat in one of the pews, until the abatement of the storm should allow him to proceed. The place, the hour, the scene, were calculated to excite impressions of awe: and his first feelings of satisfaction naturally gave way to thoughts of a serious and solemn character. Thus occupied, he sat for some minutes, taking advantage of the fitful light, which momently illumined the church, to survey its interior. At last his eyes rest on the pulpit, and he sees—no! it is impossible—yes, he *does see* a figure all in white, its face pale and ghastly, but its eyes gleaming with the fire of an incarnate fiend! Now it stretches itself upward, tall and erect, its long skinny arm pointing to Heaven! Now it leans over the sacred desk, gesticulating and gibbering, with wild and devilish grimaces, that seem to mock those, to whom they are addressed, with threats of hellish torture! Is there any one else in the church? Not a soul is visible. There is our lawyer alone, with that strange and fearful preacher—no inattentive observer, we may be sure, of the pantomime, which is but half revealed to him: it is only pantomime, for the roar of the elements drowns every other sound, and no voice falls upon his ear. What are his thoughts? It would be hard to say. Let the man of firmest nerves imagine himself, fatigued and exhausted by such exposure and toil, placed in a situation so unusual, and witnessing a spectacle so terribly like the legends of infernal malice and blasphemy, and let him pronounce, if he can, that his courage and self-possession would be equal to the trial. But to return—for some time the presence of the sole spectator seemed to be unnoticed by the occupant of the pulpit. But at last, during one long, vivid flash, their eyes met, and—oh! the agony of that moment!—he saw that he was discovered! Instantly, the figure descended from the pulpit, and approached him with rapid strides. It was all over with his manhood now—he thought of nothing but flight—of taking refuge in that very storm, from which he had but recently escaped. He rushed towards his horse—but the animal had broken bridle, and was gone! Without stopping to look round, our hero gained the road, and set off at full speed; for he heard close behind him the yells and screams of his pursuer! It was a race for life—aye, and for what besides life, he dared not think: but he strained every nerve to outstrip the fiend who held him in chase. Alas! alas! his hour was come! Breathless, alike from exertion and from fear, his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, while his enemy, with a shriek of triumphant hate, leaped upon him, and fastened her claws into his face and throat! He was incapable of resistance, for he had fainted.

Fortunately, at this very juncture, a number of other persons came to the rescue, whose approach was quickened by the cries which they had heard. They extricated the insensible man from the hands of the MANIAC, and took measures for his restoration, and her security. The unhappy woman had escaped that day from the custody of her friends, and hid herself in the woods. The vicinity of the old church was a favorite haunt of hers, and the storm drove her within its walls. Her disordered mind, excited by the sounds and sights of the tempest, sought a vent for its tumult in imaginary declamation from the pulpit, till the sight of a human face and form

gave her feelings another direction. With what motive, she first approached the intruder, of course, could never be ascertained: but the confession of weakness which his flight implied, and the maddening stimulus of the pursuit, would have sufficed to change an indifferent, or even a kindly purpose, into one of bitterness and fury. Such is the explanation of this singular and painful adventure: an explanation, however, which, in the impressions left upon the mind, does approximate nearly to the effect of tragic and supernatural fictions.

THE HALLOWED NAME.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

I once could speak those simple words
  With gay and cheerful tone,
And hear them fall from other lips
  As lightly as my own;
But now my voice grows tremulous
  And low as if it came
Through tearful mists, whene'er I breathe
  That fond, familiar name.

When others utter it, the sound
  Awakes a sudden start,
That with concentric motion thrills
  The surface of my heart:
All other visions break before
  That circle's widening sway,
Until the trembling memories melt
  In silent tears away.

Why should those sounds have power to call
  Such sadness to my brow?
And wherefore has that name become
  So consecrate as now,—
That I can only murmur it
  In mournful under-breath?
It hath been hallowed—sanctified
  By the dread seal of death.

Far off above a grave that lies
  Mid other graves unknown,
Strange eyes will see it cut upon
  The monumental stone:
They reck not as the sad, brief line
  They frame with thoughtless air,
Through what a gush of tears *my* eyes
  Would read it graven there!

Deep down within my brooding heart
  Is hid that sacred word,
Which midst the throngs of living men
  Shall never more be heard:
He could not find on earth again
  Scope for his spirit's aim;
Oh! since an *angel* bears it now,
  It *is* a hallowed name!

Sketches of the Virginia Convention of 1829--30.*

The Convention now sitting at Richmond is composed of able men; yet its proceedings do not command the same interest with those of its predecessors of 1829. It was a new thing then; the signal of change was not perpetually sounding in our ears. Men came here to see what they never had seen before, and what it was highly probable they never might see again. Besides, the body was so august—it comprised such an immense number of great names—that curiosity alone was a motive sufficiently powerful to fill the Hall with an expectant multitude. There many for the first time beheld James Madison, the Nestor of the Convention—the pride of three generations of Virginians, and the example of the fourth. There was to be seen James Monroe, the companion and friend of Jefferson and Madison. There many an eye for the first time dilated with pleasure, as it fell upon the tall figure of John Marshall; the judge who, in his own person, united the private worth of a Hale, the public integrity of a Holt, and the talents of a Mansfield. There, leaning upon his crutches, and suffering from recent illness, the curious beholder might observe Giles, the hero of many a parliamentary combat, in none of which he ever met with his superior, his mind triumphing over the sufferings of his body, and leaving him still what he had been said to be in his palmy days, the most expert debater that ever spoke the English language, with the exception of Charles James Fox. There Chapman Johnson, the Ajax Telamon of the West, spread his broad shield and opposed his single arm to the united forces of the East. There many for the first time had an opportunity of seeing the great champion of the sea-board, Tazewell. There Morris, and Upshur, Doddridge, and Cooke, and a host of

* The following article appeared a short time since, in detached portions, in the columns of that spirited and excellent paper, The Richmond Daily Dispatch, and was written by one of its editors, HUGH R. PLEASANTS, Esq., than whom no man in the State wields a more facile or powerful pen. As the circulation of the Dispatch, though large, is chiefly local, the article will be new to a very large majority of our readers. At our request, the author has revised the sketches and arranged them for publication as one article, and we are sure that we shall receive the thanks of the public for rescuing such valuable *materiel* from the oblivion of the newspapers and giving it a chance for preservation in the library. The future biographer will find here some reliable information, which he might otherwise seek for in vain, and in this way we may contribute to the literary stores of posterity, as well as to the amusement of the generation around us.

[*Ed. Mess.*

others, either of whom would be a giant in these degenerate days, thronged around their several standards.

But the man who commanded most interest of all—who was literally the hero of the Convention—to whom every eye was turned, and whose slightest motion was watched with intense anxiety, was John Randolph. His reputation was probably more widely spread than that of any other in the Convention, with the exception of the two ex-Presidents, and the Chief Justice—he was known to be an unrivalled orator—but, as yet, he had been heard by comparatively few Virginians. His career had been national, and he had never been in the State Legislature. The anxiety to hear him, among all classes of persons, strangers as well as citizens, amounted almost to phrenzy. Many persons, greatly to their own inconvenience, remained in town days longer than they would otherwise have been induced to do. It was supposed that he would answer Chapman Johnson's first great speech, and a crowd thronged to the capitol, such as we never saw there before, and never expect to see again. Ladies were absolutely packed into the galleries and the spare seats in the Hall. There was no room even to breathe, much less to turn around. From some unaccountable caprice, upon that day, he condescended not to speak. and the crowd retired, as much disappointed as though they had been to see a man hung, and had been cheated of the spectacle by the ill-timed clemency of the Governor. Another day, and still another passed, and the oracle continued dumb. At last—when nobody was expecting it—when the lobby and the galleries were almost deserted—when some long-winded speaker had just concluded a tedious harangue, he rose slowly from his seat, and pronounced the words "Mr. President!" Never have we seen two words produce the same effect. We had entered the Hall but a few minutes before, and had met scarcely a man in our way. We do not believe there were a dozen persons visible in the streets, from the windows of the capitol. Where the crowd came from, or how they got intelligence that Randolph had the floor, we could never learn. But it poured in like the waters of the ocean, when the dyke gives way. Persons who were on the street afterwards, informed us that they saw persons running from all quarters, and not being able to find where they were running to, fell in with, and assisted to form the multitude that streamed to the capitol. Notwithstanding the immense crowd, the audience was as still as death, save when it indulged itself in shouts of laughter. The clear, distinct enunciation of the speaker enabled every one to hear every word he uttered, while his admirable acting changed his most airy nothings into golden precepts. Never before did we so clearly comprehend the force of the Demosthenian "action, action!" The unaccountable brilliancy of Mr. Randolph's eyes—their petrifying effect upon those whom he chose to fix them, in anger or disdain—the melody of his inimitable voice—his tall, unearthly looking figure, and the shake of his bony finger, have been often described; but no man who never heard him and saw him speak, can form the slightest conception of what he was. A person who was deeply prejudiced against him, said to us when he sat down that day, "good God! what an orator!" and another declared that he believed he was inspired.

The man who, of all others, with the exception of John Randolph, attracted the largest share of attention in that assembly, was, perhaps, Benjamin Watkins Leigh. Marshall, Madison, and Monroe, were rather famed for what they had been; their great days had passed, and they were now in the evening of their glory. It was a gorgeous evening, it is true; an evening resplendent with light—but still it was evening. Giles, it was understood, would not take that active part in the discussions, which he had been wont to assume in former days. He was regarded as the leader of the reserved corps, ready to bring up his powerful reinforcement, when it should be needed. A younger and more active person was wanted to lead the Eastern cohorts into conflict. Some Conventional Ney, always eager for the combat—always most at home when most in danger—always ready to meet the foe, in whatever force they presented themselves—never fatigued, never disheartened, never disposed to reject the post of honor, no matter how dangerous it might be, was to be sought for. Such a man was absolutely necessary, and such a man was found in the person of Benjamin Watkins Leigh.

Mr. Leigh was, at that time, in the prime of life, being about forty-eight years old. His faculties, naturally very powerful, improved by continual study, and rendered available by constant exercise at the bar, had reached their highest point of perfection. An impulsive disposition and a sanguine temper, which never allowed him to despair, gave full force to an energy, which apparently sought out difficulties, for the mere love of the excitement produced by overcoming them. He was known to the public as a profound lawyer, who had no superior at the Virginia bar; and from his having been selected to compile the Code of 1819, was believed to be better acquainted with the history of Virginia legislation, from the foundation of the colony, than any other person in the Convention. He was a small man, uncommonly well made, very graceful, with a hand that would have formed a study for Kneller, eyes of uncommon brilliancy,

a forehead of striking beauty, hair as black as the wings of a raven, and glossy and fine as a lady's, and features, which but for a nose somewhat too short, would have been classically handsome. We heard it frequently remarked, at this period of his life, that his face bore a striking resemblance to the prints of Shakspeare, and we have ourselves been struck with the likeness. Mr. Leigh wore a thick-soled shoe on one foot, his leg having been broken many years before, and never having recovered its proper length. This defect, instead of impairing the ease and grace of his general carriage, rather heightened their effect, and contributed to render him, what he undoubtedly was at that time, a man of uncommonly striking appearance.

Mr. Leigh had been but little in public life, previous to this time. His reputation, nevertheless, was very high, and he sustained it. Never was there a more valuable auxiliary than the East found in him. Thoroughly acquainted with the entire field, it was impossible to take him by surprise. Wake him up at two o'clock in the morning, and he was as ready to do battle as at any hour of the day. His opponents could start no difficulty which he had not duly weighed—raise no objection which he was not ready to answer—offer no suggestion, the bearing of which he had not thoroughly considered. There was an ardor and an energy about him, the effect of which it was not possible to over-estimate. He threw his whole soul into every blow he struck, and his arm seemed to be nerved with the strength of twenty men.

Those who knew Mr. Leigh only in the decline of life, can form but a faint estimate of what he was at this time. Once, and once only, have we heard him since, when he reminded us of what we had been in these halcyon days. His style of debate struck us as being almost peculiar. He appeared to us to be the *fairest* man in arguing a question we ever heard speak. He stated the positions of his adversary, always clearly and strongly; much more so indeed, than, in the majority of cases, they were capable of doing themselves. His next operation was, to tear them to tatters, with the strength of a giant, and scatter them to the winds. His disposition, as we have said, was impulsive, and his diction impetuous; yet, unless when irritated, he was courteous and kind to all whom he met in debate, never exulting in his own strength and never indulging in unmanly triumph over an adversary of inferior powers.

Foremost among the leaders of the Western cohorts stood Chapman Johnson—a man whose fame, though his public services had not extended beyond the Legislature, was co-extensive with the limits of the State. This fame had been acquired at the bar, where, in company with Leigh and Stanard, he had sustained the forensic reputation of Richmond, without diminution, as it had been transmitted by Marshall, Wickham, Wirt, Call, and their contemporaries.

Like Mr. Leigh, Mr. Johnson was at this time in the prime of his life and faculties. His reasoning powers, the most conspicuous of his intellectual faculties, were of the very highest order. He was called at the time the Ajax Telamon of the West, and from the gigantic, but somewhat unwieldly strength of his understanding, there can be no doubt that he deserved the appellation. He was a man of a noble and commanding presence, had a head whose intellectual developments would have delighted a phrenologist, and a countenance more strongly indicative of extreme benevolence than that of any other human being we recollect to have seen. His air, unless when roused by discussion, was absent and abstracted, indicating a mind habitually addicted to deep and earnest thought. His voice was the most powerful we ever heard, and had it been under proper management, was eminently adapted to all the modulations which are necessary to a finished orator. As it was, it was too apt to get beyond his control in the excitement of debate.

In addition to these personal recommendations, always of vast importance to an orator, Mr. Johnson possessed another, which was well calculated to make men lend him their ears. It was well known that the indications of benevolence manifesting themselves so strikingly in his countenance, told no false tale. He was, indeed, what he looked to be, the very incarnation of truth, honor, justice and generosity. Even those who most bitterly disputed his peculiar opinions, could not but bow in reverence to the majesty of his virtues. Like the Grecian hero, to whom he was compared, he fought his way to eminence through all obstacles, and against any odds. But unlike that hero, who is represented as confiding in his own right arm alone, and asking nothing but light from the superior powers, his sense of dependence upon Heaven was deep and abiding.

The great fault of Mr. Johnson's oratory, it has always struck us, was its diffuseness. He elaborated everything, and left no point, however immaterial, untouched. But even those who most objected to this habit, and we confess ourselves of the number, were compelled to bear testimony to the immense power with which he grappled with his subject. Unlike many others, his speeches stand the test of time, and will be more admired in the closet than they were on the floor of the Convention. It is for that reason, perhaps, that beyond the limits of this State he acquired, at the time, a reputation to which it is doubtful whether any other person of the body

could aspire. An eminent jurist of New York, who had heard but little of him previously, told us he was never so astonished in all his life, as he was when he read his speech on the basis of representation, and it was to him inconceivable how he had so long remained without any national reputation. He said that the Convention had been eminently serviceable in showing Virginia who were her great men, and he did not hesitate to call Chapman Johnson, *par eminence*, the great man of the Convention! The same gentleman expressed to us a doubt, whether any State in the Union could make such a display, or whether the days even of the Revolution ever beheld so many intellects of such high order assembled in council. As for the speech in question, he thought it one of the most powerful he had ever read, and having read it but a few days ago, though by no means agreeing with its positions, we are disposed to think his judgment was correct.

A very foolish story was published some time since with regard to Mr. Johnson's entire distaste to poetry. Any man who reads anything he has ever written, can see at a glance that there is no truth in it. A man who abhors poetry may be a very strong minded man—his reasoning powers may, indeed, be gigantic—he may prove his positions with the precision of a mathematical demonstration—but his language will be as dry, as harsh, and as unreadable, as that in which such a demonstration is couched. Mr. Johnson's written language was the reverse of this. It was fresh, animated and racy. You read it with pleasure, and were sorry when you came to the end. It is probable, that in the pursuit of an all-absorbing study, he may have neglected the claims of lighter literature; but that he had a taste for them, none who are familiar with the little he has published will deny.

Among the most distinguished members of that Convention, was Richard Morris, of Hanover. The genius of Mr. Morris was probably equal to that of any other man in the body, with the exception, always, of John Randolph. His eloquence was of the highest order, and had the quality ascribed by Johnson to Goldsmith's pen, of adorning every thing it touched. The hardest and driest subjects, the most uninviting details, the most barren incidents, derived an interest from his method of reciting them, and he never failed to command attention throughout any speech he made, let it be as long as it might. His elocution was classically chaste, his enunciation rapid, his voice round, full, and melodious, his gestures earnest, animated, natural, and adapted to the occasion. He was more liable to be carried along by his subject, and to forget himself in the tide of his own eloquence, than any other public speaker we recollect ever to have heard. When his genius had risen to its climax in the fervor of speaking, he poured forth without effort, and apparently without consciousness, a torrent of magnificent eloquence, combining all the elements of a great oration, powerful argument, classical imagery, and finished wit. He did not not speak in the Convention as often as some others; but he never spoke unless it was to the purpose, and his efforts were always such as would do credit to the highest reputation in the land.

There was one particular art, the most necessary of all others to a lawyer, and apparently the most difficult of attainment, in which Mr. Morris never had a superior, and in which he seldom met with a rival. It was the art of narration; of giving a plain, simple, unadorned history of the matter upon which he proposed to speak, previously to entering fully upon the subject. At the bar this faculty must have proved of infinite service to him. The most stupid juryman could not fail to understand the case, provided he would only listen, and his singular power of rendering the driest subject interesting, never failed to secure attention.

Mr. Morris had never been in Congress, and, indeed, his services in public life had, from his own choice, been very few. He appears, during the greater part of his life, to have had no taste for politics, and to have had no desire even to practice in the Court of Appeals. Had he represented his district in Congress, his would have stood among the brightest of those names which shed such a lustre upon that period of Virginia's history, which embraced his youth and manhood. Had he practised regularly in the Court of Appeals, he would have stood among the very highest of those great lawyers, who made that tribunal illustrious. Passionately addicted to rural pursuits, he could never be induced by any urgency of persuasion to abandon them, to any great extent, for the bar or the Senate. It was generally believed that he was an indolent man, and like many men of genius in his profession, it is possible that the dry details of the reporters were irksome to him. It is folly, however, to suppose, as many have done, that he was no lawyer. On the contrary, he was a very great lawyer. He had studied in his earlier years with great assiduity, and had mastered the elementary portion of his profession completely. If the assertion be curtailed so as to make him no *case lawyer*, we think it highly probable that it may be just. It is scarcely possible, indeed, that a man of his habits should have been very familiar with the details of the year books; but he was thoroughly master of the great principles of the science, as others, besides us, have had frequent

occasion to observe. His general information was extensive, and his acquirements of a very respectable order. He appreciated very highly the value of the ancient classics, and with those written in the Roman language, was more familiar than one professional man in a thousand. He was a passionate admirer of Shakspeare, and an admirable reader of English poetry in general; so that if any Yankee schoolmaster should wish to say any thing about him, he may save himself the trouble of perpetrating such a stupidity as one of them did with regard to Chapman Johnson.

Mr. Morris was a man of a peculiarly sociable disposition, and never appeared better than around the domestic hearth. His fund of conversation was absolutely unlimited, and he drew upon it like a prodigal. He was the kindest and most amiable of men in his own household, and no man ever entered it, who did not come away charmed with all he heard and saw. Like many other men of remarkable genius, his fondness for children amounted to a passion, and he seemed to care little, provided they were children, whether they were his own, or those of his neighbors. He delighted in witnessing their sports, and would often take a hand himself, placing himself on a perfect footing of freedom and equality with them. Many amusing incidents, connected with this trait in his character, have been related to us. Not less remarkable was his attachment to field sports. He would spend whole days in fishing and hunting, going so far sometimes, as to leave home before sunrise, in order that his clients might not interrupt an intended expedition of the kind. With the proneness of all men to undervalue what they themselves possess, and to over estimate that which is beyond their reach, he placed no very high value on eloquence, and thought a man who could bring down his bird without ever missing, the most finished of characters. Yet he spoke like an angel, and shot ——like a very poor marksman. So passionate an admirer of field sports, was, of course, a great dog fancier; and his attachment to the canine race was another conspicuous trait in his character. "Love me, love my dog," was his maxim, and he always adhered to it.

Mr. Morris's deportment to his younger brethren at the bar, should not be passed over without notice. It was not only courteous, it was cordial in the extreme. He felt for a new-beginner, and always endeavored to assist him to the extent of his power.

Old Hanover has been celebrated for her orators. She gave birth to Patrick Henry, to Henry Clay, and to Richard Morris. If the last was the least illustrious of the three, it was probably as much his own fault as that of nature.

The establishment of the Court of Appeals, and the Old Chancery Court, in the city of Richmond, by the Old Constitution, whatever evils it may have produced in other respects, had at least one good effect. Like the Inns of Court in London, it assembled and concentrated upon one point, a number of men of the highest talent, who would otherwise have been scattered through the State, illuminating their particular neighborhoods, but not destined to shine beyond their precincts. These men, thrown together in the practice, were continually stimulated by mutual rivalry to labor; they could not relax their exertions, for fear of being passed in the race of fame and success by their neighbors. It was necessary always to keep their faculties strung to the highest pitch, and there was no such thing as flinching from the struggle, when it was once fairly begun. In another respect, this association of great minds had an effect beneficial to the individual, and advantageous to the advancement of the legal science. A communication of thought upon subjects connected with their studies, and the enlargement of the number of books which their combined libraries afforded, in the absence of any great public library, must have tended to liberalize the profession here, and to diffuse liberal opinions throughout the Commonwealth. From these causes, it may be doubted whether any city in the whole Union ever presented so great an array of forensic talent as was to be found in Richmond, from the days of the Revolution down to those of the first Convention, a period of nearly fifty years. The sceptre did not depart with the generation that had first borne it; it was handed down from one to another, with all the regularity of an Episcopal succession. As fast as one great lawyer died, he was succeeded by another; one generation of great advocates had no sooner retired from the bar, than their places were filled by another, their equal in learning and intelligence.

Among the powerful minds which the rich harvest of the Courts of Chancery and Appeals attracted to the city, about the time that Wickham, Call, and their contemporaries, left the field to younger men, was Robert Stanard, a native of Spotsylvania, and for some years a delegate from that county in the State Legislature. The tie of residence had already been severed more than a dozen years, when Spotsylvania proved that she had not forgotten her son, by conferring upon him, though then living in Richmond, the honor of a seat in the Convention. It was a noble tribute to exalted worth; a tribute of which the recipient was worthy in every respect, and which he took care to render as honorable to the judgment of those who had offered it, as it was to himself. No constituency in that illustrious

body had a more faithful representative, and no representative had a greater right to be proud of his constituency,

We heard Mr. Stanard speak but once in the Convention; yet, in that one speech, the well-known characteristics of his mind were so fully developed, that its gage and dimensions might have been determined from it with the most perfect accuracy. It was upon the basis of representation, the great bow of Ulysses, which tried to its utmost the strength of every candidate for fame in that body, and fixed, irrevocably, his standing among his compeers. The time at which Mr. Stanard took part in the debate, was unfortunate. It had already continued for several weeks, and had drawn within its vortex a number of the most distinguished members. Leigh, Morris, Upshur, Green, Scott, Taylor, (Gen. Robert B.,) Doddridge, Chapman Johnson, and many others, had already spoken. If the subject were capable of exhaustion, one would have supposed that it was literally worn out. Such was the feeling of the spectators, whose interest began to flag, and of the House itself, which gave evident signs of fatigue. At that moment Mr. Stanard delivered his argument; an argument which, though unaccompanied by any of the studied graces of oratory, or of language, by sheer dint of its irresistible power, forced itself upon the attention of the House. He did not content himself with merely recapitulating what he had heard from others, as but too many of those who speak only for Buncombe are apt to do at the end of a long debate. He was no gatherer up of fragments. He passed by, if not with disdain, yet without appropriation, the crumbs which had fallen from the great intellectual feast at which he had been a guest. Powerful, original thought—thought self-dependent and self-relying—thought which had not passed through, or been refined by the crucible of other men's minds—presented itself in every sentence he uttered. We have never read that speech; our impressions of it are gathered only from what we remember of it, as it was delivered. Yet we will venture to say, that if any member of the present Convention wish to supply himself with an argument upon the same side of the same question, he will find in it, as it is published, everything that he could possibly desire.

The mind of Mr. Stanard was pre-eminently lucid and direct. He understood no quibbling, and he despised all sophistry. He marched straight up to every question, and he carried it by storm. He resolved from early youth (so we have heard) to trust nothing to declamation, but to carry his point, if he carried it at all, by dint of hard and incontrovertible common sense. How often he succeeded, none know better than those to whom he was opposed. His method of reasoning was as clear, as direct, and led as inevitably to the consequence, as a mathematical demonstration. Give him but a foot of ground on which to stand—but a point on which to fix the fulcrum of his lever—and if he could not, like Archimedes, raise the earth, he could, at least, shake the judgment of the gravest and most learned Courts. To the judgment alone did he condescend to appeal, for he dealt not in flowers of rhetoric, and left the holyday finery of the sophomore class to those whose taste dictated its use. His place was, above all things, the Court, and the more learned and more astute the Judge, the more highly was he qualified to shine. There have been many who have surpassed him before a jury, or on the Hustings; but we doubt whether in powerful logic, he ever had a superior even in the Supreme Court, when Marshall presided and Pinkney and Webster practised at the bar. His manner of speaking was not captivating. He had a hesitation in his delivery which very nearly resembled, if it did not quite amount to stammering. We have seen him, however, on one or two occasions, before a jury, turn this defect to an advantage. He possessed powers of denunciation, which, when the occasion called for it, we have hardly ever known equalled. It was upon occasions of this kind, that we have seen him hesitate over a word, and after apparently discarding two or three that would suggest themselves, finally select one, the hardest and bitterest that had risen to his tongue.

Mr. Stanard, apparently, and we have no doubt in reality, took less pains to conciliate public opinion than any of the great public men we have known. Entirely satisfied, provided his own mind was convinced that a given course was right, he cared not what opinion others might form of his conduct. His spirit was as determined and as independent of all bias, as though he had existed in the days of the ancient Romans. He sought not popularity, and the consequence was that he was never popular. Yet those who knew him well, declare that under a frigid exterior, he concealed as warm and generous a heart as ever beat in the bosom of man; and we are ourselves in possession of facts connected with this subject which entitle us to know that he was capable of the most enlarged munificence. We could, indeed, relate circumstances that would place him in a light which even his intimate friends would be astonished to see. He was a man of strong prejudices, and of the utmost sincerity. He made no professions which he did not feel, and when he had once assured a man that he was his *friend*, there was nothing which he would not do—no sacrifice that he would not make—to advance his interest.

This we have been assured was the truth by one who knew him well,* and who often said, that he took more trouble to *conceal* his good deeds, than others did to trumpet their's to the world.

There was no man in that Convention whom we had so great a desire to hear as the late Chief Justice of the United States. We had frequently seen him on the bench, and had heard him deliver the opinion of the Court—but we wished to hear him upon a different theatre. We desired to see an exhibition of those marvellous powers, which, in his younger days, made him, with a weak voice and a delivery which, if not absolutely bad, was far from being such as the monitor of Demosthenes would have recommended, more than a match for the associated strength of the Richmond bar, and brought him off victorious in a contest with the united wisdom of a whole party in the Congress of the United States. We had heard, from our childhood, of the famous Jonathan Robbin's speech, the effect of which was more extraordinary than that of any other recorded in the history of deliberative bodies; for when, before or since, did it ever happen, that a strong point, selected by a powerful opposition with express reference to its strength, was so utterly demolished by a single argument, that its friends abandoned it at once, without even attempting to reply? We had read, too, the description given of his peculiar style of reasoning in the fanciful pages of the British Spy; and we desired very much to see a realization of the picture. Unfortunately, we heard him on but one occasion, and then he spoke in so low a tone that we were unable to preserve the connection of his argument. That it was a very powerful one, we have no doubt, as well from the fact that he was not capable of delivering any other sort, as because it elicited the enthusiastic encomium of John Randolph, who compared an attempt to upset it to an assault upon the Rock of Gibraltar with a pocket pistol.

The style of Judge Marshall's public speaking, as described by Wirt, was singularly simple and effective. He discarded all ornament, and depended entirely upon convincing the understanding. He built up his argument story by story, of the heaviest and most indestructible materials, which he wielded with the ease of a Titan. When it was finished, it set all attacks as completely at defiance, as does that celebrated fortress to which it was compared. At the bar, on the bench, or on the floor of the Convention, he exhibited one mental characteristic in which he certainly surpassed all men that have lived in our day. That was the capacity of keeping his mind steadily fixed upon the subject, in spite of every attempt by the most powerful intellects to divert it. Like the lady in the Arabian Nights, who, in the attempt to undo a certain spell, was obliged to walk straight forward to a certain point, without turning her head, he never for a moment looked to the right or to the left. At the bar, he would listen to the most ingenious arguments, without allowing them to take his mind off from the strong point, the possession of which he knew was to carry the day. On the bench, he would sit for days in the trial of a great cause—listen profoundly to all the arguments of counsel—hear numberless authorities read—and when the time came to deliver his opinion, eviscerate the whole matter with the rapidity of lightning, and make it so plain that a child could understand it. It was the possession of this singular faculty in so high a degree, that gave him the advantage over all his adversaries at the bar; it was this which left him, as a judge, without a rival in his day. There were, during his time, more learned judges than he; men who had read a greater amount of law; but there was not one who understood the principles of the science more thoroughly, or who could apply it with so much force, and such unerring precision. In addition to this, his mind was singularly fair, impartial, and incapable of bias. Though a man of warm feelings, and strong affections, yet so well balanced was his mind, that we doubt not, had the necessity been imposed on him, he could have tried a cause between one of his own sons, and a third person, with the most perfect impartiality. A striking proof of this characteristic is afforded in his various decisions upon the trial of Burr. A majority of the nation, at that time strongly prejudiced against the political party to which he belonged, felt strongly disposed to condemn him, as a corrupt judge, because his decision did not coincide with their prejudices. Yet time has shown that he was right throughout, and there stand those decisions as impregnable as the mighty reputation which he who delivered them has left behind him.

This remarkable talent for analysis, Judge Marshall carried with him into the Convention, and it enabled him to do what no other man in that body could have done: to disentangle the confused knot into which the thread of the debate had worked itself, and to present the question before the House in a manner which would enable them to understand it exactly as it was. As though he were delivering the opinion of the Court, he threw into one scale the weight of his own powerful reasoning, and he made the other at once kick the beam. His speeches were generally short, but they demolished everything as they went.

In his younger days, we have heard that Judge Marshall was celebrated for his dry humor, an

* The late John Hampden Pleasants.

instance of which Mr. Wickham mentioned by way of illustrating a point in his speech before the House of Delegates, in opposition to the tax proposed to be laid upon the city for the benefit of the James River and Kanawha Improvement. Mr. Warden, the famous Scotch lawyer, was once employed against him in a case in which an arithmetical calculation was necessary. This gentleman was celebrated for, and not a little proud of his talent of this description, so much so that he often boasted of never making mistakes. On this occasion it was necessary to divide one sum by a certain number, after it had undergone a multiplication by another. Mr. W. performed the multiplication, but forgot the division. so that when he stated the result, the Court was utterly astonished. He insisted upon it, however, that he was right, aad that he never made mistakes, until Mr. Marshall, getting the paper into his hand, to his great chagrin, pointed out the error, and the manner in which it had occurred. He was then compelled to acknowledge that he had been once mistaken, amid the laughter of the bar, which rose to a perfect shout, when Marshall commenced his argument by saying, "it was not so *great* a mistake after all. If the gentleman did not hit upon the right rule in arithmetic, he took the next one to it." The simple, unpretending demeanor of Judge Marshall has often been the theme of wonder and admiration. No man ever wore his honors more meekly, or with less ostentation. The wisest men are generally those who think least highly of their own knowledge. They perceive, after all, that the most comprehensive of human intellects can grasp comparatively little within the short span of man's allotted life. They can see much to make them humble, nothing to make them proud. The great Newton, when complimented upon his immense discoveries, answered with deep humility, "I have only picked up a few pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of Truth." Had Judge Marshall received a compliment upon his own immense additions to the cause of legal science, he would no doubt have replied in a toue as modest and as humble. He was too wise to be proud of his wisdom; his acquirements were too deep to permit him to be vain of them. He has, indeed, in point of simplicity, been compared to Newton, and he resembled him in more particulars than one.

Judge Marshall, never as long as he lived, adopted the modern style of dress. He always wore silk stockings and shorts, and a queue. He was generally negligent of his dress, but upon one occasion we recollect having seen him when his appearance was superb. It was on the 17th of October, 1824, as he stepped into the carriage to go to Yorktown, where he was to deliver an address to La Fayette. His person is so well recollected, that it is scarcely worth while to describe it. The feeling of affectionate regard which the whole population appeared to entertain for him, we have never known extended to any other person. Why Richmond has never yet erected a monument to his memory, we have never been able to tell. Perhaps she is waiting for the State to do it, for to her it more properly belongs to preserve the memory of him who, next to Washington, was the greatest of her sons.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

"Saturn, after having been deprived of his destructive power, escaped the fate of the other Titans, and fled to the plains of Latium, where he concealed himself and transferred thither the golden age—that happy period when mankind lived in a state of perfect equality, and all things were in common. He is said to have arrived in a ship at the Tiber, in the dominions of Janus, and in union with him to have reigned over men with wisdom and benignity."—*Dwight's Mythology.*

I.

A ship with lofty prow came down
To Latium's strand—
A God had burst from severed chains—
To rule the land.

II.

Plenty and smiling Peace sprung up
Beneath his tread—
Earth blossomed like Hesperian fields—
Discord was dead.

III.

Heaven with its calm, supernal light
Had blessed the spot—
And Misery in the enchanted realm,
Dared enter not.

IV.

Life passed away, like holy dreams
On spring-tide eves—
And melted as the dew-drops melt
From violet leaves.

V.

From haunted wood-shades genii flew,
In twilight's dim—
Nature and human hearts drank deep
Their 'wildering hymn.

VI.

Earth, air and heaven entrancéd were—
A cloudless clime
Hung, like transparent dews, around
That Golden Time.

VII.

Those golden years have passed, to come
In purer light—

Their hopes that sleep, but are not dead,
Will chase the night.

VIII.

Time from the dungeon-vault of Sin,
Will strongly burst,
And glorious in his wrath cast off,
His chains accurst.

IX.

A God will reach from viewless realms
This mortal shore,
And dark-robed Misery flee his face,
Forevermore.

P. H. H.

THE COLLEGE COURSE.

The education of man begins at the earliest moment of his existence, and continues until it is arrested by death or the loss of his faculties. But the Educational period of his life, technically considered, may be said to commence when he first receives systematic instruction, and to terminate when he assumes the responsibilities of active life. The objects of the education of this period are two-fold—distinct though concurring—first, the development, by cultivation, of the mental powers; and secondly, the acquisition of positive, useful knowledge. The several agencies employed for the accomplishment of these objects, are the common school, the grammar school, the College and the University,—the latter including the professional school. We think all these are needed for a complete system of educational means, and where they are secured, we know not what could be added for the purposes of merely didactic education. If Education is taken in a larger sense, of course many other things could be mentioned as eminently conducive to it—reading, travel, society, &c. We would now approach more directly the subject before us by enquiring, what place in this system of means, belongs to the college? For we hold that each institution is distinct from the others. though they are progressively developed the one unto the other so insensibly, that it would be very difficult, and it is not at all important to say, just where the line of distinction must run. The College is interposed between the grammar school and the University—the beginning and close of its period corresponding with the close and the beginning of the other two respectively. It is not to teach the elements of the dead languages, nor of mathematics, nor is it expected to furnish professional instruction. Upon these two points there would be a general agreement. But between these two limits, there is a wide interval to be occupied by the College, and the question is, how can it be best occupied? What subjects will most profitably engage the attention of the student for four years?

In the Colleges of this country previous to the Revolution, the studies pursued were Latin, Greek, Mathematics, (much less extensively than at present,) Natural Philosophy, and Locke on the Understanding, while some attention was generally given to Theology and the Hebrew language. The following is given by Dr. Wayland, as the course of study at present in the oldest and most celebrated College of New England—Latin, Greek, Mathematics, comprehending geometry and algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, and analytical geometry, Ancient and Modern History, Natural History, Chemistry, Rhetoric, French, Psychology, Ethics, Physics, Logic, Botany, Political Economy, The Evidences of Religion, Constitution of the United States, Mineralogy, Geology, and German or Spanish, or an equivalent, together with essays to be written in several of these departments. Now the objection to be made to each of these courses respectively, is obvious. The first does not embrace some subjects which it is exceedingly important that every well-educated man should know something about, while the second contains so much, that it is impossible for any student to master it all, in the time allowed. The corresponding advantages of each, are equally obvious. The old course allows thoroughness of acquisition, while the new greatly extends the boundaries of the field of knowledge presented to the student's view. Now the question is, shall we adopt the principle of the old system, or the principle of the new? Shall we forego *variety* to secure *thoroughness*, or sacrifice thoroughness to variety—or is it practicable to combine the two? We must bear in mind, the two-fold division which we made at the outset, of the objects of education, viz: the development of the mental powers, and the acquisition of useful knowledge. If the question is asked unconditionally, which of these two objects is the most important, no one can hesitate to reply the first—just as there can be no doubt that it would be better to have a perennial fountain, even if small, than to have an accumulation, however great, of water in a cistern—or just as to have in our hands an instrument fit to accomplish a given work, is better than to have the work half done for us, if we are then to be left without the means of doing any thing more for ourselves. We must also repeat the remark, that these objects are not so exclusive the one of the other, that they must be pursued separately. On the contrary, the only way to cultivate the mind, is to occupy it in the acquisition of know-

ledge, and the only mode of acquiring knowledge is by the exercise, that is the culture of the mind. Still it is certain that one system of education does for the accomplishment of one of these objects more than it does for that of the other, and more than would be done by a different system. Now we think that it will be conceded, that to master thoroughly a few branches of knowledge, does more to give mental vigor, than to study superficially a great many. That is, for mental cultivation the old system is more efficient than the modern. Dr. Wayland in his book on the college system, argues this point strongly. He says, p. 83—"If students, during the early history of our colleges, were judiciously occupied upon the then existing course, and we have increased threefold the amount to be studied, it follows that the work at present must be more imperfectly done; the knowledge must be more superficial, and the discipline less exact. Habits of study deteriorate. Radical and original thought becomes more and more impossible. The student acquires the habit of going rapidly over the text book with less and less thought, and a tendency is created to the cultivation of the passive power of reception, instead of the active power of originality; he thus knows a little of everything, but knows nothing well. Nothing tends so strongly to arrogance, as superficial knowledge. Nothing so leads a man to rash judgments and contempt of the lessons of experience, as the idea that he has compassed the whole circle of knowledge by the time he has become of age. Solomon had observed, a good while ago, that there was more hope of a fool, than of a man wise in his own conceit. And, once more, this superficial education of necessity propagates itself. The superficially and imperfectly educated man is placed at the head of a preparatory school. He communicates the same sort of knowledge which he receives, and in the same manner. He was never taught to study, and he never teaches his pupils to study. He sends to College a second and inferior edition of the type of intellectual character which he himself received there. The candidates for entrance are found more and more imperfectly prepared, and thus the standard of College education is year after year, more and more depressed. The College cannot resist the tendencies which it has created. The same results exhibit themselves in the other professions. He who in College has formed the habit of superficial thought, carries it to the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Senate." The reverse of this proposition is, that a limited course thoroughly studied, will tend to generate mental vigor and originality. This we think is true, and is supported to a considerable extent by the experience of the English Universities, from whose walls have gone forth into Parliament, some of its most distinguished members, whose mental training had been entirely under this system. Nor is the history of our own country without bearing upon this point. The actors in our Revolution, were educated upon this system, and never was a higher grade of intellectual vigor exhibited in any country. But while all this is unquestionable, and we acknowledge that the old system was better than the new, for purposes of mental training, it does not follow that even for this purpose it was perfect, or nearly so. It had mathematics to train the reasoning powers, and it had classical and literary studies to cultivate the power of expression; but there is another mental process of vast importance, that of observation, and there are certain sciences, namely the Physical, which are especially adapted to develope the faculties of the mind most engaged in this process; and these sciences the old course scarcely touched. Now allow that the mind is trained to severe abstract investigation, and that the power of expression is well cultivated, yet if we have not been taught to observe the relations of material things, and to use inductive reasoning concerning them, our education is not complete. But while mental cultivation is perhaps the most important object of education, it is not the sole object. The acquisition of useful knowledge is doubtless very important also. To be entirely ignorant of the advance made in science in modern times, and of the new sciences which owe their existence to modern research, is to forego all participation in the benefits of advancing civilization. Is the world richer and more powerful than it was a hundred years ago? If it is, it is because it is wiser, and he who would share its riches and its power, must learn its wisdom. Nor should any one say that he is content to sacrifice to one pursuit every thing else. That he is willing to be ignorant, for example, of the Physical sciences, in order by exclusive devotion to his profession, to become an abler lawyer or divine. For if he does, he will find out sooner or later, that he has unwisely rejected materials, which were important to the size, strength, or polish of the structure, to rear which his life was consecrated. If we look over the catalogue of College studies which we have given on a previous page, we will not find one that would not be useful, while almost all are indispensable in the circle of a complete education. Indeed some branches might be added to the list; for example, Drawing and Physiology. But if an acquaintance with something more than Latin, Greek and mathematics is necessary to fit a young man for life, it must be gained at College, or it never will be gained at all. The instances are rare, of men in active life undertaking to learn

the elements of a new branch of knowledge. And this observation suggests another reason for presenting to young men a view, even if it be but a *coup-d'œil* of the whole circle of knowledge. It is that each one may have an opportunity of ascertaining to what studies he has most propensity, and thus in a considerable degree may be enabled to determine in what pursuit of life he will be most likely to succeed. Where genius is possessed, it commonly manifests its preferences before the college age. But this is not always the case—many are the recorded instances, in which men have exhibited the most decided genius for pursuits, to which they were first introduced, either by accident, or else in the regular course of study, without the consciousness of any special fitness for them. But genius in any phase is the exception and not the rule, and most young men come to College with but little acquaintance with their powers and with no fixed plans for after life. In the course of four years, however, they find some branch of knowledge more interesting than others, and by them easier to be acquired—and quite as frequently satisfy themselves that some things are so little to their taste, that common prudence forbids their selecting the pursuits which imply a familiar acquaintance with them. The debating society proves to one that he is not to expect distinction as a speaker; the laboratory shows another that he is deficient in the powers of observation essential to the physician, while other deficiencies, or at least distastes, may indicate clearly to a third, that it would be waste of time to devote himself to the profession of teaching. But the difficulty in the case now comes back to us immediately—it is impossible to teach all these things thoroughly—shall we surrender thoroughness for variety? We think that there need be no surrender. We think that an adjustment between the conflicting claims of each may be effected, whereby not all the benefits, but the main benefits of both may be secured. Let some subjects be taught thoroughly, but let these subjects be few—at the same time let all the most valuable branches of human knowledge be introduced into the College course, but, with the given exceptions, let them be presented in an elementary and popular, rather than in an extended and highly scientific form. According to this plan, what shall be the subjects selected for thorough study? Let us bear in mind, that the main benefit to be derived from thorough study, is mental development. With this in view, in order that the development may be to a certain degree symmetrical, we would of course select such studies as would call into exercise the different leading mental powers. In a somewhat general, but we think natural classification, we have already arranged these into the reasoning powers, the powers of expression, and the powers of observation. This arrangement indicates as the studies to be selected, Mathematics, Languages, and the Physical Sciences. Of languages we would take but one for thorough work, and this one should be Latin, for several reasons which might be given, but we content ourselves with giving this single one—that considering the connexion of the Latin language with our own, and the frequent appearance of the Latin language and of Roman literature in our own authors, an intimate familiarity with this language would be of more practical utility, than a like acquaintance with Greek—a consideration sufficient to turn the scale against Greek, notwithstanding its superiority as a language. The same reason, with still greater force, would require that in making a selection from the Physical Sciences, we should take chemistry. Say then that we select mathematics, Latin and chemistry, for thorough study—what are we to understand by this expression? Not that the student should be perfect master of the whole subject, but that he should be perfect master of all he goes over. There may be in advance much land to be possessed, but we would not have a foot of unconquered territory in the rear. This general principle seems plain enough—of course the application of it would be different in different hands. Let us attempt to apply it to the three studies mentioned, and far be it from us to entertain for a moment the arrogant thought, that we are able to adjust so accurately the standard for thorough proficiency, that those who differ from us must be wrong. In Mathematics let the course be, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, descriptive geometry, shades, shadows and perspective, and differential and integral calculus. This is the West Point course, and will be accepted by all as sufficiently extended. Now a daily recitation for two years is sufficient for a thorough acquaintance with this course. In like manner we may say of Latin, that the usual course laid down in the College catalogues is sufficiently extended. If this course is *bona fide* mastered, the students at the close of it will be perfect, in the etymology and syntax of the language, will have read over the most valuable of the authors of antiquity, will be able to read them with pleasure as long as he lives, and will be able to translate plain Latin into English, and plain English into Latin, as a good French scholar translates from and into the French language. He may add to this, a clear outline acquaintance with Roman history, antiquities and literature. All this he may do by a daily recitation for two years. Chemistry is gone over in Colleges usually in less than a year, but no one can learn it in so short a time. Let us give it then a daily

recitation for two years, and we may expect that it will be thoroughly learned, though even with this time allowed, some of its connected branches must be omitted. We have now three studies for thorough work, and we allow them a daily recitation each for two years. This, supposing three recitations a day, which is by general consent the proper allowance, takes up just half the College course. We do not mean, however, that the first two years should be devoted to all these subjects. On the contrary we would as far as possible give to each year one subject as a leading subject, upon which it would be understood that there would be special pressure, and only one such subject to each year. Now suppose to be really accomplished, what we have here sketched—would not College education be something better than it is? By this thorough study, the mind of the graduate would have been disciplined and enured to real work. That this would be valuable, all will acknowledge, but of its really priceless value they only can form some idea, who have struggled painfully for long years with the habit of listless thought, fastened upon them by superficial study at College. And it seems to us that the mental development would be as we have already said, of a symmetrical character. Let those who are conscious of want of completeness in their own intellectual operations, or have observed the want of it in others, say, if the deficiency was not in the reasoning faculty, the power of expression, or the power of observation. Suppose the graduate to enter upon one of the learned professions. He is not well prepared for any one of them assuredly, if he does not know something more than mathematics, Latin and chemistry; but just as certainly, if he possesses a thorough knowledge of these three subjects, he is not necessarily debarred from any profession, and if he possesses the mental vigor which such a course is likely to secure, he has the best preparation for success in any pursuit, professional or other. Will he be a teacher? We ask if any young man competent to teach the three branches named, would be long in finding a situation? Nor let it be supposed that we are raising up an unattainable standard of perfection, and promising great things to those who will reach it—the bag of gold at the foot of the rainbow—we think on the contrary that we are aiming at nothing but what is practical, and as it is not easy to define in words the meaning which we attach to the somewhat indefinite term *thoroughness*, we will take an example, and say that in mathematics, we call thorough, the knowledge acquired by the first section of a good class at West Point—in chemistry that which may readily be acquired by a faithful student at the University of Virginia in two years. In Latin, individual instances of proficiency beyond our standard are so frequently met with, that we are explicit enough when we say that the whole class ought to be made good Latin scholars—still it may be said that all young men cannot stand in the first section. True, and therefore a second section ought to be provided for all who cannot. Nothing can be more irrational than to require that the same course shall be gone over in the same time, by young men differing widely and even extremely, in natural ability, previous preparation, and willingness to study. Yet this is done, in most Colleges, in every department except that of the dead languages A young man who has never construed Cæsar, is not required to read over with his class the odes of Horace, because the absurdity would be two glaring. But many a one is allowed to drag in the higher mathematics, whose acquaintance with algebra is next to naught, while often one half of a chemistry class is made to move over the surface of the subject, at a rate for them so rapid, that all vision is indistinct and confused. Let there be a second section, or a third, or even a fourth, if the size of the class demands it, and let each have its appropriate instruction—the lower sections not pursuing the subject as far as the upper sections, perhaps not even studying the same text books, but as far as each goes thoroughness is to be required. This dividing into sections, together with assigning individual standing in the class, is of much importance in many respects, but for the present we notice it only as indispensable to the carrying out of the idea, that certain studies should be selected which should be mastered by all. In the scheme sketched out, we have provided for half the College course of four years, by giving to three studies, a daily recitation each, for two years, and we have had our eye directed exclusively to thoroughness. We have the other half still at our disposal, and now are to consult variety. Suppose we assign the three daily recitations for two years, (let us call them briefly six recitations,) as follows—Greek or French 1. Astronomy, Geology and Mineralogy 1. Rhetoric and Intellectual Philosophy, Logic or Ethics 1. Right lined Drawing 1. History, Mechanics and Physiology 2. The specific object of the instruction here, is to give to the student a distinct knowledge of the general principles belonging to these several subjects. Such knowledge is of much practical utility, and in acquiring it the student has an opportunity of ascertaining whether the bent of his mind is decidedly for any science thus opened to his view, and if it is, he may afterwards, by self-instruction, or at the University, make himself master of it. It will be observed by looking over the list which we have given, that we have embraced in it nearly

all the subjects usually taught in Colleges, and have added one not usually taught, namely Drawing. The widest departure we have made from the usual course, is in placing the Greek language among the subjects not required to be thoroughly taught, and this only as an alternative for French. In defence of this we think we could say enough to satisfy an unprejudiced mind, but we will not enter into the argument here, but remark instead, that in those Colleges where a thorough knowledge of this language is deemed indispensable, room can be made for it, by dropping some of the studies placed in our second class. This further remark may be made, that there is no reason why, in order to meet the views of the community, some of our Colleges may not be specially scientific in their general character, and others specially classical, and yet not reject respectively, the fundamentals either of classical or scientific education. And still they might be all based upon the idea suggested, of selecting some subjects for thorough study, and introducing others for the sake of variety.

We dismiss for the present the further consideration of the principle of thoroughness and variety, with the remark that if it were distinctly recognised in College course, every thing would be arranged with reference to it—the order and connection of studies—the hours of recitation, and the mode of instruction by the Professor. Under the present system, each Professor thinks that he must teach his department as thoroughly and as extensively as possible, and insists upon an equal portion of the labor and time of the student. That this is unreasonable, we think we have shown, yet it will always be the case, unless there is some settled adjustment as to the mode in which the several branches shall be taught. Nor would such adjustment imply any inferiority, nor would it necessarily follow that the students would hold the subjects taught in a general manner, in such light esteem, as to neglect them. For most of them, as Intellectual Philosophy, Rhetoric and History, have a natural superiority over Languages and Mathematics, as concerned with topics of more dignity than either words or numbers. and besides, because of their affinities, they may be made more interesting.

It must be understood, that to carry out a scheme of College education such as we have indicated, or indeed to carry out any scheme that pretends to be complete, it is necessary that Colleges should have a standard of admission, and that they should adhere to it. For Colleges to undertake to teach the elements of the dead languages and of mathematics, is to attempt to do the work of a grammar school, and if they do this, they must of necessity leave their own proper work undone. Some of the sciences physical and intellectual, they must of necessity teach, *ab initio*—but they cannot do even this with success, if they admit within their walls, immature boys without previous training in other things. If it be said that grammar school instruction is so defective that to reject applicants who are not properly prepared would be harsh to the young men and hazardous to the success of the college—we reply, that the colleges have the remedy in their own hands. Let them refuse to admit pupils on the ground that they are not prepared to enter college, and parents will be induced to enquire with more interest than they do at present, into the reason of the want of preparation. If they find that it arises from want of suitable qnalifications on the part of the teachers, they will look about for better; and if they see that in great many instances, the fault is with themselves in taking their sons from the Grammar school too soon, and hurrying them to College at an age when they are just fit to be ruined, and hardly fit for anything else, it may open their eyes to this error so common and so fatal. The need of improvement in Grammar school education is so great, that we purpose on some future occasion, to say something more at large thereupon; but for the present let this suffice.

One observation more shall close this article, already too long. Every young man cannot be expected to take a complete education. Some have not the means, and some have not the sense; though the number properly falling into both of these classes together will be very small. We have seen so many young men go through College almost without any visible means, that we have pretty nearly come to the conclusion that any resolute young man can in some way get an education if he resolves to do it. And so too we are of opinion that any young man of sound mind, can master all that is taught in College. But there are a few, who for one or the other of these reasons, cannot take a full course, and more who because of the mistaken views of themselves or their parents, decline it. To such our Colleges should afford all the facilities in their power, not incompatible with the interests of those who do take a full course, and for whose benefit mainly, the College system is organized. We do not believe the proposition that a little learning is a dangerous thing, except in the sense that a little is dangerous, less more so, and none most dangerous of all. We think that the colleges are called upon to devise and offer to the public the best general system of complete instruction for those who are able and anxious to obtain the best education; but let others who for any reason wish for but a part. have that part. In one institution in Virginia, the course of study is so connected with a peculiar discipline, that

no irregular can be admitted; but in the other colleges they are and ought to be. After all, let it not be forgotten that the course of study at College, is nothing more than a *College* course. There ought to be something higher—a University course—not a College course at a University, but a course so elevated that no one without college training could undertake it, and no one could master it, without having reached that grade of scholarship and mental cultivation which all cannot hope for, but which must be possessed by some in every State that would escape the "dull obstruction" that comes upon all States where mediocrity rules.

S. L. C.

SCRAPS OF THOUGHT.

BY A. E. POLLARD.

Self Knowledge—Man delights to act, to live—so to speak—beyond himself. He wanders among the stars searching for new truths, and new wonders, and new triumphs, and remaining a stranger to the home within himself. "All knowledge is valuable;" but knowledge of self, knowledge of our hearts, *arcana imperii* is the highest of possessions. When we consider that duty to ourselves is the first of duties; that "the highest learning is to be wise;" that self fruition is the purest happiness; that self-government is alone and always freedom and power, we find man's lesson in two words—Γνωθι Σεαυτον (know thyself.)

Virtue—Virtue is happiness—is beauty—and is power. It is perfection and triumph, purchased without victims, and existing without vanity. It is philosophy "brought down from Heaven to dwell upon Earth;" and a philosophy, which all may read.

Hope—Genius and hope always coexist; and this union is the living triumph of genius. Hope gives to life its passions, its poetry, and its riches. Alexander on the eve of his expedition against Persia, and bestowing upon his friends nearly all the estates of the crown, being asked what he reserved for himself, answered—"Hope."

Industry—Action constitutes and measures the life of the mind; the indolent one, like Napoleon without his empire, merely exists. Also it is a truth, existing in the very proverbs of human nature, that action is a happiness of the mind. Hence we say that industry prolongs and elevates life and gives to it a happiness entirely its own.

Vanity and Ambition—Vanity and Ambition alike delight in "pomp and glorious circumstance," but the one seeks it only as the acknowledgement of its imagined merit; the other as the rich reward of its labor and sacrifices. Although so widely different, these two principles of action have often been confounded—Cæsar was ambitious; Alexander was only vain.

Great Men—The great man with power of a single character, which is the common necessity of a perfect greatness, concentrates the energies of society upon a particular point; and thus inordinately exalting a class is a curse to the community. The Athenians, presenting high examples of almost every variety of greatness, were a mighty people; the Spartans boasting only the great Lycurgus dwindled at once into a powerful class and a weak nation.

LINES.

On receiving a flower from Mount Parnassus, gathered by H. D. M., Esq., during a recent tour in Greece.

Beneath the glorious skies of Greece,
  On Lycorea's laurel'd brow,
Fanned by the Phocian summer breeze,
  A classic birth, fair flower, hadst thou!
A mythic splendor clothes the sod
  O'er which thy bending head has hung;
Where prest the footsteps of a god,
  Where his celestial lyre has rung,
And where the sacred muses met,
A hallowing influence lingers yet.

On thee Castalia's dews may long
  Have melted with reviving art,
As melts the holy dew of song
  Into the poet's silent heart:
Haply the chrystal fount where thou
  Hast caught thine own reflected face,
Gave back Calliope's soft brow,
  Or Terpsichore's magic grace;
And winds made melody for thee
Where thrilled Euterpe's minstrelsy.

Exiled from this their native home,
  And scattered wide, the gentle band
On their exalted mission roam,
  Laden with gifts for every land;
Yet who shall say if like to thee,
  They've lost their rarest, subtlest grace,
The semblance of divinity
  They wore in old, heroic days;—
Faint types of Greece's ancient skill,
Yet bright with heavenly beauty still!

M. J.

SECLUSAVAL;

OR THE

SEQUEL TO THE TALE OF "JUDITH BENSADDI."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUMMER FESTIVAL.

I arrived at the academy a day sooner than the party of teachers. I hastily visited the trustees,—told them that Mr. Danforth would arrive the next evening,—and after suggesting a few particulars of my former love affair with the music teacher, I begged them to avoid all mention of me or of Seclusaval, in the presence of the teachers, until I was prepared to make myself known. I besought them to humor my whim in this matter. and to prevent, if possible, all knowledge on the part of the music teacher, that such a person as myself existed in the country. In due time I would make myself known; and would soon communicate to them, privately, the scheme which I had in my head. They cheerfully pledged themselves to what I requested. To prevent untimely communications from reaching the ears of the teachers, Mr. Landon, one of the trustees, took his carriage in the morning to meet them on the way, and to conduct them by an unfrequented road to his house in a secluded valley of the neighborhood.

I hastened to Seclusaval and immediately set my steward and tenants to work in a multitude of preparations for a summer festival, which I told them we were to have on the first of June in Seclusaval. I astonished my people with the multitude of my orders, and the eagerness of all my words and actions. They saw that new life had somehow been infused into me. and wondered how I came to be so revived all of a sudden. I told Baylor to collect a dozen laborers at once, and go to smoothing off and beautifying Seclusaval to the utmost. "Make the valley shine," said I. "It shall be done, sir." "Get also some carpenters to make temporary buildings for the festival; keep the saw mill agoing to furnish materials, and let us have a glorious festival." "Yes, sir, it shall be glorious; we are able to do it, and it shall be done, sir." That was enough; I knew that when Baylor undertook to do it, it would be done.

I next despatched letters and agents in various directions, in furtherance of my scheme; and having thus put things in motion at home, I returned to the neighborhood of the academy, and stopped at the house of Mr. Wilson, pastor of the church. He was an old friend and collegemate, and had been lately settled in the neighborhood through my influence. I communicated my scheme to him. He was pleased with it, and offered me all the aid in his power. He despatched his barouche to Mr. Landon's to bring over Mr. Danforth. The distance was only two miles; Mr. D. soon arrived and was introduced to me; we smiled and shook hands cordially. I now unfolded my scheme of a summer festival. to which I designed to invite all the country round, and among the rest his music teacher. To carry out my views it was needful, on the one hand, that Judith should know nothing about them, until the proper moment, and should be for a while kept in ignorance of my being in the country; and on the other hand, that she should be prepared for the occasion, and that I should know her present feelings in regard to me; lest, after all, the scheme should turn out to be a painful surprise to her, and a grievous disappointment to me.

After detailing the history of my love affair with Judith. and explaining my object in getting up a summer festival, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Danforth readily undertook the office of preparing Judith for her part in the celebration, without letting her know any thing of the matter. Having visited other friends in the neighborhood, and imparted to them more or less of my scheme of a festival, I returned to Seclusaval, and was busy as a bee in preparations for the first of June.

In a few days I received the following letter from Mr. Wilson:

MAY, 15TH, 1824.

My Dear G.—I now inform you how I have executed the office which you assigned to me. Two days after you left us, I went with my barouche to bring Miss Bensaddi to my house on a visit. While at Mr. Landon's I took occasion to mention in her hearing, that I was a native of the great valley of Virginia, and that I had received my education at Washington college. I alluded to the fine scenery in Rockbridge, especially the Natural Bridge and the House Mountain, which I had visited with a party of fellow students, and had seen from its top the most splendid sun rise in the world. The moment when I touched on this theme, I saw that she was intensely interested. Her fine dark eyes brightened immediately, as she fixed them upon me with breathless attention. When I paused, she gave an involuntary sigh and gradually sinking her head to a meditative posture, seemed to be absorbed in thought. Finding her indisposed to ask questions, I inquired if she was fond of mountain scenery. She looked up with animation, and for a minute or two poured forth an eloquent expression of her delight in rural scenes, especially in mountainous regions, and how

much better she loved to dwell in this land of valleys and mountains than in a city. "Perhaps (said I,) you would like to read a description of the House Mountain, written by a dear friend of mine, a native of Rockbridge, who is as enthusiastic an admirer of mountain scenery as you are." "Yes, (said she,) I should be much gratified to read it." Her voice had a slight tremor as she spoke, and the color came and went upon her cheek. "Well, (said I,) I have a copy of it at home that I will show you this evening."

On the way I alluded to you again without naming you. "This friend of mine, (said I,) settled in another part of Carolina, two or three years ago, and soon acquired reputation at the bar. But his success has not made him happy. About four years ago he fixed his heart on a young lady, but by some unfortunate accident he lost her. The wound of that disappointment seems to be incurable, unless Divine Providence should by some extraordinary means restore him his lost bride."

When Judith heard these words, she trembled and turned deadly pale, but said nothing. She seemed afraid to trust herself to speak, lest she should betray herself.

In the evening, when I and Miss Bensaddi were alone, I handed her the manuscript. When she read the title, and saw your name annexed to it, she could refrain no longer, but started up to leave the room that she might conceal her agitation. Before reaching the door, her strength failed, and dropping on a chair, she began to sob and weep. "My dear Miss Bensaddi, (said I,) what is the matter?" "Oh, sir, I know not what to say; my feelings overcome me." "Did you see any thing in the manuscript to affect you so deeply?" "Oh yes—I cannot conceal it from you:—that name—is the name of a friend who was in the ship with me, when my dear brother was lost in the sea. May I rely on you not to tell how much I was affected on seeing that friend's name once more." "Miss Judith, that friend of yours and mine has told me the circumstances of that disastrous voyage. He told me also, that the young lady who was then so unfortunate, had won his heart wholly and forever. Pardon me, Miss B., for having taken this course designedly to bring about an explanation of your present feelings towards Mr. Garame. I had no doubt that you were the long lost object of his affections. I desire to know whether your feelings are as unchanged as his. I will now inform you, that after your return to London, he wrote you two letters in succession, according to the agreement between you; and that he feared from your silence some change of affection towards him, or he would have gone himself to London. At last he received your letter, announcing your expected marriage. This gave him the first intimation that his letters had not reached you. For this he is a mourner still."

When I spoke of the letters, she seemed at first to be filled with astonishment, and then she broke out into sobs and exclamations. After a little, I said—"Now, Miss B., I think you must see the propriety of letting me open a communication between Mr. G. and yourself. You are both unmarried—your mutual affection is unchanged—or am I mistaken in supposing that your affection for him is unchanged?" After a violent struggle of a few moments, she wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I know not what to say. I have betrayed my feelings too plainly. My heart is not changed towards Mr. G. But it becomes not me to profess love for a gentleman, to whose continued affection I have no claim nor right. I am unworthy of him, and I beg that you will not disturb him with any information concerning one who deserves no further notice from him."

"Miss Judith, you accuse yourself so bitterly, that I must claim the privilege of being your judge: if you will state the case to me, I promise to give an impartial opinion, according to the facts. If I think your self-accusation just, and that you deserve no further notice from Mr. G., then I will let the matter drop where it is." She then gave me a full statement, of which I have room for a few particulars only.

The English gentleman whom she had consented to marry, after she despaired of hearing from you, was Mr. Wycherly, a pious and eloquent clergyman; who after he had overcome her remaining difficulties respecting the christian religion, accompanied her to London from the lakes of Cumberland, and greatly aided in persuading her father to consent to her baptism. She received this rite from his hands. In the warmth of her christian joy, and her gratitude to so worthy and amiable a gentleman, she listened to his proposals of marriage; and mistaking the real state of her heart, yielded her consent. When she sat down, a few days afterwards, to write you the letter, she began to discover what a deep hold you still had upon her affections. Though hopeless of ever seeing you again, she found that her feeling of love towards you, was of a different kind from that which she felt towards the good clergyman, who deserved her warmest gratitude and esteem, but who had not awakened in her the tender sentiment of personal attachment that she still felt for you.

A few days after she had sent you the letter, she frankly told Mr. Wycherly the state of her heart, and requested a postponement of the marriage. He assented, and returned to his residence in Cumberland. The state of his health

was rather alarming, before this time. Symptoms of consumption had already made his marriage of doubtful expediency. The steady progress of the disease, soon put marriage out of the question. Learning the desperate state of his health, she went and did for him, as a tender and affectionate nurse, all that in any circumstances she could have done. She showed me, the next day, a letter of thanks written by Mr. Wycherly's mother after his decease, in which her assiduous attentions were warmly acknowledged.

"Now, (said Miss Bensaddi, when she had concluded her narrative,) you see that I was false to Mr. Garame; because I despaired of his love and accepted another offer, when I ought to have trusted that he was only unfortunate, not changed. And I was false to Mr. Wycherly; because I made him a promise which I could not fulfil, without doing violence to my feelings."

"Miss Judith, (said I,) neither you nor Mr. Garame were false, but providentially hindered from knowing each other's fidelity. Your promise to Mr. Wycherly was made in sincerity, but under an erroneous impression respecting the state of your heart, and you did your duty honestly in confessing the truth to him when you discovered it. And now, since the design of Providence is manifest, in ordering that you and Mr. Garame should once more be brought together, with hearts devoted to each other, I put it to your conscience to say, whether you can rightfully refuse to let me inform Mr. G. of the exact state of the case. Can you thus make an over-scrupulous delicacy forever separate two devoted hearts, and can you run counter to the evident leadings of Divine Providence?" "That (said she) is a strong view of the case; I feel that it ought to be seriously considered." "The hand of God is more evident in this matter (said I) than you are yet aware of. This academy owes its erection to Mr. Garame's exertions; and then without his zealous efforts, Mr. Danforth's terms could not have been complied with, especially in relation to the music teacher; so that he was undesignedly the cause of your coming here, where through an extraordinary combination of events, you may again meet and renew the tender relations which were so unfortunately broken off."

She was greatly surprised and affected with this information, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is the hand of God. I dare not now refuse your request. But I beseech you to communicate only so much to Mr. G., as will leave him perfectly free to act as his present inclination may prompt. Do not, I beseech you, expose every thing that I have confessed to you. Let him not think that I consider myself worthy of his love, or that I have any sort of claim or expectation, that should induce him to do any thing not perfectly agreeable to his wish, and likely to promote his happiness. I trust to your kindness and discretion, to manage the matter so as not to involve either of us in a disagreeable predicament." I promised to act with a single regard to the honor and happiness of both parties, and finally got her persuaded to leave the whole affair to the unlimited discretion of myself and Mr. Danforth, without whose consent I promised to do nothing. I have conferred with him on the subject, and we agree that you ought to know the whole truth, as I have stated it.

Now your way is clear to prosecute your scheme, and I trust that God will bring it to a happy issue.

Yours, &c.

If ever a man was delirous with joy, then was I, when I read this letter in my library; I danced over the floor like one intoxicated. My final arrangements were put in train immediately. I made a stealthy visit to my friends below, and settled with them the scheme and order of proceedings at the summer festival. I enjoined upon them to keep the whole affair, and even the existence of Seclusaval and my presence in the country, still profoundly secret from Judith. My design was by all possible means to make it a happy day of surprises to that dear child of sorrow. On the 30th day of May, the preparations were complete at Seclusaval, and a letter from my managers below, informed me that all was right in that quarter.

On the last of May, Mr. Landon, who had heretofore kept Judith very much secluded, took her in his carriage with his wife and daughter and Miss Claymore, to visit the mountains; he and the brother of Miss Claymore being on horseback. The weather was fine, and the whole party in good spirits. Judith had gone through such dark years of affliction, that sober cheerfulness was all that she could usually enjoy. The prospect of a trip to the wild mountains, had raised her a degree above her usual cheerfulness, and her mind was prepared to derive pleasure from a ramble so congenial with her taste.

They pursued the valley that leads to Seclusaval; but when they came to the ravine, they turned off to the right, and ascended the vale at the north-eastern side of Craggyhead. At a new farm in this valley, they began to ascend the mountain by a winding road, not good but practicable; a little before sunset they reached a farm house, romantically situated high up on the side of Craggyhead, where a broad terrace of the mountain spread out from the base of the cliffs which supported the castle-shaped summit. Here they found the new white cottage all swept

and garnished for their reception. There was a stir of cookery in the kitchen, and a tidiness of apparel among the cottager's household, as if they expected company. When the party stopped at the gate, they were received in the most friendly manner. On alighting and looking round from beneath some tall trees in the yard, they were detained for some time by the magnificent scenery before them. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the mountain tops, while the deep vales were reposing in the gathering shades of twilight. They contemplated the wild and rugged mountains on the north of Craggyhead, and the less rude features of the eastern landscape; they looked down into the half seen vales and glens about this side of the mountain, until they were called to partake of an excellent supper. After supper they went out to enjoy the soft evening air; they found the moon up in the east, shedding her silver radiance upon the green woods and the gray rocks; diffusing over the vast landscape the dreamy softness of hue, which made Judith in her enthusiasm call the scene before her "the land of the shadow of life." When they had feasted their imaginations awhile on the nocturnal glories of the landscape, they went to bed in small but neat apartments, which seemed to have been furnished specially for the accommodation of such a party.

They rose an hour before the dawn, and now saw the moonlight thrown back from the west upon the opposite sides of the mountains, and shining into a ravine near the house. Through this ravine they were to ascend to the top of Craggyhead by a rough road, but still a safe one for a carriage, to a little fountain at the head of the ravine. From the fountain they made their way on foot, and stood on the table rock of the summit, just as the eastern horizon began to glimmer with the first hues of Aurora, and the moon as she went down was peeping back through the pines of the Blue Ridge. Every valley around Craggyhead was buried deeply in fog, and every high mountain stood forth, dusky and desolate, above the misty sea. It was the House Mountain scene varied. Judith recognised the resemblance, and seemed entranced. "On a rock, whose haughty brow frowned," not "o'er old Conway's foaming flood," but over the lovely vale of Seclusa, was Judith stationed. Her soul of liveliest sensibility kindled and glowed with etherial animation as she looked, first this way, then that way, generally with silent admiration. Now and then her feelings broke forth in expressions such as these, "What a glorious vision!" "Down there! See how softly and silently the mist reposes in yon valley; 'tis like the sea of oblivion." "Oh, the sun! Now the mountain tops begin to glow! How splendid are the green forests newly gilt with morning rays!" "How beautifully yon cliff of rocks over the valley appears with its crown of dark green pines." "Behold, Mrs. Landon, the valley down here begins to show itself! That hill top down yonder—see how its beautiful trees stand out over the mist! How green and fresh the ground looks under the trees. Yonder too is a white cottage, in a nook under the rocks, with a little field and fruit trees about it. Oh! look down this glen under our feet, how wild and thickly set with trees!—and yon hill at the mouth of the glen—what a beautiful park, and a handsome house at the brow of the hill! Lend me your telescope, Mr. Landon—I want to see that beautiful garden on the hill side;—I see roses blooming in the garden; and walks and shrubberies, and everything beautiful. There is a green meadow too, just unveiled, ornamented with trees. Let me see! The meadow is almost covered with bloom. How lovely! Miss Claymore, what is that spreading out so smoothly by the meadow side? It looks like water. It is water—a fine lake! with a boat moving over it!" Thus she noticed one object after another, as each was exposed to view. Finally, after the fog had disappeared, and the whole valley presented its enchanting landscapes, she surveyed it a while in silence, and then asked in a sort of ecstasy, if this were a real scene in the mountains, or only a dream. Being presently assured that all was real, she declared it to be the most delightful place in the world, and congratulated herself that it was sufficiently near the academy to admit of her coming to look at it, once or twice a year.

About sunrise the party had been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Danforth, and two or three other friends. At seven o'clock, they were all invited to come down to the spring at the foot of the precipice, and take breakfast. They found hot coffee and all the requisites of a good morning's repast. At eight o'clock they mounted their vehicles, and began to descend by the road which leads down into the upper glen of Seclusaval. They frequently stopped by the way to enjoy the new views which successively presented themselves. When they reached the bottom of the glen, they found themselves so enveloped with the shade of trees and rocks, that they seemed to be cut off from all that they had seen, and indeed from all the visible and the living world of sunshine. They stopped awhile at the Dusky Cascade, and admired its romantic wildness. Pursuing their way, they wound along the southern border of the valley, till they suddenly emerged from dense shades and thickets in all the disorderly luxuriance of nature, into a grassy lawn, from which they caught glimpses here and

there of wider lawns, and of hills and mountains—but only glimpses enough to excite curiosity, until they suddenly reached the brow of a turfy hill, crowned with a tall open grove. Here a general view of the more improved parts of the valley suddenly burst upon the sight, and drew an exclamation of delight from Judith and several of her companions. The garden and hill of Glenview were seen to great advantage across the low grounds; on the right were the lake and meadow; above was the deep glen of Craggyhead leading the eye up to the towering summit, from which they had looked down upon the valley. Descending the hill, they passed over by the head of the lake, and wound up by the western side of Glenview, into its beautiful park, through which they came forward again to the house on its brow, and here again they stopped and contemplated with admiration the best of all the views of Seclusaval, now shining in its glory, as Baylor said it should.

Here some new appearances began to attract attention. In the mouth of the glen below the garden, half concealed by a grove of tall trees, were two large structures newly erected to accommodate the numerous company invited to the festival. The one was a large shed supported by framed pillars, and set round closely with green boughs to exclude the sun and wind. This was furnished with two tables, each a hundred feet long; and in the rear, the smoke and the bustle of cookery showed that the tables were to be used. The other building, though a temporary structure, was formed with more regard to beauty of appearance; it was designed for such in-door exercises and amusements, as might be adapted to the occasion. I shall notice this building again. It was called the Summer Hall.

Already had several parties of guests arrived, and others were seen coming up by the lake side, in carriages, on horses, and on foot, all in gay attire, and with a hilarity of movement indicating that they were pleased and seeking pleasure. When Judith observed these appearances, she inquired whether Mr. Baylor (whom alone she had heard spoken of as residing here,) had invited company to Seclusaval.

"Miss Judith, pardon us (said Mr. Landon,) for not having told you, that there is to be a summer festival here to-day. We were invited to partake of it, and the rest of us agreed not to tell you, until you saw the valley, because we wished to give you an agreeable surprise." "All that I have seen to-day, (said she,) has been so delightfully surprising, that half the time I can scarcely believe my own senses, but suspect that I am dreaming; every thing bears so much the appearance of enchantment." "There is a sort of enchantment going on here, (said Mr. L.) The worthy proprietor of this valley, has converted it into an enchanting place; and I should not be surprised if some of us should undergo strange transformations to-day. I think that you are already so much under the magic influence, that you may ere night be converted into something that you think not of." "If the transformation you speak of, (said Judith playfully,) do not dissolve the sweet visions of this valley, I shall not suffer much." "No fear, Miss Judith, (said Mr. L., in the same sportive strain,) I think the enchanter is a benevolent one, and means only to give us pleasure; and if you should undergo a change, the new form of your being will doubtless be a happy one."

Now Mr. Baylor came out to the great tulip tree under which they stood, and invited them into the house. He acted the landlord on this occasion with a hearty blunt sincerity, which made up for a little want of refinement in the manner of his kindness. His wife and daughter did the honors of the house. The parlor and library had been fitted up handsomely with my holiday furniture.

When the party entered the parlor, they found several acquaintances already there. Judith was asked to play on the piano. She played and sang three pieces of a cheerful character, and in the best style of her unrivalled execution. She pronounced the instrument to be one of the most sweetly-toned that she had ever played upon. I owed her a dress for playing in my house—and I did not forget to pay it in due time.

The company were now joined by Mr. Wilson, the pastor, who whispered a word in Judith's ear, and then took her through the hall into the library, where he handed her a letter, which will explain itself. She began to tremble as soon as she looked at the inside. She read as follows:

"*My beloved Judith*,—Words cannot express my joy to know that you are in Carolina—unmarried—and, as my friend thinks, with a heart unchanged towards me. He informed me by what means he had extracted the dear confession from you. He has also given me the outlines of your late history. Oh how my heart bled to think of the sorrows of my long lost Judith! But you were not to blame for despairing of my love, when I was so unfortunate in the transmission of my letters. But thrice happy shall I now be, if you will permit me to see you, to renew my suit in person, to press my long-wept-for bride to my panting bosom once more, and to solicit a speedy consummation of my ardent wish to call you mine by every holy tie, and then to do what man can do to secure us from future separation and change for life. I am present at this summer

festival, and wait your permission for an interview. W. G."

Here was a new surprise—she had not suspected that I was in the neighborhood. She was affected to tears by the intelligence; but they were not tears of grief. She handed the letter to Mr. Wilson. "Shall I read it, Miss Bensaddi?" "If you please; I am so bewildered with surprises and unexpected delights to-day, that I cannot trust my own judgment. Advise me, my friend, respecting the subject of that letter." Giving the letter a hasty glance, he said, "Miss Judith, you now have from himself the ardent avowal of unchanged affection. You see the impatience of his feelings, and the fear that delay may interpose some obstacle to his wishes. But before I advise you what to answer him, I must know the exact state of your heart. Answer me unreservedly, my dear friend. Do you love Mr. G. with such affection as would, in ordinary circumstances. make you freely consent to marry him?" "I must in candor confess that I do—my affection for Mr. G. is entire—he still possesses all my heart." "Well, then, as the mutual friend and confidant of both parties, I give you this advice: That you tempt not, by needless delay, the Benign Providence which now smiles upon your destiny. Open your heart at once to Mr. G., as he has done to you; and when he pleads for a speedy consummation of your union, yield, my friend—make no delay beyond what duty and necessity may seem to require. Thwart not the ardent wish of one who is worthy of you and seeks only your happiness; and be not inattentive to the hand of God so manifestly pointing out the way to this happy marriage." "Yes, (said she, with deep emotion,) I see more and more the evident tokens of God's will in the present extraordinary crisis. I would be blind to my own good, and most wickedly ungrateful to my Divine Benefactor, if I could yield now to a prudish delicacy, rather than to the force of such extraordinary and Divinely ordered circumstances. Oh, my friend, how grateful should I be to the kind Parent of all—how much do I need, at this critical moment, His good spirit to guide my actions. Pray and give thanks for me, my dear friend." She fell instantly upon her knees. Mr. D. also prostrated himself, and performed in a low voice the devotional exercise that she requested.

When this was concluded, Judith appeared calmer, and consented to let Mr. D. inform me that she was prepared for the interview. He came out, and locking after him the door that opened into the hall, he gave me the signal, and I passed into the library through another room. I had denied myself an interview with Judith, during three weeks, that I might now enjoy it, and make her enjoy it the more. How I trembled with excessive emotion, when I opened the door of my bed chamber behind the library, and saw her sitting with her side towards me, and her head reclining on the back of the chair. I could see a tremor agitating her frame also. When she was aware of my approach, she looked up with a look of indescribable feeling—then she started up with an inarticulate cry of joy. We met. Let silence cover what no language can express. Reader, thy lot hath been a rare one, if ever thou did'st feel in one hour's concentrated delight, a full equivalent for years of dreary absence and of hopeless sorrow.

How long it was ere we could speak, I cannot tell; perhaps fifteen minutes. My first words were, "Oh, my long-lost—my recovered—my dearest Judith—will you now be mine?" She struggled for utterance a moment, and replied, "My heart was yours long ago, and is, and will be, while I live. But my beloved friend, if I be a bride, I must now be a dowerless bride." "None the less precious for that, my dear Judith—if any thing, more precious to my heart on that very account. We shall not be destitute of the comforts of life. God has blessed my exertions, and we can trust Him for the future. So my love, do not refuse me because you have embraced a noble poverty from the best of motives. Oh, let me call you mine without delay—mine by the holiest ties." "I will, my friend, without unnecessary delay." "Thank God for that answer. Let it be this day then, my Judith—this blessed day, while heaven and earth are smiling upon us." "This day, my friend! We are not prepared." "Better prepared in respect to external circumstances than you are aware of. I have been preparing these three weeks, and all is ready, if my Judith's heart is ready." "My heart is always ready—but we are here as Mr. Baylor's guests, upon a very different occasion, and I never saw him till this day." "My Judith, Mr. Baylor has been preparing for our marriage to-day, on the condition that I could gain your consent. Yes, my love, I confess that I meant to take you by surprise, and if I could, to woo and win you to my arms this sweet festal day, while life is young and our joy is fresh—while woods are green, while roses bloom, and every star of Heaven shines auspiciously upon us. Forgive me, dear Judith, for intending to surprise you thus—I meant to give pleasure—I trust that I am not giving pain." "No, my beloved friend—I seem all this day to be in a delirious ecstasy—to meet with you, to find you as I do, with all the freshness and the warmth of the affection that once gave me such delight—alas! so fleeting, and so soon followed by years of afflic-

tion, that left me a poor orphan remnant of my family. But this hour has made me compensation." "Then crown my happiness, dear Judith, by permitting me to lead you to the altar. "I refuse nothing, my dear friend, that I am at liberty to grant; but my services as a teacher are engaged to Mr. Danforth." "That too is provided for, my dear Judith. Mr. D. was consulted about my schemes to win you to-day; he would have released you at all events, if you had consented; but I sent to Columbia, and have engaged him a teacher there; so that all is ready." "The occasion is very sudden; I am in a mourner's garb." "Is that the only remaining difficulty, my love?" "I do not now think of any other; and I am not disposed to multiply difficulties. If you can remove this, or if you think it of no importance, then I yield to your desire." "Heaven bless my dear bride—now I am happy. Walk with me. my love."

So saying I took her arm, and led her through my bed chamber to a large closet at the end of it. There I opened a wardrobe and discovered to her three complete dresses, made secretly after her measure, fine and chastely elegant, with every appendage needful to fit her out completely. "Here are the wedding garments, my sweet bride; take your choice; I will send Miss Baylor to your assistance. I give you—let me see—it is now half-past eleven. I give you an hour to meet me with your bridesmaids down at the Summer Hall, where Mr. Wilson will be prepared to receive our hymenial vows. Now, love, 'One kind kiss before we part' for an hour." With a blush and a smile, she gave what I asked—then dropping on a chair, her face all covered with blushes, she hid her modest confusion with her handkerchief, as I left the room. Immediately I sent Miss Baylor and a servant to the closet, and hastened up stairs to equip myself for the happy occasion.

I was ready in half the time allotted to my bride, and went with my attendants down to the Summer Hall, to see the sports of the company. Some were walking through the garden; some were sailing on the lake in pretty boats; some fishing on the bank; some strolling among the lawns and groves, and others listening in the Summer Hall to a band of musicians, and preluding for the expected dance. The Hall had a plank floor and seats rising behind each other on three sides, leaving the middle space unoccupied. The vault of the roof, and the walls were literally covered with branches of evergreens, wreathed and festooned, and adorned with flowers, especially roses, which were beautiful to the eye, and diffused sweet odors through the surrounding air. Pots with living shrubs and plants of various bloom, were set round on shelves within, and outside at the broad entrance to the Hall, where a verdant bower served as a rustic vestibule to the Hall.

Fifteen minutes after twelve, the sound of a bugle called in the scattered parties. At half past twelve the bugle sounded again, and immediately a company of young ladies in white robes left the house on the hill, and winding down through the garden approached the Hall. When they entered the flowery vestibule, they furled their parasols, opened their thick array, and discovered in their midst my lovely bride, blushing through her lace veil, and radiant with all the charms of her extraordinary beauty. When I saw her now in her bridal habit, every feature expressive of the high-toned emotions of this to her surprising day, I vowed in my heart that she never had looked so transcendantly sweet and interesting.

I took her hand, as she stole a furtive glance at me, and led her to the middle of the floor, where Mr. Wilson in five minutes received our solemn vows, and pronounced the nuptial benediction.

Instantly a joyful shout rang through the assembly; the band struck up hymenial airs; and when I had seated my bride on a chair in the midst of the floor, our joyful friends pressed forward to congratulate us. No sooner was this customary token of good will given us, than a trained band of singers from the village below, headed as usual by their music master, Phil Gleason, rose from their seats, and sang with great spirit the following stanzas:

Human life is like the year,
  Sometimes cold and dreary,
Forcing many a bitter tear
  From the sad and weary;
But the storm will overblow—
Blossoms follow clouds of snow.

Sore, O bride, thy trials past,
  Long and deep thy mourning,
Brighter days have come at last,
  Summer is returning;
Rosy Summer bids thee hail,
Welcome to her lovely vale.

Smiling see the breezy lake,
  Smiling see the meadows,
Wood and lawn and tangled brake
  Smile with twinkling shadows:
E'en old Craggyhead above
Smiles upon thy wedded love.

Now attend, ye festive throng,
  Join the coronation,
Join the chorus of the song,
  Shout with gratulation:
Bring the wreath, the bride instal
Queen of fair Seclusaval.

Bring the wreath, &c.

While the singers repeated the last couplet, Miss Landon, with the other fair attendants of the bride, came forward with something concealed in a basket. She first stooped and whispered a word to Judith; then opening the basket, she took out a beautifully twined chaplet of roses and evergreens, and put it on her head. This action was hailed with enthusiastic cheers by the whole assembly. Judith, with her usual grace and dignity, but with tears of sensibility in her eyes, now rose and made her acknowledgments to the company; she thanked them most feelingly for the ardent welcome they gave her, and for the sympathy which they manifested in her most unexpected but nevertheless, as she said, most happy marriage. "I thank my dear young friends too, for the complimentary coronation with which they have honored me. Though it be but a fading crown of roses, it is so much the more appropriate to one, whose royal dignity on this festive occasion will so soon pass away. But oh! how shall I express the emotions which the surprising and delightful occurrences of this day have raised within me! I can only say, dear friends and strangers, may God give you all a crown that will never fade away." She then resumed her seat, scarcely able to keep her feelings from overcoming her.

Now, I must inform the reader, that I was myself taken by surprise, when this coronation scene was acted. It was no part of my plot, but an underplot contrived by Gleason and other friends, in order, as they said, to express their good will, and to give me a taste of the surprise that I was so liberally dealing out to my bride. I thanked them for their good intention; but was afraid that it was carrying the matter a little too far. However, it went off very happily.

Soon after this, the bugle sounded to dinner. Mr. Danforth conducted the bride to the dining arbor, where two long tables were filled with guests. The dinner, though not sumptuous, was excellent, as the company seemed to think; for they complimented their entertainer by partaking plentifully of his fare. When nothing remained to be done but to drink wine and other mild beverages, (for no ardent spirit was used,) Mr. Landon, who presided at the first table, called out in a loud voice, "Attention, gentlemen and ladies! I have a toast to propose; after I have repeated it, let all who join in the sentiment drink standing:—'Long life and happiness to the bridegroom and the bride of Seclusaval.'" Instantly the whole company rose, and after they had drank, spontaneously gave three cheers. I rose and made a short speech, and gave my own toast in compliment to the company; but neither the speech nor the toast are here recorded.

Now Baylor, who presided at the other table, sprang up in a fit of enthusiasm, and shouted, "Drink to my toast: 'The sweet rose of Seclusaval! long may she bloom and flourish here.' Nine cheers, my friends." And nine cheers made the valley ring again. After some less particular toasts were given, the company rose from the table and returned to the Summer Hall, where music and dancing began to delight those who were fond of the amusement, whilst others betook themselves to whatsoever they liked best. A party of us embarked on the lake and made a visit to the Echoing Glen, where we seemed at once to have got into another sort of region—a region of the shadow of death. When we sounded the bugle in this dark, cool recess, it seemed as if ten thousand shrill-mouthed demons had set up a yell. This romantic spot drew several exclamations of delight from Judith. When we returned to the head of the lake, we saw all manner of sports going on, and every one appearing to be delighted with the festival. About twenty of my friends now occupied the parlor of my house, where music on the piano and pleasant conversation beguiled the time.

After awhile we began to disperse ourselves in little parties over the adjacent grounds, as choice or accident directed. Some strolled through the parks and lawns; some into the wild glen under Craggyhead; some into the garden below the house; while others found their way into the labarinthine walks of the wilderness, on the brow of the hill by the house. Here densely matted shrubs, vines and trees, were penetrated by shady avenues, leading irregularly, sometimes to little plots of open ground, from which glimpses could be caught of mountain, hill, and lake; sometimes to wide lofty arcades of tall acacia or magnolia trees, festooned and canopied with luxuriant vines. Of all the spots in this romantic wilderness, the most charming was a knoll on the hill side near the garden. The margin of this knoll was overgrown with an impenetrable thicket of hawthorns, pyracanthas, eglantines, and rose bushes. Within this thorny cincture was a labyrinth of Paphian bowers, formed of every beautiful and blooming species of vines and trees. In the centre was a small wooden temple, circular in shape, open at the sides, but covered with a dome. In the centre of the temple, a fountain spouted its tiny jet so high, that the water fell back in a fine white spray into a gravelly basin, and ran off by a winding channel into the garden.

To this charming retreat I finally led my sweet wife alone, through an entrance so covered with foliage and pendent vine branches, as to be invisible to one not acquainted with it. I first conducted her round the sylvan bowers, all verdant, blooming and fragrant. We then entered

the little temple, and having seated ourselves at one side, among wreaths of clematis and china roses, we looked awhile in silence at the fountain, which would shoot up its foaming jet for a minute, and then cease for an equal space of time.

"Well, my dear wife, (said I at last,) you have now seen enough of Seclusaval to express your opinion of it. How do you like it?" "Like it! why my dear husband, it is the most charming place in the world: such a sweet image of paradise! such a nurse of pure and holy feelings! None but the virtuous and devout should ever dwell amidst such delightful tokens of Divine beauty and goodness. To have spent one day—my happy wedding day—in so sweet a place, will be a pleasure to me whilst I live: and to visit this charming Seclusaval, even once a year, will add to my enjoyment of a residence in this beautiful country."

"Once a year, my love, do you say?—Is that all? Do you not remember the toasts at dinner, and the coronation in the Summer Hall?—Are you not installed queen of this valley?"

"Yes, my husband, (said she, looking up in my face,) I remember the complimentary toasts and coronations: I felt ashamed on my own account, that I so little deserved the compliments bestowed on me: but when I remembered that you were the real object of them all, I rejoiced at such striking proofs of the enthusiastic devotion of your friends: and especially of Mr. Baylor, who is evidently delighted with his own generosity in giving you a wedding feast amidst the thousand beauties of his valley. He must be a devoted friend of yours."

"He is, my dear; but he ought to be my friend, for I have now to inform you, my sweet wife, that Mr. Baylor is my steward."

She gave me a sudden look of surprise and doubt: "What did you say, my husband? Mr. Baylor your steward? Are you serious?" "Yes, love, I have reserved this surprise for the last. I have now to tell you, that among all the delightful events of this day, I deem it not the least that you are so well pleased with your home; for the compliments paid you to-day were all true and appropriate: you are the bride and the mistress of Seclusaval." As I spoke, her eyes, which were still fixed on mine, began to moisten; the tide of emotion rose and colored her cheek: the fulness of her heart was such as that for some time she could not utter a word: she fell on my breast, and presently sobbed out, "I have suffered many afflictions, and deserved them all; but now kind Heaven has overpowered my heart with blessings."

SPIRITS OF THE PAST.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

Oh, oft they're flitting round me, the Spirits of the Past,
They at a word—a look—a tone—come thronging thick and fast,—
A long-forgotten melody—a breath upon the chain
That binds me to their shadowy forms, will bring them back again.

They come upon the morning, when the first streaks of dawn
Steal faintly o'er the woodlands and flower-enamelled lawn,
And as I lie half-dreaming they whisper in my ear,
"The wild bee and the lark are up, why lie you sleeping here?"

And then they turn their voices to soft and gentle lays
Of Joy and Hope and Innocence, and childhood's sunny days,
When to exist was to be blest and the young heart ran o'er
With the first freshness of delight—ah, dream to come no more!

"The summer flowers bloom fair," sing they, "fast by the mountain side,—
The butterfly is roaming there in all his summer pride,—
Time was when by the woodland, at dawn you loved to stray,
To pluck the dewy daisies that bloomed around the way."

—I dream again—and round me sweet forms, sweet faces come,
And through the glen and wildwood with them I seem to roam,
And sounds of childish laughter ring out upon mine ear,
Sweet Spirits of the shadowy Past! it is your voice I hear.

They come upon the noontide and whisper soft and low
Of tiny feet that pressed the sod where the purple violets grow,
And of joy-wearied little ones who laid them there to rest,—
The fragrant flowers beneath their feet and heads on the green earth's breast.

—They whisper of dreams that haunted me as I lay sleeping there,—
Angelic beings with golden wings that fanned the fragrant air—
Wakening it into melody,—a spirit-stirring strain—
Oh, gentle Spirits of the Past! breathe me that song again!

They come upon the twilight when summer dew descends,
And from each fairy chalice which to its influence bends,
The Spirits aye are singing of flowers that slept at night,
But waked not with the morning nor in the noonday light.

They come upon the twilight in music's mournful strain,
Whose mystic measures thrill my soul till it beholds again
The loved, the beautiful, the dead—peopling the earth and air,
And I, a shadow of myself, seem floating with them there—

Drinking each angel-melody till every silvery tone
Awakes within my throbbing breast an answer to its own;
Be it a sigh, the sound of song, or laughter soft and low,
My heart vibrates to every strain as the sweet numbers flow.

They come upon the evening when on the balmy air
The vesper bell is pealing—"Lo! 'tis the hour of prayer."
And from the pale stars bending, they softly whisper—"Come!
The good, the bright, the beautiful, are in this heavenly home."

They come upon the midnight and whisper me in dreams
Of ghastly marble urns whereon the fitful moonlight gleams,—
Of willow branches bending over a grassy bed—
Of dark night-dews descending upon some loved one's head.

Again the vision changes and happy faces come
Around my bed like those that cheered my childhood's sunny home,—
The same, yet still more heavenly, and they sing sweet songs of rest,
Until I seem to fall asleep upon my mother's breast.

Oft, oft they're flitting round me, the Spirits of the Past—
At morning, mid-day, mid-night, their mystic spells they cast
Around my saddened spirit, till it doth strangely long
To sigh its very self away and join the shadowy throng.

—— *County, Va.*

THE MORMONS.*

Many of our readers will recollect the very entertaining and well written "History of the Mormons," published in the Messenger for November, 1848, in which the crimes and follies of that remarkable people were so powerfully summed up by one who had been himself an eye-witness of many of them. The following paper, which comes to us from a highly intelligent gentleman of our State, will appear in somewhat lively contrast with the "History," but as it has direct reference to a recent treatise on the subject and embodies some further information with regard to the followers of the Prophet, since their removal to California, we do not hesitate to give it to our readers, feeling satisfied that they will read it with interest.—[*Ed. Mess.*

In the present condition of Christendom an attempt to establish a new religion by a prophet, claiming for himself a divine commission and the power of performing miracles, and sustaining his authority by the production of a Revelation, miraculously preserved and disclosed, at the first glance might be considered an absurdity, the result of knavery and credulity, that at most would be confined to a few dupes, soon to pass away among the forgotten and unimportant events of the day. But a different fate appears to await the Mormons, or as they call themselves the Latter-day Saints. The sects that are perpetually branching off from the different christian churches, profess only modifications of the same creed, and while they assert no visible supernatural interposition in their own exclusive behalf, acknowledge in all essentials the leading principles of the Christian dispensation, and adore the same holy author of a common religion. Their secessions owe their origin either to questions of church government, which are of expedience, and concerning which views may be taken widely different, yet equally correct, or to subtle doctrinal refinements, that are generally of such a nature as to elude the distinct apprehension of the understanding, and may be termed the metaphysics of religion; and however hostile these sects may be towards each other, they all concur in extending the light and blessing of the Gospel and doing the will of their master. But the Mormons are isolated. Separated from every other class of christians, (for they acknowledge the Saviour,) they have their own prophet and martyrs, their miracles, and the Holy Book sent from Heaven, to dictate their faith and to prescribe their duties. Nor have they been wanting in persecutions, so necessary to support the pretensions of a new faith to a divine origin.

It is not our purpose to enter into an examination of their tenets or claims to sanctity, but to call the attention of our readers to the highly interesting pamphlet whose title is at the head of our article.

The celebrated Mormon temple at Nauvoo, was, and though shorn of its splendor, still is, the admiration of all who navigate the beautiful waters of the Upper Mississippi. Seated on an eminence whose base is washed by the clear broad river, its white columns shine, as if of Parian marble, and the elegance of its form and proportions, give it, at a little distance, the appearance of an edifice raised by Grecian art in its happiest days. Here they had hoped to found the seat of that Empire which was to extend over the vast and fertile regions of which it is the centre, a true faith and social institutions, more as they fancied in accordance with equal rights and conducive to the perfectibility of man than had ever before been conceived. But these dreams were soon dispelled. They found it impossible to live in harmony with the rough population that surrounded them. Faults, there probably were on both sides, and it is vain to inquire who were the aggressors. Opposed in habits, manners, modes of life and religion, it is no wonder

*THE MORMONS. *A Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, March 26th, 1850, by THOMAS L. KANE. Philadelphia: 1850.

that violent animosities soon existed between them. In that unsettled state of society where the arm of the law is always feeble, a kind of border warfare was kept up, accompanied by robberies and murders, which would have led to the complete subjugation or extermination of the weaker party. The Mormons being outnumbered and pursued with unrelenting ferocity, their prophet Joseph, better known as Joe Smith, was placed by the civil authorities, for protection, as the version is, in the jail of Carthage, in Hancock County, where on the 27th June, 1847, he and his brother were murdered by a brutal mob. A truce was made with their persecutors and a reasonable time was to be allowed them for choosing a resting-place in the distant West, and for disposing of their property before they migrated to their new domicil. The greater part had proceeded on their journey in the spring of 1846, leaving a few to close their concerns at Nauvoo, when the people of Illinois became impatient of delay and doubtful if the Mormons were sincere in their intention to remove. Excited by renewed acts of violence on both sides, an organized mob made a regular attack on them with artillery, and after killing numbers, forever expelled the survivors from their holy seat. These acts of slaughter and oppression had just been perpetrated when the writer of the address, in September, 1846, first visited the scene which he describes in the following passage:

"I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright new dwellings, set in cool green gardens, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the back ground, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakeable marks of industry, enterprise and educated wealth, everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

"It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked, and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water-ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it. For plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways. Rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

"Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his work-bench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap and ladling pool and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the marygolds, heart's-ease and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples,—no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

"On the outskirts of the town was the city grave-yard. But there was no record of Plague there, nor did it in anywise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly dried lettering ink. Beyond the grave-yard, out in the fields, I saw, in one spot hard-by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering embers of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing around it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping too in the hazy air of Autumn.

"Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodwork and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid Temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

"Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits; after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told me the story of the Dead City: that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which, they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The

defence, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this Battle, as they called it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it; one of which, as I remember, was, that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have borne a character without reproach."

He enters the temple and among other objects of their veneration is shown "a large and deeply chiselled marble vase or basin supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble and of the size of life, of which they told various romantic stories." After viewing the wonders of the place, he ascends the river a short distance and there discovers, in a state of extreme wretchedness and destitution, with disease and death for their companions, the starving Mormons who had just been driven from their city. They numbered a little more than six hundred, the remains of twenty thousand that were at Nauvoo and its dependencies the previous year. Of that host the greater part had journeyed westward and those who lingered behind were giving proofs of their enthusiastic devotion to the soil and building of which they knew they must soon be dispossessed.

"Strange to say, the chief part of this respite was devoted to completing the structure of their quaintly devised but beautiful Temple. Since the dispersion of Jewry, probably, history affords us no parallel to the attachment of the Mormons for this edifice. Every architectural element, every most fantastic emblem it embodied, was associated, for them, with some cherished feature of their religion. Its erection had been enjoined upon them as a most sacred duty: they were proud of the honor it conferred upon their city, when it grew up in its splendour to become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the Upper Mississippi. Besides, they had built it as a labor of love; they could count up to half a million the value of their tithings and free-will offerings laid upon it. Hardly a Mormon woman had not given up to it some trinket or pin-money: the poorest Mormon man had at least served the tenth part of his year on its walls; and the coarsest artisan could turn to it with something of the ennobling attachment of an artist for his fair creation. Therefore, though their enemies drove on them ruthlessly, they succeeded in parrying the last sword thrust, till they had completed even the gilding of the angel and trumpet on the summit of its lofty spire. As a closing work, they placed on the entablature of the front, like a baptismal mark on the forehead,

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD:

Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD!"

Their Exodus is described by the author, an eye witness of what he relates, *et quorum pars magna fuit*, in terms that make the deepest impression, and enchain the attention of the reader. His account of the sufferings and privations they endured is often too painful to dwell on, but whatever they were subjected to—whether the visitation of pestilence or want, cold or heat or hunger—patience, active benevolence, and cheerfulness of temper never deserted them. They moved with order and discipline; and though the loss of life was great, it was diminished by the admirable regulations under which their march was conducted. They often remained, to recover from the lassitude of travel, for several weeks at the same encampment. The following is a description of one of their stations and of the occupations of the sojourners:

"I select at random, for my purpose, a large camp upon the delta between the Nebraska and Missouri, in the territory disputed between the Omaha, and Otto and Missouria Indians. It remained pitched here for nearly two months, during which period I resided in it.

"It was situated near the Petit Papillon, or Little Butterfly River, and upon some finely rounded hills that encircle a favorite cool spring. On each of these a square was marked out; and the wagons as they arrived took their positions along its four sides in double rows, so as to leave a roomy street or passage-way between them. The tents were disposed also in rows, at intervals between the wagons. The cattle were folded in high-fenced yards outside. The quadrangle inside was left vacant for the sake of ventilation, and the streets, covered in with leafy arbor work and kept scrupulously clean, formed a shaded cloister walk. This was the place of exercise for slowly recovering invalids, the day-home of the infants, and the evening promenade of all.

"From the first formation of the camp, all its inhabitants were constantly and laboriously occupied. Many of them were highly educated mechanics, and seemed only to need a day's anticipated rest to engage them at the forge, loom, or turning lathe, upon some needed *chore* of work. A Mormon gunsmith is the inventor of the excellent repeating rifle, that loads by slides instead of cylinders; and one of the neatest finished firearms I have ever seen was of this kind, wrought from scraps of old iron, and inlaid with the silver of a couple of half dollars, under a hot July sun, in a spot where the average height of the grass was above the workman's shoulders. I have seen a cobbler, after the halt of his party on the march, hunting along the river bank for a lap-stone in the twilight, that he might finish a famous boot sole by the camp fire; and I have had a piece of cloth, the wool of which was sheared, and dyed, and spun, and woven, during a progress of over three hundred miles.

"Their more interesting occupations, however, were those growing out of their peculiar circumstances and position. The chiefs were seldom without some curious affair on hand to settle with the restless Indians; while the immense labor and responsibility of the conduct of their unwieldy moving army, and the commissariat of its

hundreds of famishing poor, also devolved upon them. They had good men they called Bishops, whose special office it was to look up the cases of extremest suffering: and their relief parties were out night and day to scour over every trail."

Amusement, frolic and fun, often succeeded misery, and the monotony of a journey over the plains was, on one occasion, relieved by this adventure, at the crossing of the Missouri. They had come with their cattle, amounting to thirty thousand head, to the banks, when they found the river swollen by rains. The people were to pass over in boats; not so their herds.

"They were gathered in little troops upon the shore, and driven forward till they lost their footing. As they turned their heads to return, they encountered the combined opposition of a clamorous crowd of bystanders, vieing with each other in the pungent administration of inhospitable affront. Then rose their hubbub; their geeing and woing and hawing, their yelling and yelping and screaming, their hooting and hissing and pelting. The rearmost steers would hesitate to brave such a rebuff; halting they would impede the return of the outermost; they all would waver; wavering for a moment, the current would sweep them together downward. At this juncture, a fearless youngster, climbing upon some brave bull in the front rank, would urge him boldly forth into the stream: the rest then surely followed; a few moments saw them struggling in mid current; a few more, and they were safely landed on the opposite shore. The driver's was the sought after post of honor here; and sometimes, when repeated failures have urged them to emulation, I have seen the youths, in stepping from back to back of the struggling monsters, or swimming in among their battling hoofs, display feats of address and hardihood, that would have made Franconi's or the Madrid bull-ring vibrate with bravos of applause. But in the hours after hours that I have watched this sport at the ferry side, I never heard an oath or the language of quarrel, or knew it provoke the least sign of ill feeling."

"They could make sport and frolic of their trials, and often turn right sharp suffering into right round laughter against themselves. I certainly heard more jests and Joe Millers while in this Papillon Camp, than I am likely to hear in all the remainder of my days."

The author had his full share of suffering. Attacked by the congestive fever, he was weeks almost in a state of unconsciousness, and paid dearly for his love of adventure, by the pains of sickness and the consequent evil of an impaired constitution.

In the course of the year 1848, they had nearly all assembled at their great settlement in the basin of the Salt Lake. This country had been explored by Fremont four years earlier. He described it as forming almost a complete circle 500 miles in diameter and four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, shut in by mountains and having no outlet to either ocean. From its great features of lofty mountains and narrow valleys, it seems destined to be a pastoral country. The shores of the lake are incrusted, and its waters, in which no living thing exists, are saturated with salt. All the streams, and some of them are considerable rivers, converge to the Lake. Whether the surplus waters pass off by evaporation, or by subterranean channels, has not been ascertained. Late reports state that great whirlpools have been discovered, which are supposed to be connected with hidden drains. Here the Mormons have a fair field for testing their institutions. Too powerful to be molested by any intruders, divided from California by the barrier of the Sierra Nivada, and from the eastern settlements, by the chain of the Rocky Mountains and a wide desert, they have advanced in the improvement of their country with a rapidity hardly equalled by any of our early western population. Prosperity has crowned their labors, and that prosperity has fallen on worthy heads. Every arrival from the plains brings information of some new act of their benevolence, and every votary of Mammon, whose wanderings have led him to their abodes, invokes blessings on the Mormons. While we are writing, our eyes fall on an extract from the *Deseret News*, containing the part of a letter from Capt. Stansbury, who was engaged in a topographical survey of the great basin. It was said he had been opposed by the Mormons in his expedition, which he positively denies, and after expressing his gratitude for the courtesy with which he had been treated by the President and citizens, he uses the following language:

"Every facility has been studiously afforded us for the prosecution of our duties; instruments of science frankly and gratuitously loaned, and the able and faithful assistance obtained, from their commencement here, of a gentleman, well known as a fearless advocate of your doctrines, and a prominent and influential member of your community. I have deemed it not improper to say thus much, to counteract an erroneous impression against a people, already burthened with too much undeserved reproach."

The same intelligence informs us, that a tax of fifty per cent had been imposed on the sale of spirituous liquors. Buildings they were erecting with unremitting labor; their crops were abundant; their harvest of wheat commenced the 1st of July; and in the enjoyment of plenty, they were pleased to minister to the wants of the needy emigrants. The following is from an address

from their President, in the true spirit of philanthropy and Christian charity—

"We have been driven here; we have made two crops, and there are hundreds of emigrants now coming here destitute. I say to you, Latter-day Saints, let no man go hungry from your doors; divide with them and trust in God for more; and those who have a manly spirit will give us their blessings. I say, treat every man kindly, and especially if there is any prospect of helping them on their journey. Emigrants don't let your spirits be worn down; and shame be to the door where a man has to go away hungry."

By conforming to such principles they have turned the current of public opinion in their favor. They have completely lived down the calumnies with which they were assailed. Acting the part of the Good Samaritan, they have proved that whatever illusions may deceive their imaginations, their faith, or what is better, their practice, so far as charity is concerned, is all right.

With extended cultivation, and the added comforts of life from successful toil, their numbers are increasing, and have been augmented during the present year by a large immigration from abroad, chiefly from England and Wales. In a land where four or five years ago the foot of the adventurous trapper had seldom made its print, there is now a thriving community with all the arts and elegancies of a polished society. The census, of which the returns are soon to be laid before the public, will show their people more numerous than the inhabitants of some of the States. Their trials seem now at an end, and they are pursuing their course with prosperous gales. The late Act of Congress has enabled them to give to their regulations the sanction of law. The readiness with which they furnished a brigade for the Mexican war, attested their patriotism; and the President of the United States has wisely conferred on the Mormon chief, Brigham Young, the commission of Governor of Utah.

What is to be their destiny, is concealed under the clouds of the future, which even conjecture cannot penetrate. The railroad to the Pacific will probably ascend the valley of the Nebraska, cross the Rocky Mountains at the South pass, and then divide, one branch going to the waters of the Columbia, and the other reaching the Sierra Nivada, after traversing the Great Basin. This vast national undertaking, which is loudly called for by the popular voice, must soon be commenced, and the Mormons will be among the chief laborers and contractors. Whether after a larger intercourse with mankind they will abandon their notions, and suffer them to become as antiquated superstitions, imitating the descendants of the early settlers of the city of brotherly love, in casting off the garb of a peculiar sect, or like the Spartans under the laws of Lycurgus, continue for ages a separate people, it is impossible to predict.

Little is said by Mr. Kane concerning the Mormon creed. The absurdity of the charges of communism and polygamy are refuted by an appeal to their Book of Doctrine. Of the vile and obscene libels that seem borrowed from the history of the Anabaptists at Munster, in the 16th century, he expresses his abhorrence and explains the motives of the libellers. He closes his address in these words:

"I said I would give you the opinion I formed of the Mormons: you may deduce it for yourselves from these facts. But I will add that I have not yet heard the single charge against them as a Community, against their habitual purity of life, their integrity of dealing, their toleration of religious differences in opinion, their regard for the laws, or their devotion to the constitutional government under which we live, that I do not from my own observation, or the testimony of others, know to be unfounded."

It is now too late in the day to consider the Mormons the contemptible slaves of a degrading superstition. They are to take their seats with our legislators in the national councils. Be their hallucinations what they may, let them have our indulgence, and be full credit given to their virtues. In this practical, utilitarian age of ours, let us remember that phrenology, mesmerism, Barnum and Jenny Lind are flourishing among us, and the follies of the wisest claim toleration. Judge of the tree by its fruit, and reflect if the most odious vice can produce results that, in the ordinary routine of life, spring only from unwearied industry and perpetual self-denial.

Every one who wishes to possess an enlarged knowledge of the state of his country, must desire to learn the truth concerning the much-slandered Mormons, and every lover of justice will be pleased to see false accusations repelled. To such we commend Mr. Kane's address. We had selected more passages for quotation, but all who take an interest in the subject should get the pamphlet. The general reader will be carried along by the incidents of the narrative, and the animation of the style; the curious will be gratified by an account of the manners of a singular people; and the honest man will rejoice that the public mind is disabused, and his calumniated fellow-citizens relieved from the load of obloquy by which they have been oppressed.

THE ENIGMA SOLVED.

One of our correspondents (than whom we have not a fairer nor more highly valued on our list) sends us the following solution to the Enigma published in the January number of the Messenger. If not the true one, as we believe it to be, it is at least ingenuous and furnishes but another proof that where a mystery is to be unravelled or a secret to be discovered, you must set one of the "softer sex" about it.—[*Ed. Mess.*

The whirling zephyrs that whisp'ring roam
At their wayward fancy the soft down bear;
And the *Feather*, once leaving its native home,
Wanders far and free in the regions of air.

O'er ocean's waste as the swift ships glide—
As the steam horse courseth through every land—
Each beareth still onward in mighty pride
The various works of the *Pen*-furnished hand.

Where crowds are gathering in Pleasure's hall
Softest *plumes* are waving in Beauty's hair—
And when home returned from the revel all,
'Tis on *downy* couches repose they share.

The *pen* wields the dower of life and death,
And fell blows oft has given to tyrant's sway,
Since unhappy King Charles drew his last sad breath,
And at Runnymede John signed his power away.

The *Quill* is a light and fragile thing
And holds nothing but air in its hollow cell.
Take it once from its rest in the "gray goose wing"
And without a sigh it will anywhere dwell.

But the *Pen* can speak out with magic power
The most earnest feelings of many a mind,
And will serve to pour forth in loneliest hour
The sad thoughts of the soul to each one of its kind.

First drawn from the breast of a simple goose,
Nought of wisdom alas! the *Quill* can claim;
Nor had human hand e'er the power to loose
Folly's spell once laid on that ill-fated name.

But the sages of every age and clime
Have recorded for those who such aid may need,
All the wisdom and teaching of their time,
And 'tis still the *Pen* which has done the good deed.

The *Feather* that waves in the Eagle's crest
Oft is borne far aloft in the azure sky;
And the Lark, though her plumage on earth may oft rest,
Bears it up as she warbles, to regions on high.

A different element boasts the *Pen*
And, while far in ether the Eagles soar,
From the *Ink* draws its means to commune with men,
An element mightier though less pure.

The *Feather* that floats on the zephyr's wing,
Passeth swift from our sight nor leaveth a trace,
While the *Pen* hath a power to bless or to sting
Which shall ne'er be forgot by the human race.

DISCIPULUS.

A TALE OF ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

II.

"'But was the devil a proper man, gossip?'
'As fine a man of his inches as ever I saw.'"
Jonson.

Before proceeding further in this history it is necessary to describe an individual, who played a prominent part in the scenes which it records.

Ishmael was no ordinary man. His clear, blue eye, brown curls, and Teutonic face, with its innocent expression, misled every observer. Here and there, some one, who scanned more closely than others the physiognomical indicia of character, had his attention perhaps arrested by the broad forehead, the somewhat expanded mouth, and the massive chin. But, on further inspection, they seemed only to give an appearance of solidity, bordering on stupidity, to his countenance. Men passed him by in silence: women beheld him with indifference. No one suspected the intellect which lurked beneath that unimpressive exterior. Clear-sighted, prompt, vigorous; with vast resources, and an indomitable will; calm and serene in the most trying exigencies, and possessing at all times full command of his intellectual faculties; with great knowledge of human nature and its hidden and more subtle springs of action, though in a measure warped by misanthropic teudencies, flexible in adapting himself to unexpected developments of character; he was in fact no ordinary man. But besides these, his natural qualifications—his education had been of no ordinary character. Bred a soldier, he had passed years in the camp, and had won honor on the field of battle. His early profession he had abandoned, from some unexplained causes, for the law, and was at the time at which our history commences, a barrister in good standing and repute, having fought his way up through a host of rivals, without a friendly hand to assist his progress, and earned his reputation without the blast of an admiring trumpet. But the spirit of adventure, born in his soul and fostered by the incidents of a military life, required other fields of action, than the confined, though stirring conflicts of forensic debate. As to religious feelings, Ishmael had none. He prided himself on sporting as freely and fearlessly with divine things as ever the Impenitent Thief had done. The story of Christ's sufferings in the Garden only moved his mirth, and the agony of the cross only called forth some scornful jest. And those jests were full of fire and brilliancy.

It might be that theirs was the lurid light of hell, nevertheless, they were very fierce and flaming withal. But Ishmael was prudent. He chose his hour and his man, ere his eye flashed with a strange, transcendent brightness, and from his tongue came some sparkling, scorching, hissing sneer of atheism—a sneer that never failed to burn into the very soul of his auditor.

No man reaches so savage an indifference to "things holier than the things of earth," or so ferociously seeks to infuse his sentiments into the minds of others, unless he cherishes a demon-like hatred against his kind—the result of some deep wrong, which has festered and corroded his heart until that has become one great moral gangrene. The sceptic, whose want of faith is a logical conclusion based upon metaphysical inquiry, keeps his infidelity shut up within his own bosom, or if he promulgates it, does so in a spirit of regret rather than of triumph. But the proselyting atheist is invariably urged on to his self-imposed task by some of those base passions, which, like the vultures of the heathen myth, eternally gnawing the ever growing liver of the condemned, unceasingly prey upon their unhappy possessor. It was thus with Ishmael. An event in his past life had planted thorns in his path which never ceased to bloom, and filled his bosom with fiery, insatiate, desperate revenge. That event had occurred after this wise.

Shortly after Ishmael was called to the bar, he had met with a young lady, whose lustrous black eyes did all the work usually ascribed to the darts of Cupid. His love was requited. She was the child of a gentleman holding high social station and of large possessions. When Ishmael approached the father, modestly and frankly narrating his past history and stating his present condition, and "asked his consent," it was refused.

"We can not think of parting with our daughter just now. Certainly not until you have obtained such professional income and position, as will enable you to support a wife."

Disappointed, but not disheartened, Ishmael applied himself to his avocations. Day after day rolled by, but clients came not. Still he patiently worked and waited, for he thought of the soft, dark eyes which had bent on him refulgent glances of love—of sweet lips which had met his in sacred, sweetest pressure. Patient industry and integrity seldom go altogether unrewarded, and Ishmael formed no exception to the rule. At length he again stood before the father.

"I do not wish to part with my daughter. She is a great comfort to her parents in their old age, and we should not know what to do without her. But if she insists, why we will not prevent it."

With this ungracious consent, Ishmael rushed to her, on whose words hung his hopes of happiness here, and alas! as the result proved, hereafter also. She was pale, silent and trembling. Amidst blinding tears, and broken sobs, and with incoherent expressions, she told him that his faithful love, his patient labor, his candor and his truth had failed to triumph over the wishes of her parents: that they had told her to do as she thought best, to consult her own happiness and the like, but had accompanied these expressions with the exhibition of so much grief and suffering, so many assurances of their affection and devotion to her, such pictures of their anxiety and attention in infancy and childhood, that she had resolved, though her heart was his, and would be his only forever, to relinquish him, and yield her whole life as a sacrifice to filial duty.

He entreated her to pause—to consider the solemn vows which had plighted them together, not in the eye or ear of man, but before that unseen Witness, who seeth and knoweth all things—to recall the gentle, tender tokens of love which had passed between them—to think upon his heart, thus robbed of its long cherished hopes; of his hearthstone, thus made desolate through his affection for her; told her, how every little thing in life was interwoven with thoughts of her: and used every argument which reason or feeling could suggest to alter her determination. But in vain; and he fled from her presence, with his brain reeling with his struggles, and his heart tumultuously throbbing with shattered hopes and sickening regrets. He sought the presence of his venerable mother: soothed by her soft tones and mild words, he leaned his head upon that bosom which had given to him the fountains of life, and wept. The man who had moved unshaken amid the dangers of the battle field, and earnestly, manfully striven in that more prolonged and arduous conflict, the struggle of professional competition, poured forth his tears in uncontrollable grief as he lay encircled by the arms which had sheltered him in infancy. Fearful is the spectacle of the man of strong nature and high purpose, wrought to such an expression of woe. Fearfullest is it of all human sights to behold such agony. Fearfullest in the eyes of a mother of all others! Nor did the gray-haired parent of Ishmael behold it unmoved. She tried to fill his bosom once more with hope—and then she told, with touching simplicity, the story of her own courtship and marriage; the difficulties which beset her path, the fierce opposition which she encountered alike from father, brother, and, worse than all, stepmother, and how her love had triumphed over all, and how God had rewarded her fidelity with a life of highest happiness.

Alas! The words which were meant to soothe and heal, served but to poison and inflame, for

then the miserable man knew that he was not loved in truth; that he had leaned upon a broken reed, which had pierced him to the soul; that he had bestowed the rich treasures of a priceless affection upon one who knew not the jewel's worth; and then the sorrow within his heart was changed to bitterness—his desolation became despair.

He left his quiet, secluded mountain home, in a calmer mood, so far as external appearances went, but it was the assumed calmness of the hopeless. He returned to the city, resumed his practice, and sought to divert his mind and feelings from the calamity which had befallen him. But the shadow of the Past rested on his soul! Wheresoever he went, in his down-sitting and in his uprising, in the calm, silent watches of the night and in the fervid, turbulent hours of the day, there ever accompanied him the vision of his unrequited love hovering gloomily over him like the unappeasable Eumenides of old. Then he sought in the haunts of dissipation and the numbing influences of wine to lull himself into lethargy if not forgetfulness. He only added to his tortures. The dark visions which thus beset him on every side grew darker and more horrible, until at last, they gathered in thickest legions around him, led on by one, who seemed to be the fiercest of "the accursed sisters,"* yet wore a sweet sad smile that had oft illumined his most desponding hours, while the snakes, which clustered on her broad brow and hung dependant over her fair neck, were but half serpents, the rest being the rich, brown curls which he had so often twined around his fingers. She never left him. From his other tormentors, with their fiendish mockeries, their triumphant jeers, their howls, their taunts, their embraces, he could sometimes free himself. Their embraces he could shake off, and oftentimes could silence their howls by his screams. But she, when she approached, and laid her hand upon him, it was with the gentlest touch, and the fingers were taper and white, though the nails were of iron and like the claws of a beast. She spoke not. She made no uncouth faces, no diabolical grimaces. But a soft, wailing sound, like the moan of a dying child, was ever heard: and then—he sank cowering back, the perspiration burst from every pore, and he sat staring into those deep, sorrowful eyes which had once to him been filled with the light of love, staring until once more the mocking, gibbering, shrieking fiends fretted, taunted him into wild, demoniac strife.

A long, long time rolled by, and Ishmael awoke from his turbid, woful dream to know that he had worn the fetters and manacles of the madhouse. Thenceforth he was an intellectual tiger, a fiend who nourished the deepest, deadliest hatred towards men's souls. He asked not for blood, but he labored earnestly and incessantly to spread far and wide moral pollution. For this he abjured the intoxicating bowl, for this he assumed the insidious smile, and wore the unimpressive expression of countenance which we have mentioned. He was well read in Scripture and Theology—still better read in the most eminent of the opponents of Holy Writ. Ingenious, plausible, ready and sophistical; now a satirist, then a sage; at times a pupil, at others a philosopher; appealing now to the great authorities in polemics, then to some trait in the character of his auditor, he rarely failed to convert faith into doubt, and doubt into unbelief.

Ishmael's love of adventure, before spoken of as forming a prominent trait in his character, was in part gratified by attendance on a certain kind of Balls, peculiar to that portion of our laboring classes which comes from the Continent of Europe. But of these scenes, this history will hereafter speak, and they are therefore passed by for the present. But he varied from highest to lowest, and whilst he shared the hearty pleasures of the poor, he failed not to participate in the frigid gaieties of the rich. At the banquets of the great, however, he was not a frequent guest, though often invited. In his eyes the sons and daughters of Fashion, were but the slaves of an unseen tyrant, whose caprices were without number, and whose exactions were without bounds; whose God and themselves were alike fit subjects of his satire and scorn.

One would suppose that the cup of his calamities and woes had been filled to the brim, when he was thus consigned to the horrors of the madhouse, (and remember reader, that this occurred in the days when Philanthrophy had not found her way into the dungeons of that worst of prisons)—and it was even so. But there are some men who seemed destined to pass through more than mortal suffering, to be baptized with a baptism of more than human anguish. Ishmael was one of these. He remembered it not, but the blow which shattered his intellect, was the intelligence, that she, whose sunny curls, soft eyes, and winning voice, were dearer to him than the life blood which coursed in his veins, had accepted another, had been wooed and won, was a promised bride. Then it was that his reason forsook him; and when, liberated from his bondage, he returned once more to mingle amongst men, no one dared to speak to him of her afflicting desertion, and thus he remained ignorant of the proximate cause of his grievous malady, and ever believed that she had been true to her vows; though not true to him. For as one of

*Æschylus. The Furies.

her intended bridesmaids subsequently told Discipulus, Ishmael had, on hearing of her engagement, written her a letter, upbraiding her for her faithlessness, and pouring forth some of the scornful frenzy which was already filling his bosom; and although, within less than a week of her wedding night, she again broke her plighted troth, but this time without assigning a reason.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the history and character of Ishmael.

WE YET MAY BE.*

We yet may be! a soothing thought
As life declines, comes now to guide us!
We yet may be! a rich gleam caught
From love and joy, that now betide us!
The dearth, and loneliness, and gloom,
That like a shadow stalked before us,
Making for each sweet hope a tomb,—
No shade of these now hovers o'er us!

We yet may be! Earth has no sun,
This trust with one soft ray to brighten!
This holy faith,—this peace, tear-won,
The whole wide world may never brighten!
But oh, there is a star beyond,
Which home-sick eyes are now caressing:
The heart may never more despond,—
The soul sees there the bliss of blessing!

C.

Milvale, N. Y.

* A companion-piece to *We Might Have Been*, in the Messenger for February, 1842.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS ASSOCIATIONS.*

It has, for many years, been a source of regret to the patriot, that the Southern States, abounding in every material necessary for the comfort and subsistence of a people, should have become, through mere neglect to improve their advantages, almost wholly dependent upon their Northern brethren for every, even the most simple article of domestic use. The shovels, tongs and pokers which we use about our fires—*pro aris et focis*—the buckets and other vessels in which water is brought, the plates, knives, forks, cups and saucers which we place upon our tables, our mahogany of all shapes, every thing in fine, with which our houses are furnished, all come from the same prolific manufactory. Men curse the Yankees as a pack of rogues and swindlers, when they are clothed from head to foot in fabrics made in Yankee land. The hats upon their heads, (as Genin, in many cases, might testify,) the coats upon their backs, the shoes upon their feet, the most minute articles of their wardrobes, are manufactured at Northern workshops and made up by Northern snips. Our stores are filled with Northern goods, our shipping is owned almost entirely by Northern merchants, and so great is the disposition to encourage everything Northern, that when qualifications are equal, a Northern teacher, male or female, a Northern engineer or a Northern clerk always stands the best chance of obtaining a vacant office, over a Southern competitor. This distinction extends, in a humiliating degree, to newspapers and literary journals. There is scarcely a post office in the South where the milliner-girl music and fashion-plate folly of the Philadelphia magazines have not found their way. Reviews and periodicals, in whose columns has never appeared one line written by a Southern man, and of sentiments altogether at variance with the feelings of our people, have large circulation in every Southern State, to the great disadvantage of Southern works of a similar class, in no way inferior to the best of them. A single fact will illustrate this. The greater portion of the paper on which the Messenger is printed we obtain from the Franklin Mill of the City of Richmond, and have so obtained it for years, purely from a disposition to encourage our own manufactures. Though we know that some of the Directors subscribe to a Northern periodical, yet but a single one of them encourages the Messenger, published here in their midst, and taking many hundreds of dollars worth of their paper in the year!

It is worthy of remark that not one of the articles, which we have enumerated above, is beyond the reach of Southern skill. We have cabinet-makers, artisans in wood and iron, makers of every article of clothing, as skilful as any in the world, and as anxious for employment. Large manufacturing establishments of all kinds could be made to prosper here as well as anywhere else. All that is necessary is the disposition to encourage our own people, and that is most sadly wanting. The state of Virginia, alone, pays annually $20,000,000 for articles which she can manufacture herself, and this all goes in ready money, for she has nothing but her tobacco, and the comparatively small quantity of bread-stuffs to bring back any portion of what

* 1. *The Proceedings and Address* of the CENTRAL SOUTHERN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION of Virginia, to the Citizens of Virginia. Adopted January, 10, 1851. Richmond, Va. Printed by Ritchies & Dunnavant. 1851.

2. *The Address* of the SOUTHERN RIGHTS' ASSOCIATION, *of the University of Virginia* to the Young Men of the South. Charlottesville, Va. James Alexander, Printer. 1851.

passes from her. It requires no great skill in arithmetic to see that the community which pursues such a course, cannot long remain free from poverty and debt, and accordingly Virginia is both poor and indebted. Her Northern neighbors take from her nothing which they are not obliged to take, and they send her nothing which she is obliged to take. By pursuing a different course the whole of the $20,000,000 might be applied at home, dispensing happiness around us, causing our cities to grow and our country to blossom like the rose. The sum which we receive for our tobacco might then be an addition of so much clear to our wealth, instead of being employed to pay the balance due for importations of articles which we can make ourselves.

The attention of Virginia, and of the South, was more particularly turned to this subject, during the violent discussion which terminated in the passage of the compromise measures. Alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, southern men began to reflect seriously upon the colonial vassalage in which the South is held by the North, and they naturally endeavored to discover some expedient by which the dependence might be reduced. About this time, the Fugitive Slave Law was openly set at defiance in Boston, and the Legislature of Vermont solemnly nullified that Law. The South, as was very natural, immediately took fire. They were the best customers of the North—they took more of her goods than all the rest of the world combined. The very article on which the North had grown rich beyond all former precedent, was the product of slave-labor. And yet, apparently, the entire North was in a combination against her best customer. It was surely natural that the South should retaliate, and Virginia did so (in part) by the formation of Southern Rights' Societies.

The Central association in Richmond is now fairly organized, and is placed upon the impregnable basis of self-defence. The principal features of their Constitution are commercial independence of such of the States as resist the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and petitioning the Legislature to lay a tax, for the promotion of home industry, upon the vendors of the productions of such States. For our own part, we cannot see that the Legislature has not as complete a right to lay such a tax for the benefit of its own manufactures, as it has to lay a tax on Yankee pedlers, for the protection of the regular trade.

Yet this Association has been charged with Disunion principles! We would remark that avowed disunionists trouble themselves very little with matters relating to home protection and non-intercourse, but take a far more direct method to arrive at their object. So far from being disunion measures, those proposed by the Association are eminently conservative. No man doubts that if the slavery agitation continues the Union must go by the board. No man doubts that if the Fugitive Slave Law be often set at defiance, retaliation which puts an end to the Union at once, must ensue. All other arguments, in the meantime have failed. Is it not better, then, to appeal to Northern pockets and thus teach the true value of the Constitution, than allow things to run their course, and terminate in Disunion?

We cannot see how any man can object to the Constitution of the Southern Rights' Association, or confound it, in the remotest degree, with the Disunion movements which have been made both at the North and at the South.

AMBITION AND LOVE.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

When I behold some strong-winged Child of Song
Swift through the upper glories borne along;
Or, calmly pausing on his way, to gaze
With undimmed eye upon the dazzling blaze
Poured from the lavish splendours of the sun—
My poor sad soul, thus left so far and lone,
With tearful gaze looks down upon the sands
Where its faint foot-prints lie,—and dreamily
Traces unfinished sentences, with hands
That tremble as they write—half wearily,
Yet half in earnest too,—thinking that soon
The laughing waves, crowned with the gold of Noon,
Will dance away beneath their shining feet,
Each record of fond hopes, or fancies incomplete.

Yet do I *know* such thoughts are worse than vain;
And I uplift a happier glance again,
And crushing down all selfish, sad repining,
Watch with admiring wonder the proud flight
Of him, who now in the blue distance shining
Gleams like a star amid excess of light,
And with my sinful soul I thus commune:—
"Poor frail Dependent on the Will Divine!
Art thou *so* grasping? Must each separate boon
Of others' lot, *united* be in thine?
Thou to whom Love with never-wavering choice
Doth hourly talk, with sweet, melodious voice,
In proud Ambition's paths let others roam—
Seek thou the tenderer joys—the flowery shade of Home."

Painesville, Va., 1851.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 14, 1851.

I believe no people on earth have a more desperate passion for pageants and celebrations than we New-Yorkers. Not that the social element, properly so called, holds a very high place in the hearts of our mercurial burghers, for leaving out party politics, fancy stocks, the opera, and the latest scandal, I have never noticed that any subject seemed to be of sufficient importance to call forth any great degree of conversational enthusiasm. We love to see each other when dressed for a fashionable party, we love to meet on occasions of wild excitement whether at a horse-race, the debut of a new prima-donna, the church of a reverend and popular Velvet Morphine, or the soiree of a fresh aspirant for the honors of Upper Tendom, where the guests have as much elbow room as the herrings in a box; but the free and earnest communication of ideas, the elegant badinage, and the exercise of the flying artillery of the tongue, which we are assured by all our travelled friends form such a charm in the best European society, are not in high odor, as a general thing, in the reunions, where our men and women of gregarious tastes do most congregate. I believe we are afraid of being pedants and old fogèes, though I confess there is the slightest possible reason for the apprehension. I have no sort of dread that we shall ever become tedious through too much wisdom, or lose our originality from excess of culture.

But the promise of a new spectacle or public gathering always gives us a genuine inspiration. The memory of our great men is revered with a new flush of veneration about the time that the anniversary of their birth comes round. If we have a fresh importation of some patriotic martyr from Hungary or South America, nothing can show the profound sympathy with which our hearts are bursting but a public reception with speeches and gas-lights. If a new invention is putting money in the purse of some enterprising business house, their notoriety is increased and their gratitude manifested by a festival to the author, at which venison and champagne attracts our men of genius afar off, and wit and eloquence combine to weave the greenest laurels for the brow of the lucky inventor. Or if it is desired to show off the paces of an eminent statesman, or hold the candle to a shrewd diplomatist, or back up a quaking politician whose caoutchouc arrangement in place of spine needs stiffening, nothing is so available as a grand dinner in the most artistic style of our incomparable Stetson, (your genial host of the Astor House), with toasts and speeches to match. They rush to the banquet as the horse to the battle.

But, not to grow metaphysical, I merely intended to give you a sketch of some of the public festivities, with which our "village" has been enlivened, since I last had the pleasure of whispering a little of our Gotham gossip into your hospitable ear.

The Printers' Festival in celebration of Franklin's Birth Day blooms somewhat the freshest in my memory, and fearing to bore such excellent friends as your long-suffering readers with what they may have already seen in print, I will only give you an incident or two of that, and leave the rest to "imagination's airy wing."

The peculiar feature of this occasion was the number of distinguished literary men, who were present as invited guests, and several of whom took part in the after-dinner performances of the evening. I have seldom seen a public gathering which combined such a number of "men of mark," who owed their distinction to their genius and not to their length of purse or official station. Conspicuous on the stage, during the literary exercises, was Washington Irving, who, residing in the country, and still maintaining the retired habits of a studious man, is not often seen in our streets, nor found to grace our public festivals. I was rejoiced to see that he bore no traces of the ill health, from which he has been suffering through the summer, but had recovered the robust and prosperous appearance, which is in such admirable keeping with his healthy intellect. His face was benignant and sunny as ever, showing not the slightest diminution of the fine humor and quaint fancies which lurk in his expressive features, no less than on the living pages, in which his genius so gracefully plays at hide-and-seek with the admiring reader. I was not sorry that he made no attempt at a speech during the banquet. There were ready wits enough for that, without tempting him to an effort, which is wide of his sphere.

Near Washington Irving, on the front seats of the stage, were Bryant, Halleck, and Dr. Francis, the facetious and enthusiastic Nestor of the medical profession in this city. No man has a more sincere taste for all good things in literature than the venerable Doctor, and had he not cultivated such a passion for the administering of calomel, and the use of the lancet, among an untold host of patients who have departed this life under his refreshing auspices, he would no doubt have gained no mean reputation among the authors of this country himself. As it is he contents his mind with the liveliest sympathy with everything new and beautiful in literature, and a most naive and childlike reverence

for those who have attained the honors of intellectual eminence.

I can never take delight in the appearance of Mr. Bryant in public, and being one of the sincerest admirers of his poetry, I may as well tell you this first as last. No one would suspect the real kindness of his nature under the vinegar aspect which is his favorite expression in society. He does not appear abstracted and lost in thought, as might be expected from one who had watched the flight of the Waterfowl, and communed with the visions of Thanetopsis, on the contrary, he seems to have all his wits about him; looking like the sharp and eager politician, determined to lose no advantage, and capable of being sufficiently vindictive to make a personal collision with him by no means a desirable amusement. At the same time, you would suppose that he possessed an excessive hauteur, and was so well satisfied with himself as to make the presence of all others, whether men or angels, an absolute superfluity. This shyness and reserve are often very annoying to those who have admired him at a distance, and who wish to form a more intimate acquaintance with the hero of their imagination. Still those who know him well are sure that a kinder or better man does not live, and ascribe the infelicities of his manner entirely to a sensitive temperament and to early habits of solitude, of which his subsequent varied intercourse with the great world has not been able to neutralise the influence. I can vouch to you for the correctness of this opinion, or I should not have spoken so freely of the repulsive points of a man of genius whom I inwardly so much honor.

The same reproach certainly could not be brought against Halleck, who sitting side by side, with his brother poet, presented a striking contrast in his genial, rubicund visage, and his general air of radiant good fellowship. Near this group were President King of Columbia College, who bears in his look the great commission of supporting the dignity of letters,—Rufus W. Griswold, evidently in search of an American writer, with whose life to refresh his own laurels,—Freeman Hunt, the popular editor of the Merchant's Magazine, who never lost the chance of collecting a fact in statistics or helping a friend in distress, one half of his face drawn up with the acuteness of a business-man, and the other melting with the benevolence of a philanthropist,—G. P. Putnam, the modest bibliopole, proud of the beauty of his editions, and the eminent names on their title-pages,—B. G. Lossing, the exquisite engraver, and author of the "Pictorial Field Book,"—and the Rev. Mr. Chapin, every line of his intelligent face beaming with charity and benign enthusiasm.

The charmed circle was completed by the presence of Mr. G. P. R. James, who came in at a late hour, and was received with the ardent welcome which we Yorkers are more in the habit of paying to celebrated Englishmen than of enjoying from them in return. James, however, made an excellent speech at the dinner-table, speaking with earnestness, fervor and sincerity, paying a warm tribute to some of the leading names in American literature, and parting company entirely from the "two horsemen" whom he has so often trotted out in his novels to the mute and gaping bewilderment of his readers.

The banquet passed off at length, as all banquets do, neither the wine nor the eloquence improving at the close,—though in this case I ought not to speak of wine, as there was no beverage more potent than sparkling Croton,—and wound up in a general dance, by which the hours were made merry until the dawn of the next day. And by this time, I fear you will wish that the good Benjamin Franklin had never been born at all, if you must not only celebrate his birth days, but be served with a cold collation of the festive "baked meats."

Among the numerous public lectures the past month, I have heard none of equal interest with those of the Artists' Course, of which three only have been delivered. This Course was established at the instance of several of our eminent artists, with a view to increasing the public interest in the subject of Art, and at the same time of eliciting a profound discussion of its principles. Thus far, it has been eminently successful, both as regards the merit of the lectures and the character of the audiences. The attendance, as you may suppose, has not been thronged, but comprising the élite of the town, in point of culture and intelligence, has been such as to stimulate the ambition of the lecturer, and to reward him with an enlightened appreciation. The introductory lecture was by Henry James, Esq., a gentleman of large fortune, elegant tastes, generous cultivation and a singularly bold and original intellect. Uniting the charms of a racy pungency of expression, with an impressive and melodious elocution, few men are more capable of elevating an audience to the mountain heights of abstract thought, or leading them to soar with him through the boundless empyrean of ærial speculation.

Without pretending to give you a full account of his lecture, I will condense a few of his leading thoughts into as small a space as possible, leaving you and your readers to form your own opinion of their soundness.

The subject, as stated by Mr. James, was the Nature of Art. Not the principles of any spe-

cific Art, but the principle of universality in all Art,—that which makes the poet, the musician, the sculptor an Artist, and thus commends him to the homage of mankind. The sphere of Art is the sphere of man's spontaneous activity,—as distinguished from his natural activity, imposed by his physical necessities, and his moral activity imposed by his obligations to his fellow men.

A true work of Art accordingly, in every case, involves its own end or is complete in itself. Whatever work of man does not come under this distinction falls without the sphere of Art. It may be a work of surpassing cleverness; it may greatly excel the work of every other man in the same line; but it is not a work of Art. It is at best only a fair copy of Nature and always remains inferior to the original. Xeuxis may paint natural effects better than Turner. He may give you such miraculous distances and so embathe his foliage with the tender freshness of the dawn that you could swear he knew the very heart of nature and could utter all her secrets at will. But this does not make him an Artist. It is an irreverance shown to Art, a wrong done to its infinite significance, to call a man Artist, merely because he is a first-rate painter, or sculptor, or poet. This designation betokens a wholly inadequate view of the subject. Art has no more necessary connexion with one form of activity than another. It has no respect of persons. It commits itself to no specialities. It is a universal life, manifesting itself in every form of human action, but never compromised by any.

Heuce whatever be the executive talent or craftmanship of the Artist, if he propose any thing at all in his performances beyond the bare revelation of beauty,—beauty which knows no statute books, and is unconferred in any formulas, and is the appanage of no persons,—but in truth, pervades the Universe like a vital Deity, deluging the soul with unexpected enchantments, he falsifies his mission, offers up strange fire which Art has not commanded and all the Academies of the earth cannot shield him from swift perdition.

The principle of Universality in Art then, or that which makes Art an infinite and universal life, is invention, individuality or the power of giving outward form to purely inward conceptions. Every work of Art embodies an idea, and so confesses its distinctively human genesis. Art is the expression of Humanity. To make the ideal actual is the function of the Artist.

What the Artist does for us, is not to repeat some laborious dogma learned of nature, or the visible universe, but to show nature every where pregnant with human meaning. His business, in a word, is to glorify man in nature. All our sensible experience proceeds upon the fact of an infinite and therefore omnipresent soul or life within us. The identity of this soul in my body and in other bodies, is the ground of all sympathy between me and universal nature. The splendor of the morning and evening landscape, the fragrance of flowers, and the melody of birds, are not substantial things having their root in themselves. They are merely expressions of a certain relation between me and nature, of a certain unity between my soul and the infinite soul of things. The landscape is not glorious to itself; nor the flower fragrant, nor the bird melodious; they are severally glorious, fragrant and melodious only to me. The fragrance of the rose, the splendor of the landscape, the melody of the bird, are only an overt sacrament or communion between my soul and their soul, between the Divinity in me and the Divinity in them. Because one soul animates all things, we never come into outward contact without our inward unity flashing forth in these delicious surprises.

The Artist is saturated with this sentiment of universal unity, this intensely human unity, which binds all nature together.

But I will not attempt to serve you with small fragments of a performance, which to be fully appreciated should be received in the integral symmetry in which it was presented by the plastic eloquence of the author. You perceive that it was pervaded with a lofty Platonic idealism, and tinctured with the finest essence both of Fichte and Schilling, absorbing the best elements of each and reconciling their antithesis in a higher unity, although in justice to Mr. James, I ought to say, that as he is far more a man of reflection and contemplation than of erudition, he probably has never studied either of the systems alluded to. No one can call in question his commanding originality, in the sense that he draws from his own mind and not from books, whatever judgment may be passed on the truth or value of his conclusions.

The second lecture was by Mr. George W. Curtis, a young gentleman of fine accomplishments and superior intellectual ability, who has lately returned from a residence of several years abroad, devoted to travelling in the most interesting countries of Europe and the East, and to a critical study of Art in its favorite climes.

His subject was the state of contemporary Art in Europe, with a view to illustrating the fact, that we do not live too late for Art, and that when Raphael and Michel Angelo were laid in their graves, their God was not dethroned. The moon that fulled last week was not fairer or fresher over the siege of Troy, and the dawn to-day was as delicate and clear as any old Egyptian morning that awakened Memnon to

music. What is true of Nature is forever true of Art. If the power that daily recreates the one is exhaustless, it is the same unfailing genius that illustrates the other. But we speak of the old masters as if Art died with them, leaving nothing for modern taste but endless imitation. It is a splendid homage to the genius of that day that its mere name is sufficient to ensure unquestioning respect. And the dealers in the works of the "Old Masters" well understand and drive a profane trade by humoring a high instinct—eating with gin a thirst that craves ambrosia, but which unhappily knows not its taste.

This feeling is most natural among a people entirely without traditions or monuments of Art, eager to lavish fame and reverently receiving fames which were beyond cavil before that people was. No old fame is so fair in Europe as in America. The necessities of American life lead us more or less away from Art, and as we therefore have no large class of cultivated and artistic persons, we hear and know less of the famous artists, and they sit in our imaginations invested with an ideal glory.

It is foolish to chide this tendency however we may regret it. You should as soon scold a child for preferring a French engraving to Raphael's Transfiguration, as an American for this overweening love of large names.

This tendency to a faith that the art of painting died in the year 1576, when Titian is recorded to have been buried in the Church of Santa Maria in Venice, is of a sadder seriousness when it infects Artists themselves. He who by virtue of his election, as a Priest of Beauty, should forever look upward and seeing and feeling the sun, know that Beauty was yet as Beautiful, that therefore Art was called to as noble a work as ever.

Mr. Curtis pursued this train of thought at considerable length and with great force and beauty of illustration, but I have no space to go into detail with my imperfect account. He then gave a series of graphic sketches of some of the principal living artists, Overbeck. Kaulbach, Horace Vernet, Turner and others. I must recall a few passages in his description of Overbeck.

At this moment, said he, Overbeck is the greatest painter permanently residing in Italy. His position in Art is one of the phenomena of its history. Overbeck is belated in the world at least 300 years. He dropped out of his proper sphere and Nature has thrown him in anywhere, unwilling to lose a genuine gift. He is the Rip Van Winkle of Art, and gossips of three centuries ago as we do of yesterday. Deeply dreaming in the sweet sleep of that earlier age, he knows not that the flower is ripening into fruit, but still paints its pure petals unbudding.

One of your rarest Roman experiences will be your visit to his studio. It is in the palace of the father of Beatrice Cenci, that in the lofty shaded room you will behold a form in a long black robe, with a loosely falling velvet cap on his head, like that in Raphael's portraits. His head is bowed as if the long habit of prayer, and the perpetual reverential mood of his mind, would not allow him to stand erect. A few gray hairs escape from under the cap and cluster around the pallid face, whose features are sharpened as if with intensity of religious adoration. His hands are clasped and hanging before him as he stands with his head slightly bent to one side, contemplating one of his own pictures. Not more enamored was Pygmalion of the voluptuous beauty he had carved, than is Overbeck of the celestial loveliness which he has drawn. It is clear to see the pathetic joy of his soul, that he, the utterly unworthy, was elected to manifest the beauty of holiness, in the representation of the person and history of Christ.

He stands entirely alone, and has no more sympathy with the trivial travestie of the pre-Raphaelisque School in England, than with the French fire of Horace Vernet. He is the last great painter of the Roman Catholic inspiration that the world will ever see, and the chivalrous loyalty to the dead monarch is as lovely as the homage to the living king.

The third lecture of the course was delivered last Monday evening by Parke Godwin, Esq. The subject was the Philosophy of Art, which he treated in a spirit of profound speculation, enlivened with numerous happy turns of wit, and a profusion of quaint and humorous illustrations. A striking passage occurred in his discussion of the nature of artistic inspiration, which he supposes to be an inherent element in the Artist's soul, and not an arbitrary afflatus breathed in at hap-hazard from external sources.

There was a period, said he, in German literature, when these false views of inspiration prevailed, when Art was regarded as a sudden, peculiar, mysterious communication, vouchsafed only to a few, and disdaining every terrestrial method as well as aim. It was called the Genie —or the genius period—and it prevailed for a while, like any other infatuation or disease. The victims of it were mostly hirsute and shirtless young men, who were the particular spite of destiny, against which they waged incessant battle of words and groans, while their souls were afflicted with strange woes.

Goethe's Werter was an excellent type of this class, save that few of them had energy enough

to commit suicide except in thought, while their real end was in the wine cellar. Byron's meteoric success too generated some fellows of the same sort: soft-headed young chaps who went about with their collars down and their eyes up, talking of the ingratitude of the world and their own unutterable distress; and finally, when both gin and the patience of their friends were exhausted, either settled down into respectable tradesmen or went honestly into the poor-house.

Mr. Godwin's lecture was delivered in the Hall of the National Academy of Design, which with numerous specimens of art on the walls, and with a large and brilliant audience, produced a truly æsthetic effect, such as we do not often experience in the dingy and inconvenient Hope Chapels and Stuyvesant Institutes, which form our most usual resorts for Apollo and the Muses.

I am happy to be able to announce to you that the edifice for the Astor Library is rapidly advancing, and will probably be completed within a year from this time. The indefatigable librarian, Mr. Cogswell, has devoted himself to the welfare of the institution with an uncommon union of wisdom and enthusiasm. As an accomplished bibliographist, he is surpassed by no man in this country. The subject has been a passion with him from early life. He has enjoyed peculiar opportunities for its cultivation. It is a fortunate thing for the cause of knowledge in this city, that the charge of the library has fallen into such excellent hands. Mr. Cogswell is a model of industry and perseverance, of singularly courteous and winning manners, a connoisseur in every thing that relates to books, and possessing a knowledge of literary history, of authors and their productions, both living and dead, that makes him as much at home in the alcoves of a library, as a patriarch at the fireside surrounded with his children and grandchildren. He is on the eve of sailing a second time to Europe, for the purpose of selecting new purchases to the thirty thousand volumes (nearly) which the Library now contains. It is intended that it shall comprise at least fifty thousand volumes, when it is opened to the public in the summer of 1852. The books are all in substantial and elegant bindings, and include many costly volumes seldom to be met with, especially in the departments of Natural History. A visit to the rooms in Bond street, where they are deposited until the completion of the edifice, is one of the richest treats that can be offered to a literary amateur, particularly if he has the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the accomplished librarian.

Y. Z. X.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departed friend.

Shakspeare.

It was towards the close of the evening, and all the family at Sherwood had assembled in the parlor, around the fire, for the purposes of social enjoyment. There was a pleasant air of cheerfulness in the faces of the whole group, but none wore so bright an air of unclouded enjoyment as those of Arthur and Mary. Their natural temperament disposed them to view all things *en coleur de rose*, and their happiness was now heightened by the growth of strong and mutual love; their love had expanded rapidly like a bright summer flower beneath the genial influences of balmy air and sunshine, without doubts, fears, suspicions or anxieties to chill or blight it. The history of such an affection as that of Arthur and Mary could never have been spun out in a volume by the novelist, or have furnished forth a volume of sonnets for the poet, but it was not the less a source of heartfelt happiness to themselves. They had "never said they loved," yet it was quite apparent that they understood each other perfectly, and Mr. and Mrs. Selden observed their attachment with pleasure and approbation. Mary's admiration for intellect and cultivation had given a new stimulus to Arthur's energies of mind, and even Reginald remarked his rapid intellectual improvement during the last few months.

There was a shade of thought on the brows of Margaret and Virginia; their seats were drawn close together, a little apart from the rest of the company, and they were carrying on a low and earnest conversation; but from the sweetness and gentleness of their tones, it might be gathered that they were words of harmony and love which they uttered. It had been some days since Virginia had expressed to her sister all that she felt upon hearing of her engagement to Gerald Devereux, her distress at the idea of parting with her, her mortification at finding that she preferred Gerald Devereux to herself, and her wounded feeling at Margaret's reserve upon this subject to herself, who had never concealed a thought or feeling from Margaret.

Margaret had urged Virginia to make this confession, for she knew that she could not throw off the load that oppressed her heart without her aid; that she wanted assurances from her of unaltered

affection, of forgiveness, too, and some expressions of her own feelings to prove that she was not wholly without suffering, at the idea of the partial separation from her friends which her marriage must involve. Margaret was intimately acquainted with the workings of her sister's guileless heart, and Virginia was surprised at her answering thoughts that she had with much effort forborne to express; she was already more than half ashamed at having ever entertained unkind thoughts of her generous sister; but when Margaret, without one word of reproach or remonstrance, described with characteristic simplicity and force, the state of her own feelings on the subject, when she spoke of the warmth and generosity of Gerald Devereux's feelings, his nobleness of character, his strong prepossessions in Virginia's favor, his great desire to win from her a sisterly affection—all that Margaret said seemed so kind, so reasonable, that as usual, a complete reaction took place in Virginia's feelings, and her penitence for her own selfishness, as she called it, was so great, that Margaret found it necessary to console her by saying that she knew her apparent coldness and estrangement had proceeded from the very strength of her affection. With persons of highly imaginative minds and strong sensibilities, it is often but one step from disliking to liking, and Virginia took this step almost unconsciously, and Margaret was often now delighted to hear her speak with interest and kindness of Gerald, though she carefully avoided ever introducing the subject herself.

But to complete our sketch. Mrs. Selden was engaged in cutting out various articles of clothing, caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, &c., &c., which were to be made up for the servants as gifts for the approaching Christmas, with a kind consideration not only for the wants, but the tastes of the wearers. Mr. Selden was intently reading by the fading light a newspaper of so old a date, that we should not in the present day deign to glance over such an one, and Reginald was standing at a window watching the snow flakes as they fell softly and rapidly to the earth, clothing every object with a pure and cold beauty, admiring the sudden transformation in the face of nature, and dreaming dreams of the future, destined to melt away almost as rapidly as the dazzling scene before him.

"How fast the snow falls! I hope we shall have fine sleighing to-morrow: don't you like sleighing, Mary," said Arthur.

"Oh, of all things; but look, Arthur, there is a way-worn traveller, making his way here in spite of wind and weather; he is coming as deliberately, too, as if it were a May evening."

"A single horseman; a servant, I think," said Arthur, approaching the window.

Mr. Selden threw down the newspaper he was reading, and went quickly to the window.

Not a word was said; but as they looked out at the approaching horseman, the same foreboding struck every heart, that he was the messenger of evil tidings, though the evil assumed no tangible form except in the mind of Mrs. Selden, who at once thought he was coming to inform them of some misfortune that had happened to Charles, who always presented himself first to her thoughts on any such occasion. There is something indescribable, but unmistakable, in the whole air of a messenger of bad news, which those who have once looked upon, are not likely ever to forget.

Arthur was out on the steps of the portico in a second, to meet and intercept the highly respectable servant, for such it now evidently was, who, after a deep bow and respectful greeting, was slowly fumbling for a letter, without uttering a word, as if enjoying in a solemn way the anxiety he was increasing as much as he possibly could.

"How goes it, old gentleman," said Arthur; "what news do you bring?"

"I have brought a letter, sir, which will tell you every thing as soon as I can find it," and he went on with the same fumbling process, which brought Arthur's impatience to an acme.

"Can you tell me who wrote the letter?"

"Not exactly, sir, but I 'spose some of the family wrote it; but here it is at last," producing a letter sealed with a large black seal and directed to "James Selden, Esq."

"Where do you come from?" asked Arthur, as the thought of Charles flashed through his brain.

"Why I started, sir, from Oak Hill yesterday morning, or I should say, day before yesterday morning, but I was detained in a manner, as I may say, sir, in crossing the river; the man that kept the ferry"—

This at least was a relief, as the journey from The Rectory could not possibly have taken up so much time, and there was no river to cross in the way; and Arthur having gained this much intelligence, did not wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence, but hurried off with the letter.

Mr. Selden was awaiting Arthur's return with evident uneasiness; he hastily took the letter and tore it open, while Arthur answered the look of anxious inquiry which his mother cast upon him, by saying,

"Nothing about Charles, mother, that is all I know about the matter."

Mr. Selden's countenance exhibited unusual emotion, as soon as his eye had rested upon the first sentence. "Good God!" he exclaimed,

"Poor Williams is dead; killed almost instantly by a fall from his horse!"

As he read on, his countenance betrayed increasing distress and agitation, but without further comment he handed the letter to Mrs Selden as soon as he had perused it, and left the room to make further inquiries of the servant respecting the particulars of his friend's death.

Mrs. Selden glanced over the contents of the letter, and looked unusually serious as she was doing so, as if the death of Mr. Williams was not the only distressing intelligence the letter contained.

"Well, mother," said Arthur, "what does this mysterious letter contain, besides the intelligence of poor Mr. Williams' death, and by whom is it written?"

"It is written by Dr. Irving, Mrs. Williams' brother, and it contains an intimation that Mr. Williams' affairs will probably be found in a state of great confusion and embarrassment, with a very urgent request that your father will set out as soon as he can after receiving this letter, to attend the funeral of his friend, and Dr. Irving adds to assist him with his advice, for young Williams knows no more of business than a child. He represents Mrs. Williams as perfectly overwhelmed, and incapable of thought or action."

All Mrs. Seldeu's hearers, but Mary and Virginia, were aware of the probability that Mr. Selden might be involved in the pecuniary troubles that had come upon the Williams's, but no one gave utterance to these surmises of evil.

"I think," said Reginald, turning to Mrs. Selden, "I had better accompany my father; if there are any business matters to be arranged, I can perhaps assist him, though I abhor funeral occasions."

"It is an excellent idea," replied Mrs. Selden, "your presence and assistance would be very useful and agreeable. You know there is nothing your father dislikes more than a long solitary drive at any time, and such an expedition as this will be peculiarly painful to him, for he not only partakes of your general horror of funeral occasions, but he has from his early youth felt an attachment surprisingly strong to Mr. Williams, considering the great dissimilarity of their characters. When they last parted, Mr. Williams was in high health, full of hopes and plans for the future, and there is something so awful in the idea of this sudden passage from life to death of a familiar friend."

"Yes, and there is no man who would feel such an event more painfully than my father."

Mrs. Selden approached the window where Reginald was still standing. "How very fast the snow flakes fall," she said, "they send a chill to my heart; I fear you will have a very bad journey;" then lowering her voice, she added—"You are aware, my dear son, that your father has incurred liabilities for Mr. Williams, though I don't know to what extent, but from his sanguine and liberal disposition, I fear that he will be deeply involved in the ruin of Mr. Williams, if their affairs are in as bad a state as I fear they are. I know that he will feel great self-reproach if his family should suffer by his generous imprudence, and we must be careful to avoid every allusion that may wound him, and to show him that our happiness does not depend upon worldly prosperity."

"I almost deserve, mother, that you should think this advice necessary. I know that I have been coldly, selfishly abstracted in my own plans and pursuits, but my heart is still the same, and you did not once think it hard or cold."

"Pardon me, Reginald, if I have said anything which implied such a suspicion," said Mrs. Selden, who was much gratified at the warmth with which he spoke, "I know your heart is neither hard nor cold, but I know, as you yourself acknowledge, that you have been living lately so completely in a world of your own, that you might not be awake to the real state of things around you, and I wished to prepare you for them. I did not doubt my son, that you would act kindly and wisely when your attention was fixed upon the subject."

Mrs. Selden pressed Reginald's hand tenderly as she spoke, and as he returned the pressure, he looked at her noble and benign countenance with tenderness and pride, and internally vowed that no effort should be wanting on his part, to sustain her in any trial that might be impending.

Meantime Thomas, for such was the name of the servant, after answering Mr. Selden's inquiries, was ushered by John, who stood at a little distance during the conference, waiting to perform his part, into the servants' room in the basement, with an air of importance and ceremony which might have befitted an introduction into some lordly hall.

Thomas was evidently the head man of the establishment to which he belonged, and John, who occupied the same station at Sherwood, was anxious to show his guest that Sherwood and himself were not a whit inferior to Oak Hill and Thomas. Accordingly he placed a chair, with a great air, near the fire for Thomas, helped him to take off his overcoat, which he hung over a chair to dry, ordered little Bill, who stood near to receive his orders, in a very authoritative tone to wait in the kitchen until his uncle Thomas' dinner was ready, and to be sure to bring it in hot. Then presenting his guest with a glass containing a very potent mixture of brandy and water, he advised him to take it off at once, to

carry the cold off his stomach, a piece of advice which was promptly and cheerfully complied with.

These rites of hospitality having been duly administered, John drew his own chair near the fire, and prepared to enter into the conversation, with an introductory groan suitable to the occasion.

"Well, it seems like none of us can tell what's a gwine to happen an hour from this time, let alone a day from this time; to be sure, it must have come upon you all, same as the day of judgment, as I may say."

Thomas gave an answering groan, as he replied, "Lord have massy upon us, it came so sudden, it seems to me as if it most knocked me out of my senses, and I a'nt felt straight since. And to think it all came from poor master not taking my advice; he never would listen to nobody about horses, and to be sure he was an elegant rider; he always said he never see'd the horse yet he could'nt back."

John gave a grunt in place of the 'Ah, indeed,' and 'is it possible,' common in more polished society upon such occasions, which answered the purpose quite as well, and was infinitely more expressive.

"Somehow or other, when the bay colt was brought out that morning for master to ride, I had a sort of a feeling like something had was a gwine to happen; I did'nt like the look of his eye, nor the way he held his head n'other, and I know'd that breed of horses is nat'rally vicious, and then too I could'nt help thinking 'bout my dream. I must tell you 'bout that dream; well, just to'rds daybreak, I waked up laughing fit to kill myself, and Judy says, what's the matter that you're laughing about so in your sleep. Says I, Judy, I've had the fuuniest dream as ever I had before; it seemed to me like the great hall was all lit up with a power of wax candles, and Sambo and Mingo were playing the fiddle for dear life, and the room was full of ladies and gentlemen dancing away in their silks and satins, and their shoe buckles shining like the sun as I may say, and cake, and wine, and jelly, and all sorts of things handing about, and who should be in the middle of the room, dancing a jig, but master, like he used to do in his young days, and he capered away and jumped so high, I could not help laughing, and that waked me up."

John shook his head. "That dream did'nt mean no good."

"Ah, that's the very thing Judy said. Says she, Thomas that dream don't mean no good; don't you know as old as you are, that morning dreams goes by contraries, and I'm afeerd some great trouble is a coming; that dance I reckon means a funeral, and I don't like your dreaming 'bout master's dancing that jig. What, says I, you don't mean, I hope, that's to be master's funeral. She never said nothing, but shook her head, as much as to say yes, and it seemed to me like a knife stuck in my heart, and I felt right mad with Judy; so says I, I've got other fish to fry besides listening to old women's croaking and foolishness—there an't nothing in dreams. So I went out in a huff like, but I couldn't get it out of my mind."

"No, I'll be bound you could'nt," said John, "that puts me in mind"—

But Thomas had no idea of giving way to John's reminiscences in such a narration as this, and went on with a nod of the head, as if to signify that he would listen to him when the proper time came.

"Well, I made bold to go up to master, as he was going out to his horse, thinks I, no matter what he says, I must speak, and says I, master that bay colt has been standing in the stable so long, and his mouth is so hard, that you'll find him mon'sous tiresome to be ride, and you'll have to be watching him all the time, 'spose sir, you let me go to the stable and get Powhatan for you.

"'Spose, sir, you let me do as I please,' he said, with a pleasant sort of a smile. I can see him just as plain as if he was standing before me, instead of laying all cold and bloody in his grave, the Lord have massy upon us. 'Why, Thomas, you are turning a coward in your old age, but you sha'nt make a coward of me.' And by the time the words was cleverly out of his mouth, he had jumped like a boy on the colt's back, and before he had time to get well on his seat, one of the horses that had got out of the stable gallopped by, and the cussed thing dashed off same as an arrow out of a bow, and never stopped till it had dashed master up against an oak tree in the grove, and to my belief he fell down from her stone dead, for when I got up to him he never moved nor breathed."

"The Lord have massy upon us, taken out of this world without so much as time to say his prayers," said John.

"As to that," replied Thomas, "there is a very good scripture about that, which I have often heard—these are the words,

> Between the stirrup and the ground,
> There's mercy sought, and mercy found.

I don't know what would have become of race riders and jockies, if it wan't for that. A body may shoot up a prayer as quick as lightning in time of need, and master was a mon'sous good, worldly man, and I cant help thinking that ought to help some."

There was a severe struggle in John's mind between his conscience and his politeness at this assertion, and it is hard to say which would have prevailed, if the entrance of little Bill with a smoking, hot dinner, had not directed his attention from theological subjects.

F*****.

DELICIÆ ORIENTIS.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me—
  The forward flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn
Adown the Tigris I was borne
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold—
High-wallèd gardens green and old,
True Mussulman was I, and sworn
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid!—*Tennyson.*

In dreams I wander to the East
  Lost in the mazes of her bright
And gorgeous things,—to pore and feast
  Upon her visions of delight.

How boyhood loved that land of light!—
  Her bazaars filled with silks and gold
From Ophir; and the ambrosial sight
  Of pearl-wrought tissues, broad unroll'd!

Before suffused with mellow gold
  The herald of yon rising morn
Come from remotest Ind, behold
  The City of the Golden Horn;—

And floating high on rosy air,
  Above Scutari's marble sheen,
With slender pinions long and fair
  Flutters the dove-eyed Jacobine.

Afar the walls of Smyrna brave
  The burning sky and shiver clear
The Grecian mountains in the wave—
  Rill-swollen—of some haunted mere;

A shadowy mere locked in by hills
  Where evening dies in amber gleams
Through tufted pines—remote from ills—
  A haunt of Pan and sylvan dreams!

* * * * *

The silken flags of Chief and Ban
  Flout the deep Heaven in that far land
Of Tamourlane and Gengis-Khan—
  Where reigns imperial Samarcand:—

Bright rise the valley of Cashmere—
  The Caliphs' palace large and fair—
The maid of Georgia without peer—
  The minarets piercing upper air.—

And then with thronging voices loud
  Or soft—but echoing clear and free,
Hurry along the jewel'd crowd
  That in my youth I used to see!

Ah! dreams of Youth—ah golden East!
  Ye were one vision rich and rare
Of faëry land,—whose power decreased
  And vanished at the touch of care.

And now the splendor long has fled—
  The Havoc reigns supreme, and bowed
Is the Bedoueen's haughty head—
  The shadow of a lurid cloud

Is on that land,—the Orient
  Is bright alone in visions blest
With youth's aroma—she is spent;
  I waken in the mighty West.

L. L.

February, 1851.

Notices of New Works.

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THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. *By* GRACE AGUILAR. Author of "Woman's Friendship," "Mother's Recompense," "Vale of Cedars," etc. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway: Philada. George S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut St. 1851.

With all respect for Miss Aguilar—both as an authoress of wide-extended popularity, and a lady of irreproachable character—we consider the volumes under the title given above as decidedly dangerous in their tendency. We say in their tendency, for in letter they ought not to offend the most zealous Christian when the origin of the authoress is considered. Under the guise of an humble and religious interpretation of that part of the gospel which treats of the *status* and rights of woman, the work is in reality an argument for Judaism, and in many parts almost openly trenches on the question of the divinity or non-divinity of our Saviour—called here as elsewhere by the Jewish writers, *The Nazarene.*

We are convinced that no religious belief whatsoever should shrink from examination or from the attacks of those who hold opposing doctrines—much less the pure and flawless edifice of the christian faith. Faith in the true is confirmed by any attempt to undermine it, as the frame of the warrior is hardened in the shock of battle. Toleration should be the boast of every religious sect, for by toleratoin alone can *the true* be sifted from the false. The conflict of opinion annihilates error, as persecution confirms the believer in the faith for which he suffers.

But Miss Aguilar's work is not for the grave doctors, learned rabbis and fair "mothers" of her own "Israel." Her volumes hitherto have found their way to numberless Christian homes and firesides. The Vale of Cedars, and Woman's Influence, have been widely popular;—and we have met with many ladies who considered these works not only "intensely" interesting and delightful, but in addition every thing that orthodoxy could desire. This work will inherit a part of their reputation, but it will be found totally different in its character.

But our strongest objection is not yet stated. It lies in the fact that the reputation of Miss Aguilar's previous works and their unexceptionable character will recommend the neat and elegant volumes of the "Women of Israel" for gift books. Under the impression that they are gathering at once religious information and entertainment, young girls will read that Miss Aguilar "rejects wholly and utterly all belief in the Nazarene doctrine," and find her specious arguments drawn from isolated sentences of the gospel and quotations from Jewish doctors, gradually stealing upon their minds.

In Mr. D'Israeli's "Contarini Fleming" we are told that, when his turn came the Hebrew merchant Besso, wrote upon the wall where the Protestant, the Catholic and the Freethinker had already inscribed their tenets—"*I will not believe in those who must believe in me.*"

We submit with all respect that neither the doctrines nor the writing, of this race are the proper inmates of Christian homes.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD. *By* ELIZABETH WETHERELL. 2 vols. New York. Geo. P. Putnam. 155 Broadway. 1851.

We were first tempted to read this work by an advertisement which stated it to be from the pen of Mrs. Browning, the elegant authoress of the "Drama of Exile." The authoress, or rather *author*, as the fair knights of the Pen are fond of styling themselves in these latter days, is not Mrs. Browning, but Mrs. Elizabeth Wetherell.

The work appears highly entertaining and in the heading, to the chapters, we were particularly struck with the tact and skill of the writer. Chapters under such delightful curiosity-prompting titles must needs be engrossing. Who could resist the desire to become further acquainted with the halcyon pages which chronicle "The Running away with the brook,"—"Counsel, Cakes, and Captain Parry,"—"The jingling of sleigh-bells," and "The little spirit that haunted the big house." The very title of "The Wide, Wide World," has about it a vague, mysterious sound as of fairy-land, which will recommend it for a gift book to those little folks for whom no doubt it is partly or wholly intended. For such a purpose it is unexceptionable.

A glance at the neat, attractive and somewhat peculiar binding, betray at once the press from which it issues.

We have received it from the publisher.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR; BY THE POETS AND PAINTERS. *Edited by* RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Philada. Lindsay & Blakiston.

This compilation is edited, as the reader will perceive, by Mr. Griswold—the man to whom, above all others, the literary public of America should be most grateful. His numerous editions of the "Poets of America" have served more than any other works whatsoever to make Europe and the world acquainted with the poetic literature of the western world. The bold pioneer of American letters, this constitutes his least merits. To a temper so energetic and indefatigable as seldom to be equalled, he adds an amount of information, a catholicity of spirit, and a truth and sincerity of character which entitle him to the respect and admiration of all who know him.

The present work is illustrative of the Life and Passion of our Saviour—the pieces being selected chiefly from American writers—from Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Longfellow, Willis, Hawthorne and Whittier. "The Fishermen of Tiberias" (which we have not met with elsewhere) is one of Mr. Hirst's most brilliant and forcible productions. Many lines have a point and beauty equal to the finest things of Tennyson. e. g.

> "A man of stately presence—one whose brow
> Bore on its breadth a more than mortal grace—
> And more than mortal seemed he as he stood
> There with the radiance of the rising sun
> Trembling and fluttering on his golden hair."

With the literary portion of the "Scenes, &c." our commendation ends. The engravings, in the lowest and rudest style of wood-cut, are most execrable—not for a moment to be endured. The eye turns away from "Christ stilling the tempest" and "The entrance into Jerusalem" with positive pain. The most gorgeous efforts of the old masters of the pencil and the burin would be powerless to eradicate the mean impressions produced upon the mind by these cuts, were the reader to dwell long or often on the coarse engravings (by courtesy so called) in the "Scenes, etc." The artists would seem to have felt the rudeness of their designs, for scarcely any have attached their names.

For sale by Harrold & Murray.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND, AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN. *By* AGNES STRICKLAND, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. I. New York. Harper & Brothers. 82 Cliff St. 1851.

But one volume of this work has appeared in this country. That is before us. The Lives of the Queens of England acquired for Mrs. Strickland a gratifying reputation, and the present volumes we think will add to it. The contents so far are the lives of Margaret Tudor, the violent and selfish queen of James IV; of Mary of Lorraine and of Magdalene of France, first queen of James V., whose life, according to the authoress, is "a romantic but carefully-verified love tale of royal romance."

Mrs. Strickland's works are always valuable, for they are the fruits of diligent research, careful comparison of authorities, and a thoroughly truthful and impartial bent of mind. These qualities are all apparent in "The Queens of Scotland,"—if any more plainly than another, her research.

Those were days of pomp, splendor and chivalric gallantry, and a lady of Mrs. Strickland's intellect and enthusiasm for her subject, could not fail to do the actors in them justice.

The work is printed in the clear and beautiful type of the Harpers—but when will publishers revolutionize the present style of binding and do away with this most worthless "muslin." The worst feature of its use is the close-clipping of the margin, rendering after and more durable binding impossible, The "muslin" once worn out the book is worthless,

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TREASURED THOUGHTS FROM FAVOURITE AUTHORS. *Edited and arranged by* CAROLINE MAY. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston. 1851.

This is a volume of much interest and value from the press of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia, a house which we believe has but recently commenced business. These works, though popular with a large portion of the community, are very little to our taste. We

abhor "Lacons," for in our humble opinion they serve like the superficial reviews which appear daily in the periodicals, to satisfy the general reader with a mere smattering of knowledge, and to turn his attention from the original works themselves, which otherwise ignorance might force him to consult. Royal roads to wisdom are as hard to travel as those to algebra, or rather, to apply the observation of Napoleon in all its force, there are no such roads at all.

The work of Miss May has much to recommend it. In the elegant pröem the true spirit in which such performances should be undertaken, is reflected. The "Treasured Thoughts," are

"A currency for inner life
To keep its revenue
Of joy and sorrow, love and strife
In balance straight and true.—
Thoughts that were left upon the earth
To enrich it evermore
By spirits of immortal worth
Who lived and wrote of yore."

Here is a striking thought from the works of Archbishop Leighton—

"The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up; 'for possibly,' said they, 'the name of God may be on it. There may be some work of grace there that thou knowest not of.'" etc.

On page 90 we are shown how a great lady kept her journal in the year of grace 1450:

"John Gray a most comely youth, but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little and stole many tender looks at me. Said women never could be handsome who were not good-tempered. I think my temper is not intolerable. John likes white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good color. Rose at eleven from the table, the company being desirous of a walk in the fields. John Gray would lift me over every stile and twice pressed my hand. I cannot say I have any objection to John Gray."

Sir John Gray fell at the battle of St. Albans and Lady Woodville became the queen of Edward IV.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE OR STUDIES OF THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF NATURE. *By* ROBERT HUNT. Author of "Panthea," "Researches on Light." etc. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington St. 1850.

The "Poetry of Science" takes a wide range. From the "poetry" of *motion* to that of *heat*, from the poetry of *magnetism* to that of *time*. The idea is not new. The poetry of these vast powers as we may generalize them, is evident to all. Poetry lies not alone in the flower or the star, in the emotions of the heart, or the performance of great deeds. There is a sterner and loftier sort in all around us. Gravitation, electricity, light, heat—these are not only the constituents of what is commonly called poetry—but are in themselves a higher poetry.

Mr. Poe wished his logical and mathematical theory of atoms and their laws—his EUREKA—to be called a poem, because it was true. "It is true, therefore it cannot die; or if it now be trodden down it will rise hereafter to the life everlasting." The present work points out in the same spirit the great facts of the Universe, commencing with the assertion that "the True is the Beautiful"—and we think the title a most happy one.

The work is in many parts very profound, and the style is so clear and perspicuous even in threading the most intricate theories of matter, that the "Poetry of Science" will beyond any doubt become a work of standard reputation. To justify our high opinion of the volume we refer the reader to page 113, where Mr. Hunt discusses the analogy between the effects of light and sound, (arriving at conclusions, we believe, much more philosophical than those of Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature,") and to the chapters on "Chemical Radiation," and "Molecular forces," *passim*.

The volume is from the press of Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, and we are glad to learn that this is the third edition, two having previously appeared in London.

THE YOUTH'S CORONAL. *By* HANNAH FLAGG GOULD, author of "Poems," etc. etc. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. Philadelphia. G. S. Appleton. 164 Chestnut St. 1851.

A neat and appropriate volume, or if like Charles Lamb, we are permitted to coin a word, *volume-let*, in that most important and difficult walk of letters, *little works for little people*. No talent is more rare than this power of lowering the intellect to the level of the childish mind and addressing it, so to speak, in its own vernacular.

That great, tremendous and most wonderful character, M. Alexandre Dumas, who has been for the last twenty years regaling the world with histories, romances, novels, dramas, travels, poems, treatises; with a specimen, in a word, of every style of bookmaking known to civilized man, attempted in the height of his triumph and vanity, not long since to write *a nursery book*. He failed—miserably failed—and the legend of "The good Lady Bertha and her Honey-Broth," though written with immense labor and Enceladan travail to reach the childish heart—proves conclusively that the author of a "Monte-Christo" may well be unable to pen a book for children.

Mrs. Gould's little "Coronal" will, we predict, become dear to many a child-heart—and we are estopped at once from the only objection we could make. We would have suggested that some of the poems are a little too much like plagiarisms from Mother Goose—much closer than Mr. Emerson's imitations of Carlyle—but the immense popularity of that standard work is a practical refutation of our censure.

FOREST FLOWERS OF THE WEST. *By* ANNA S. RICKEY. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1851.

A title to arouse the bile of the author of "Nine New Poets," who some time since analyzed so unmercifully the tender buds of poesy put forth by nine young Parnassian candidates in this our western world. This poetry of title strikes as much less disagreeably in a woman, and we see no possible objection to Miss Rickey's christening. We have perhaps been guilty of miscalling the lady, who just as probably is a Mrs.—but the fashion of modern lady-writers leaves the reader in profound uncertainty on this point.

Many of these poems, though tinged with imitation, are sweet and affecting—indeed the portrait (of the authoress) in the front of the volume could only belong to a woman of great feeling.

These five lines from "The Awakened Heart," are very graceful and pretty.

"Magian, at the golden gate
Of my heart why dost thou wait?
Why thy ceaseless vigils keep—
Steeped in sleep's delicious balm
Knowing only holiest calm?"

THE DUCHESS; OR WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S HATE. *A Novel.* Philadelphia: A Hart, late Carey & Hart. 156 Chestnut Street. 1851.

This novel in the Dumas and Ainsworth school of romance, purports to be reprinted in America from the London edition in three volumes. We really do not see what possible recommendation lies in the fact. Stupid books are daily issued in three volumes in the city of London and this is certainly one of the number. We are perhaps wrong in applying to it the word *stupid*, for in the class of romance to which it belongs it perhaps takes a respectable place—but all the old conventionalities of such productions are found in its pages, from the innocent and interesting young heroine with blue eyes and golden hair, to the warlike hero who acts without conceivable motive and has a face which "would be effeminate in its beauty but for a slight moustache which"—etc., etc., etc.

The scene is laid in the time of Francis I.—the inevitable Triboulet figures as jester, and the scene at the church where M. Pomperant offers the young girl the holy water to say nothing of his Gascon oath, "Cap Diou!" smacks most wonderfully of our old friends Porthos and D'Artaguan in a certain volume of M. Dumas. Possibly the author has not met with "The Three Guardsmen," but the pages of the "Duchess" argue strongly to the contrary.

EXTRAORDINARY POPULAR DELUSIONS. By *Charles Mackay.* Author of "The Thames and its Tributaries," "The Hope of the World," etc. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1851.

This work has, we think, been overrated. It has attained a very high popularity, we believe, in England; and its republication in this country is an evidence of the fact. It is a volume, however, of considerable merit. The close research which should characterize every production aiming to arouse the past time and its actors from their long sleep, it is true, is nowhere found, but the general views of the writer strike us as most liberal and just.

On several of the subjects which come under the author's notice, there lingers to this day and hour a most remarkable amount of ignorance and a still greater measure of prejudice. We refer more particularly to the "Mississippi Scheme" and its author, John Law. For more than a century this man has been the scoff and derision of the world. The grave has received long since his mortal body, but stronger than death and "more greedy than the grave" slander and detraction have seized upon his character. He has been called in turn a knave, fool, swindler and coward. He was neither—and Mr. Mackay's pages make this most abundantly manifest.

To the charge that from his ignorance or folly he plunged France into most imminent danger, and brought her to the brink of revolution, the author replies.—and supports his assertion,—that Law was a complete master of Finance and that up to the time when the Regent forced him to issue bills to the amount of *one thousand millions of francs*, he had never exceeded in his *yearly* issues *sixty* millions. The charge against his honesty is with equal certainty refuted by the fact, that when all men, foreseeing the inevitable crash, were converting their notes into gold and jewels, and sending them to England and Holland, Law bought estates only in France, and on his banishment was so poor, that the remaining years of his life were scraped out in a manner most miserable. He was neither a Lully nor a Cagliostro. He firmly *believed* in his system.

For a pleasant, well-written, and not too long account of the Tulipomania, we refer the reader to page 98. A foreign novelist has lately embodied this mania in a very entertaining fiction—the "Black Tulip."

The "O. P. Mania" is related with great spirit, and will serve to show the world of 1850, that the disgraceful Astor-Place riots had their parallel in the past and in England, though the audiences there were moved by a spirit somewhat different from one of nationality. There the question touched *their pockets*, and after three months of riot the manager was bullied into submission. The account by Mr. Mackay makes most painfully evidently the brutality of the audience and their triumph by mere brute force over the calm dignity of Kemble.

In the first volume may be found an account of the Thugs of India, or as these murderous fanatics are accustomed to style the members of their sect, *the Phansigars*. The account of their religious belief and its origin is in the highest degree curious—and is authenticated by Capt. Sleeman, who was, during his long residence in India, often thrown in contact with these horrible enthusiasts. For strange to say, the murders of the Thugs, are the result of a lofty and sublime sense of religious duty—their young being trained from their tenderest years to *strangle* and *kill* at random, if they expect to enter into the kingdom of their own heaven. Bhawanee is the goddess who presides over their horrible rites, and she is the founder of the Phansigars. The legend runs, that in remote ages of the world, there lived an enormous demon, who made nothing of walking through the Indian Ocean, which only reached to his middle, and who devoured great numbers of the human race. At last the merciful goddess, Bhawanee, with a sharp sword slew him. But from every drop of his blood sprung up smaller demons, who devoured men as before. She exterminated these too by thousands, but unfortunately their blood was as prolific as that of their "common ancestor." Then the goddess Bhawanee gave her chosen followers in this world a noose, which she showed them how to tie, and sent them forth—to *strangle*. The stranglers exerted themselves so energetically, that in a short time the race of demons was extinct. Then they brought the magic handkerchief to the goddess, who bade them on the contrary keep it, and, not to get out of practice, use it on men—she promising to bury the bodies. She exacted but one condition—the Phansigar must never *look behind him*—and this caution was long religiously observed. One of the sect, however, more prying than reverential, was moved with curiosity to know how Bhawanee buried the dead. He looked back and saw her with the legs of a man depending from her mouth;—she was a cannibal. For this disobedience—others say because the rebellious Thug committed the crime of Actæon—the goddess decreed that thenceforth they should bury their own dead.

The race of Thugs is much thinned, but their number is still 10,000, and it is confidently stated that they murder every year 30,000 of their fellow-creatures. Many of the leaders have, however, been given up and punished; among others the notorious Feringeea, from whom Sue has drawn his Faringhea.

We were much pleased with Mr. Mackay's notices of the Count St. Germain and Cagliostro. By a few quiet

touches, the character of the wonderful nobleman who had discovered the *elixir vitæ* and lived for centuries, is brought out in bold relief;—and though Mr. Carlyle in one of his most curious performances has ridiculed and attempted to throw discredit on the account of Cagliostro here given, we incline, after reading both, decidedly towards the speculations of Mr. Mackay. Everything relating to Cagliostro is dark and doubtful; we can only judge of the *probabilities* of his character and career. Mr. Carlyle has drawn him such as the "Arch-quack" and "King of Scoundrels," in his own opinion, should have been. Mr. Mackay has painted him as we think he was.

The chief remaining subjects treated of in "Popular Delusions," are Slow Poisoning, the Crusades, and Witchcraft.

For sale by Harrold and Murray.

THE ISLAND WORLD OF THE PACIFIC; *by the Rev.* HENRY T. CHEEVER. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1851.

This is a very readable little volume of some 400 pages, containing much that is interesting about the Sandwich Islands, and especially concerning the lives, labors, and escapes of the missionaries, who have achieved so much in the civilization and conversion of the Islanders. The sketches of the natives, also, their modes of life and manners, changed as they are by the influence of the white man—and the description of the great volcano, which defies alike the control of the savage and the civilized man—are very faithful and spirited. We have one or two faults to find with the book. *First*, the author is too fond of quoting poetry, *anymous* and anonymous; and, *secondly*, he makes too much parade of the prevalent licentiousness in those islands, and its unfortunate results. Very probably he will say with Midshipman Easy—"*duty* before *decency*," which is a very good maxim to obey, when it is once proved that the indecency is indispensable to a discharge of duty. But we do not believe that a single Hawaiian will be reclaimed by Mr. Cheever's book; while many a modest cheek (if he has female readers,) must blush at some of his pages—many a modest mind be wounded by thoughts and images that should ne'er have found entrance into places as pure.

A NEW CLASSICAL DICTIONARY *of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography.* By *William Smith*, LL.D. Revised with numerous corrections and additions. By *Charles Anthon*, LL.D New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1851.

A Copious and Critical LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON. Founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. *William Freund:* With additions and corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By *E. A. Andrews*, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1851.

Two admirable companion volumes, evidently published at great expense and with the most scrupulous accuracy, which no classical scholar should fail to purchase. The Biographical Dictionary is a reprint of Smith's well-known work, embodying many valuable notes of Professor Anthon, and is destined, we predict, to supersede all other works of the class in our language. Professor Andrews' Lexicon is all that could be desired in that line, and is as great an improvement upon the eminent Ainsworth of our school-boy days, (a book, by the way, which we were wont to consider as second only in authority and claims to reverential regard, to the Bible itself,) as the modern railway upon the old-fashioned mud turnpike of 1800. The Lexicon is one of the most beautiful specimens of typography that ever came from the press of the Harpers. We repeat that every student of the Latin tongue ought to have these works in his library. For ourselves, we would not be without them for five times the amount of their cost.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

FADETTE: A Domestic Story, from the French. *By* MATILDA M. HAYS. New York. Geo. P. Putnam. 1851.

We have not for a long time read so sweet a story. It is pure, natural and *wholesome;* thoroughly *French*—but not the French of Dumas or of Sue, the exaggerated and prurient abominations of the present day. It more resembles the romances of Florian and Saint Pierre, but, while the purity and beauty of their morals are preserved, the *tone* of the picture is reduced, by exchanging the pastoral and sentimental coloring, for the sober hues of country life in France. It is truly what it is called, a *domestic* story; and one that is much more likely to profit a child in the reading, than a ream of such flimsy, made-to-sell, manufactures, as the "Rollo books," and the "Charlotte Elizabeths." We are indebted to Messrs. NASH & WOODHOUSE for the gratification this work has given us; and we commend our readers to their store for the like pleasure.

Messrs. Morris & Brother have sent us a copy of the American Almanac for 1851, published by Little & Brown of Boston. This valuable work is too well known to need any commendation at our hands, but we may say that for full and accurate information on all matters connected with the progress of the country, the present issue is fully equal to any of the former volumes. The astronomical and statistical portions are of especial interest and value, and have evidently been prepared by careful hands. The book is very neatly printed and sold at the low price of One Dollar.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR; OR THE ASTROLEPIS OF STROMNESS. *By* HUGH MILLER. Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. From the third London edition; with a memoir of the author by Louis Agassiz. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 59 Washington Street. 1850.

This is a work of the very highest value, and we most cordially recommend it to the public, though from a press of engagements we have been unable to give it that ample and thorough examination which its high character calls for at our hands. The North British Review, the most liberal and reliable of all the quarterlies, declares it to be unsurpassed "by any modern work of the same class," and Dr. Buckland, author of a "Bridgewater Treatise" on geology, avowed that "he had never been so much astonished in his life by the powers of any man," and that this "wonderful" author made him ashamed of "the comparative meagreness and poverty of his own descriptions—he would give his left hand to possess such powers."

We have only to add that the work was written to counteract the sophistry of the "Vestiges of Creation," to recommend it to the attentive consideration of every right-minded searcher after truth.

For sale by Harrold & Murray.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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NORMAN MAURICE;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF THE "YEMASSEE," &C.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

NORMAN MAURICE.
ROBERT WARREN, *his kinsman and enemy.*
RICHARD OSBORNE, *an attorney and creature of Warren.*
HARRY MATTHEWS, *a friend of Warren.*
COL. BLASINGHAME, *a fire eater.*
BEN FERGUSON, *a leading politician.*
COL. MERCER, COL. BROOKS, } *Politicians of opposite party.*
MAJOR SAVAGE, *friend of Blasinghame.*
CAPT. CATESBY, U. S. A., *friend of Maurice.*
Citizens, Lawyers, &c.

MRS. JERVAS, *a widow in Philadelphia.*
CLARICE DELANCY, *her niece—wife to M.*
WIDOW PRESSLEY, *a client of Maurice.*
KATE PRESSLEY, *her granddaughter.*
BIDDY, *a servant girl.*

SCENE, first—in Philadelphia: afterwards in Missouri.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A parlor in the house of Mrs. Jervas, in Walnut street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Jervas and Robert Warren discovered—the latter entering hastily and with discomposure.

Mrs. Jervas, [*eagerly.*] Well?
Warren. It is *not* well! 'Tis ill! She has refused me!
Mrs. J. Has she then dared?
Warren. Ay, has she! Something farther—
She does not scruple to avow her passion
For my most worthy cousin, Norman Maurice.
Mrs. J. She shall repent it—she shall *disavow* it,
Or she shall know!—I'll teach her!—
Warren. She's a pupil
With *will* enough of her own to vex a master!
Mrs. J. I have a will too which will master her!
Is she not mine?—my sister's child?—a beggar
That breathes but by my charity! I'll teach her,
And she shall learn the lesson set for her,
Or I will turn her naked into the streets
As penniless as she came. But wait and see,—
You shall behold—
Warren. Nay, wait 'till I am gone,
Then use your best severity. She needs it—
Has no sufficient notion of her duty,
And—
Mrs. J. No, indeed!
Warren. But you must make her wiser.
Mrs. J. I will!
I've treated her too tenderly.
Warren. But show her
Some little glimpse of the danger in her path,—
Shame and starvation—
Mrs. J. She deserves them both.
Warren. And keep my worthy cousin from her presence.
Mrs. J. He darks these doors no more! The girl already
Has orders to deny him.
Warren. You've done wisely.
A little time,—but keep them separate,—
And we shall conquer her;—ay, conquer *him* too,
For I've a little snare, within whose meshes,
His feet are sure to fall.
Mrs. J. What snare?
Warren. No matter!
Be ignorant of the mischief 'till it's over,
And we enjoy its fruits! Meanwhile, be busy,—
Pursue the plan you purpose, and to-morrow,
We shall know farther. I shall use the moments
'Twixt this and then, in labors which must profit,
Or fortune grows perverse. See you to *her*,
While I take care of *him*.
Mrs. J. Oh! never fear me—
I'll summon her the moment you are gone,
And she shall know—
Warren. That you may summon her,
For we must lose no time,—I take my leave.
[*Ex. Warren.*
Mrs. J., [*solus.*] The pert and insolent baggage! But I'll teach her!
I'll let her know from whose benevolent hand
She eats the bread of charity—whose mercy
It is, that clothes her nakedness with warmth.
[*Rings. Enter Biddy.*
Go, Biddy!—send my niece to me. {*Ex. Biddy.*
A beggar,
That fain would be a chooser! So, Miss!

Enter Clarice.

Clarice. Dear Aunt!
Mrs. J. Ay, you would *dare* me in another fashion,
But you have met your match, and now I tell you,
Clarice Delancy, 'tis in vain you struggle—
Clarice. What *have* I done?
Mrs. J. Ah! you are ignorant,
And meek and innocent as the babe unborn,
If tongue and face could speak for secret conscience,
That harbors what it should not. So, you dare
Avow a passion for that beggarly Maurice,
Whom I've forbid the house!
Clarice. Forbidden Maurice!
Mrs. J. Ay, indeed! forbid!
Clarice. In what has he offended?
Mrs. J. His poverty offends me—his presumption.

Clarice. Presumption?
Mrs. J. He has the audacity to think of you
In marriage—he would heir my property,
The miserable beggar who, but lately—
Clarice. And if the humble Clarice might presume,
There were no fitter husband! From the fates
I do entreat no happier destiny
Than but to share, o'er all that wealth may proffer,
The beggary that he brings.
Mrs. J. But you shall never!
I am your guardian, in the place of mother,
And I will turn you naked from these doors
If you but dare—
Clarice. Ah! that *were* guardianship,
Becoming the dear sister of a mother,
Who, when she left her hapless child to earth,
Ne'er dream'd of such remembrance, in the future,
Of what beseem'd the past. I've anger'd you,
But cannot chide myself because my nature
Does not revolt at homage of a being
In whom no virtue starves. Suppose him poor!
Wealth makes no certain happiness to hope,
Nor poverty its loss. In Norman Maurice
I see a nobleness that still conceals
The lowly fortunes that offend your pride.
None richer lives in rarest qualities
More precious to the soul, that feeds on worth,
Than in your city glitter. Do you think
To win me from a feast of such delights
To the poor fare on common things that make
The wealth of Robert Warren? Madam—my aunt,—
I thank you for the bounty you have shown me!
It had been precious e'er most earthly things,
But that it has its price at perilous cost,
To things more precious still. Your charity,
That found a shelter for this humble person,
Were all too costly, if it claims in turn
This poor heart's sacrifice. I *cannot* make it!
I will *not* wed this Warren,—for I *know* him—
And, if it be that I shall ever wed,
Will wed with Norman Maurice—as a man,
Whom most it glads me that I also know.
Mrs. J. Never shall you wed with *him*, while I have pow'r
To keep you from such folly. You're an infant,
That knows not what is needful for your safety,
Or precious for your heart. Be ruled by me,
Or forth you pack. I cut you off forever,
From fortune as from favor.
Clarice. Welcome death,
Sooner than bonds like these.
Mrs. J. Ungrateful girl!
And this is the return for all my bounty?
But you shall not achieve your own destruction,
If I can help it. This Maurice never darkens
My dwelling with his shadow. He has made you
Perverse and disobedient—but he shall not
Thrive by your ruin. See that you prepare
To marry Robert Warren.
Clarice. With the grave first,—
Its cold and silence, and its crawling things,
Loathsome, that make us shudder but to think on,
Sooner than he!—a base, unworthy creature,
Who steals between his kinsman and the friend,
That gave him highest trust, and held him faithful,
To rob him of the treasure he most values.
The reptile that keeps empire in the grave
Sooner than he, shall glide into this bosom,
And make it all his own.
Mrs. J. Silence, I say!—
Before I madden with your insolence,
And lese the memory of that sainted sister
That left you in my trust.
Clarice. My poor, dear mother!
She never dream'd of this, in that dark hour
That lost me to her own!
Mrs. J. I'm in her place,
To sway your foolish fancies with a prudence
You will not seek yourself. Once more I tell you,
You wed with Warren—Robert Warren, only!
This Maurice— [*noise without.*]
Ha! That noise?—
Maurice, [*in the hall without.*] I *must*, my girl!
Clarice. 'Tis Maurice now.
Mrs. J. The Insolent! will he dare!
Biddy, [*in the hall without.*] Mrs. Jervas says, sir—
Maurice, [*without.*] Ay! ay! she *says!*—
But when a lady means civilities,
'Tis still my custom to do justice to her,
By seeking them in person. There, my good girl,
You've done your duty as you should. Now, please you,
I will do mine. [*Entering the room.*] Madam—
Mrs. J. Was ever insolence—
Biddy, [*entering.*] Mr. Maurice *would* ma'am.
Mrs. J. This conduct, sir—
Maurice. Would be without its plea at common seasons:
And he whose purpose was a morning visit,
The simply social object of the idler,
Who finds in his own time and company
The very worst offence,—could offer nothing,
To plead for his intrusion on that presence,
Which, so politely, shuts the door against him.
Mrs. J. Well, sir?
Maurice. But I am none of these.
Mrs. J. What plea, sir?—
Maurice. Some natures have their privilege—some passions
Demand a hearing. There are rights of feeling,
That art can never stifle—griefs, affections,
That never hear the civil "Not at home!"
When home itself is perill'd by submission.
He's but a haggard that obeys the check,
When all that's precious to his stake of life
Is fastened on the string. Necessity
Makes bold to ope the door which fashion's portress
Would bolt and bar against him. 'Tis *my* fate,
That prompts me to a rudeness, which my nurture
Would else have shrunk from. But that I have rights
Which move me to defiance of all custom,
I had not vex'd your presence.
Mrs. J. Rights, sir—Rights?
Maurice. Ay, madam, the most precious to the mortal!
Rights of the heart, which make the heart immortal
In those affections which still show to earth,
The only glimpses we have left of Eden.
Behold in her, [*pointing to Clarice,*] my best apology—
One, whom to gaze on silences complaint,
And justifies the audacity that proves
Its manhood in its error. Clarice, my love,
Is there in any corner of your heart
An echo to the will that says to Maurice,
Your presence here is hateful. [*Takes her hand.*]
Clarice. Can you ask?
Maurice. Enough!—
Mrs. J. Too much, I say. Let go her hand,
And leave this dwelling, sir! I'm mistress here.
And shall take measures for security
Against this lawless insolence.
Maurice. Awhile! Awhile!
You *are* the mistress here;—I *will* obey you:—
Will leave your presence, madam, never more

To trouble you with mine. You now deny me
The privilege that never act of mine
Hath properly made forfeit. You behold me
The suitor to your niece. You hear her language,—
How different from your own!—that with her bounty
Makes rich my heart with all the gifts in hers!
Sternly, you wrest authority from judgment,
To exercise a will that puts to scorn
Her hopes no less than mine! I would have pleaded
Your calm return to judgment;—would entreat you
To thoughts of better favor that might sanction,
With the sweet blessing of maternal love,
The mutual passion living in our hearts,
But that I know how profitless the pleading,
That in the ear of prejudice would soften
The incorrigible wax that deafens pride.
I plead not for indulgence—will *not* argue
The cruelty that finds in charity
Commission for that matchless tyranny
That claims the right to break the orphan's heart
Because it finds her bread.

Clarice, [*aside to Maurice.*] Spare her, Norman.

Maurice, [*aside to Clarice.*] Oh! Will I not! Yet wherefore need I spare,
When, if the Holy Law be not a mock,
The justice which must break this heart of stone,
Will send her howling through eternity.
'Twere mercy that in season speaks the truth,
That in the foretaste of sure penalties,
May terrify the offender from his path,
And send him to his knees.

Clarice, [*aside to Maurice*,] For my sake, Norman.

Maurice, [*to Mrs. J.*] Yet, madam, in this freest use of pow'r,
Which drives me hence, be merciful awhile,
And if this heart, so dearly linked with mine,
Through love and faith unperishing, must turn
Its fountains from that precious overflow
That kept my flow'rs in bloom; yet, ere the word,
That leaves me sterile ever thence, be said,
Suffer us, apart, awhile, to speak of parting?
Words of such import still ask fewest ears,
And words of grief and hopelessness like ours,
Must needs have utterance in such lowly tones,
As best declare the condition of the heart,
That's muffled for despair. But a few moments
We'll walk apart together.

Mrs. J. It is useless!
What needs—

Maurice. What need of sorrow ever? Could earth speak,
Prescribing laws to that Divinity,
That still smites rock to water, we should hear,
The universal voice of that one plea,
That claims for man immunity from troubles
That make proud eyes o'erflow. Who should persuade
His fellow to opinion of the uses
That follow from his tears? What school, or teacher,
Would seek to show that chemistry had art,
To fix and harden the dilating drops
To brilliants as they fall,—such as no crown
In Europe might affect. One finds no succor,
Sovereign to break the chain about his wrist
From all the fountains that o'ersluice the heart;
Yet will he weep, though useless. He who stands,
Waiting upon the scaffold for the signal,
That flings him down the abyss, still hoards each minute
That niggard fate allows. That single minute
Still shrines a hope;—if not a hope, a feeling,
That finds a something precious even in pain,
And will not lose the anxiety that racks him,
Lest he make forfeit of a something better
Which yet he cannot name. And, at the last,
I, whom you doom to loss of more than life,
May well implore the respite of a moment,
If but to suffer me to count once more,
The treasure that I lose. A moment, madam!

Mrs. J., [*walks up the stage.*] A single moment, then.

Maurice. Oh! you are gracious—
A single moment is a boundless blessing
To him you rob of time! Clarice, my love,

Clarice. My Norman!

Maurice. Oh! is it thus, my Clarice—is it thus?

Clarice. We have been children, Norman, in our dreams;
We are the sport of fate!

Maurice. And shall be ever,
If that there be no courage in our hearts
To shape the fates to favor by our will.

Clarice. What mean you, Norman?

Maurice. What should Norman mean,
But if he can, to grapple with his fortune,
And like a sturdy wrestler in the ring,
Throw heart and hope into the perilous struggle?
What should I mean but happiness, for thee,—
Thou willing, as myself? Who strives with fate
Must still like him, the mighty Macedonian,
Seize the coy priestess by the wrist, and lead her
Where still she would not go! Suppose me faithful
To the sweet passion I have proffer'd you,
And what remains in this necessity,
But that, made resolute by grim denial,
I challenge from your love sufficient courage,
To take the risks of mine!

Clarice. Within your eye
A meaning more significant than your words,
Would teach me still to tremble. That I love you,
You doubt not, Norman! That my heart hath courage
To match the love it feels for you—

Maurice. It hath—it hath!
If that the love be there, as I believe it,
That love will bring, to nourish needful strength,
A virtue that makes love a thing of soul,
And arms its will with wings. Oh! read you not,
My meaning—

Mrs. J., [*approaching.*] Your moment is a long one, sir.

Maurice. Ah, Madam!
Who chides the executioner when he suffers
The victim his last words—though still he lingers
Ere he would reach the last? But a few moments,
And I have spoken all that my full heart
Might not contain with safety.

Mrs. J., [*retiring up the stage.*] Be it so, sir.

Maurice. You hear, my Clarice. We've another moment:
But one, it seems, unless your resolution
Takes its complexion from the fate that threatens
And shows an equal will. If then, in truth,
You love me—

Clarice. Oh! look not thus!

Maurice. I doubt not;—
And yet, dear Clarice, if indeed you love me,
The single moment that this woman gives us,
Becomes a life;—to me, of happiness,—
To thee, as full of happiness, as thou
Might hope to gain from me. She would deny us,—
Would wed thee to that subtle Robert Warren—

Clarice. I'd perish first!

Maurice. No need of perishing
When I can bring thee to security.

I knew thy straits—the tyranny which thou suffer'st
Because of thy dependence: and my struggle,
Since this conviction reached me—day and night—
Was, that I might from this condition snatch thee,
And, in thy happier fortunes, find mine own!
I have prepared for this.

Clarice. What wouldst thou, Norman?

Mrs. J., [*approaching.*] Your moments fly.

Maurice. I soon shall follow them.

Mrs. J., [*retiring again.*] The sooner, sir, the better.

Maurice. She would spare me,
The argument which shows thee what is needful.

Clarice. Speak! I have courage equal to my love!

Maurice. I try thee though I doubt not! If thou lov'st me,
Thou'lt yield, without a question, to my purpose,
And give me all thy trust.

Clarice. Will I not, Norman?

Maurice. Then with the night I make thee mine, Clarice!—
Steal forth at evening: There shall be a carriage,
And my good hostess, whom thou know'st, in waiting.
Our future home is ready.

Clarice. Let me think, Norman?

Maurice. That's as your excellent aunt, who now approaches,
May please;—but, surely, when to my fond pleading
You sweetly vow'd yourself as mine alone,
The proper thought that sanctions my entreaty
Was all complete and perfect.

Clarice. But, Norman, how—
How should I, in your poverty, encumber
Your cares with a new burden?

Maurice. There is no poverty,
Which the true courage, and the bold endeavor,
The honest purpose, the enduring heart,
Crown'd with a love that blesses while it burdens,
May not defy in such a land as ours!
We'll have but few wants,—having one another!—
And for these wants, some dawning smiles of fortune
Already have prepared me. Trust me, Clarice,
I will not take thee to a worse condition,
In one whose charities shall never peril
The affections they should foster.

Mrs. J., [*approaching.*] Sir,—again!

Maurice. Yes, yes—most excellent madam,—yes—again!
There's but a single syllable between us,
Your niece hath left unspoken.—My Clarice!

Clarice. I'm thine!

Maurice. *'Tis spoken!*
And now I live again!

Mrs. J. Well, sir—art done at last!

Maurice. Done! Ay, madam—done!
You've held me narrowly to a strict account—
And yet I thank you. You've been merciful
After a fashion which invokes no justice,
And yet may find it, madam. Yet—I thank you!
The word *is* said that's needful to our parting;
And that I do not in despair depart,
Is due to these last moments. Fare you well!
Be you as safe, henceforth, from all intrusion,
As you shall be from mine. Clarice—farewell!

Clarice. Norman.

Maurice, [*embracing her.*] But one embrace!

Mrs. J. Away, sir.

Maurice. In earnest of those pleasant bonds hereafter,
That none shall dare gainsay. Clarice—Remember!

[*Exit Maurice.*

Clarice. Go, Norman, and believe me.

Mrs. J. Get you in!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Lawyer's office in Philadelphia. Richard Osborne at a desk writing.

Enter Robert Warren.

Warren, [*eagerly.*] Hast drawn the paper, Osborne?

Osborne. It is here.

Warren, The copy this?—

Osborne. And this the original.

Warren, [*examining papers.*] Tis very like! You've done it famously:
One knows not which is which; and Norman Maurice
Himself would struggle vainly to discover
The difference 'twixt the words himself hath written,
And these your skill hath copied to a hair.
We shall deceive him.

Osborne. Why would you deceive him?

Warren. Eh? Why! It is my instinct! Are you answer'd?
I hate him! Would you have a better answer?

Osborne. Why hate him when his kindness still hath served you,
This very obligation which hath bound him,
And given us cruel power o'er his fortunes,—
His purse—perhaps his honor—

Warren. Why perhaps?
Is't doubtful, think you, that this fatal writing,
Made public,—will disgrace him?

Osborne. An error only,—
The thoughtless sport of boyhood—wholly guiltless
Of all dishonest purpose. We have used it,—
You rather—and the profit hath been ours!—
Why, if he pays the money as he proffers,
Why treasure still this paper? More—why hate him?

Warren. Let it suffice you that I have my reasons;
And let me tell you, Osborne, that I love not
This sympathy which you show for Norman Maurice.
Beware! who goes not with me is against me!

Osborne. I'm in your power, I know—

Warren. Then let your wisdom
Abate its fond pretension as my teacher;
I'm better pleased with service than tuition;
Will hold you as my ally, not my master!
I have remarked, of late, that you discover
Rare virtues in my cousin! He hath fee'd you:
Employed you as attorney in his cases—

Osborne. Not more than other counsellors.

Warren. No matter!
It is enough that you are mine!

Osborne. This jealousy—

Warren, Is only vigilance! Each look of favor,
Bestow'd on him I loathe, is disaffection
In him that's bound to me.

Osborne. This document?—

Warren. The *real* one,—the *original*, is mine;
The copy you will yield him when he pays you,—
That he will do so now, I make no question,
Though where his money comes from is my wonder.

Osborne. The case of Jones & Peters, just determined,
Brings him large fees. Another action,
The insurance case of Ferguson & Brooks,
Secures him handsome profits. Other cases,
Have lately brought him, with new reputation,
Liberal returns of money.

Warren. We'll have all!
See that you pile the costs—crowd interest,
Expense of service; tax to the uttermost
The value of your silence and forbearance,
Leave nothing you have done without full charges,
While what has been forborne, more highly rated,
Shall sweep the remaining eagles from his purse.
Osborne. What bitterness is yours!
Warren. Oh! quite ungracious,
Contrasted with the sweetness of your moods!
Once more, beware! Do as I bid you, Osborne,
Or you shall feel me. Yield him up this *copy*,
Which we shall see him with delirious rapture,
Thrust in the blazing furnace,—little dreaming,
That still the damning scrawl that blasts his honor,
Lies here, in the possession of his foe!
Osborne. Will nothing move you, Warren?
Warren. His funeral only,—
To follow—while above his burial place,
I show this fatal paper,—still lamenting
That one with so much talent should have falter'd,
When virtue cried "Be firm!"—O! I will sorrow,
So deeply o'er his sad infirmity,
That they who come to weep above his grave,
Will turn from it in scorn. But get you ready;—
You'll sup with me; and afterwards we'll seek him,
We must look smiling then as summer flowers,
Nor show the serpent crouching in the leaves.
[*Exeunt.*

—

SCENE III.

Evening: Chestnut Street. Enter Maurice with Clarice.

Maurice. Thou'rt mine, my Clarice.
Clarice. Wholly thine, my husband.
Maurice. Now let the furies clamor as they may,
That the capricious fortune which had mock'd
Our blessings with denial, has been baffled
By the true nobleness of that human will,
That, when the grim necessity looks worst,
Can fearlessly resolve to brave its fate.
Thou'rt mine, and all grows suppliant in my path,
That lately look'd defiance. We are one!—
This is our dwelling, Clarice—let us in.
[*They enter the House of Maurice.*

—

SCENE IV.

The parlor of a dwelling in the residence of Maurice, handsomely and newly furnished. Enter Warren and Osborne.

Warren. I am amazed.
Osborne. 'Tis certainly a change
From his old lodging house in Cedar street.
Warren. His run of luck hath crazed him, and he fancies
The world is in his string.
Osborne. He's not far wrong!
His arguments have made a great impression;
Their subtlety and closeness, and the power
Of clear and forcible development,
Which seems most native to his faculty!
He was born an orator! With such a person,
A voice to glide from thunder into music,
A form and face so full of majesty,
Yet with such frankness and simplicity,—
So much to please, and so commanding—
Warren. Pshaw!—
You prate as do the newspapers, with a jargon
Of wretched common-place, bestuffed with phrases,
That, weighed against the ballad of an idiot,
Would show less burden and significance.
We'll spoil his fortunes—
Osborne. Hark! He comes.
Warren. Be firm now!
See that you do it manfully—no halting.—
Osborne. You still persist then?
Warren. Ay! when I have him here. [*touching his breast.*]

Enter Norman Maurice.

Maurice. Be seated, sirs,
You bring with you the paper. [*To Osborne.*
Osborne. It is here, sir. [*Giving copy of document.*
And here the separate claim—the costs and charges.
Maurice. 'Tis well! This first!—I pay this money, sir,
In liquidation of this wretched paper,
In which my hand appears, and for which writing
The world, unconscious of the facts, might hold me,
A most unhappy criminal. Your knowledge
Includes this person's agency—my cousin;—
As still, in moments of insidious fondness,
It is his wont to call me.
Warren. Norman, nay!
Maurice. [*impatiently to Warren.*] Awhile, awhile! sir! we shall deal directly!—
I said [*to Osborne,*] your knowledge of this boyish error,
Betrayed the agency of Robert Warren,
Which does not here appear. He made *that* guilty
Which in itself was innocent. These moneys,
Procured by him upon this document,
Were all by him consumed. You were his agent,
Perhaps as ignorant of his vicious deed,
As I who am its victim. Was it so, sir?
Osborne. I sold for him the Bill, sir, knowing nothing,
And still believed it genuine.
Maurice. He will tell you,
That, what I utter of his agency,
In this insane and inconsiderate act,
Is true as Holy Writ! Speak, Robert Warren!
Warren. I have admitted it already, Norman.
Maurice. [*To Osborne.*] Be you the witness of his words hereafter.
Here is your money,—and I take this paper,
The proof of boyish error and misfortune,
But not of crime in me. Thus, let it perish,
With that confiding and believing nature,
Which gave me to the power of one so base! [*putting it in the fire and putting his foot on it while it burns.*
Warren. Norman! Cousin!
Maurice. You cozen me no more!
And if your agent has the wit to gather,
A lesson from your faithlessness to me,
You will not cozen him. Take counsel, sir,
And never trust this man! [*To Osborne.*
Warren. Norman Maurice!
Maurice. [*To Osborne.*] Our business ends! Will it please you, leave us now!
[*Exit Osborne; Warren is about to follow when Maurice lays his hand on his shoulder.*

Maurice. Stay you! There must be other words before we part,
Though these still lead to parting.
Warren. Let me pray you,
To fashion them in less offensive spirit.
Maurice. Why so I should, could I suppose one virtue,
A life to leaven a dense mass of vices,
Remain'd within your bosom. You *shall* listen
Though every syllable should be a sting!
'Twould not offend me greatly, Robert Warren,
If when I brand thy baseness on thy forehead,
Thy heart, with courage born of just resentment,
Could move thee to defiance! It would glad me,
In sudden strife, to put a proper finish,
To thy deep, secret, foul hostility.
Warren. You have no reason for this cruel language.
Maurice. Look on me as thou say'st the monstrous falsehood;
But lift thine eye to mine—and if thy glance
Can brazen out the loathing in mine own,
I will forgive thee all! Thou dar'st not do it!
No reason, sayst thou?—Thou whose arrant cunning,
Has taken the profits of three toilsome years
To pay thy wage of sin,—and smutch'd my garments,
That else had known no stain!
Warren. Have I not
Confess'd that wrong and folly?—
Maurice. Wert repentant,
When making thy confession—.
Warren. So I am!
Maurice. Traitor! I know thee better! Thy confession
But followed on detection! Whilst thou made it,
The busy devil, dwelling in thy heart,
Was framing other schemes of crime and hatred,
Outbraving all the past. Ev'n while my pity
Was taking thee to mercy, thou wast planning
New evil to my fortunes!
Warren. Never Norman!
By Heaven! you do me wrong.
Maurice. Pure Innocent,
The very angels look on thee with sorrow,
To see such virtue suffer such injustice!—
But hearken, while I paint another picture;
The fiends exulting in thy ready service,
A voluntary minister of evil,
As with a spirit born of hell and hatred,
Thou pluck'st the flower of hope from happiness,
To plant the thorn instead.
Warren. What crime is this?
Maurice. I heard thy plea for mercy! I believed thee,
And as thou wert the child of that dear woman
Who call'd my mother sister, I forgave thee,
Most glad to listen to thy deep assurance
Of shame for thy sad error. So, I took thée
Once more to confidence—my bosom open'd,
And show'd thee, shrined within its holiest chamber
The image of the being that I loved!—
I led thee to her—taught her to behold thee,
My friend and kinsman, and, misdoubting never,
Still saw thee bend thy footsteps to her dwelling,
Nor dream'd that to the flowers that made my Eden,
Myself had brought the serpent;
Warren. What means this?
Maurice. What! Thou know'st nothing? Thou hast no conjecture
Of what the serpent sought within the garden!
Why, man, he whispered in Eve's innocent ears,
The oiliest nothings,—mingled with such slander
Of him who sought to make himself her Adam,
That—
Warren. 'Tis false, I swear! I never did this mischief!
Maurice. Liar! The oath thou tak'st is thy perdition.
Behold the evidence that proves thy blackness,
In contrast with its purity and truth!
Clarice! Come forth! My wife, sir!
[*Enter Clarice from within.*
Warren. Damnation! [*Warren rushes wildly out.*
Maurice. Thus fled the fiend, touch'd by Ithuriel's spear,
Even from the reptile rising to the fiend
And speeding from the Eden that his presence
Shall never trouble more. Henceforth, dear wife,
Our paradise shall still be free from taint.
A realm of sweetness unobscured by shadow,
And freshening still with flow'rs that take their beauty,
As favor'd still by thine. From this blest moment,
Our peace shall be secure!
Clarice. And yet I fear,
This bold, bad man.
Maurice. Bad but not bold! Fear nothing!—
I've plucked his sting! Thou know'st the cruel story;
I told thee all,—suppress'd no syllable,
Of his perversion of a simple paper,
Wherein, in vain display of penmanship,
I gave him power for practice which he seized on,
Exposing me to ruin. In those embers,
The fatal proof is buried. I am free;—
And in the freedom I have won from him,
And in the bondage I have sworn to thee,
I write the record of my happiness!
This day I feel triumphant as the hunter,
Who, on the wild steed that his skill hath captured,
Rifle in grasp, and bridle rein flung loose,
Darts forth upon the prairie's waste of empire,
And feels it all his own!
Clarice. I share thy triumph,
Would share that waste with thee and feel no sorrow
For all that love foregoes.
Maurice. I take thy promise,
Will try thy strength, thy courage and thy heart,
As little thou hast fancied! Clarice, dear wife!
With dawn we leave this city.
Clarice. How! to morrow?
And leave this city, Norman?
Maurice. Dost thou fail me?
Clarice. No! I am thine! My world is in thy love;
I wish no dearer dwelling place—would ask
No sweeter realm of home. Go, where thou wilt,
I cling to thee as did the Hebrew woman
To him who had his empire in her heart.
Maurice. I bless thee for this proof of thy affection!
This is the city of thy birth and mine,
But that's our native land alone which suffers
That we take root and flourish;—those alone,
Our kindred, who will gladden in our growth,
And succor till we triumph. Here it may be,
That after weary toil, and matchless struggle,
When strength subsides in age, they will acknowledge,
That I am worthy of my bread,—may bid me,
Look up and be an alderman or mayor;—
And this were of their favour. The near neighbours,
Who grew with us, and saw our gradual progress,
Who knew the boy, and all his sports and follies,
Have seldom faith that he will grow the man
To cast them into shadow. We'll go hence!—
Clarice. Whither dear Norman?
Maurice. Whither! Dost thou ask?
Both in God's keeping, Clarice—thou in mine!
I'll tend thee as the most precious treasure,
That city ever yielded wilderness.

Clarice. I know thou wilt;—but what thy means my husband;
Thou told'st me thou wast poor.
Maurice. Means! I have manhood!
Youth, strength, and men say, intellect—
Clarice. You have! You have!
Maurice. A heart at ease, secure in its affections,
And still the soul to seek each manly struggle!
Wide is the world before me—a great people,
Spread o'er a realm, along whose verdant meadows
The sun can never set. I know this people,—
Love them—would make them mine! I have ambition
To serve them in high places, and do battle,
With the arch-tyrannies, in various guises
That still from freedom pluck its panoply,
Degrade its precious rites, and with vain shadows
Mock the fond hopes that fasten on their words.
Clarice. Could you not serve them *here?*
Maurice. No! No!
Clarice. Wherefore?
And O! they need some saviour here methinks!
Maurice. Ay! They do need! But I am one of them,—
Sprung from themselves; have neither friends nor fortune,
And will not stoop, entreating as for favour,
When I would serve to save! They lack all faith
In him who scorns to flatter their delusions,
Or lie them to self worship. In the West,
There is a simpler and a hardier nature,
That proves men's values, not by wealth and title,
But mind and manhood. There, no ancient stocks
Claim power from precedence. Patrician people,
That boast of virtues in their grandmothers,
Are challenged for their own. With them it answers,
If each man founds his family, and stands
The father of a race of future men!
More parchment, and the vain parade of title,
Lifts no man into stature. Such a region
Yields all that I demand—an open field,
And freedom to all comers. So, the virtues
Flourish according to their proper nature,
And each man, as he works with will and courage,
Reaps the good fruitage proper to his claim;—
Thither, dear wife!
Clarice. I'm thine!
Maurice. Thy ready answer,
Completes my triumph! Wings are at my shoulder,
And more than Eagle empires woo my flight!
Yet do I something fear,—Clarice—
Clarice. What fear?
Maurice. Thou'rt not ambitious.
Clarice. But for thee, Norman,
If that in service at thy shrine of glory,
Thou dost not lose the love—
Maurice. Be satisfied
That when my state is proudest, thou shalt be
The one, whom most of all, these eyes shall see.
But to thy preparations, I will follow;
Before the dawn we shall have left this city.
[*Clarice about to go.*
That reptile, [*musingly.*]
Clarice. [*returning.*] Norman!
Maurice. My Clarice! [*embracing her.*
His fangs are drawn! [*Exit Clarice.*
Yet, somehow, he is present to my thoughts,
As if he still had power. But, let him dare,
Once more, to cross my path, and he shall feel
His serpent head grow flat beneath my heel. [*Exit.*

[End of Act I.]

ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

These volumes present a rather curious compound of the dull and the interesting, the stupid and the exciting. It has been said that a coward takes a far more vivid interest in the recitation of stirring and eventful scenes, than a man whose courage would make him equal to such occasions himself. Whether this may be true or not, we shall not undertake to decide, but it is very certain that hunting books, and narratives of incidents by field and flood, will always be read with a degree of interest that only some inexcusable fault on the part of the author can lessen. The subject is in itself an appeal to the imagination and the passions, so strong as to preclude all necessity for the exertion of the dramatic powers of grouping and coloring, in order to produce an effect; and all that the author has to do, is to narrate his story in the utmost simplicity, and he may be sure of success. It may sound, then, a little hypercritical, when we say that the fault of Mr. Cumming's volumes consists in their containing a little too much of a good thing. There is entirely too much of the highly flavored stimulant, —there is an absolute surfeit of blood and bullets, long before we reach the end of the second volume. The "adventures" are told in a style of considerable liveliness and power of description, —there is no lack of picturesque and animated narrative; and although Mr. Cumming certainly does occasionally take most extraordinary liberties with the English language, his book has been written from too vivid a sense of the reality of the scenes, not to be readable in a high degree. The great fault is the excess of incident—the unnecessary repetition of events nearly identical—the detail of a profusion of venary butchery, that becomes wearisome towards the close. But the main body of the work reflects very nearly as much credit upon the pen of the author, as the innumerable trophies of his South African Museum upon his skill with the rifle.

Falstaff was not more certainly the prince of good-fellows, or Mr. William Davies of the racing and betting gentry of modern England, than Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming is the prince of hunters. He is a Scottish gentleman of good

* Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, *With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the chace of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 82 Cliff street. 1850. pp. 326—303.

family, who, in spite of a most affectionate dedication of his journal to "his kinsman," "his Grace, the Duke of Argyle,"—seems to have possessed the national characteristics of red beard, bare legs, short allowances and large appetites, and other appendages of the Celtic nobility. Since the times when the genius of Cooper caught the visions of the miraculous and impossible rifle practice of the Leather-stocking, there has been no fortunate gunner, who can dispute the palm with Mr. Cumming of Altyre. Other men may have used the rifle with more skill in particular instances than has ever been displayed by our hero; but we boldly stake him against odds and the world for the amount of his feats, the extent of his campaigns, and the dignity of the victims to his prowess in the field. We have sometimes heard the sportsmen of our September covers, boast in high style of the number of partridges they have bagged, or the quantity of brute blood of the small bird and animal tribes that has covered them with the glory of the art; but how can language express the distance between these gentry and the bold kinsman of "his grace of Argyle." A comparison between them would be as degrading, as a parallel between the heaps of noble Trojans piled on the banks of the Scamander by the sword of Achilles, and the crowds which yielded to the prowess of Molly Seagrim in the churchyard of the Manor of Western! Indeed the nonchalance with which Mr. Cumming speaks of "bagging" elephants, "smashing" spring-bok, and "bowling over," lions, presents to our mind the idea of a huge inhabitant of some Scotch Brobdignag, with a red beard a foot in length, sauntering composedly along with a couple of elephants stuck into his jacket pockets, a bunch of lions swinging by the tail in his hand, and a large boa-constrictor gracefully performing the office of a temporary cravat. The engaging manner in which the author applies the diminutive technicalities of European hunting to the great game of the South African continent, tempts us just here to suggest that Mr. Cumming is a good deal mistaken in his estimate of his powers of humor. Nothing, we are sure, but some unaccountable delusion of this sort could have indued him to print that horrible specimen of lisping innocence, to be found on p. 26, vol. I. But it is really time to allow the reader a glimpse into the interior of South Africa.

Mr. Cumming seems to have been born with a taste for the bold pleasures of the chase. Having cultivated this natural turn by stalking deer in the forests of Moray, and swinging at the end of a rope, several hundred feet over the cliffs where the sea birds build their nests, until it became insatiable under all lesser stimulants, he was, fortunately for his wishes, despatched in 1839 to join his regiment in India. Touching at the Cape of Good Hope, he got a taste of the blessedness of "smashing" antelopes; and after finding the climate of India unsuitable to his health, he returned to Scotland, and obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies for the purpose of hunting the bison and the wapiti in the Far West of this continent. But finding his confinement under the duties of that Commission would baulk his venatic purposes, he exchanged into the Cape Riflemen in 1843, and at last found himself on the borders of the vast preserves of the African deserts. He hardly set foot in the country before his impatience broke through all restraints, he sold his commission, vested all his funds in an incredible outfit, and with a light heart set forward his heavy wagon and his drunken Hottentots towards the distant range of the lion and the antelope.

The preparations which he made for the successful prosecution of his plans were pitched on a scale that is really astonishing to one accustomed to associate the idea of a hunt with a single game-bag and a double-barrelled gun. The game-bag of our author was an enormous wagon peculiar to the Cape country, drawn by a team of twelve stalwart oxen, filled with articles of various descriptions suited to extempore house-keeping in the wilderness, enough to have made the fortune of any respectable green grocer in a thriving town. The following items will give the reader some conception of the scale on which our huntsman prepared for the slaughter of the elephant:

> The baggage, provisions and general stores which I carried with me were as follows: Two sacks containing 300 lbs. of coffee, four quarter chests of tea, 300 lbs. of sugar, 300 lbs. of rice, 180 lbs. of meal, 100 lbs. of flour, five lbs. of pepper, 100 lbs. of salt, an anker of vinegar, several large jars of pickles, half-a-dozen hams, and cheeses, two cases of gin, one anker of brandy, one half aume of cape brandy, iron baking pots with long legs, stewing and frying pans, sauce pans and gridirons, tin water buckets of various sizes,—six dozen pocket-knives, 24 boxes of snuff, 50 lbs. of tobacco, 300 lbs of white, coral, red, and bright blue beads of various sizes,—two dozen sickles, two spades, two shovels, one pick axe, five superior American axes—hatchets, planes, drawing knives—some four or five double barrelled rifles and three doubled barrelled guns for rough work—a whole host of bullet moulds, loading rods, shot belts, powder flasks, and shooting belts, three cwt. of lead, 50 lbs. of pewter for hardening the balls to be used in destroying the larger game, 10,000 prepared leaden bullets, bags of shot of all sizes, 100 lbs. of fine sporting gun powder, 300 lbs. of coarse gun-powder, about 50,000 best percussion caps, 2000 gun flints," &c., &c. Vol. 1. pp. 29-30.

The reader must not allow himself to suppose for an instant that the above articles composed one-half of the stores enumerated by our author as forming a *part* of the provisions he made for his campaigns; they have been selected at random from a list of articles that reminds us of the advertising lists of a hard-ware merchant disposed to patronize the printer. Having purchased some fourteen oxen, and some half-dozen horses, and having engaged the services of some three or four drunken and unprincipled Hottentots as servants and assistants in the chase, on the 23d October, 1843, Mr. Cumming "inspanned" his oxen and "trekked" out of Grahamstown towards the far interior.

It will be proper here to remark that Mr. Cumming has made a most unpardonable parade of his accomplishments in High Dutch and Hottentot, at the expense of the understanding and temper of the reader. Before we have proceeded through twenty pages of his journal, we are confounded by a perfect tempest of impossible words, and amid the clash of "inspanning and outspanning," "trekking," "jambok," "dissel-booms," "rheim-pys," and "trek-tows," and other flowers of High Dutch eloquence, all understanding of what our author means is utterly set at defiance. The objection we have to this is based, first, upon the fact that Mr. Cumming was writing a book for the English reader, and second, upon the unpardonable neglect which he sometimes exhibits in not explaining his horrible lingo, until the term has been used for the fiftieth time. We submit whether one use of these foreign terms would not have been enough to show the beauties of the South African classics, and whether he should not then have returned to the more simple and civilized English. Lest our readers should be left to groan over the mysteries of the above distressing syllabic eccentricities, we shall state that to "inspan" oxen is to "hitch" them, and to "outspan" is to "unhitch," that to "trek" is to "march," while a "jambok" is a cow-hide, a "dissel-boom" is the pole or tongue of the waggon, a "rheim-py" is a strip of leather, and a "trek-tow" is the massive rope of twisted hide on either side of which the oxen are yoked and connected with the vehicles.

Such is a brief and very imperfect sketch of the outfit of Mr. Cumming on his first expedition, and a fair sample of his preparations for each of his four other tours during his five years' stay in South Africa, except in one single respect, and this is the absence of dogs during his first expedition, which abounded during the remainder. It gives us, however, great pleasure to inform the reader that Mr. Cumming has refrained in the most remarkable manner from those raptures and apostrophes to the sweetness of the canine voice in which it has been habit of the hunter, from time immemorial, to indulge his enthusiasm. We have the pleasure of being relieved of the effect of such a note, or such a full cry in such a valley and on such a mountain, of being told how,

"Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen and cavern paid them back,
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountains gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out
A hundred voices joined the shout
With hark and whoop and wild halloo
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew,
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din,
Returned from cavern, cliff and linn,
And silence settled wide and still
On the lone wood and mighty hill."

BIBLIOTHECA

For this honorable instance of self-denial we protest that Mr. Cumming is entitled to the gratitude of all sensible people.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the author before us is the fierce and genuine zeal he has for the hardy and exciting pastimes of the field. The sportsman-like enthusiasm of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle is one extreme and the insatiable fury of Mr. Gordon Cumming is the other extreme of the love of the chase. He had invested nearly every dollar of his limited means in his outfit, he was vexed beyond endurance by the insolence and thievery of his servants, the sun blistered him, the cold winds from the icebergs of the Southern Ocean chilled him to the soul, his waggons were broken, his cattle killed in crowds by distemper and the "tsetse fly," his way blocked by the frauds and hostilities of Dutch Boers and Bechuana savages, rheumatic fevers scorched him, and he was deserted by all his servants except one solitary Bushman boy, with two heavily loaded wagons, with his horses and cattle perishing for water on the borders of a desert near five hundred miles from the English settlements, and yet all these complicated disasters amid innumerable others, could not quench the stubborn courage and endurance of this Celtic Nimrod. Take the specimen of what our hero dared and suffered in the indulgence of his taste for the blood of the game.

"In less than half an hour the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew extremely cold, and the rain beat right in my face; the peals of thunder were most appalling, the most fearful, I think I had ever heard, the forked lightning dancing

above and around me with such vividness as to pain my eyes; I thought every moment would be my last. I shifted my saddle from 'Sunday' to 'the Cow,' and we pricked along at a smart pace. We were entering a thicket of thorny bushes, when a very large gray-looking antelope stood up under one of them. I could not see his head, but I at once knew that it was the long-sought-for roan antelope or bastard gemsbok. Carollus quickly handed me my little Moore rifle, secure from the pelting storm in one of Mr. Hugh Snowie's patent water-proof covers. The noble buck now bounded forth, a superb old male, carrying a pair of grand cimeter-shaped horns. He stood nearly five feet high at the shoulder. 'The Cow' knew well what he had to do, and set off after him with right good will over a most impracticable country. It was a succession of masses of adamantine rock and stone, and dense bushes with thorns on the boat hook principle. In a few minutes my legs below the knees were a *mass of blood*, and my shirt, my only covering, was flying in streamers from my waist. The old buck at first got a little ahead, but presently, the ground improving, I gained upon him, and, after a sharp burst of about two miles we commenced ascending a slight acclivity, when he suddenly faced about and stood at bay, eyeing me with glowing eyes and a look of defiance. This was to me a joyful moment. The buck I had for many years heard of and longed to meet now stood at bay within forty yards of me. I dismounted, and drawing my rifle from its holster, sent a bullet through his shoulder, upon which he cantered a short distance and lay down beside a bush. On my approach he endeavored to charge, but his strength failed him. I then gave him a second shot in the neck, just where I always cut off the head. On receiving it he rolled over, and, stretching his limbs, closed his eyes upon the storm, which *all this time raged with increasing severity*. I felt extremely cold. *I had lost my shirt in the chase, and all that was left me was my shoes and leather knee-breeches.* I nevertheless took some time to inspect the beautiful and rare antelope which I had been fortunate enough to capture. He proved to be a first-rate specimen; his horns were extremely rough and finely knotted. I now proceeded to cut off his head and 'gralloched' him, all of which I accomplished before my followers came up. They stumbled on me by chance, having lost sight of me in the denseness of the storm. Having shifted my saddle from 'The Cow' to 'Colesberg,' I ordered them to follow, and I rode hard for camp, which was distant many miles. At sunset the storm ceased, and my boys arrived with the head." *Vol.* I, *pp.* 141—142.

Surely a gentleman must be somewhat interested in a pursuit which could lead him into a break-neck chase over rocks, and through thorn bushes, tearing his clothes and his skin to tatters and this in the midst of a violent and increasing storm of rain, wind and thunder. Indeed Mr. Cumming's zeal goes a stage beyond the romantic, and seems to verge on the insane. If he sees a rare specimen of antelope and fails to possess himself of it—why he sleeps no more that night, and he describes his feelings during his first chase of a troop of giraffes, as so entranced by the wondrous and beautiful sight before him, that he rode along like a man in a dream, with a very strong disinclination to believe that he was doing anything else than hunting in the fields of Elysium. Nothing but a genuine and powerful sentiment of partiality for the sport could have led any body to endure such hardships as befel our author in the far interior of South Africa.

Mr. Cumming's first tour occupied from near the last of October, 1843, to the first of April, 1844, and was principally devoted to the chase of the springbok and other species of antelope which cover the plains of the interior of the Boer settlements, in herds of countless thousands. The whole of that section of the African continent seems to be overrun with antelopes of many varieties, which migrate from pasture to pasture in immense, nay, almost incredible numbers. Of these antelopes there seems to be as many as ten or fifteen different varieties. The springbok is one of the most beautiful and prolific of the antelope tribes. The following descriptions of the springbok, the gemsbok and the eland must suffice for this species of Mr. Cumming's pets:

"The Springbok is so termed by the colonists on account of its peculiar habit of springing or taking extraordinary bounds, rising to an incredible height in the air, when pursued. The extraordinary manner in which springboks are capable of springing is best seen when they are chased by dog. On these occasions away start the herd, with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and, at the same time elevating the snowy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairy-like appearance, different from any other animal. They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet, with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and striking the plain, away they soar again, as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sportive mood. Presently pulling up, they face about, and reconnoitre the object of their alarm. In crossing any path or waggon-road on which men have lately trod, the springbok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each antelope performs this feat, so suspicious are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. They bound in a similar manner when passing to lee-

ward of a lion, or any other animal of which they entertain an instinctive dread." *Vol.* 1, *p.* 72.

"The oryx, or gemsbok, to which I was now about to direct my attention more particularly, is about the most beautiful and remarkable of all the antelope tribe. It is the animal which is supposed to have given rise to the fable of the Unicorn, from its long straight horns, when seen *en profile*, so exactly covering one another as to give it the appearance of having but one. It possesses the erect mane, long, sweeping, black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoofs of an antelope. It is robust in its form, squarely and compactly built, and very noble in its bearing. Its height is about that of an ass, and in color it slightly resembles that animal. The beautiful black bands which eccentrically adorn its head, giving it the appearance of wearing a stall collar, together with the manner in which the rump and thighs are painted, impart to it a character peculiar to itself. The adult male measures three feet, ten inches in height at the shoulder." *Vol.* 1, *p.* 94.

"The eland is by far the largest of all the antelope tribe, exceeding a large ox in size. It also attains an extraordinary condition, being often burdened with a very large amount of fat. Its flesh is most excellent, and is justly esteemed above all others. It has a peculiar sweetness, and is tender and fit for use the moment the animal is killed. Like the gemsbok, the Eland is independent of water and frequents the borders of the great Kalahari desert in herds from ten to a hundred." *Vol.* 1. *p.* 218.

These form the principal and most valuable species of the large antelope tribes, among which are the steinbok, the koodoo, the pallah, the sassayby, the rhey-bok, the rhode-rae-bok, the blesbok, the palaquaine, and the serolo-mootlooque, the last of which was discovered by Mr. Cumming and christened "Antelopus Roualeynei." The wilde beest is something between the antelope and the buffalo, and is nothing more than the gnu or gnoo, which has sometimes been exhibited to American sight-seers as the horned horse. There are two species of this animal, distinguished from each other by color alone, the one being blue or brindled, and the other black. The buffalo abounds in great numbers all through the plains frequented by the antelope and the wilde beest, and is very nearly identical with the bison of the great prairies of the West. The description drawn by Mr. Cumming of the appearance of the plains when crowded by the vast moving herds of antelope, interspersed with troops of wilde beest and buffalo, and here and there a group of Ostriches sauntering through the dense masses, are exceedingly picturesque and striking. The following account of a grand "trekbokker" or migration of the springboks may afford some idea of the vast quantities of game to be found in the plains of Africa.

"For about two hours before the day dawned I had been lying awake in my waggon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but on my rising when it was clear and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the forechest of my wagon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried enough.

"——Vast and surprising as was the herd of springboks which I had that morning witnessed, it was infinitely surpassed by what I beheld on the march from my vley to old Sweirs's camp; for on our clearing the long range of hills through which the springboks had been pouring, I beheld the boundless plains and even the hill-sides which stretched away on every side of me, thickly covered, not with 'herds,' but with 'one vast herd' of springboks; far as the eye could strain the landscape was alive with them, until they softened down into a dim red mass of living creatures." *Vol.* 1, *pp.* 113—114.

There are two or three different modes of hunting the antelope and wilde beests, current among the Boers and other hunters on the South African plains. One is called 'jaging' the game, which consists in chasing them down on horse back, and the other in digging a shooting-hole near some favorite watering-place or pasture, and shooting them as they wander unconsciously on their courses. This latter mode was the one frequently followed by Mr. Cumming when he had arrived in the land of the elephant and lion, and some of the most extraordinary scenes in these volumes occurred round some favorite haunt of the noble game. His practice was to order a hole large enough for the reception of his bedding to be dug in a position which commanded the fountain and its approaches, and there the bold hunter would pass his nights watching the habits of the different game as they approached to drink, or at his leisure select his victims and lay them low. His situation was not unfrequently rendered critically unpleasant even to his hardened appetite for the excitement of dan-

ger. It is easy to imagine more comfortable scenes than one which occurred to him on his second or third trip, when he awoke in the middle of the night, with some fifty or sixty fierce and rapacious wild dogs, screaming and fighting around him, with a large detachment standing upon the brink of his place of concealment as if curious to ascertain his nature before beginning to devour him. A spring to his feet, a flutter of his blanket, and a yell which astonished even the gentleman who uttered it for the eagerness and unnatural vivacity of its tone, dispersed the visitors to a short distance, when the crack of the rifle and the dying scream of one or two of their number finally left Mr. Cumming to resume his slumbers. The following graphic and well-drawn sketch will put the reader in possession of a vivid impression of the sport of our author:

"On the afternoon of the 3d of September I watched the fountain. Towards sunset one blue wildebeest, six zebras, and a large herd of pallahs were all drinking before me. I lay enjoying contemplation for at least fifteen minutes, and most of them having then slaked their thirst I sent a ball through the heart of the best headed pallah. I then took a long shot at the blue wildebeest bull, and sent the other ball into his shoulder. I now came to the camp, and ordered the pallah to be placed in front of my hole beside the water, to attract the lions. Having taken my coffee I returned to the water with Kleinboy and Mollyee. It was bright moonlight. We had scarcely lain down when the terrible voice of a lion was heard a little to the East; the jackals were feasting over the remains of the white rhinoceros of yesterday, and only one or two occasionally came and snuffed at the pallah. Presently a herd of zebras, accompanied by elands, approached the water, but were too timid to come in and drink; a troop of wild dogs xow came boldly up, and were walking off with the pallah when I fired into them. They made off, but immediately returning and again seizing my pallah, I fired again and wounded one of them.

"Soon after we had lain down, a thundering clattering of hoofs was heard coming up the vley, and on came an immense herd of blue wilde beest. They were very thirsty, and the leading cow very soon came boldly up and drank before me. I sent a ball through her; she ran sixty yards up the slope behind me, and fell dead. Her comrades then thundered across the vley and took up a position on the opposite rising ground In two minutes the hyænas and jackals had attacked the carcass of this wilde beest. Soon after this a lion gave a most appalling roar on the bushy height close opposite to us, which was succeeded by a death-like stillness which lasted for nearly a minute. I had then only one shot in my four barrels, and I hastily loaded the other barrel of my Westley Richards, and with breathless attention kept the strictest watch in front, expecting every moment to see the mighty and terrible King of beasts approaching; but he was too cunning. He saw all the other game fight shy of the water. So he made a circuit to leeward to get the wind of the fountain. Soon after he roared I heard a number of jackals bothering him, as if telling him to come across the vley to the wilde beest; he growled from side to side, as if playing with them, and after this all was still.

"I had listened with intense anxiety for about fifteen minutes longer, when I heard the hyænas, and jackals give way on either side behind me, from the carcass of the wilde beest, and turning my head slowly round, beheld a huge and majestic lion with a black mane which nearly swept the ground, standing over the carcass. He seemed aware of my proximity, and lowering his head at once laid hold of the wilde beest and dragged it some distance up the hill. He then halted to take breath, but did not expose a broadside, and in a quarter of a minute he again laid hold of the wilde beest and dragged it about twelve yards further towards the cover, when he again raised his noble head and halted to take breath.

"I had not an instant to lose; he stood with his right side exposed to me in a very slanting position; I stretched my left arm across the grass, and taking him rather low, fired; the ball took effect and the lion sank to the shot. All was still as death for many seconds, when he uttered a deep growl and slowly gaining his feet limped toward the cover, roaring mournfully as he went. When he got into the thorny bushes he stumbled through them as he moved along, and in half a minute I heard him halt and growl fearfully, as if dying. I had now every reason to believe that he was either dead or would die immediately, and if I did not seek him till the morning I knew very well that the hyænas and jackals would destroy him. I accordingly went up to camp, and having saddled two horses, I and Martin rode to seek him taking all the dogs, led in strings by the natives. On reaching the carcass of the wilde beest we slipped the dogs and they went off after the hyænas and jackals; we listened in vain for the deep growl of the lion, but I was persuaded that he was dead and rode forward to the spot where I had last heard him growl. Lassie now coming up, commenced barking at a bush in front of me, and riding round I had the immense satisfaction to behold the most magnificent old black-maned lion stretched out before me.

"The ball had entered his belly a little before the flank, and traversed the length and breadth of his body, crippling him in the opposite shoulder. No description could give a correct idea of the surpassing beauty of this most majestic animal, as he lay still warm before me. I lighted a fire, and gazed with delight upon his lovely mane, his massive arms, his sharp yellow nails, his hard and terrible head, his immense and powerful teeth, his perfect beauty and symmetry throughout; and I felt that I had won the noblest prize that this wide world could yield to a sportsman." Vol. 2., pp. 94—97.

Mr. Cumming has condescended once or twice to cease narrating the epic grandeurs of his hunt-

ing exploits, to give a brief and most unsatisfactory account of a few of the natural productions of the soil in the districts through which he roamed. This is one of the most inexcusable defects of the book. Mr. Cumming is the first or among the first of Europeans who has penetrated the far interior of Africa, and had he chosen or been able to do it, he might have added valuable contributions to botanical and mineralogical science. But the accounts he does give are very succinct, although sometimes so extravagant as to affect the general credibility of the book and the veracity of the author to a serious extent. The sandal wood abound in profusion on the ridges of the mountains, and its small light silvery-gray leaf emits at all seasons a rich and powerful perfume. The rose wood is found in large quantities. But the *monfooroo* tree is decidedly the most interesting growth of the African forest, from a beautiful and delicious fruit about the size of the date, on which the poorer natives subsist for several months. The banks of the rivers are frequently fringed for considerable distances with dense masses of reeds, forming an almost impenetrable shelter to the fierce beasts that prowl along the streams, in search of food or water. In many parts flowers of rich and gaudy hues, blend beauty with fragrance in their appeals to the notice of the traveller. Geraniums of every variety seem to find their chosen nurseries, among the hills near the sea coast. The iris and lichen, endless varieties of the ixia and amaythis are abundant, and the jungle is frequently gaily ornamented with festoons of many-colored creepers, among which are conspicuous the bunches of bright orange-colored mistletoe, peculiar to the forests which border on the sea-coast. The more barren portions of the interior are covered with a jungle of a formidable thorn, facetiously termed "wait-a-bits" by the wits of the country, from the incessant delays they force upon the passenger. But we must beg the reader's particular and most charitable attention to the following description of the "nwana" of the Bamangwato:

"It is about this latitude that the traveller will first meet with the gigantic and castle-like nwana, which is decidedly the most striking and wonderful tree among the thousands which adorn the South African forests. It is chiefly remarkable on account of its extraordinary size, actually resembling a castle or tower more than a forest tree. Throughout the country of Bamangwato, *the average circumference* of these trees was from thirty to forty feet; but on subsequently extending my researches in a north easterly direction, throughout the more fertile forests which clothe the boundless tracts through which the fair Limpopo winds, I daily met with specimens of this extraordinary tree *averaging from sixty to a hundred* feet in circumference, and meintwining this thickness to a height from twenty to thirty feet, when they diverge into numerous goodly branches whose general character is abrupt and horizontal, and which seem to terminate with a peculiar suddenness. The wood of this tree is soft and utterly unserviceable; the shape of the leaf is similar to that of the sycamore tree, but its texture partakes more of the fig leaf; its fruit is a nut, which in size and shape resembles the egg of the swan. A remarkable fact in connection with these trees is the manner in which they are disposed throughout the forest. They are found standing singly or in rows, invariably at considerable distances from one another, as if planted by the hand of man; and from their wondrous size and unusual height (for they always tower high above their surrounding compeers) they convey the idea of being strangers or interlopers on the ground they occupy." Vol. 2, pp. 35—36.

Now in the name of all the rights of man at once, we protest against being placed in the dilemma into which that passage has thrown us. It is difficult to contradict a gentleman who has seen such sights as Mr. Gordon Cumming, and it is a difficulty infinitely greater to swallow the story above related; it would be easier to swallow the butt cut of nwana itself than to digest a a mistake so "open, palpable, mountainous." One such tree as the smaller of those alluded to by our hero might secure a precarious stand in our credulity, but to think of entire forests, covered with trees *averaging from sixty to a hundred* feet in circumference, and standing at regular distances like a regiment of men, is enough to set on edge the teeth of the most inveterate miracle-monger on this earth. Our first thought on reading the above, was that it was certainly the largest and most impudent looking lie that had been printed since the days of Munchausen, but the idea flashed upon us at once, how could you successfully impeach the testimony of the great hunter of South Africa? We confess the difficulty, we acknowledge our presumption, we implore the mercy of all compassionate people, and yet we must persist in the meek impertinence of telling Mr. Cumming we do not believe one word of it.

We have only space to notice briefly the "water-root," "a large oval bulb from six to ten inches in diameter, of an extremely juicy consistence with a rather insipid flavor," which grows at a distance of some eight inches below the surface, and forms a most delightful relief to the thirsty traveller as he passes over the long and sultry deserts of the country. The whole of these great deserts are supplied every month in the year with a variety of juicy roots and bulbs, which the half-starved natives dig out with sharp sticks hardened in the fire, and devour for a sustenance.

The accounts which Mr. Cumming gives of the habits of the native tribes, and the other inhabitants, are very sparse and unsatisfactory. Indeed he seems to have thought that the world would be far more interested in the way he smashed the shoulder of a springbok, or left a mosaic of shirt and skin on the thorn bushes as he rode headlong through the jungle, than in a detail of the habits and customs of the unknown tribes of the interior, or the half-civilized Boers of a more Southern latitude.

The principal classes of men which inhabit the Southern point of the African continent, are the Boers, Hottentots, Bushmen, Grignas, Kaffirs, Bechuanas and Bakalahari. The Boers are the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of the country, and are a rough and generally unprincipled set, given to abusing the nation, and drinking to drunkenness. Indeed, we may remark in passing, that this disgraceful vice seems to be universally popular with all the classes of inhabitants, both Boers and natives, that have access to the settlements of the English; and many of Mr. Cumming's troubles with his servants arose from their making free with the stores of brandy he carried with him. The hostility of the Boers to the English government seems to have existed in unabated vehemence since the country fell into English hands; and a regular war was waged between them as late as 1847, rendering the passage of our author through the territory of the Boers, an experiment which he would not have risked except under the pressure of necessity. He only escaped being plundered of his ivory and valuables, by insisting upon the distinction between a Scotchman and an Englishman, and by making liberal contributions to the vanity of the Boer women. The Hottentots are the poor and degraded descendants of the aborigines of the country. The Kaffirs are a bold and warlike race, that live on the eastern coast of the great promontory. The Bechuanas are the tribes which live far in the interior—in the range of the elephant. These people are generally tall, well-formed savages of a light copper color, clad in karasses, or "mantles," of leopard's or jackal's skin, with a plume of black or white ostrich feathers stuck into their woolly hair and armed with a shield of hide, a battle-axe, and an assagai, or light stabbing spear or javelin. Both men and women besmear themselves with fat and a grey ore like mica, and wear a profusion of beads and ornaments of copper wire. The women, as usual with barbarous tribes, do the most, if not all of the cultivation of the soil. Polygamy is allowed, and they generally live in Kraals or villages. They are devout believers in the rites of superstition, and apply "medicine" to every enterprise in which they engage, to protect them from lion or lightning, or to propitiate the clouds, as the case may be. The following application of "medicine" to gunpowder, will illustrate the wisdom of their wise men. During Mr. Cumming's stay at Booby, a village of one of the Bechuana tribes, he sold some guns and powder to the chief, who, trying his purchases, missed every object he aimed at. As a matter of course, "medicine" must be applied to the powder to correct its faults, and one wiseacre happily suggested fire as most appropriate to the cure of the ill-humors of gun-powder. The result may be imagined; the chief and his council, solemnly bending over the experiment to witness the results, were blown to the stars. The name of that village was not unsuited to its inhabitants.

But the most interesting of all the people noticed in the work upon our table, are unquestionably the Bushmen—the Arabs of the South-African continent—whose hands are against all, and against whom are the hands of all. They have been driven back into the wild and impenetrable precincts of the interior, by the fierce reprisals their own depredations have been provoked, and from these fastnesses they suddenly and silently issue across the deserts and fall like lightning upon the flocks and herds of the Griguas and Boers, massacre all persons they can find, and return with their booty to their homes in the jungle. When pursued and they discover that there are no chances to secure their plunder, they will at once destroy it, by mangling and butchering the cattle in the most horrible manner, and then retreat swiftly beyond the reach of their pursuers. Their chief weapon is an insignificant little bow, with short poisoned arrows, which they discharge with deadly effect. They are a bold and desperate race, and do not hesitate to attack the elephant to obtain his tusks for the trade of the more wealthy and commercial tribes of the Bechuanas and Bakalahari. They have a singular habit of burying ostrich eggs, filled with water, along their line of march through the desert, so that they can retreat in safety, where their enemies cannot follow them for lack of water. Mr. Cumming gives an interesting account of the storming of a Bushman cave by the Bechuanas, and of the death of a Bushman hero in a foray in the year 1847; but we forbear to make the extract. The reader may find it on pp. 67—70. Vol. 2.

Ostrich eggs are in general use among the tribes of the interior as water vessels, and the women sometimes bring water from immense distances in these frail and unique culinary implements. These eggs are abundant, some thirty or forty being frequently found in a nest; but if the discoverer of a nest should be so im-

prudent as to take only a part of his prize under the expectation of returning for the rest, he will find them crushed by the ostrich itself to prevent the triumph of its foe. These volumes contradict some of the settled ideas of naturalists, and among them the idea that the ostrich lays its eggs and then deserts them to the tender mercies of the sun and the wild beast; this is not true; the male takes turns with the female during the period of incubation. Mr. Cumming reiterates the accounts of the strength and fleetness of this remarkable bird, and relates that his leg was nearly broken by the kick of a dying ostrich, who repaid its slaughter by knocking its slayer full length on the rough plain.

The honey bird is another remarkable little member of the feathered tribes of Africa, for whose acquaintance we are indebted to our author. This bird is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color, and will always lead the person, who will accept its invitation, to the nest of the wild-bee. This invitation it will give by fluttering and chattering round the traveller, and having gained his attention, will lead the way by the same anxious and laborious process to the spot, where its instincts have discovered its choicest food. It will sit quietly on an adjoining bush, while the hive is plundered, and will then descend to feed upon the fragments. It will sometimes lead the hunter to two or three different hives in succession.

The social grosbeak is also worthy of notice. This bird seems to be afflicted with a species of the mania which seizes all members of American assemblies, and can only be relieved by a copious discharge of inflated oratory through the mouth and nostrils. Large numbers of them associate themselves for the purposes of society, and taking possession of a spreading mimosa, they fairly thatch it over with an impenetrable roof, while the cells thickly ranged and opening below, present the spectacle of an enormous honey comb, or wasp nest.

The rhinoceros bird is one whose habits approach the confines of the marvellous. They are constant attendants upon the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros, to feed upon the parasitic insects that swarm on the hides of these animals. It is a small gray bird, whose chief business it seems to be to rouse the rhinoceros when he is asleep, by shrieking the note of warning of the approach of danger. It never fails to awaken its enormous pet, and as he plunges heavily through the jungle, the bird quickly resumes its feeding, and if swept off by a limb, immediately returns to its place on the side or back of its friend.

There are four varieties of the rhinoceros, distinguished by color and the number of horns growing on the snout. Of these the principal are the "borèlé," or black rhinoceros, and the "muchocho," or common white rhinoceros. The "keitloa" is a two-horned black rhinoceros, and "kobaoba" is the long-horned white variety of the the same animal. These huge and hideous looking monsters feed almost entirely on the wait-a-bit thorns, and the black varieties are exceedingly fierce and dangerous. Their hides are impenetrable to any bullet that has not been hardened. The skull is massive, and the horn, which seldom exceeds eighteen inches in length, and is susceptible of being used in a number of useful articles, grows upon the skin and is not immediately connected with the skull. The following incident will illustrate the character of the brute and give a sample of Mr. Cumming's adventures with this species of animal.

"Shortly after this I found myself on the banks of the stream beside which my wagons were outspanned. Following along its margin, I presently beheld a bull of the borèlé, or black rhinoceros, standing within a hundred yards of me. Dismounting from my horse, I secured him to a tree, and then stalked within twenty yards of the huge beast, under cover of a large, strong bush. Borèlé, hearing me advance, came on to see what it was, and suddenly protruded his horny nose within twenty yards of me. Knowing well that a front shot would not prove deadly, I sprang to my feet and ran behind the bush. Upon this the villain charged, blowing loudly, and chased me round the bush. Had his activity been equal to his ugliness, my wanderings would have terminated here, but by my superior agility I had the advantage in the turn. After standing a short time eyeing me through the bush, he got a whiff of my wind, which at once alarmed him. Uttering a blowing noise, and erecting his insignificant, yet saucy-looking tail he wheeled about, leaving me master of the field, when I sent a bullet through his ribs to teach him manners."

Vol. I, p. 215.

But by far the most interesting of all the animals described by Mr. Cumming, is the sagacious and majestic elephant. These animals once wandered far within the borders of the English territories, but they have been driven back, by the advancing progress of civilization, into the forests and deserts of the far interior. Through the vast and solitary domains they range far and wide in search of food, marking their progress by rending the forest before them, or plowing up whole acres with their powerful tusks, in search of the bulbs and roots to which their instincts direct them. This habit of breaking the trees to pieces is a singular one, being apparently as much the result of mere wantonness as of a desire for food, since they will frequently level large trees with the ground and only crop a twig before they pass. Large masses of forest

lands are frequently rendered impassible by the complete devastations wrought by the elephants. They consume immense quantities of food, and pass the larger portion of both day and night in satisfying their hunger. They roam in herds, varying from two to a hundred, and attain frequently to sizes the most enormous. The bull grows much the larger, and Mr. Cumming declares that he has in his possession a tusk of an African elephant, ten feet nine inches in length, weighing one hundred and seventy-three pounds!* The elephants drink every night in warm weather, but in cool and cloudy weather, they visit the fountains only once every third or fourth night. These fountains are frequently at immense distances from their pasturage, and the elephants frequently come fifteen or twenty miles to quench their thirst and enjoy the pleasure of spouting huge volumes of water over their backs. Many of these fountains seem to have been places of resort for elephants and other large game from the earliest times, inasmuch as the pathway is frequently worn deep in the solid rock, by the feet of the mighty denizens of these primeval forests. They sleep generally from midnight until towards day, sometimes on their broad sides, and sometimes standing on their feet. Their gait is a free and majestic pace, singularly soundless from the peculiar, soft and spongy formation of their feet. When alarmed they retreat in a brisk amble that takes them along in a degree of speed marvellous in so large a brute, but they are easily overtaken on horseback. When attacked, they retreat until brought forcibly to bay, when they will charge the foe with undaunted courage, making a loud and imposing trumpeting to sound the onset. An elephant roused thoroughly up to the fighting point is one of the most dangerous of all animals. We select the following description of the slaughter of an elephant, from many equally lively and entertaining; but this will suffice to give the reader some notion of the mode in which Mr. Cumming realized the grand idea of his life.

"We proceeded as silently as might be for a few hundred yards, following the guide, when he suddenly pointed, exclaiming "Klow," and before us stood a herd of mighty bull elephants, packed together beneath a shady grove, about a hundred and fifty yards in advance. I rode slowly towards them, and as soon as they observed me, they made a loud rumbling noise, and tossing their trunks, wheeled right about and made off in one direction, crashing through the forest, and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. Of the four old fellows, two had much finer tusks than the rest, and for a few seconds I was undecided which of these two I would follow; when suddenly the one which I fancied had the stoutest tusks broke from his comrades, and I at once felt convinced that he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly. Cantering alongside, I was about to fire, when he instantly turned, and uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill, that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree for the trees of the forest, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.

"When he pulled up in his charge, I likewise halted; and as he slowly turned to retreat I let fly at his shoulder, 'Sunday' capering and prancing and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball, the elephant shrugged his shoulders and made off at a free majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance which had been following the other elephants, and on their coming up and barking, another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before. In his charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot; but although the elephant turned repeatedly, 'Sunday' invariably disappointed me, capering so that it was impossible to fire. At length, exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and springing from the saddle, approached the elephant under cover of a tree, and gave him a bullet in the side of the head, when trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from whom he seemed to fancy that the blow had come; after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns with his head towards me. I walked up very near, and as he was in the act of charging, stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that by so doing I should end his career. The shot only served to increase his fury—an effect which I had remarked shots in the head invariably produced; and continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity, he all but terminated my elephant hunting forever. A large party of the Bechuanas, who had come up, yelled out simultaneously, imagining I was killed, for the elephant was at one moment almost on the top of me; I, however, escaped by my activity, and by dodging round the bushy trees. As the elephant was charging, an enormous thorn ran deep into the sole of my foot, the old Badenoch brogues, which I that day sported, being worn through; and this caused me severe pain, laming me throughout the rest of the conflict.

"The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace; but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more alongside. My elephant kept crashing along at a steady pace with blood streaming from his wounds; the dogs, which were knocked up with fatigue and thirst, no longer barked around him, but had dropped astern. It was long before I again fired, for I was afraid to dismount, and 'Sunday' was extremely troublesome. At length I fired sharp right and left from the

* But Mr. Cumming told the Nwana story!

middle: he got both balls behind the shoulder, and made a long charge after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwato men had now come up and were following a short distance behind me. Among these was Mollyee, who volunteered to help; and being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered me important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded. I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us to the main body in our rear, who fled in all directions as he approached.

"The sun had now sunk behind the tops of the trees; it would very soon be dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. I recollected that my time was short, and therefore at once resolved to fire no more from the saddle, but to go close up to him and fire on foot. Riding up to him I dismounted, and approaching very near, I gave it him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me; but I was now very reckless of his charge, for I saw that he could not overtake me, and in a twinkling I was loaded, and again approaching, fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder. Again he charged with a terrific trumpet, which sent 'Sunday' flying through the forest. This was his last charge. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. These, refreshed by the evening breeze, and perceiving that it was nearly over with the elephant, had once more come to my assistance. Having loaded, I drew near and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving these shots, instead of charging, he tossed his trunk up and down, and by various sounds and motions most gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near. Again I loaded, and fired my last shot behind his shoulder: on receiving it he turned round the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran round to give him the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; before I could clear the bushy tree, he fell heavily on his side and his spirit had fled. I climbed on to him and sat enthroned upon his side, which was as high as my eyes when standing on the ground. I never felt so gratified on any former occasion as I did then."

Vol. I, pp. 297—301.

The elephant is sometimes very tenacious of life, requiring from twenty to sixty bullets before he will yield. In only one instance did our author succeed in taking his life by a single shot. The number of these animals that fell before his rifle during his five tours, was considerably over one hundred; he does not specify the precise number, but refers to his "fiftieth" and "hundreth" elephant at the time he slew them. We are tempted to treat the reader to another description of elephant-shooting by moonlight, but we are compelled to forbear. We cannot, however, refrain from extracting the following felicitous and lively description of the dissection of the elephant by the natives, and their method of cooking the feet, which are considered a great delicacy, promising that this shall be the last long extract, to which we shall insist upon the reader's attention.

After speaking of the manner in which the outer skin is removed, and the inner skin shaped into water-bags, and premising that the Bechuanas are very fond of fat, Mr. Cumming proceeds:

"The fat of the elephant lies in extensive layers and sheets in his inside, and the quantity which is obtained from a full grown bull, in high condition, is very great. Before it can be obtained, the greater part of the bowels must be removed. To accomplish this, several men eventually enter the immense cavity of his inside, where they continue mining away with their assagais, and handing the fat to their comrades outside until all is bare. While this is transpiring with the sides and bowels, other parties are equally active in removing the skin and flesh from the remaining parts of the carcass. The natives have a horrid practice on these occasions of besmearing their bodies from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, with the black and clotted gore; and in this anointing they assist one another, each man taking up the fill in both his hands, and spreading it over the back and shoulders of his friend. Throughout the entire proceeding an incessant and deafening clamor of many voices and confused sounds is maintained, and violent jostling and wrestling are practised by every man, elbowing the breasts and countenances of his fellows, all slippery with gore, as he endeavors to force his way to the venison through the dense intervening ranks, while the sharp and ready assagai gleams in every hand. The angry voices and gory appearances of these naked savages, combined with their excited and frantic gestures and glistening arms, presented an effect so wild and striking, that when I first beheld the scene, I contemplated it in the momentary expectation of beholding one half of the gathering turn their weapons against the other."

Then follows the account of the baking of the feet and trunk:

"A party provided with sharp-pointed sticks, dig a hole in the ground for each foot and a portion of the trunk. These holes are about two feet deep and a yard in width; the excavated earth is embanked around the margin of the hole. This work being completed, they next collect an immense quantity of dry branches and trunks of trees, of which there is always a profusion scattered around, having been broken by the elephants in former years. These they pile above the holes to the height of eight or nine feet, and then set fire to the heap. When these strong fires have burned down, and the whole of the wood is reduced to ashes, the holes and the surrounding earth are heated in a high degree. Ten or twelve men then stand round the pit, and rake

out the ashes with a pole about sixteen feet in length, having a hook at the end. They relieve one another in quick succession, each man running in and raking the ashes for a few seconds, and then pitching the pole to his comrade and retreating, since the heat is so intense that it is scarcely to be endured. When all the ashes are thus raked out beyond the surrounding bank of earth, each elephant's foot and portion of the trunk is lifted by two athletic men standing side by side, who place it on their shoulders, and approaching the pit together, they heave it into it. The long pole is now again resumed, and with it they shove in the heated bank of earth upon the foot, and another bonfire is kindled over each, which is allowed to burn down and die a natural death, by which time the enormous foot or trunk will be found to be equally baked throughout its inmost parts. When the foot is supposed to be ready, it is taken out of the ground with pointed sticks, and is first well beaten, and then scraped with an assagai, whereby adhering particles of sand are got rid of. The outside is then pared off, and it is transfixed with a sharp stake for facility of carriage. The feet thus cooked are excellent, as is also the trunk, which very much resembles buffalo's tongue."

Vol I, pp. 303—306.

We had intended to give our readers a sample of an adventure with each principal animal that formed the object of Mr. Cumming's attentions; but we have already occupied too much space. He had an encounter with a lion at midnight, meeting face to face in a narrow path, and a narrow escape from a horrid snake, which it would be interesting to repeat. But we must refer the reader to the book itself for these and many similar adventures of a like interest. We must say, however, that we feel a very philosophical degree of incredulity at the story of the wounded hippopotamus, floundering in the water, which was guided by Mr. Cumming to the bank in a manner decidedly unique, to say the least of it. He swam to the wounded brute, and finding her tail too short to afford him a hold, he cuts two parallel slits in her skin, and inserting his knife, he framed an extempore handle to his game, and thus secured it in triumph. This may be true, but we feel most uncomfortably at a loss how to begin to believe it; and do here most pathetically repeat our solemn conviction, that Mr. Cumming had no right to place us in the dilemma of risking the denial of an assertion, without the "documents" to disprove it, or of losing our self-respect for crediting a thing that verges upon the ridiculous.

Before concluding this review, we would remark upon one singular peculiarity in the author before us. He was hunting almost every day for five years, in the midst of enormous crowds of game ranging in herds of all sizes, and yet, singular to relate, Mr. Cumming never but once or twice failed to get the very pick and flower of the flock. If he starts a troop of giraffes, he invariably gets the best, if a herd of wilde-beest, the likeliest wilde-beest falls to his aim, or if a flock of pallah or koodoos, or buffalo, or elephants, or anything else, he always has the miraculous good fortune to get the very prime and pride of the group. Now this species of huntsman-like boasting is endurable within modest bounds—if a man would only exaggerate with a *moderate* contempt for probabilities, he may be somewhat excused; but in the case before us, the improbabilities of the assertion being true are so infinitely multiplied, that we feel a little indignation at the nonchalance with which Mr. Cumming sports with our credulity. If the assertion did not bear such a marvellous resemblance to the marvellous little romances in which the hero always gets the best of everything, we should be more disposed to receive it with toleration. As it is, it only excites our contempt.

We must say in conclusion, that one or two incidents related in these volumes have given us a very unfavorable opinion of the elevation of moral sentiment in the character of our author. This opinion is mainly based upon the following fact. During Mr. Cumming's first tour, he was overtaken by dark on the plains, hunting springboks, and as he rode on towards his waggons, he roused what he supposed to be a troop of quaggas, and immediately started in pursuit. After a hard chase he managed to shoot one of them, and when he returned in the morning to look after his prize, he found that he had hunted the horses of a Boer in the vicinity and killed a valuable animal. His first impulse was to seek the owner and pay for the horse; but on being told by another Boer with whom he was then hunting, that the owner of the animal would make him pay more than the horse was worth, he meanly consented to conceal the act and concerted with Strydom to lay the loss on the lions or the Bushmen. Now we do not know what may be the moral sentiment, admitted to be obligatory by a member of a race of Celtic nobles; but we do know that the above transaction would disgrace a much more vicious person, than we think Mr. Cumming of Altyre to be. We would also invite the reader to inquire into the meaning of the ensuing outbreak of sensibility from the man, whose time for five years was occupied in the most wholesale and remorseless destruction of brute life. He had just shot a wild beast, whose flanks were dreadfully torn and lacerated by the teeth of the fierce and undaunted wild dog; and while contemplating the mangled body of the victim, he gives vent to the following extravagant burst of romantic tenderness.

"Poor old bull! I could not help commiserating his fate. It is melancholy to reflect that

in accordance with the laws of nature, such scenes of pain must ever be occurring; one species, whether inhabiting earth, air, or ocean, being produced to become the prey of another. At night I watched the water, with fairest moonlight, and shot a large spotted hyena.—*Vol. I*, p. 155.

The last of these sentences with the context preceding the whole passage, is a rather comical commentary on the sentimentality of the regret. "I have foresworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?"

To conclude, we can recommend this book to those who are fond of the narrative of adventure. We will warrant that the bold hunter will take his reader through a perfect surfeit of wild and picturesque scenes of the chase and its triumphs. But we must make this recommendation with one qualification, of which we wish the reader apprized before he buys the book on our authority; and this is, that the book is too long. Some may consider this an advantage, but there is not enough variety in the narrative to compensate for this defect. Abating our want of respect for the elevation of Mr. Cumming's character, and some little for his scope of information, we do not hesitate to pronounce him as bold a hunter as ever perilled life in the combats of the chase, and a writer whose powers of description are by no means contemptible. He managed, with a shrewdness that does the usual credit to the sagacity of his country, to blend profit with amusement, and to promote his interest while seeking his pleasure. He cleared a profit of some three thousand per cent. in the sales of his ivory, and has collected the trophies of his skill and courage into a South African Museum, now exhibiting in London. Mr. Cumming is the modern sample of the old cruiser of the Pontine Marshes.

Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, tenaræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.

With this compliment, from the hunting allusions of classic times, we bid farewell to Mr. Cumming of Altyre and his adventures in South Africa.

EPIGRAM.

Says Harry to Tom, shooting pistols one day,
At the heart of the cast-iron figure,
"Why is it the man we are popping at, pray,
Seems to have no great fear of the trigger?
Give it up? Why the reason's abundantly clear,
The matter quite easy to settle,
Our friend of the target exhibits no fear—
Because he's a fellow of *metal*."

ICHABOD.

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

"Life's a garden full of roses,
Ever blooming fresh and fair,
Ev'ry hour a joy discloses
Newer, brighter, and more rare,
From the valley, from the mountain,
From the world-embracing sea,
From the river, from the fountain,
Gushes forth sweet melody;
The blithe birds are sweetly singing
O'er the meadows prankt in green,
And the radiant flow'rs are springing
In their lust'rous summer sheen;
My light foot is freely bounding,
And my heart is light as air,
And my laughter gay is sounding
Like a light adieu to care,"—
Thus I sang in days of gladness,
With the bliss that angels know,
Ere I dreamed of care and sadness
Only sixteen years ago.

"While the brightest eyes shall glisten
I will touch the Poet's lyre,
All the world shall pause to listen
To its notes of love and fire;
O'er the däis of the palace
I shall move a Bard divine,
And from out a golden chalice
Sip the rarest olden wine—
To the raptur'd heart of beauty
With the lightest whisper move,
'Till she yield her willing duty
With a bracelet or a glove;
I shall look on Queenly faces
In the lamp-illumin'd hall—
In fair England's lordly places
Win the praises of them'all;"
Thus I sang, while fast and fleetly
Glided time's unheeded flow
In the days of youthhood sweetly,
Only sixteen years ago.

And I woo'd the bright Muse ever,
Fairest flow'rs of Fancy sought,
But to all my harpings, never
Came an answer to my thought;
And the world pass'd by me coldly,
Or whene'er it paused to hear,
Deem'd me one who over boldly
Without method, caught its ear;
Fled the fairy-like Ideal,
With the glories of its prime,
Came the shadow of the Real
On the verge of future time,
Came fond love, but no returning,
Came the trial and the strife,
And the shade of settled mourning
On the aspect of my life;
Then the Past would rise before me
But to mock me in my woe,
With the rapture that shone o'er me
Only sixteen years ago.

O'er the ocean wave a ranger
From my own, my darling West,

To the far land of the stranger
I have come in my unrest,
But to find a darker sorrow,
And to feel a deeper pain,
Morrow still pursuing morrow
With some pleasure in its train:
As I press a sleepless pillow,
Sadden'd fancy still will stray,
To the Green Isle o'er the billow,
To my old home far away;
Fare thee well wave-fondled island,
Vale and mountain fare ye well,
Never yet did barque draw nigh land,
Could attract with such a spell,
And farewell each radiant vision
It was mine to feel and know,
When my life was all Elysian,
Only sixteen years ago.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.*

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

When Burns was on his death-bed, he said to a fellow-member of his military corps, "don't let the awkward squad fire over me." There is an awkward squad in the ranks of all professions, and most earnestly is their service to be deprecated on any occasion calling for solemnity or tenderness. Then we demand what is graceful, harmonious and efficient. Yet it is the constant fate of genius to be tried by other arbiters than its peers, to be profaned by idle curiosity and malignant gossip. The "awkward squad" in literature not only fire over the graves of poets, but are wont to discharge annoying batteries of squibs at them while living. The penny-a-liners scent a celebrity afar off and hunt it with the pertinacity of hounds; they flock in at the death like a brood of vultures; and often without the ability either to sympathise with, or to respect the real claims they pretend to honor, show up the foibles, mutilate the sayings and fabricate the doings of those whose unostentatious private lives, to say nothing of the dignity of their public fame, should protect them from microscopic observation and vulgar comment. No modern English poet has suffered more from this kind of notoriety than Campbell. Unlike his brother bards, he neither sought rural seclusion or foreign exile, but continued to haunt cities to the last; and it is refreshing to turn from the hackneyed sketches of him in the magazines to his own letters and the history of his early career, just published, and revive our best impressions of his character. To do this we must discard what is irrelevant and contemplate the essential. The only demand we have any moral right to make upon the bard who has enlisted our heart, by his song, is that there exist in his actions and tone of feeling, a spirit consistent with the sentiments deliberately advocated in his verse. There is no reason whatever to expect in him immunity from error; we are irrational to look for a beauty of feature, a majesty of life and an evenness of temper corresponding with the ideal created by the finish and exaltation of his poetry; but if baseness deface the behavior, and indifference chill the intercourse of him who has eloquently breathed into the ear of the world noble and glowing emotion, we are justified in feeling not only disappointment, but almost skepticism as to the reality of these divine sympathies. Such we do not believe possible in the nature of things. In spite of what is so often asserted of the discrepancy between authorship and character—literary biography demonstrates that "as a man thinketh so is he." Milton and Dante, Goldsmith and Petrarch were essentially what their works proclaim them, although the former occasionally exhibited asceticism which is the extreme of that genius whose characteristic is will, and the latter sometimes displayed the weakness that, in our human frailty, attaches to the genius whose main principle is love. A touch of pedantry and hardihood slightly deform the images of those august spirits that explored the unseen world, as vanity and self indulgence mar the serene beauty of the gentler minstrels who sung of the tender passion and the charms of domestic life; were it otherwise, they would eclipse instead of representing humanity. There is a process of metropolitan decadence to which literary celebrities are liable, especially in London, for which we, whose privilege it is to look upon them over the grand perspective of the sea, should make just allowance. The most absurd whim of modern society is that of making what are called lions of authors; and especially of poets. No class of men appear to less advantage in a conventional position; and no two principles can be more radically adverse than that of mutual agreeableness, conformity and display, of which society technically considered is the arena, and the spirit of earnestness, nature and freedom characteristic of poets. Idolized as they usually are, and, with good reason, in the domestic circle and among intimate friends, the very qualities which are there elicited, general society keeps in abeyance; tact is the desideratum in the latter as truth is in the former; and, though sometimes the natural dignity and manliness of genius successfully asserts itself in the face of pretence fortified by etiquette, as in the case of Burns at Edinburgh, the exception is too memorable not to have been rare. The consequence of this want

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL. Edited by *William Beattie, M. D.*, one of his executors. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1850.

of relation between the spirit of society and the poetic character, is that a formal homage is paid its representatives on their first appearance, which, at length, becomes wearisome to both parties, and, if the time-honored guest has not the wisdom to anticipate his social decay and withdraw into honourable retirement, those upon whose memories the prestige of his original reputation does not rest, are apt to fail in that recognition which habit has made almost necessary to his self-respect. The admirers of dramatic and musical genius keenly regret the re-appearance of the favorites of their youth in public, only to awaken the unfeeling curiosity of a new generation; and somewhat of the same melancholy attaches to the prolonged social exhibition of a man whose verse has rendered his name sacred to our associations and remembrance. That familiarity which breeds contempt, denies the original glory of his presence. The name freely bandied at the feast comes to be repeated with less reverence at the fireside; the voice whose lowest accent was once caught with breathless interest, is suffered to lose itself in the hum of commonplace table-talk; and the brow to which every eye used to turn with sympathetic wonder, seems no longer to wear the mysterious halo with which love and fancy crown the priests of nature. And usually the victim of this gradual disenchantment is quite unconscious of the change, until suddenly aroused to its reality. Aware of no blight upon his tree of promise, inspired by the same feelings that warmed his youth, wedded to the same tastes and loyal to the same sentiments, with a kind of childlike trustfulness, he reposes upon his own identity, and is slow to believe in the precarious tenure upon which merely social distinction is held. To a reverent and generous spectator this is one of those scenes in the drama of life, which is the more affecting because so few look upon it with interest. We sigh at the fragility of personal renown, and pity the weakness that seems doomed to "make idols and to find them clay." Then how enviable appear those who "are gathered to the kings of thought far in the unapparent"—the young poet who died in the freshness of his life and the aged bard who seasonably retreated to the sequestered haunts of nature and breathed his last far from the busy world where the echo of his fame yet lingered! We are chiefly pained, in the opposite case, at the difficulty of associating the author with his works, the written sentiment with the ordinary talk, the poet with the man, when we thus are brought into habitual contact with the social effigy of genius; we are more mortified at the inconsistency of feeling which leads men to guard and cherish an architectural fragment, and yet interpose no wise and charitable hand to preserve from sacrilege "Creation's master-piece—the poet-soul,"—which expends such hero-worship upon the distant and the dead, but holds up no shield between the forlorn greatness at its side, and the indifferent or perhaps malicious gaze of the world. Modern philanthrophy has furnished asylums for almost all the physical and moral ills to which flesh is heir; but the award of celebrity apparently cancels the obligations of society towards the gifted; if improvident, as is usually the case, poverty and neglect are often their lot in age; and if prosperous in circumstances, but bereft of near and genial ties, they are homeless, and consequently reckless. Instances of private sensibility to claims like these, not only felt but realized with beautiful zeal, are indeed recorded to the honor of our common nature: and such benefactors as Mrs. Unwin, the friend of Cowper, and the Gilmans, at whose house Coleridge died, will live in honor when more ostentatious almoners are forgotten. Let us congratulate ourselves that we are not among the witnesses of the social decadence of our favorite English authors. Freshly to us yet beams their morning fame; we know them only through their works and death has but canonized what love had endeared. There is no dreary interlude between the glorious overture and the solemn finale. Their garlands to our vision press unwithered brows. The music of their names has never lost its spirit-stirring cadence; when uttered, memorable and eloquent passages recur, as "at the touch of an enchanter's wand." We think of Byron as he describes himself in his romantic pilgrimages not as he appeared at Holland House and Drury. Shelley's memory is undimmed by the air of a chancery court and remains as lofty, pure and ethereal as his funeral pyre; and Burns, thank heaven, we never saw performing excise duties. But of all the modern poets of Great Britain, the one whose memory we could have least suffered to be desecrated was Campbell; and we rejoice to have known him as the bard of Hope and not as Tom Campbell, especially as his correspondence exhibits his eminent title to poetical character as well as talent, and repudiates the shallow gossip which drew such superficial portraits of him in later years. We find, in these letters, that Campbell the man was worthy of Campbell the poet; and that the ideal we had cherished of the author of Gertrude and Hohenlinden was essentially true to nature. The manner in which he has been dealt with, even by literary men, and especially by social detractors, is only another illustration of the humiliating truth that "Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame." Our view of the character of distinguished persons is threefold—that derived from the deeds or writings upon which their fame rests,—the report

of contemporaries and their own memoirs and letters. Between the two latter there is usually some essential harmony, but the intermediate link in the chain of evidence seldom coincides with either. The decease of a renowned person is followed by the publication of his life, and recently it has been the wise and just custom to rely as far as possible, on the testimony of the subject rather than the opinions of the biographer. The result is, that the misrepresentations and partial glimpses afforded by rumor and ambitious scribblers give way before the direct and authentic revelation of facts and personal correspondence, and we enjoy the high satisfaction of reconciling the man and the author; and the assurance that the sentiment and tone which originally endeared to us the one were truly embodied in the other. How different is the view now cherished of Burns, Byron, Keats and Lamb, from that prevalent before we were fully admitted to a knowledge of their trials, habits, temptations and ways of feeling and acting, by the record of sorrowing friends and the appearance of their familiar and confidential letters! In consideration of the inveterate tendency to exaggerate and distort the simple facts of a marked career, it would seem not only excusable but requisite for those who have won the peculiar sympathy or admiration of the world, to write an autobiography. Such a work undertaken in the spirit and executed with the frank good nature that belong to those of Cellini, Alfieri, Goldoni, and we may add, as a recent instance—Leigh Hunt, is a better portrait to bequeath than the formal and incomplete lives too often substituted by the zeal of friendship or the enterprise of authors. Next to a good autobiography, however, the best service that can be rendered departed genius, is to bring together and unite by an intelligent and genuine narrative such personal memorials as most clearly represent the man as he was. However unambitious, the task is one of sacred responsibility, due not less to the enthusiasm which cherishes, than to the gifts that hallow, posthumous renown. We can then trace the elements of character as developed in boyhood, estimate the influence of education and circumstances, and recognize the domestic and social life of those whose personal reputation may have appeared incongruous with their permanent fame,—thus realizing the process of the principle of their eminence. It is not eulogy that we require; that, if deserved, is apparent in the deeds or words that have become a passport to glory; it is facts, sentiments, familiar illustrations whereby to judge for ourselves of the man whose name is indissolubly associated in our minds with the inspiration of heroism and poetry. The character of a poet and a man of letters are so often blended in literary memoirs, as to appear identical, but their distinctness in nature is marked by inevitable traits. Seldom has the difference between the two been more clearly indicated than in the biography of Campbell, and the illustration is more emphatic from the fact that we are admitted to his experience and opinions through familiar correspondence. The grand peculiarity of the poetic nature is faith in sentiment of some kind, obedience to its inspiration, delight in its utterance, and loyalty to its dictates. Neither time, nor interest, nor logic suffice to exhaust or modify this vital principle. Where it fails to triumph over these, it is evidently inadequate to justify the title of bard, minstrel, poet or whatever name we apply to those upon whose minds its influence is pervading and instinctive. To infuse the life of his own spirit, the glow of his personal emotion into thought and language, is the characteristic of the poet. His words differ from those of other men chiefly by virtue of a magnetic quality. They appeal to consciousness rather than memory, to the entire soul instead of the exclusive intellect. Hence they have power to stir the blood, linger on the ear, excite the imagination and warm the heart. On the other hand, the man of letters can only grasp the technicalities of the art and wield the machinery of verse. As youth decays, as circumstances alter, as public taste varies, the enthusiasm which, at first gave a temporary fire to his rhythmical writing, is subdued to such a degree as to render his so-called muse a very flexible and hackneyed creature—the mere effigy of what she once promised to be. The genuine poet, on the contrary, strives in vain to reconcile himself to the mechanical drudgery of the pen, is coy of an art whose real excellence he has too keenly felt to be satisfied with any "counterfeit presentment;" and lives on wedded by eternal affinity to the love of his youth, although he may have outgrown all relation to it but that of veneration and remembrance. The few gems of the latter outlive the mines opened by the former; scintillations of lyric fire radiated from an earnest heart and generated by its native warmth—beam on like stars in the firmament; while the elaborate productions of tasteful and learned industry "fade into the light of common day." Only a felicitous passage—a theme accidentally enlivened by an impulse from individual life, redeems the ingenious and diffuse metrical composition from oblivion; but the spontaneous product of an inspired mind becomes a household and a national treasure.

Campbell's early life gave promise of this healthful endowment of the poetic faculty. He was a devoted student, and although constantly bearing off prizes, won and retained the love of

his companions. They once owed a holiday to his rhymed petition, and such instances of the loving exercise of his talents were of frequent occurrence. His success at college was eminent in Greek; and the temperament of genius was evinced in the extreme alternation of his moods. Although often in high spirits, when his feelings became enlisted gravity ensued. He made the most obvious progress both in facility and power of expression, as we perceive by the gradual improvement in the style of his letters and occasional verses. But the most satisfactory indication of his poetical gifts we find in the ardor, constancy and generous faith of his sentiments. In friendship, domestic intercourse, literary taste and the observation of nature, there was evident from the first, an enthusiasm and sensibility which gave the fairest promise as they brought him into vital relation with these sources of moral and sentient experience. The early correspondence of few poets has a more truthful charm and graceful warmth. It reveals his heart and confirms the tenor of his poems. His visits to the Highlands—a residence of some months in Germany, and the study of the literature of the latter country, with the society of Edinburgh, all combined, at this most susceptible and enthusiastic period, to inform, excite and chasten his mind. Thus enriched and disciplined—with the most limited pecuniary resources—and the greatest uncertainty as to what career he should adopt, the young poet was singularly exposed to the impressions of a period, when even the insensible and unenlightened were aroused to interest in public affairs, the welfare of society and the progress of mankind. It was an epoch of war and of philanthropy, of revolution and experiment, of the most infernal tyranny and the noblest self-devotion. The overthrow of slavery was then first agitated. Poland and Greece heroically struggled and the martyrdom of the former was achieved. The elements of civil society were deeply moved; the cause of truth and liberty inspired fresh championship, and the wrongs of humanity made themselves felt. At this time he meditated emigrating to this country, where one of his brothers was already established. It is a curious fact that several of the distinguished modern poets of England—among them Coleridge, Southey and Keats, entertained similar views; and it is an equally curious speculation to imagine how such a course would have modified their writings and destiny Campbell, also, with true poetical consistency, recoiled from the professions and commerce; and thus by the force of circumstances as well as the promptings of genius, seemed destined for a literary life. This vague purpose was confirmed by the unprecedented success of his first poem. There is no instance, perhaps, in the annals of literature, of so instantaneous and complete a recognition of the advent of a poet as followed the appearance of the "Pleasures of Hope." It introduced him at once to fame and society; and it did this by virtue of the eloquent utterance it gave to feelings that then latently glowed in every noble heart. Like a bugle whose echoes speak the morning cheer that exhilarates the frame of the newly-roused hunter, it caught up, rendered musical and prolonged the strains of pity, hope and faith, rife, though seldom audible, in the world.

It is essential to poetry of this nature that the sensibilities should be acted upon by some actual scene, person, or event; and accordingly we find that every successful composition of Campbell has a personal basis; to this, indeed, we may ascribe that spirit of reality which constitutes the distinction between forced and spontaneous verse; his muse, when herself, is awake, magnetic and spirited; the sense of beauty, or the enthusiasm of love and freedom being naturally excited, utter themselves in fervid strains. Thus the apostrophe to Poland, and the protest against skepticism, the appeal to the disappointed lover, the description of mutual happiness—and, in fact, all the animated episodes in the Pleasures of Hope, grew directly out of the events of the day or the immediate experience of the poet. "Lochiel's Warning" embodies a traditionary vein of local feeling derived from the land of his nativity; the "Exile of Erin" consecrates the woes of a poor fellow with whom he sympathised on the banks of the Elbe; the "Beech Tree's Petition" was suggested by an interview with two ladies in the garden where it grew; the "Lines on a Scene in Bavaria," are a literal transcript from memory; "Ye Mariners of England" expresses feelings awakened by the poet's own escape from a privateer. It is a singular coincidence that the draft of this famous naval ode was found among his papers, seized on his return from Germany on the suspicion that his visit had a treasonable design. In the freshness of youth he witnessed a battle, a retreat, and the field upon which the night-camp of an army was pitched; and the vivid emotions thus induced, he eloquently breathed in Hohenlinden and The Soldier's Dream. His dramatic tastes are finely reflected in the address to John Kemble, and his classical in the ode to the Greeks. We also trace the relation between the very nature of the man and whatever appealed to the sense of the heroic or the beautiful in his letters. The State Trials excited his deepest youthful sympathy; it is natural that to him the memorable experience of life was to hear Neukomm play the organ and stand with Mrs. Siddons before the Apollo Belvidere. The "Turkish

Lady" was written while his mind was full of a project to visit the East; and his subsequent intention of joining his brother in America, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence, accounts for his choice of "The Valley of Wyoming" as the scene of Gertrude. A critic whose taste and organization fit him to seize upon the vital spirit of works of genius, says that in this poem there is "the best got up bridal" in the whole range of English poetry. The zest and truthful beauty of the description is drawn from the bard's own experience of the conjugal sentiment. His biographer describes Miss Sinclair, who became his wife, as one of those women who unite great vivacity of temperament with a latent tenderness and melancholy—the very beings to captivate permanently a man at once ardent and tasteful, like Campbell.

Even his defects point to the same impressible temper; quickly aroused to anger, of which several curious instances occur in his memoirs, he as quickly yielded to the reaction of generous and candid feeling; the transition was as child-like as it was sincere, and in perfect accordance with the poetical character. The same is true of his alternate relish of severe intellectual labor and the most luxurious self-indulgence. Campbell by nature was a patriot and a philanthropist, a lover and a friend, an enthusiast and a scholar; impulsive and fastidious at the same time,—generous and vain by turns, with sensibility and culture, now fagging and now soaring; and, thus constituted, we may imagine the effect upon him of being doomed to write in the prime of his life —"my son is mad, my wife dead, and my harp unstrung." Yet, like nearly all the gifted men of his age, he was so singularly blessed with social privileges, that we are forcibly reminded of Scott's declaration that these constituted his real obligations to literature. In the course of Campbell's letters, we find him at different periods enjoying the society first of Dr. Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, Dr. Gregory, Dugald Stewart and the leading spirits of the past century—then of Klopstock, Schlegel and Humboldt, and on his return from his first continental visit, of Currie, Roscoe, Sidney Smith, Mackintosh, Rogers and the habitués of Holland House, in its palmy days—while Madame de Stael, Mrs. Siddons, Scott, and the last bright galaxy of British writers were familiar associates.

In regard to the form of Campbell's poetry, we are immediately struck with his delicate and true feeling for the harmony of language; he knew instinctively how to follow Pope's rule and cause the sound to be an echo to the sense. When a boy he expressed keen disappointment at not being able to make a lady appreciate the meaning of Homer by the sound of celebrated passages. We know of few specimens of English verse comparable to the best of Campbell's for effective rhythm; contrast the spirit-stirring flow of the Song of the Greeks with the organ-like cadence of Hohenlinden, or the pathetic melody of Lord Ullin's Daughter with the deep flowing emphasis of the Battle of the Baltic. It is remarkable that this fine musical adaptation belongs to all his genuine pieces;—we mean those naturally inspired; while his muse is never whipped into service as in Glencoe and Theodoric, without betraying the fact in her stiff or wayward movement. This only proves how real a poet Campbell was.

We demur, however, to the opinion frequently advanced, that his poetic fire died out long before his life. One of his noblest compositions, lofty and inspiring in sentiment, and grandly musical in rhythm, is "Hallowed Ground:" and one of his most striking pieces, "The Last Man," both of which were late productions.

The personality so characteristic of genuine feeling is not only evident in the obvious inspiration, but in the verbal execution of his conception. Thus he constantly impersonates insensible objects. It is the bugles that sing truce, and he that lays himself beneath the willow; the glow of evening is like, not the cheek and brow of woman, but of her we love. Throughout the intensity of the feeling personifies the object described, and gives human attributes to inanimate things—exactly as in the artless language of infancy and the oratory of an uncivilized people. Such is the instinct of nature; it is what separates verse from prose, the diction of fancy and emotion from that of affairs and science.

If any one is preëminently entitled to the name of Poet, in its most obvious sense, it is he who so emphatically represents in verse a natural sentiment that his expression of it is seized upon by the common voice and becomes its popular utterance. This direct, sympathetic, intelligent and recognized phase of the art has been the most significant and effective from the days of Job and Homer to those of Tasso and Campbell. The vivid rhetorical embodiment of a genuine feeling prevalent at the time or characteristic of humanity—is the most obvious and the most natural province of the bard. The ballads of antiquity, the troubadour songs and the primitive national lyric evince how instinctive is this development of poetry. The philosophic combinations of the drama, the descriptive traits of the pastoral and the formal range of the epic are results of subsequent culture and more premeditated skill. This is also true of the refinements of sentiment, the mystical fancies and the vague expression which German literature and the influence of Wordsworth, Shelley and Coleridge

have grafted upon modern English verse. If we were to adopt a vernacular poet from the brilliant constellation of the last and present century, as representing legitimately natural and popular feeling, with true lyric energy—such as finds inevitable response and needs no advocacy or criticism to uphold or elucidate it—we should name Campbell. He wrote from the intensity of his own sympathies with freedom, truth and love; his expression, therefore, is truly poetic in its spirit; while in rhetorical finish and aptness he had the very best culture—that of German literature. Thus simply furnished with inspiration and with a style, both derived from the most genuine resources—the one from nature and the other from the highest art—he gave melodious and vigorous utterance not to a peculiar vein of imagination like Shelley, nor a mystical attachment to nature like Wordsworth, nor an egotistic personality like Byron—but to a love of freedom and truth that political events had caused to glow with unwonted fervor in the bosoms of his noblest contemporaries; and to the native sentiment of domestic and social life—rendered more dear and sacred by their recent unhallowed desecration. It was not by ingenuity, egotism, or artifice that he thus chanted,—but honestly, earnestly—from the impulse of youthful ardor and tenderness moulded by scholarship. It is now the fashion to admire verse more intricate, sentiment less defined, ideas of a metaphysical cast and a rhythm less modulated by simple and grand cadences; yet to a manly intellect, to a heart yet alive with fresh, brave, unperverted instincts—the intelligible, glowing and noble tone of Campbell's verse is yet fraught with cheerful augury. It has outlived, in current literature, and in individual remembrance, the diffuse metrical tales of Scott and Southey; finds a more prolonged response from its general adaptation, than the ever-recurring keynote of Byron, and lingers on the lips and in the hearts of those who only muse over the more elaborate pages of minstrels, whose golden ore is either beaten out to intangible thinness or largely mixed with the alloy of less precious metal. Indeed nothing evinces a greater want of just appreciation in regard to the art or gift of poetry than the frequent complaints of such a poet as Campbell because of the limited quantity of his verse. It would be as rational to expect the height of animal spirits, the exquisite sensation of convalescence, the rapture of an exalted mood, the perfect content of gratified love, the tension of profound thought, or any other state, the very law of which is rarity, to become permanent. Campbell's best verse was born of emotion,—not from idle reverie or verbal experiment; that emotion was heroic or tender, sympathetic or devotional;—the exception to the every day, the common-place and the mechanical; accordingly in its very nature, it was "like angels' visits" and no more to be summoned at will, than the glow of affection or the spirit of prayer. That idleness had nothing to do with the want of productiveness of his muse, so absurdly insisted on, during his life, is evident from his letters. He was always busy—but unfortunately, for the most part, in tasks of literary drudgery undertaken for subsistence; and deserves laudation instead of censure, for having respected the divine art he loved too much to degrade it into the service of hackneyed necessity. He was in fact a singularly industrious man; in his youth, an assiduous student while performing the duties of tutor, clerk and compiler; and in manhood and age always engaged upon some bookseller's job, now making an abridgement and now a translation; at one time the editor of a magazine, and, at another, of a collection of the English poets;—now writing notes for a classic and now paragraphs for a journal, lectures for the Glasgow University, state papers for Lord Minto, the biography of Mrs. Siddons or Petrarch, letters from Algiers,—whatever, in short, offered in the way of literary work that would give him bread. His correspondence lets us into the secret of his unostentatious and patient labor, his constant projects and suggestions of more; and the encroachments of ungenial employment upon his sensitive organization. One cannot but honor the kindly and philosophic manner in which he speaks of his disappointments in these familiar letters; and rejoice to perceive that the feelings that inspired his memorable lines consoled him under all reverses, so that the moment he was in contact with the attractions of nature, friendship and domestic peace, joy revived within him. The genuineness of his poetic impulse is thus indicated by the tenor of his life. Instead of lazily reposing on laurels early-won, he was eminently true to the faith and independence that make beautiful the dreams of his youth;—devoted to his kindred and friends with self-denying generosity, sympathising to the last in the cause of freedom, cognizant every where and always of the intrinsic worth of the primal sentiments whose beauty he so fondly sung; and never forgetful of the duty and the privileges of amity, courage and fame. Such is the evidence of the unstudied epistles now first collected;—the spontaneous record of his occupations, opinions and feelings throughout life. They are consistent, and worthy both of the man and the poet. They exhibit a career divided between books and journeys—each nourishing his mind; an episode of domestic happiness that realizes all that good sense would advocate and romance glorify;—

intervals of great physical suffering, melancholy bereavements, and cheerless toil, ever and anon redeemed by delightful social intercourse, deserved honors, and felicitous moods. The death of his wife, the idiocy of his only son, the failure of his own health, his homeless life in London and his death in forlorn exile,—these and some of the natural consequences of such vicissitudes—throw a gloom over portions of the memoir; but through them and beyond, now that they are passed, the poet rises benignly in the integrity of his sentiments and the beauty of his art.

FLOWER-LIFE.

TO A LADY.

I think that next to your sweet eyes,
And pleasant books, and star-lit skies,
I love the world of flowers;
Less for their beauty of a day,
Than for the tender things they say,
And for a creed I've held alway
That they are sentient powers.

It may be matter for a smile—
And I laugh inwardly, the while
I speak the fancy out—
But that they love, and that they woo,
And that they often marry too,
And do as noisier creatures do,
I've not the feeblest doubt.

And so, I cannot deem it right,
To take them from the glad sunlight,
As I have sometimes dared—
Though not without an anxious sigh,
Lest this should break some gentle tie,
Some covenant of friendship, I
Had better far have spared.

And when in wild or thoughtless hours,
My hand hath crushed the tiniest flowers,
I ne'er could shut from sight
The corpses of the tender things,
With other drear imaginings,
And little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night.

Oh! say you, Friend, the creed is fraught
With sad and ev'n with painful thought;
Nor could you bear to know
That such capacities belong
To creatures helpless against wrong,
At once too weak to fly the strong
Or front the feeblest foe?

So be it always then with you,
So be it—whether false or true—
I press my faith on none—
If other fancies please you more,
The flowers shall blossom as before,
Dear as the sybil-leaves of yore,
But senseless every one.

Yet, though I give you no reply,
It were not hard to justify
My creed to partial ears;
But conscious of the cruel part,
Here I should plead with clumsy art—
I cannot talk against your heart,
Or reason 'gainst your tears.

AGLAUS.

COUNT KONINGSMARK.

A well-known monument in Westminster Abbey has sculptured on it a bas-relief representing a coach in the fashion of the day; three horsemen are at its side, and one of them has just discharged a blunderbuss at the person sitting in it, who, from the manner of extending his hands, seems to be wounded; the smoke is rising from the muzzle of the gun, and the horses to the coach are curvetting as if alarmed at the report. The design of the bas-relief is to record the murder of Thomas Thynne.

Thynne was one of the wealthiest subjects in England. He had been a member of several parliaments; and though much in favor at court, had given offence by carrying up a petition for the speedy call of a Parliament. After this he joined the party of the Duke of Monmouth, who had a great friendship for him, and frequently visited him at his magnificent seat, Longleat, in Wiltshire. In Absolam and Achitophel, Thynne is mentioned under the name of Issachar. Speaking of Monmouth, Dryden says,

> "Who now begins his progress to ordain
> With chariots, horsemen and a numerous train—
> Each house receives him as a guardian god,
> And consecrates the place of his abode,
> But hospitable treats did most commend
> Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend."

He appears to have been popular, much beloved, and not to have excited envy by his riches. He was familiarly called Tom of ten thousand, which it has been remarked was equal to a hundred thousand at the present day, with the advantage of the alliteration to boot.

At this time, Elizabeth, the daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, was by far the greatest heiress in the kingdom. She was born in January, 1667, and her father dying when she was two or three years old, left her the representative of the Percy family and the heir of their immense estates. Her grandmother, who was an intriguing old lady, was much occupied in employing her talents for match-making, for the benefit of the lady Elizabeth, and she was married before she was thirteen to Earl Ogle, the only son of the Duke of Newcastle. With him

she never lived as a wife; and he dying soon after the ceremony, Thynne became her suitor, and by the contrivance of the Countess and the influence of Monmouth and other noble friends, succeeded in obtaining her for his bride. Immediately after the marriage, which appears to have been private, she was, with the consent of her husband, sent to the continent for a year to complete her education. Some accounts represent her to have fled. She was then not more than fourteen, and Thynne was perhaps three times her age.

Early in the year 1681, Count Koningsmark visited England, bringing a letter of recommendation from the King of Sweden to Charles II. He was nephew to the Governor of Pomerania, nearly allied to the royal family, and the proprietor of large landed estates in Germany. He soon became one of the most distinguished characters at court. His face and person were eminently handsome; his long, light-colored hair was the admiration of the one sex and the envy of the other. Graceful and engaging in his carriage, conspicuous for his horsemanship and the elegance of his equipage and apparel, and a master of all the accomplishments that became his rank, it may easily be conceived what a splendid appearance he made among the gay courtiers of that dissolute reign. He brought with him, too, the reputation of a gallant soldier, and had already gained renown by several acts of adventurous bravery in a war against the Turks. With the prestige from these exploits, he had visited several countries in Europe and been received with distinction by their sovereigns. On his arrival in England he soon ingratiated himself with the old king, whose favor stood him in good stead in the hour of need. Such a cavalier, then only twenty-two years old, was likely to make a great impression on the young heiress of Northumberland, whose susceptibility of feeling and high talent were afterwards fully developed. A writer of romance might picture the winning attentions, the secret interviews, the agony of separation, and the vows of constancy that passed between lovers so well suited to each other. It is certain that the marriage with Thynne was not agreeable to the lady, and provoked much censure at the time. Evelyn mentions that the Earl of Essex was suspected of being a promoter of the match, but he denied all participation in it, and accused the countess of Northumberland of having sold her granddaughter to Thynne for money. The marriage seems not to have extinguished the hopes of the Count and the preference of the lady for the accomplished young soldier, over a husband she had been forced to wed, was not unnatural. It is easy to believe that while she reluctantly gave her hand to a man who was no longer *dans sa première jeunesse*, her heart of her free will was bestowed on the handsome Swede.

Thynne was with the court in London, his wife in Holland, and Koningsmark had returned to the continent. Such was the situation of the parties towards the close of the year 1681. It was on Sunday night, the 12th of February, 1682, that the west end of London was startled by the news, that Mr. Thynne had been murdered in his coach. It occurred in Pall Mall, one of the most frequented streets, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. He was shot with four balls, and expired the next morning. His servants saw the three men on horseback, but could not identify the murderers. A pistol, however, was dropped on the spot which was traced to one of them and led to the detection of the assassins. A Pole named Borosky, and Stern, a Swede, were apprehended, who immediately confessed their guilt, and implicated a Capt. Vratz, another Swede. On his arrest he did not deny that he was present at the murder, but said his intention was to fight with Thynne for a wrong he had received from him. This it afterwards appeared was for speaking ill of his friend, the Count. Koningsmark, it was found on the examination of the prisoners, was then concealed in London, where he had been for some weeks occasionally changing his lodgings, and that Vratz had used his name, and promised a large reward to his accomplices to induce them to the perpetration of the crime. The police pursued the Count, and he was apprehended in the disguise of a sailor just as he was proceeding on board a ship at Gravesend. On the 28th of February all four were tried at the old Bailey —Borosky, Stern and Vratz as principals, and Koningsmark as accessory before the fact. With the first three there was little trouble, as their confession was sufficient for their conviction. With Koningsmark it was otherwise. He was not present at the murder, and the question was, whether the circumstantial evidence was strong enough to connect him with it. There was proof that Vratz, who seems to have been the Count's agent in the affair, and Stern, were in the habit of frequenting his lodgings, that he expressed great anxiety for the arrival of Borosky, who came to London only two days before; that he bought a sword for Borosky, that Vratz and the Pole were at his rooms the day of the murder, and that Vratz returned to him immediately after it was committed. It also appeared that Koningsmark had sent to inquire of the Swedish ambassador if he should call Thynne to account for certain injurious words he had spoken of him, whether it might not interfere with his pretensions to the Lady Ogle. All these circumstan-

ces—the concealment of the Count, his flying, his disguise, his resentment against Thynne, for the affront he had received, and the assassination being effected by his creatures, who had no motive from any injury to themselves, were urged with great force by the lawyers for the prosecution. The Chief Justice, Pemberton, leaned very much in favor of the Count, and though he affected to seem impartial, it was apparent his wish was for an acquittal. Accordingly, after being out for half an hour, they found a verdict of guilty against the three principals, and of not guilty, as to Koningsmark. It was clear beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the assassination had been contrived by him and perpetrated at his instigation, and that he was far more guilty than the three wretches who were most justly hanged. Nothing but the known favor of the King, and the high rank and wealth of the Count, could have saved him from the death of a felon, and this trial presents another instance where petty villains are punished and great ones escape. As the confessions were excluded from the evidence, it must be owned, there were not wanting plausible arguments to show the insufficiency of the proof at least as strong as those which were urged in Webster's case. But in those days of rigorous execution of the law, such lenity was remarkable, and had he been an obscure culprit, Count Koningsmark would have met the reward due to his crime.

He was glad to hurry from England as soon as his trial was over. He had remarked there was a stain on him, but one good action in the wars, or a lodging upon a counter-scarp would wash it clean. He continued his adventurous career, and lost his life, at the age of twenty-seven, in the Morea, in the year 1686 in a skirmish before Argos. Other accounts say it was from a fever taken during the campaign. It was his brother whose remains were found buried near the chamber of Sophia of Zell, the wife of George the first, in Hanover, where he was supposed to have been put to death by order of the Elector. The two brothers have often been confounded. The beautiful Countess of Koningsmark, well known as the favorite of Augustus, King of Poland, of whom the anecdote of the horse shoe and purse of gold is told, for her visit to Charles the twelfth, and as the mother of Marshal Saxe, the most distinguished warrior of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, was their sister. She appears gracefully in the Chevalier Merlin, in the former pages of "the Messenger." Thynne was a man of dissolute habits, and some not very decorous verses concerning his fate are preserved in Walpole's Reminiscences.

The heroine of the tragedy, the Lady Ogle, was now for the second time a maiden widow, and in less than three months after the murder of Thynne, being just then fifteen years old, she was married to the Duke of Somerset, known as the Proud Duke. She figures in the history of the reign of Queen Anne, over whom she had a great ascendancy, which she used to the detriment of Harley and the tories. Swift describes her as "excelling all even of her own sex in every art of insinuation," and it was against her that his famous black letter Windsor Prophecy, was written. The following passage, in which an allusion is made to the color of her hair, could never have been forgiven:

> "And dear England if aught I understond
> Beware of carrots from Northumberlond.
> Carrots sown Thynne a deep root may get
> If so they be in Somer set:
> Their Conyngs mark thou; for I have been told
> They assassine when young, and poison when old."

From these lines it would seem there had been a charge against her of being privy to the murder of Thynne. Swift paid dearly for this cruel libel, and the Duchess of Somerset, on her knees, entreated Queen Anne not to bestow on him a mitre, whereby the Dean of St. Patrick's was forever excluded from the great object of his ambition, a seat on the bench of bishops. She died in the year 1722, leaving many children, and her posterity are now numerous among the highest nobility of Great Britain. Among her descendants was the founder of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

DON QUIXOTE.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING OF R. M. SULLY.

The Painter's fine and skilful touch
  In form and color richly blent,
Hath wrought the rare romancer's dream
  A fit embodiment;
And pictured *thus* the image seems
  Familiar in each tint and trace,—
As on the startled fancy gleams
  A well-remembered face.

With eager eye and thoughtful brow,
  In negligent array bedight,
Thou standest forth in aspect true—
  La Mancha's doughty knight!
With mirth and pity strangely blent,
  With half a smile and half a sigh,
We read in thy enraptured gaze
  Thine aspirations high.

For in thy history's strange romance,
  Since first we traced its magic thread,
A hidden meaning we have learned,
  A higher moral read—

How, by its daring led astray,
The spirit from its soaring height
Is bowed to dull reality,
By disappointment's blight.

Thy daring deeds of high emprise
The mocking world may smile to see,—
From thoughtful hearts thy woes shall win
A kindlier sympathy.
And glorious is the Painter's art,
That thus can make more real seem
To sense, as to the haunted mind,
Imagination's dream!

Richmond. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SULLY.

HIS SOJOURN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

I.

SULLY FROM HIS MOUNTAIN LODGE.

It is a fine warm morning in early spring, and while the woodbine is twining itself in budding festoons around my window-shutters—open to the glorious mountain breeze—and the leaves of the young year wafting on the air a tender blossomy perfume, and the blue sky dotted with snowy clouds and ploughed by the mottled breast-prows of innumerable jubilant birds;—while all around me is soft and bright, I will pen these rambling and idle pages.

Idle like him who pens them, for who could be "energetic" or engage in any business (vile word) on such a day! Wordsworth never drank in such a sunlight on the shores of his beloved Windermere, Rabelais never dreamed on so glorious a morning in his own Touraine where time-eaten towers and ancient monasteries and old forests rose around him to prompt with their storied scenes his wild imagination.

Mine is a fairer land to dream in too—a land where the *dolce far niente* more supremely reigns, where the far blue ridges lie like petrified waves and the lofty woods are unstirred save by the idle breeze which wafts to the ear the distant croak of the busy crow, or buoys aloft the long and nervous wing of the mountain hawk.

The design of these rambling leaves is to depict neither character nor scenery, but to place on paper, for my own inspection, the memories of a brief, but happy period in a region stored with the historic and alive with the old traditional. It is not a tale, for it has no plot, nor a novel, for it enters into no descriptions, and leaves to the imagination all but the bare and rude outline. For Sully's eye alone is it written and his will see alone these records of a time which is shrined deep in his heart of hearts, and which he often ponders over with boyish vain regret.

II.

LOOKING FROM THE BLUE RIDGE.

On a glorious day in early summer in the year of grace 18—, Sully reined up his little pony, which had borne him thus far through many scenes of the Lowlands and the Piedmont region, near to the "Blue Ball" and in sight of Winchester and the far "Fort Mountain."

Before me lay the great valley of Virginia—in the distance on a mountain spur the house of my friend Frank Sully. Frank is an elder cousin of mine, third or fourth removed and we were at college together. He is one of those good fellows who, eschewing politics, law and merchandizing, settle down upon their farms in possession of a spouse, blessings, (in the matrimonial vernacular) and a thousand acres, content there to live and die, far from the passion and the glory of the vain and heartless world. He cares for nothing but his family, friends, library, newspaper and mountain air. Happy dog! your philosophy, friend Frank, is a greater and more heart-satisfying than the Stoic or the Epicurean.

But in this resolution and this mode of life, the sooth to speak I do not, Frank, see all the grandeur and denial which is plain to some; who would not abandon forever and a day the vain life of the city to anchor all his hopes and longing for the unattainable good in this richest and most gorgeous region of the Old Dominion. Speak not of the Lowlands and its cities! I have lingered on the wooded heights above the James River falls and embraced at a glance that fair and imperial panorama; the river brawling and roaring beneath, around islands shrouded in foam-dipping verdure—the white columns of the Capitol, like the antique Parthenon's, rising in graceful and artistic relief against the azure of the unclouded sky; and I have seen the winding river at sunset, bathed in a light, than which a softer or more gorgeous was never poured by Italy on her storied streams. But the glories of the Lowland fade beside the beauty and the grandeur of the mountain ramparts.

I am conscious that this paragraph is a little high-flown, and perhaps, as my friends the Critics say, in bad taste. Possibly. But who could look upon this scene and speak in measured words? How dreamily comes the warm breath of summer to the glowing brow—how the cloud-shadows chase each other as they float along faster than desert-steeds over yonder pine-waving mountain side—and the sparkling and winding, though slow and subdued current of the Shenandoah, how it

murmurs to itself of bright landscapes which it has mirrowed, meadows and glens and stately mountains, so beautiful that neither the sycamore heights of the broad Potomac, nor yet the grandeur of the ocean, can ever console it.

—It is a region of continuous feud between two mighty races, and here are scattered traditions as striking as ever were presented in his lowland raids to the author of Rob Roy. Here Morgan, that wild soldier, lived and fought;—here was the scene of numberless Indian battles;—and on the Fort Mountain yonder, that azure rampart twenty miles away, which springs up in in the middle of the valley and sinks again with all its peaks "in long procession, beautiful and calm," that visionary character *Old Powel* lived and coined his "Caroluses."

——Here was the war path of the Delawares and Catawbas, the battle field of races and of nations;—we are "standing upon Marathon!"

III.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

I have a suspicion that at this rate we will not proceed with our narrative; yet we but stopped to gaze upon this scene, fairer with its woodland waves than Cortez ever saw "silent upon a peak in Darien." Now we will leave these lofty elevations and descend into the valley, where "Inglewood" raises on a spur of the mountain its old-fashioned roofs and Frank is awaiting us with old-fashioned hospitality.

The gathering around his stirrup, the shaking of hands and the thousand enquiries over, Sully was permitted to look around him. His glance fell first, after Mistress Emily, on Fanny—ah! tell-tale glance!—and his eye embraced with a single look the treasures of that mad-cap face and form. Then Judith's stately and religious manner brought back to him old memories (though *then* he was scarce more than a youth,) and the country frankness of Frank, Jr., (fifteen last Pentecost) attracted his favorable regard.

Frank himself is an oddity. He had many passions throughout his wild youth and early manhood, and these have given to his character a natural and unaffected eccentricity, which to th mnd, jadedwith commonplace, is most enti cing. Jolly dog! he wrapped himself as profoundly in these things,—Optics, Electricity, angling and fairy mythology—as ever Paracelsus did in his search, or Alexander in his scheme of universal conquest. He wrote, it is said, a novel, (with a smack of the antique about it.) constructed electrical machines and telescopes, and at last having exhausted these hobbies, settled down on Angling and Virginia Antiquities, which bid fair to last him throughout life.

Talk to Frank of Virginia and he will listen to you all day long—go with him down to the Shenandoah yonder near the island to angle for "fall-fish," and stretched upon the bank in a listless attitude of dreamy idleness, he will watch his bright cork where it floats upon the eddies from morning until the shadows creep up the mountain.

—Now Sully will proceed with his chronicle.

IV.

THE HUGUENOT GRAVES.

——This morning Frank was vehemently thrown off the balance of his propriety by a very simple circumstance. I have mentioned that Optics, Electricity and such matters were once his hobbies, and that he had constructed machines and telescopes. Indeed from a sort of observatory on the top of the house, an enormously long spy-glass of his own construction, (much resembling outwardly a small hollow log) defied the privacy of the valley.

Nothing had happened to the telescope, but in lighting his pipe he discovered to his horror that the hickory brand of his imagination was in in truth the handle of his electrical machine. Amid the laughter of Mistress Emily and the girls, Frank made an immediate assault without further explanation on the person of Hannibal, a black boy, who had unconsciously appropriated the "dry wood," and kicked that noble Carthagenian through the portico; then—still much irate—he gathered up his fishing rods and lines, and saying that he dedicated that day to amusement took his way, followed by Sully and Frank, Jr., towards the Shenandoah.

—"Look yonder," said Frank, throwing one leg lazily over the fence and resting the stem of of his pipe upon it, "where you see them threshing wheat (I've got *mine* out) near the Tilthammer mill, once stood the greatest Tavern in all these parts:—the level there was the race-course, where all the (now) old fellows in the county assembled to bet, play, and back their favorite horses. The Tavern was burnt down twenty years ago, and the race of wild young devils grew up to abjure the habits of their youth. Their sons are said to be an improvement on them, and no doubt *their* sons will in like manner improve on their progenitors—no doubt."

It was impossible to say whether Frank was in jest or earnest when he spoke in that tone and with that luxurious indolence in every movement which repudiated so much as a turn of the head. Here by the "Tilthammer," beneath a group of lofty palm-like trees, were some obscure graves.

—"Here are the Huguenot graves, friend Sully," said Frank, thoughtfully, "and they are no

doubt a century old—not that they probably go back to the Edict and Nat. Bacon's rebellion, but they are old. See how the moss has covered this obscure stone—moss! moss! friend Sully—this is the end of the greatest. The law of nature they say is progress and she will neither remember herself nor suffer her children to be remembered!"

Suddenly a hare started from the brambles around the stones, and disappeared like a dream.

"It is a desert place," said Frank, "the very rabbits have taken possession!"

V.

THE FROISSART OF THE VALLEY.

Frank spoke in a tone serious and even sad, and we left, without further comment, those obscure resting places of a great and undying people.

—"Old Kercheval never sojourned here long," said Frank, "and yet there are perhaps more traces of the past here than elsewhere in the entire valley—I mean the historic part. Come! we will mount this hill, friend Sully—we must touch the river at the 'Island' where Wat Tyrril haunts.

—"Now we can see far and wide. There to the right is the 'Old Chapel' built as far back as 1796, where repose a long line of holy and honored dead; and over there—beyond Millwood, embowered in its tulip-trees and oaks—is General Morgan's seat, Saratoga, of historic memory. The Hessian prisoners he had taken were forced to build it, and many a wild tradition hangs hereabouts of Morgan, from the days of his vagaries at Battletown to the period of his strangely religious death.

"Now he sleeps at the foot of the Round Hill yonder where you see the smoke of Winchester rise; in the old colonial Lutheran Church; so at least says Kercheval. Do you recollect that man?"

"I never saw him, Frank."

"That was a remarkable person, friend Sully—not for the passion which constituted his life, but for his persevering reliance on the future years for his vindication. He was the Froissart of this region, and never did an actor in the bygone time pass him by unsifted."

"You knew him then personally?"

"Well. An old fellow with stooping shoulders, gray hair, and bright eye, mounted on a little, shaggy, slow-going pony. He has often visited me here at Inglewood; and though others looked upon him as an idle visionary I did not."

"He seems to have been a sort of Old Mortality!"

"More, friend Sully.—He was the Old Mortality of history!—So much for the first and only historical authority on the Indian wars."

"By the bye, it just occurs to me, Frank, why don't you write a history of Virginia?"

The master of Inglewood (as the neighbours some times call him) answered solemnly, with a hand upon my arm,

"Friend Sully, this is a task neither for you nor me. History is not a pastime. Enough."

And calling my attention to a picturesque tract of some hundred rich and blooming acres, which the bright waters of the Shenandoah encircled, "here," said he, "is the Island and there in his canoe is Wat Tyrril."

VI.

THE ANGLER.

Wat Tyrril was a singular character—half-Indian in blood, whole Crusoe in his habits. There he sat or rather lay in his boat, with his fishing rod idly dangling over the side, absorbed apparently in reverie. I saw at a glance the reason for Frank's partiality. Here was a man who sympathized with him. They were both *anglers by organization.*

Wat Tyrril was a born angler. That it required but a glance to see. There was a careless ease about himself and his little canoe, a drop of the arm and a bend of the body which said so plainly.

Why, otherwise, did he live in this secluded spot—scarce visiting Millwood once a week, though but two or three miles distant—cradled in his lonely lodge at the foot of the dark pine-covered Blue Ridge, in the encircling arms of the quiet Shenandoah, which echoed no sound but its own murmurs, save when the gun of the turkey-hunter cracked in the hills, or the boatman's song stole from the wooded bend, as the wave bore his "gundelo" to the far Potomac?

Yet the Angler was not lonely—his rude but harmless life hung to the world without by a tendril slight but strong—his little granddaughter Kate, who sits yonder on a rock weaving baskets of the water-flag.

—Frank had no bait—the consequence of which was a halloo to the Angler, which suddenly *woke up* that dreamer. He answered with a grave, measured and respectful salute, and slowly taking in his lines paddled to shore.

"Why, Wat! you are dreaming to-day."

"Dreaming, dreaming all the time, Squire."

"That does no good—what are you thinking of so constantly?" said Frank.

"They're going to sell me out."

"The devil!"

"True as sunlight;" and the Angler sighed, "the sheriff is going to turn me adrift for taxes," said he.

"Pshaw! we must do something for you, friend Wat," said Frank, and we threw in our lines, and soon with pulling up fish and laughing with the old hunter, we had turned his mind from mournful thoughts.

It was a woodland scene of rare and gorgeous beauty—the river flowing in silent ripples—the great Blue Ridge, rising, pine-clad, in the back ground, and in front, embowered in a clump of water-dipping trees, Wat Tyrril's lodge.

All at once there appeared at the door (she had entered the house on our appearance) a little girl of fourteen. A shadow seemed to pass over the brow of the Angler.

"It's on her account I'm sorry, Squire," said he, and I saw a tear gather in his eye and roll down his sunburnt cheek. He wiped it off with calmness and looked around resignedly.

—"Now, friend Wat," said Frank, "I'll make you an offer. For every wild-turkey you bring me I'll pay you one dollar."

"And, Wat Tyrril," said I, "for a fishing rod made of the best cedar, jointed and joined with tin, I will pay you five good dollars. Only provided your daughter coats the handle with Indian silk grass."

"Gentlemen," said Wat, "you are kind to the old man and he thanks you from his heart."

—"Pshaw!" said Frank, "where is the favor? Now, friend Wat, here's our basket, and if Frank has no objection (this was said pleasantly to Frank, Jr.,) we'll get over and snack at your house."

VII.

HIS LODGE.

No sooner said than done.

One stroke of the paddle dashed the little log canoe through the rippling current and her bottom grated on the sand.

The Angler's lodge was a little rough-built house with two rooms only, hung around with nets and wears, fishing spears, (for night hunting) rods, raccoon, 'possum and muskrat furs, and supplied, as to furniture, with a rude pine table and two sylvan chairs of basket work, which a monarch might have envied. Beyond was little Kate's own room.

All was clean at the Angler's and his granddaughter met us with bashful but charming courtesy. As to Frank, Jr., *he* was evidently at home.

"There she is, gentlemen," said Wat Tyrril, "she loves the rough hunter too."

And an expression of pride and even delight wreathed the rough features of the Angler.

"Come Kate," said Frank, "kindle us a little fire, you and Frank, and you friend Angler, do you plead guilty to a fresh egg!"

The eggs were soon brought, and the ham being sliced, it was ere long hissing in its juice. A few potatoes in addition were buried in the ashes.

"Why where did this Bible come from, grandpa?" said little Kate, pointing to one in morocco binding which lay upon the chair.

The Angler looked at Frank.

"Oh pshaw!" said he, "Emily told me to bring it. She knew you had long wanted something better than that old tatterdemalion you carry in your pocket."

"God bless her," said the Angler with quiet dignity, and he handed the volume to Kate, who looked into Frank's face with a delightful expression of thanks.

The potatoes were soon done, and Kate raking in the ashes drew them out and soon placed everything on the rude table. It was a happy, idle time we had sitting round that board that golden summer's day.

All at once Kate turned her head and looked through the window, across the water.

"Grandpa," said she, "there's Mr. Barry coming down to the bank."

—Frank rose.

"Carry us back, friend Wat," said he, "it's Tom."

VIII.

THE OLD GENERATION AND THE NEW.

Fanny was long the idol of the youthful Sully, and now when he had returned to the spot where many happy days of his halcyon boyhood flew away he was still her thrall. She was a remarkable girl. Small, frail and delicate in appearance but as healthy as the stoutest, she chained the attention first and then the heart—for never did auburn curls cluster over a purer brow, or frame a face of more ingenuous and bewitching beauty.

They did not on this occasion meet as cousins—that relationship so fruitful in misunderstanding and mistakes; but she was just the same mad-cap tyrant to Sully as to Mr. Tom Barry, (the beau of the county) and her other male admirers. This Mr. Barry was shrewdly suspected of coming to Inglewood with matrimonial intentions, and throughout the day, Sully thought was most particularly and unjustifiably attentive to Fanny.

After dinner Frank called for his pipe, and ordered chairs to be carried into the porch. Then stretching out his legs, he commenced on his usual topic "how all the old honor had from Virginia gone." His reasons for this state of things were manifold—among other causes, yankee immigration, and—could the truth be got at—*railroads*.

"As for myself," said Frank, "I expect to see, before the half-century ends, a railroad running through Massanutten yonder and the North Mountain"—

"Well, all the better," said I.

"To say nothing of tunnelling our old Blue Ridge," continued Frank. "What will be the advantage, Sully?"

"An opening to the sea-board for produce."

"Yes, yes, that is the eternal cry! an opening for produce! You are wrong, doubly wrong! Your railroads will perhaps carry off a few barrels of flour, a few bushels of wheat, but beyond that? I will tell you. On the Blue Bell yonder will be tourists with their sketch-books, idlers with cane in mouth;"—

"Well?"

"Well, some day you will see in a *Northern* book '*Scene from the Blue Ridge; the fine old house in the back-ground is Inglewood, the residence of Francis Sully, Esq.*,'—so goodbye the country life and privacy which my father bequeathed me; they have made me and my house the public property. Then through the wilds of the Fort Mountain yonder, the iron horse will come snorting—scaring old "Buzzard Heaven" from its propriety, and drowning the murmur of the Shenandoah with its shrill and deafening scream. Will be! What am I saying? They are here in this very county agitating a scheme of steaming on the Shenandoah."

"Well it's all for the better, Frank."

"It is not for the better, Sully," Frank said, sadly, "it is all the worse."

"Are not gondolas knocked to pieces at Harper's Ferry and sold for one quarter of their value from their inability to ascend again? Will you not *gain* by the steamboat?"

"Ah! there comes your utilitarian argument! Friend Sully," said Frank, "the useful is not alone the desirable *here* in our little world—the useful is often the repulsive. You kill the imagination, scout at enthusiasm, laugh at poetry. Why? It is not the spirit of the age to value them, for the age is utilitarian."

"True."

"Well, in this you have committed a criminal mistake;—the age is false, the *true* like the *heroic* is dead."

"Pshaw, Frank, you are reading us a lecture."

Frank laughed and sighed.

"Perhaps you are right," said he, "I am old-fashioned, of the old time."

"Come now, without railroads how would you get even to Alexandria?"

"In the stage to be sure," said Frank, "that will not frighten the ducks on the Shenandoah like this snorting boat they project. The stage runs up thrice a week and does its business in a worthy way, friend Sully. There is Longcord. He is not a railroad conductor who hurries your life out of you because the steam is up; but an honest stage-driver with his six-in-hand, who still like the coachman of the old time, assures you that the off-leader has 'trotted his mile within three minutes and a half!'"

"Next to my little horse the railroad for me!"

"May I never hear the rolling of its wheels from Inglewood-hill, never see its breath from the spot that looks on the Ridge and the bright Shenandoah," said Frank. "Friend Sully, I may be old-fashioned in these notions, but I wish this valley to remain in its ancient obscurity, with nothing to disturb the mountain air but the clack of the old mill yonder, and the cheering blast of the stage's horn as it rattles along in the morning sun."

"So the projectors of the steam boat need not come to you, Frank?"

—"For me, friend Sully, they may stay at home—they will come on a bootless errand."

—These words sealed the discussion, and Fanny coming in with her bright hair floating on the evening breeze, the party determined at her request to ascend to the Observatory, and have a look at the landscape with its golden and azure canopy of clouds which the setting sun shone over.

Fanny glanced at Sully, and maliciously refusing to see his arm presented with a dreamy air, took Mr. Tom Barry's. Sully sighed.

IX.

SUNSET.

—I shall never forget that evening, and it rises to my memory now after the lapse of years as clearly as though it were but yesterday. The whole party gathered on the Observatory, and there before them lay one of the most picturesque portions of the Valley of Virginia, unrolled like a many-tinted map. On the east the Blue Ridge ran along, clothed now to the summit with woods, now dotted with farms, which looked like little gardens, overspread with golden veils.

But it was not on the east or south that the eye dwelt then. Running over that fair and waving country in the golden track of the dying sun, it fell upon the glorious planet, shorn of his more dazzling beams by the river haze, and poised like a fiery wheel on the summit of the far Fort Mountain.

The old telescope was levelled at the blood-red orb, and now when it was half-sunk behind the azure battlements of the mountain, its crimson disc revealed every tree and bush (though scarcely larger to the eye than *moss*) with perfect

distinctness. It waned slowly from sight and then a rosy flush only betrayed where it had a moment before been. The party stood beauty-struck.

Frank broke the silence;

—"Friend Sully," said he, "this scene and this sunset are worth all the railroads in the world!"

X.

KATE LOST IN THE WOODS.

—This morning while at breakfast we were all startled by Wat Tyrril's entering haggard and almost breathless. He came to know if any one on the plantation had seen his granddaughter Kate—one of the hands, to his horror, having stated that Miss Kate had not, (as she often had,) slept at Inglewood that night.

"Why, what's the matter, friend Wat," said Frank; what's become of Kate?"

"She's lost," cried the Angler, turning pale.

"Lost!" murmured Frank, Jr.

"She went out yesterday evening, squire, to gather huckleberries, and I havn't seen her since. She hasn't been here?"

"No."

"Then the Lord have mercy on me!" said the Angler, sinking into a chair and covering his face.

—Immediately all the house was in an uproar. Frank turned over two chairs, kicked Hannibal (for obstructing the way) half across the room, and in ten minutes the whole household turned out *en masse* to scour the woods.

"She's in the mountains, squire, as sure as I stand here," said the Angler, "and she was out the blessed night through."

All immediately separated different ways—I riding by Fanny's bridle, and Wat Tyrril setting off with his long woodman's stride, determined "never to return without his little girl."

Before separating, it was agreed that if Kate was found, the successful party should kindle a fire on the mountain, when the smoke, if in the day, or the light after dark, would be seen.

Throughout the morning I kept by Fanny's bridle, and we wound through the mountain roads. inquiring at every farm house near for the lost child. No one had seen her, and without appetite we hastened through a mock dinner and resumed the search.

The shades of evening were drawing on, and no trace had been found—no fire yet seen. After skirting the base of the main mountain, we had come back nearly to the Ford. The grief of Fanny almost betrayed itself in tears.

As a last resort, we determined to tie our horses and ascend the "Blue Ball," whose rugged sides rose above us;—and mounting the slope, (if it can be called such,) farthest from the river, we gained after great toil the summit.

Nothing. Fanny was in despair. But suddenly turning a large rock, at the foot of a mossy oak, we saw the lost girl, half reclining on the ground, her basket escaped from her hands, and her disordered hair quivering with a storm of sobs.

Sully will never forget that moment, though as many years should come to him as to that flapping crow yonder in the old dead oak. With one scream Fanny ran to the child, and clasping her closely in her arms, burst into an overwhelming fit of crying. After a while this subsided, and turning to me, she said, laughing through her tears,

"I suppose you choose to think I am very foolish—but one can't expect any thing better from *you*."

Foolish!—if ever Sully was completely and unresistingly taken captive, it was on that identical occasion. He came near, then and there, making a downright fool of himself.

Kate's story was soon told. She had wandered into the deepest wilds of the Blue Ridge, and becoming lost, had spent the night in trying to find the path homeward. Morning found her as thoroughly lost as ever, and all that day she had wandered on crying until she unconsciously reached the top of the Blue Ball. The trees on that side, however, obscured the view, and she had abandoned herself to despair.

I had but one regret—that I was not in the valley to see that bonfire which we made of dead boughs and "pine-tags." Frank said it reminded him of the Scottish beacons, when the "red-cross" streamed along the border to alarm the marches of Scotland.

Sully after the lapse of years, sees in this bonfire a nobler and more elevated poesy. It brought peace to an old man's torn and bleeding heart.

XI.

FRANK'S LIBRARY.

—Frank, Jr., never forgave his sister and myself for finding Kate; and his outrageous conduct on that occasion proved most conclusively that the Angler's daughter had made a conquest of him heart and soul. The Angler thanked us with simple dignity and disappeared with his daughter among the pines towards his lodge.

On the next day, when Frank had returned from his morning ride, I reminded him of his promise to show me his Library.

"My books," said he, "can not properly be called a Library, friend Sully; though I believe

I have some tolerably rare and important works. Come! we must mount. The machines, telescope and books are near neighbors."

A dozen steps found us in the "Master of Inglewood's" study—and a more curious apartment with its machines, fishing-rods, guns and long-stemmed Indian pipes, to say nothing of the rows of antique volumes, never gratified the sight of a rambler.

—"Here, Sully," said Frank, taking down two small volumes, "this is Hakluyt, and you observe from the date—1582—that it is a pretty old work. It is an important authority in our history."

"Possibly. But I must own to you, Frank, that this way of employing u for v, and adding a superfluous e to every other word is a bore to me."

"Pshaw!" laughed Frank, "it is the dust on the wine-bottle;—it smacks of age."

He passed on.

"Here is 'Purchas his Pilgrims,'" continued Frank, "and I often revel in the odd stories he has narrated in this old folio. It savours, like Hakluyt, of antiquity, and is good for quiet reading."

"What beautiful London quarto is that?"

"Keith's, Part I, of our history. It is worthless."

"And this?"

"Beverly. He is chiefly valuable for his account of Indian life and manners. *These* are Burk's volumes, and he would have finished the work, but for an unfortunate pistol-ball: and that old octavo is Stith."

—"I think I have seen *that* old history."

"It is a morsel for the literary epicure. Charles Lamb never saw it;—that, friend Sully, is the 'True travels, adventures and observations of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America.' The remarkable work of a remarkable man."

"It is a London edition?"

"No. Printed at Richmond, but no one bought it. Doubtless the 'True travels' has ere now coated many a trunk."

"It is a shame to Virginia. But the next generation will right all this!"

Frank shrugged his shoulders, with an expression of countenance that spoke volumes.

"Here is an 'Anacreon,' once Chancellor Wythe's, an 'Horatius,' from Baskerville's press, come hither through the Bermuda Isles, and there an old work containing a genuine signature of 'P. Henry.'"

"Indeed."

"Here is my Froissart, and there, near 'Johnston's Narrative,' is 'Kercheval's History of the Valley.' You have read him?"

"A copy, you will recollect, wandered to Princeton, but I never could read his interminable details."

—"Friend Sully," said Frank, mournfully, "you are a type of the new generation—as I am of the antique and the obsolete. You have a Froissart in your midst and you know him not."

XII.

AN OLD-FASHIONED THINKER.

—I hear at this moment after years have elapsed, Frank's low, sad tones, as he commented on the "old things and the new."

"Friend Sully," said he, "they tell me I am old-fashioned, that my sentiments are those of a dead generation, which the present race of men have passed in their theories and ideas, long years ago. Be it so; but to those old ideas I will cling while the breath is in my nostrils. True, I am a waif, an estray, on the flood of the nineteenth century, out of place, unfit for the times. True, I am of the Past."

"In what?"

"In everything. Ah, this country and this age are so far from the freedom they boast, that unless you bow to the majesty of OPINION, your usefulness, your life is gone For what are the subjects on which I am old-fashioned, *passé*, in my ideas? I think that the Virginia gentleman of the ancient *régime* is superior to the present race—in all things nearly superior."

"Then you approve of entails and baronial splendor in our Democratic Virginia?"

"God forbid! There I am never understood. It is said that my predilections incline to the old colonial generation of men, with their powdered heads, their liveried servants, their baronial estates, and above all, their contempt of the lower race of men—not as noble in source as themselves. Could I find the strongest term of dislike, and even contempt, I should apply it to that race, though in them there was much of good. No, Sully! My ancestors were not of *them*;—they fought with Bacon against Berkeley, and though they drove their lumbering chariot-and-six, they were altogether a different race; they *never* oppressed the poor. You are told they lived on their farms and visited only in a certain circle of society. True; do I or you act differently?

"Should I invite the rude overseers, and uneducated foreigners who have settled around *me*, to my parties and dinners? Not at all. They move in their circle, not in mine—they *would not accept* these courtesies. Just so in the old time. The true *Virginia gentleman* lived on his estate, was kind to his dependents and the poor, read his 'Arator,' and 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and talked politics over his wine—God wot,

they have many now got none to talk over.

"Well another race came to this honest, benevolent, perhaps a little exclusive society—another class planted themselves near them and said to them, 'You shall not drive your coach, drink your wine, be served by your negroes in peace and quiet, for we have no chariot, or wine, or negroes.' That is what they said. What they did was different. They lived closely and scraped together, by industry and parsimony, a sum of money which they very kindly *lent* to this generous, hospitable, and prodigal race. The consequence? Why forced sales for cash, change of owners, and that last and most poignant of torments to man, poverty after riches, and not for themselves only, but their tenderly-nurtured wives and daughters. Ask the Tide-water if this is not true.

"Is it a fiction that this old race is passing away and this new one coming? Is it a fiction that the old race is scouted and despised, the new race all that is great and powerful—'energetic,' 'enterprising,' 'mighty?' Here am I on my old ancestral acres, but poor enough, living in peace and quiet, loved by my servants, known to abhor a deliberate wrong, and with an unkind feeling toward no man on earth. Well! if I am sold out by a rich overseer to-morrow, I should be 'another aristocrat turned adrift.' Perhaps in my poverty, with Emily and Judith and Fanny, forced to *work* in an obscure hovel, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, the overseer, would honor little Fanny with a proposal of marriage; and should I refuse this whiskey-drinking, unrefined, coarse admirer, why I am a haughty aristocrat!

"Friend Sully, I am talking at random. These modes of thinking are my life—they cannot be changed. Well, the result of all? Why these men are successful and in the right. They will increase and their shadows wax so large, that this poor old dying race will be buried in obscurity, a scoff and a by-word. Wait a few years and they will be a myth, a dream!"

XIII.

OLD POWEL THE COINER, A TRADITION OF THE FORT MOUNTAIN.

Frank called my attention to many other books on his shelves, relating to Virginia, of which I remember only "Virginia richly and truly valued," "Nova Britannia," and "Virginia's Cure," and then made a proposition to "go and see what could be seen through the glass."

Frank levelled the telescope at the mountains, and when it came to the Blue Ball's turn, he gazed long and attentively.

"What do you see?" said I.

"Look."

I placed my eye at the aperture, and on the summit of the Blue Ball distinctly made out the tall Indian figure of the Angler, leaning against a giant pine, near the spot where Kate had been found.

"What's he doing?"

"May be returning thanks," said Frank. Then turning the glass he directed it towards the Massanutton.

"There's the Fort Mountain," said he; "but we havn't the setting sun, and you can hardly see the trees on it."

"What a poetical, dreamy looking ridge!"

"It is surrounded by a colony of Dutchmen," said Frank, with his old quaint smile.

"By-the-bye, Frank, you are a walking cyclopædia of tradition—tell me this one of 'Old Powel,' which I have heard alluded to."

"It's not worth telling or hearing," said Frank, lazily stretching himself in the sunshine, "but here it is as I have heard it.

"Old Powel was a Dutchman, who in the ancient colonial times came and settled on this mountain, or rather in its embrace; for it clasps with its two ramparts a rich and blooming valley. He was not deterred by the fact that the Massanutton was then the great war-path of the Delawares, but boldly built his 'Fort,' (as the old settlers called well and strongly constructed houses,) and defied the yelpings and hootings of these night-bird rascals. The pioneer having appropriated in this fearless manner the rich alluvial of the valley, and owning large pastures to the west of the mountain, waxed great and wealthy in the land.

"But as he grew richer, Old Powel became more grasping, and it was soon said, that on a dark and stormy night, when the wind moaned through the pines of the Fort Mountain and lashed the winding thread of Passage Creek into foam, a *blue light* might be seen in the recesses of the glen where old Powel and His Majesty were at work. The fact is, he *had* had an interview with the Devil, and on certain well-understood conditions had engaged his services.

"After that, old Powel became a coiner of the genuine '*Carolus III. Dei Gratias*'—Spanish dollars in a word; and 'assisted the specie currency' to such an enormous extent, that it was said he had scraped together 'every Carolus' in the whole Valley of Virginia.

"It was an *elixir vitæ* to the old pioneer to gaze on his golden stores, but Caroluses don't lengthen life, and Old Powel, in a storm of wind one awful night, went away with his master in honest fulfilment of his contract. People said he had barrelled up his gold and buried it, and a few years ago two Dutchmen and a negro were seen busily digging where they had seen a *blue*

light burning. In vain! Old Powel had buried his gold too deep for mortal spade to reach.

"And now the place is haunted: to this day his *spook* is seen. Those who dig to find his gold are confounded by strange sights, and the urchin, riding schoolward, hurries by in affright, while the foliage is agitated by unseen hands, and Passage Creek follows him with indignant murmurs; the pines moan with horror, the cannibal buzzards swoop above his head like saturnine guardians of the buried treasure, and the old Kyd of the Valley himself, the largest and the boldest of them all, looks down upon the intruder with burning and flashing eyes. You have it all;—this is the tradition of the Fort Mountain."

"A diabolic mixture truly of the grotesque, the ludicrous and the supernatural."

"Yes. But yonder comes Tom Barry; and we will descend, friend Sully, to meet him."

—Tom Barry came to accompany the girls, according to promise, on a visit to "Greenway Court"—the old residence of Lord Fairfax. This they had never seen, partly because of their long absence at Boarding School, partly from that strangest of all reasons for not seeing a curiosity, that they *lived near it*. A prophet is no prophet in his own country, and a "lion," physical or natural, is no lion in his native county.

Fanny clapped her hands and cried that all should go, but—with a glance at Sully—that Mr. Tom Barry should be *her* especial cavalier.

—Certainly she shows her taste, thought Sully, bitterly.

XIV.

GREENWAY COURT.

Riding through a fine and rich country of swelling hills and blooming meadows, that pleasant summer party, of which Sully was a member, came to Greenway Court.

This was, in days gone by, the residence of Lord Fairfax, that singular nobleman who, abjuring the splendor of the British court, came here, amid his immense possessions, to indulge his passionate love of the chase and colonize the wilderness. He was lord and master of a great portion of the ancient colony of the Old Dominion, for his grants embraced the entire region between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, to the well known "Fairfax stone."

He crossed the Blue Ridge to this valley, when it was one unbroken forest, (or broken, as the old settlers inform us, only by immense *prairies*,) engaged surveyors to lay off the land, (among whom was a youth, GEORGE WASHINGTON,) and having built, cleared, and lived a greater hunter before the Lord than Nimrod himself, was gathered in course of time to his fathers. He sleeps beside Morgan in the old Lutheran church.

He was passionate, but generous and noble, and Frank wrote on the old edifice, which his steward occupied, while he himself dwelt in a cabin, "God rest him." Sully wrote, "Amen."

Old servants of the family still lived here, and one old woman related many things of "my lord" her master. He was generous, she said, as the air—would throw a beggar his hat-full of *joes* (gold coin,) and none connected with his household ever knew what it was to want.

—Frank tells us that some years ago $250 were here found in old cob-coin—square according to the fashion of that day, and bearing date as far back as 1730. Greenway Court re-echoed to the laughter of that pleasant summer party, and they left its ancient domain to visit another relic of the Past—Saratoga.

Near Millwood a girth broke, and Sully to this day sees the picture of a young girl, with laughing face and auburn curls, leaning on a moss-clad rock, beside a clear stream fringed with grass and flowers. He held in his hand a little slipper, which the run had wetted, and the party laughed at his awkward dreamy air.

Fanny took it from his hand, and with the assistance of Tom Barry re-mounted; but once more with a glance at him. O, purblind Sully!

XV.

THE ANGLER'S VIOLIN.

—That evening Frank, Jr., burst into the dining-room, crammed to the muzzle with indignation, and every particular hair of his yellow locks standing on end upon his head. Behind him in perspective was little Kate crying piteously.

Frank, Jr., immediately exclaimed that the rascal of a sheriff had come to sell out Wat Tyril, and appealed to the whole company to know if it wasn't shameful to treat a man in that way, who would'nt ask favor or complain?

Kate had indeed come up without the Angler's knowledge, and that child of the wilderness was indeed too proud to ask assistance.

Frank and the whole party, girls and all, immediately set out for the Island.

On arriving opposite the Angler's lodge, a mournful sight was before their eyes. The old hunter's effects, bag and baggage, were bundled out and scattered broadcast over the ground, while he himself sat forlornly on a rock at some distance playing "Lucy Neal" for the last time on his violin, which must go with the rest. The myrmidons of the sheriff meanwhile were sacking the old cabin and scattering its contents over the beach.

The party with Kate crossed in the canoe; the Angler taking no notice of us yet. At last

he rose, and coming towards us, bowed and said, as he placed his fiddle on a pile of nets,

"It's all over, squire; my fiddle which I never thought would leave me must go with the rest, and we are turned out at last."

Fanny's pity threw Sully's in the shade.

"Poor Wat! They shall not take Kate though. She shall go with me," said Fanny, putting her arms around the child.

"Better than that," said Sully; "they shall not sell out the Angler."

"Of course not," said Frank, calmly, "that is out of the question. Friend Smith, what is the amount due?"

"Fifty-nine dollars, sir."

"A mere nothing," said Frank, coolly, but the Angler was not to be tricked in that way.

"Squire," said he, "I can't take the money, for I couldn't repay it."

"Pshaw! friend Wat, it's small."

"Squire I am poor, but I'm honest."

Frank looked worried, then thoughtful; at last, taking the hunter by the button,

"Angler," said he, "have you not been to the western country?"

"Yes, Squire."

"Taken by the Indians and kept captive?"

"Seven mortal months, Squire, and suffered like a Christian man. But what of that?"

"Why, you *can* pay me again."

"Squire, I don't understand!"

"Friend Smith, come to Inglewood to-morrow, and I will discharge this claim. Now, Angler," said Frank, when the men of law had departed in their boat, "sit down some day and dictate to friend Sully here, who is a literary man, the particulars of your sufferings and adventures."

"For what, Squire?"

"Why to *print* them, Angler. You'll be history—*history*, do you hear?"

—And with the sound of the Angler's fiddle roaring joyously in our ears, to the inspiriting air of "Killecrankie," we departed, while little Kate was sitting down crying for joy, and Fanny was taking to herself publicly all the glory and honor of our united achievement in freeing "Angler's Rest" from jeopardy.

XVI.

DEPARTURE.

It was not Sully's fault that that day the canoe upset and emptied its fair burden in the Shenandoah, whence they were extricated with the addition of a thorough wetting, and in woful plight. But he rescued Fanny from imminent danger, and she might, (he thought,) instead of shyly avoiding him, have leaned upon his arm in preference to Tom Barry's. Inglewood was no longer a place for his peace of mind.

—So that evening he announced his intended departure; and a great sensation, (his vanity whispered,) was caused thereby. Questions, protestations, entreaties—yes, entreaties from all but Fanny, were showered on his devoted head. No! He was determined. "He had business of importance; he could not pleasure always; he must go." Fanny did not say, "Remain," or he could not have left them.

Alas! those much looked for words of entreaty were never uttered; and as a longer stay would bring but unhappiness to him, he one morning mounted his little horse, bade them all a mournful adieu, (Fanny last,) and with many backward looks for a relenting glance, took his way through the great valley slowly toward the south, with the leaves and the wind following him with their "multitudinous laughter," and whispering, "No more—no more!"

XVII.

RETURN.

One day Sully stood on the portico of the Capitol with two letters in his hand: one from a lawyer of the West, relating to his great wasteland possessions, and demanding his presence there; the other in these words from Frank:

—"Come, Sully! your Christmas should not drag by in the city, amid brick and glare and annoyance. Come to Inglewood, where a blazing fire of logs awaits you, and old-fashioned country laughter."

So I went, and on a cool, clear day of winter, I met at the Inglewood road the whole family come to welcome me. There they were—Frank, Emily, Judith, Fanny, and Frank, Jr., and until bed-time Sully's arm had no rest.

Next morning when Frank, as usual, (before his daily ride over his farm,) was lounging with his pipe on the portico, watching the snow-birds and setting the negroes about the house to their tasks, I was let into the news of the country-side.

"They're going to have a marriage here shortly, friend Sully," said Frank.

My heart sank.

"Who?" said I.

"Why Tom Barry," said Frank; "he has been in love with her so long, that I really think he deserves her. Then she's a good girl. Don't you think so?"

"Excellent," murmured Sully.

"And so sensible a little chit in spite of all."

"Very sensible."

"I hope they'll be happy."

"And I—sincerely."

"Tom's a light fellow, but right-thinking."

"Yes.'

"And I have no doubt she'll make him an excellent wife."

"No doubt of it," said Sully.

"The marriage, friend Sully, will take place in a week, they tell me, (*I* don't meddle with these matters.) and that will bring us to Christmas. We'll have a jolly time, my youngster."

"No doubt. By-the-bye, Frank, when does the stage pass west again?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I must set out to-morrow if it passes."

"To-morrow? you surely jest!"

"Business in the West about the lands—business! You know the inexorable word, friend Frank."

"Pshaw! No business shall take you from Inglewood in that way!"

And so Frank went on urging, but I was determined in my purpose. See Fanny married before my eyes! I could not.

Frank set out on his morning ride promising to return in an hour, and I clapped on my hat, folded my arms and took my way through the pines to see the Angler once more at his island lodge.

—Forlorn Sully! how could you be happy in that quiet country-house, when in your own bosom was your misery. You had committed that unpardonable crime in a youth of sense, drawn on the bank of Love without a fund to answer your demand.

XVIII.

THE ANGLER'S PHILOSOPHY.

The woods wore that clear and bare aspect, which the glorious sun of the *winter-Indian-summer* renders so plain. There is no other name so appropriate for this breath of August, the ancient "nurse of the Halcyon," in the midst of ice and snow.

The Angler was in his lodge reading a book which Fanny had brought him, he said, on the day before, as his Christmas present, with his own name, "Walter Tyrril," written on a blank leaf in her own fair hand. Sully looked at it mournfully. It was "Izaak Walton's Complete Angler," and Wat Tyrril read it with the zest of a proficient in the joyous art.

"Squire," said he to Sully, "this is a *real* book that happened in earnest. What sport old Izaak might have had with me here on the quiet Shenandoah, in these dark pools and eddies, under the shadow of the Ridge!"

"He never had its equal in England, Wat."

"But what he had he has written about as I could never write, Squire—never."

And honest Wat Tyrril with his monotonous Indian intonation, read aloud a description of a summer's ramble on a country brook-side.

"That life is a greater than the life of cities, friend Wat," said Sully.

"Yes, Squire, and for why?"

"Tell me."

"God is plainer and nearer all around us in the mountains," said Wat, solemnly, "you can't see his face in the city. Here you find him in the woods, in the river, and in the Ridge. He is all around you."

"True, Angler. Your's is the genuine creed."

—And while he was speaking, Kate entered and flushed and started like a timid fawn at seeing a stranger; but Sully and she were old acquaintances, and soon they were talking easily, for he loved from his own childhood the pure and unsullied hearts of children, more than the scheming and worldly-wise of older persons.

The Angler wished him to go and angle with him in a favorite spot of his, but he was in too sad a mood, and slowly turned towards home. Kate sat in the stern, while he shot the little canoe across, and he thought she did not look at him.

On the shore was Frank, Jr., pretending to be angling, lazily on a bank, while his eyes wandered ever and anon to the boat and the lodge.

Foolish, ridiculous Frank! Have you no eyes for aught save the cottage-beauty in her little hat of straw! But such is youth; and Sully—is *he* neither foolish nor ridiculous?

XIX.

FANNY.

In the woods, bathed in the clear, golden sunlight, Fanny was rambling without an object; for her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and her fingers idly played with the string of her bonnet, whose removal left her beautiful fair hair to float upon the wind. On seeing Sully she started.

"Oh, you are down here, are you?"

"As you see, fair cousin."

"And what were you thinking of?"

Sully was desperate.

"Of a marriage," he said, mournfully.

Fanny's laugh was a most musical laugh.

"Won't we have a gay time?" said she.

"No doubt," replied Sully.

"Then Tom is such a fine fellow."

"I have no doubt you think so," murmured poor Sully.

"He has a rising practice too."

"Has he?"

"And altogether is a most 'eligible match,'" said Fanny, laughing; "don't you think so?"

"Very."

"I always thought they were suited to each other—they are so *contrary*."

"Who?" said Sully, starting.

"Why Tom and sister Judith."

Sully caught her hand.

"And Tom Barry is not to be married to—— is to marry Judith?"

"Certainly; didn't you know it?"

"Why," said Sully, laughing with the lightest heart under heaven, "I thought Tom was to marry you."

"Me!"

Sully never heard such a ringing, rippling laugh.

"Marry me? Tom Barry!"

Perhaps this time it was to hide a little confusion and a rising blush.

"Ah, Fanny, do you recollect last summer?"

"Yes," she said with a tremor.

"You did not like Tom Barry better than poor Sully once, dear Fanny?"

"Never!"

What a golden, roseate blush!

"Ah, Fanny, in spite of all, those were happy days; were they not?" said Sully thoughtfully.

—And they wandered on through the woodland and the golden sunshine hand-in-hand—to wander thus upon the shore of Time forever.

XX.

SULLY LAYS DOWN HIS PEN.

Never did Inglewood rejoice so through all its borders, as on that happy and merry Christmas—never did the shouts of "Noël, Noël!" in the olden time so ring through the shaking rafters, as throughout that broad domain the bursts of merriment and full-hearted laughter. To tell of the joy, the uproar, the assembling of friends from far and near, with the noise of wheels and hoofs on the frosty ground, would be but a vain attempt. These things could not be depicted, and Sully lays down his pen.

Before him rise the eternal mountains, and yonder hawk looks down from his eyrie-oak on the dim windings of a noble river. All is beautiful and bright, and the heart is dimmed with the glories of the scene framing its olden memories. But Sully's thoughts are neither of the mountains, nor the river, nor the white clouds trailing over verdant meadows their mighty shadows, nor yet of the golden past.

As he raises his eye from the sheet, where he has jotted down these rambling and disconnected memories of that bygone time, his glance falls, behind his shoulder, on a rosy face framed in auburn curls, which speaks to him in every lineament and expression of that happy and joyous past, more clearly than all else;—an eye meets his which reflects in its blue depths more plainly than any memory the incidents here traced;—and a touch is on his hand which long ago, in the leafless wood, made his pulse throb with a dreamy and passionate joy.

As they wandered hand-in-hand through that old dim forest, near that winding stream, will they wander through the light and shadow of the world, and along the murmuring river of Time forever.

L. I. L.

Va. March, 1851.

REST.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Oh, word of meaning strong, and strange, and deep,
Born high in heaven and finding death on earth,
Shall we not know thee 'till our bodies sleep,
Or when the soul new-plumed hath angel birth,
Oh, gentle, gentle Rest!

Dost thou not whisper to the happy child,
And in his dreams bright forms of beauty trace,
As clothed with spirit pure and undefiled,
He sleeps within a mother's close embrace,
Oh, twilight, dreamy Rest!

Or to the toil-worn man, world weary, filled
With shattered aims and bending to the earth,
Say—are his yearnings by thine influence stilled,
And changed to hopes of higher, nobler worth,
Oh, soothing, soothing Rest!

Is there no blest Cimmerian cave of Sleep,
Where in the gloom the Lethe murmurs song,
While deep forgetfulness each sense may steep,
And thou on zephyrs' wings dost float along,
Oh, visionary Rest!

When human Love with gentle, winning power
By poets sung earth-wide in strains divine,
Makes for the heart one blissful, perfect hour,
Shall we not call this gift ecstatic *thine*,
Oh, sweet, consoling Rest!

I ask like one who in the lonely night
Calls wildly to the cold unanswering star,
Or gazing at the moon's pale, tranquil light,
Yearns for a home within her depths afar,
Oh, well beloved Rest.

Come, come, let but the shadow of thy wing
Upon my heart one earnest moment fall,—
Thou comest not, and these aspirings bring
No hope that thou wilt answer to my call,
Oh, holy, longed-for Rest.

Pure child, worn man, ah, neither dost thou bless,
And Somnus' black-plumed couch can win thee not,
No form thou holdest in thy charmed caress,
Thou visitest nor high, nor humble spot,
Oh, perfect, perfect Rest!

A FAREWELL TO VIRGINIA.

BY J. MORTIMER KILGOUR.

Farewell to thee, Virginia,
  But now before I go,
My Lyre would breathe a parting strain,
  Whilst burning tear-drops flow;
As joyous scenes of happy hours
  Come trooping from the past,
O'er which, in vain, oblivion
  Its murky veil would cast.

Farewell to thee, Virginia!
  'Twere vain for me to tell
The sad emotions of my soul,
  As that wild word, farewell,
Bursts from its inmost depths, to bring
  A mournful echo back;
As memory leads my sinking heart
  Adown youth's faded track.

Oh never more, perhaps, amid
  Thy mountain crags I'll roam,
Or muse in silent ecstasy,
  Where silver cascades foam,
As dashing from their rocky beds,
  Into the laughing streams,
They seem to weave, in sparkling spray,
  My wayward spirit-dreams.

I go from thee, Virginia,
  But oh, I leave behind,
Fond hearts, around whose tenderest chords,
  My memory is entwined!
Each summer breeze, the scent of flowers,
  Far on its bosom bears;
Thus Love will ever bring to me,
  Their kindly thoughts and prayers.

Farewell to thee, Virginia;
  Oh I have loved thee long,
And would that I could now embalm,
  Thy sacred name, in song,
Which would convey, to other times,
  The brightness which has shed
A halo o'er thy hills, and plains,
  Land of the mighty dead!

Yes—to thy children—thou hast given
  A noble heritage—
All gorgeous with the glory,
  Of Hero, Patriot, Sage!
A shining cluster!—yet enough
  Would be the name of one,
To make thee, brightest star of earth—
  Mother of Washington!—

Thy mountains raise aloft to Heaven
  The glory of thy name;
Thy rivers—dashing onward—speak
  Thy never-dying fame,—
Thy generous sons and daughters,
  Upon their hearts still bear,
The impress which thy history
  Has fixed forever there.

Farewell to thee, Virginia,—
  This simple parting strain,
Is all that I can give thee now,
  But I will come, again
To make my home with thee,
  Thy flowers above me then shall bloom,
And thy mountains, oh Virginia,
  Shall guard my lowly tomb!

Stony Point, Virginia.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XLVII.

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste:
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The thought of death alone the fear destroys;
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
Pull'd off by the first blasts, and lost forever.—*Young.*

Mr. Selden passed a sleepless night; the sudden death of poor Williams had not only shocked, but distressed him; all the days of their early friendship, the hours of careless gaiety and good fellowship they had enjoyed together, the scenes in which they had been engaged—his looks, his words, his tone, when they parted for the last time, recurred to his memory; so many early associations and recollections were connected exclusively with the friend of his youth, that it made him feel as if a portion of his own life had been taken away with him, and the fearful suddenness of this event made him realize deeply, "that it is an awful thing to die." He would fain have recalled some expression of his departed friend, which showed that his thoughts ever dwelt with interest on any subject connected with his immortal weal—some action that could be traced with any probability to religious motives, but nothing recurred to his recollection. Indeed, he now remembered, with far more pain than it had given him at the time the conversation occurred, that when he last saw him, Mr. Williams had made several speeches, that led him to believe that he was infected with the prevailing notions of French philosophy, though he made no open avowal of infidelity.

And then, too, though Mr. Selden was eminently generous and liberal in all his feelings, he could not think of the possible consequences that might follow the death of Mr. Williams, if, as Dr. Irving intimated, he had left his affairs in great disorder, without sentiments of regret and self-reproach. If the consequences of his

imprudence could fall on himself alone, he should meet them with comparative indifference, but he could not without great pain be the cause of privations and embarrassments to his wife and children, and this too, without even the comfort of reflecting that he had really benefitted the family of his friend by these sacrifices. Then a visit to a house of mourning, when he had no consolation to offer, under such peculiarly distressing circumstances, was very oppressive to his mind; thick coming evils clouded his imagination, and he felt for a time almost overwhelmed.

Mrs. Selden conjectured truly as to the train of thought that was passing through her husband's mind, and the feelings to which it gave rise, and sought with the utmost tenderness and skill to fortify his mind and cheer his spirits. She answered his thoughts rather than his words, and by meeting the threatening evil bravely, and speaking openly and cheerfully of the pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments which might arise from his liabilities for Mr. Williams, and the spirit in which she thought they ought to meet them, and by the more than usual gentleness and tenderness of her words and manner, greatly comforted and sustained him. Happy the man who has such a wife as Mary Selden; thrice happy if he has the wisdom to appreciate the treasure he possesses! Mr. Selden had supposed that he understood the whole worth of his wife's character, but was convinced now that he had never fully appreciated it before. And in this he was right, for no character has been fully proved until it has been tried by the touchstone of adversity.

The morning was clear and cold; every object was covered with a dazzling sheet of snow, and the prospect out was anything but inviting for a journey of three days over bad roads, and a river to cross, and nothing in prospect but a termination to it, more melancholy than the journey itself. Mr. Selden was much gratified at Reginald's proposing to accompany him; it would be the greatest imaginable relief to have some one with him who would take all the most troublesome part of settling up complicated and difficult accounts off his hands, and he considered the offer too as a strong proof of Reginald's desire to oblige him, as he knew that he entertained a peculiar horror for funeral occasions and visits of condolence.

Their journey was dreary and tedious, but Reginald made a much better travelling companion than Mr. Selden had anticipated; he seemed generally awake to things around him, attentive to his father's little wants, and evidently desirous to entertain him. Such exertions were so unusual from Reginald, that Mr. Selden guessed at the nature of the motives which actuated him, and touched by this evidence of his son's generous affection, he relieved himself in some measure of the burthen that oppressed his heart, by expressing to him his apprehensions with regard to his own liabilities for Mr. Williams, the consequences of which, he said, he feared greatly more for his family than for himself. He was relieved to find that Reginald listened without surprise or dismay, and seemed quite prepared to meet any losses which might come upon them with a brave and cheerful spirit.

As the carriage approached Oak Hill, Mr. Selden's heart sank within him; the recollection of his old friend, his hearty greeting, his cordial shake of the hand, his merry laugh, came back unbidden with all the vividness of life, contrasting painfully with the reality of his melancholy fate, the proofs of which he was so soon to witness. Everything about the house and grounds bore the impress of their late owner's character and habits—the love of style, of display; the fickleness, the want of consistency, of minute and patient industry, which had marked his course through life.

A highly ornamented gateway opened into the grounds which surrounded the mansion, and a porter's lodge stood near it, but no porter was to be found. After sundry bawlings and remonstrances, half coaxing, half angry, to a black child, who was peeping through a broken window at the carriage, old Thomas was compelled to dismount to open the gate, as it was out of order, and opened with much difficulty. An expensive inclosure, which surrounded the grounds, was broken down in several places, and botched up with poles or rails of the rudest description. Noble oaks, "the monarchs of the woods," had been felled to give way to spruce Lombardy poplars, and ill-thriven Pride-of-China trees. A variety, too, of short ornamental hedges placed about the grounds without any apparent regard to use or propriety, produced a very unpleasant and formal effect.

Mr. Williams had designed and partly executed large and expensive additions to his house—originally a substantial brick building in a square form: he had wished to modernize it, and give it a more stylish air; but nothing had been completed, so that there was an incongruity and want of finish about the whole, which produced an absolutely ludicrous effect, when beheld for the first time. Mr. Selden was, however, in no humor to receive ludicrous impressions; all spoke to him of death, of change, of the vanity of human life and wishes.

Dr. Irving and Edward Williams, who were standing in the portico to await the entrance of their guests, received them with that sort of subdued welcome which befits the house of mourn-

ing, but there were no traces of severe mental suffering visible in the faces of either gentleman. Edward Williams had a face and figure, which at the first glance always struck the beholder as almost faultless, but his face was so destitute of character, that you would as soon contemplate a handsome piece of furniture, with an expectation of interest or variety of expression, as his countenance. Mr. Selden had not seen him before for many years; and he perceived at the first glance, that he was but a broken reed for a ruined family to lean upon.

The impression produced by the manner and appearance of Dr. Irving was still less favorable than that made by Edward. He was about the middle height, but from the effect of a very portly figure, appeared to be rather beneath the middle stature; he held his head, however, thrown back as if to make the most of himself, and his very step denoted the self-sufficiency which characterized his whole appearance. The room into which he ushered Mr. Selden and Reginald, with an emphatic wave of the hand, was of ample proportions and expensively furnished, but the want of neatness and care was so visible, as to produce an immediate sense of discomfort, a sort of Castle Rackrent, or Headlong Hall impression. The heavy silk fringe on the curtains was torn in various places, the rich chair covers put on awry and visibly soiled, the Brussels carpet stained, and there was a want of arrangement in all the furniture, which made every thing look as if it were in the way of something else; but worst of all, for the comfort of the guests, damped and chilled to the heart's core, some wet logs smouldered in the fire-place, making one of those black fires, which would be sufficient to cast a gloom over the most cheerful company.

"Cold comfort, gentlemen, I regret to see," said Dr. Irving, in a slow and measured tone, giving not only to every syllable, but to every letter, its utmost length; "I was engaged in another apartment, looking over some rather important papers at the time of your arrival, and was not aware of the uncomfortable situation of the fire."

He cast a look upon Edward Williams, who taking the hint, exerted himself so far as to go to the kitchen, for he knew that ringing a bell would be worse than useless in such a case as this, in pursuit of the delinquent.

"Sam, you little rascal, bring some dry wood into the drawing room immediately; you must have taken logs out of the swamp to put in the the fire."

The cook, who was pausing from the labors dire, which she had been carrying on, in preparing for the approaching funeral occasion, came slowly out of the kitchen, with the air of one who knows their own importance too well to be in a hurry.

"Sam said, Mas Edward, that he had fixed every thing in the house, and he reckoned he had better take this chance to go to his snow-bird traps."

"He *has* fixed every thing, indeed; call him at once, and ask him if he is not ashamed of himself to make such a fire for strange gentlemen, coming from such a journey too. See about it at once: will you?"

Thomas who had left Jacob to do the honors of the stable to Cæsar, and repaired himself quickly to the kitchen, anxious to requite the hospitable attentions he had received at Sherwood, upon hearing Edward's last words, determined to put his own shoulder to the wheel for the credit of the family; and coming to the door immediately, said—

"Don't trouble yourself, Mas Edward, I'll make the fire myself."

"Ah, how goes it, Thomas, I am glad to see you are going to put your hand to it; now I am sure it will be well and quickly done;" so saying he ran back into the house.

"Ah, I wonder what'll be done when all the old niggers is gone; I don't see no young ones coming on fit to take *their* places," said Tom to the cook, with a smile of gratified self-importance.

"Ah, sure enough," rejoined the old cook, "that's what I says."

Thanks to the exertions of old Thomas, a cheerful fire soon blazed on the hearth, and Mr. Selden felt his heart warm somewhat beneath its reviving influence, and he was able to listen with a decent degree of apparent attention to "the bald, disjointed chat," with which Dr. Irving endeavored to entertain him, without even a momentary suspicion that his efforts were not perfectly successful. The two daughters of Mr. Williams, Mrs. Simms and Miss Lucy Williams, appeared at supper as a compliment to their father's earliest and most intimate friend, but they looked pale and sad, and after exchanging a few civil speeches with their guests remained totally silent.

Amongst the family group, no one interested Mr. Selden so much as a little boy apparently about twelve years of age, who sat at the corner of the table unnoticed by any one but little Sam, who seemed very attentive in supplying his wants; there were indications of intelligence and quick feeling in his face, which prepossessed him in his favor; and this prepossession was heightened by a strong feeling of compassion, for he concluded at once he must be Will Howard, of whom he had heard his late friend speak with much affection. This child was the son of a sister of Mr.

Williams. She married a very worthless man, who, after having run through every cent of property they possessed, died suddenly in a fit of intoxication. His wife survived him but a few months, and at her death, left her only child to her brother, to whom she had always been most strongly attached.

Mr. Williams had naturally warm affections and a generous disposition, and this child became an especial pet with him; his heart yearned towards the desolate orphan of a sister of whom he had been very fond, and this natural impulse became a strong affection from the force of little Will's own attractions. He was a bright-minded, warm-hearted boy, full of generous impulses and animal spirits, ready to love those who loved him with all his heart, and to requite those who did not with a full measure of evil for evil. His great and marked preference for his uncle, on all occasions did not endear him to the rest of the family, and Mrs. Williams, who was a silly, selfish woman, full of petty resentments and jealousies, and who understood no more of a child's heart than of Greek or Hebrew, took up a feeling of dislike to little Will. But his uncle, to shield him from the consequences of his aunt's wrath, which was ready to break out on every little opportunity of manifesting spite, reserved to himself exclusively the right of punishing his transgressions, so that he was never punished at all, except by scolds and frowns from his aunt and cousins, which he generally repaid by a fit of the sullens.

Will had grieved with all the violence of childish grief at the death of his uncle, and though, happily at his age, such intensity of sorrow cannot continue very long, bursts of grief, and feelings of extreme desolation and sadness came over him every now and then, and he told old Thomas he wished he was dead too, for he knew nobody in the world loved him now!

As they rose from the supper table, Mr. Selden, attracted and touched by the appearance of the child, patted him kindly on the head, saying, "This is my little friend, Will Howard, I am sure."

"Yes, sir," said the child, looking up earnestly and wistfully in his face, with a look which said plainly, "I will love you, if you will love me."

"We must get acquainted; I know we shall take very much to each other," said Mr. Selden smiling so kindly upon him, that Will hung down his head to hide the tears that rushed to his eyes, he thought this himself a strange affection, of which he felt somewhat ashamed.

Very heavily the hours wore away. On the next day, the whole house was in a sort of solemn commotion for the approaching funeral sermon and dinner which was to succeed it. There was a general gathering of all the families within many miles around, and to an uninterested observer, it would have been curious to mark the various expressions of countenance assumed as befitting the occasion. Scarcely any one but Reginald and his father appeared with their natural faces; Mr. Selden's indeed was sufficiently sad, for he felt grieved at heart; and little Will who had seated himself as close as he could to him, became totally unable to control the sobs that convulsed his whole frame. Mr. Selden led him gently to the door, and whispering some words of kindness, advised him to go into another room.

There are, perhaps, no occasions in life, in which the solemn and the ludicrous are so painfully mingled, as in funeral solemnities; there is something so dread, so immense in the idea, that one moment is sufficient to hurry us through the portals of Time, to an awful and boundless eternity, and that the day is rapidly and inevitably approaching, when we too must lie down in the dust, like him whose obsequies we are celebrating, and surrender our spirits to the "God who gave them," that we shrink back appalled from its contemplation, and seek to banish it by all the outward signs and tokens of mourning for the dead and honor to the departed.

To endeavor to sustain a soul trembling on the threshold of eternity for the awful transition, by the hopes and consolations of the Gospel, is considered in the highest degree injudicious and cruel by many, who would regard the least failure in the ceremonial of a funeral, as a violation of the most sacred duty to the deceased. Were we not beings possessing the same common nature, such inconsistencies would be ludicrous in the extreme, and to the thoughtless they often are so, while to the serious they appear a bitter mockery of humanity.

After the funeral service had been performed, and a short, trite, and unimpressive sermon delivered, a decent pause ensued, with a little whispering amongst some of the ladies, as to how poor Mrs. Williams stood her troubles, the scarcity of black goods, the difficulty of getting mourning made up, the great changes that would probably soon take place in the family, &c. Large trays of cake and wine were then carried around the room by the servants with the same air of solemn bustle which had characterized all the proceedings of the day,—one would have supposed from the countenances of the guests, as they partook of these refreshments, that they were engaged in the performance of a grave duty.

Then an immense cold dinner, large enough for three times the number of the guests that could possibly have attended, was set out, every dish larded over with a cold and villainous compound called thick butter; and a murmur of

conversation, carried on in a subdued tone, was heard from various parts of the table, accompanied by the clatter of knives and forks; the honors of the table being performed by Dr. Irving with a slow pomposity, which was nearly insupportable to the oppressed heart and saddened spirits of Mr. Selden. The form of his departed friend seemed to rise before him—not as last he saw him, but pale and reproachful he stood at his own board, spread for the last time for guests who had so often partaken of his hospitality, who now "drank the red wine and ate the good cheer" with scarcely a thought of him who had so lately presided here, the life and soul of the feast.

When dinner was fairly over, and the guests had departed, Mr. Selden drew a long breath of inexpressible relief;—this scene at least was past to return no more, and he was heartily thankful for it, though he knew it was to be succeeded by others scarcely less trying.

Mr. Williams died without a will, and Dr. Irving made disclosures to Mr. Selden respecting his affairs, which showed a wider ruin than his worst fears had anticipated. Mr. Williams had been induced by Mr. Grimes, an associate and friend, who was much addicted to extensive speculations, by which he had made a large fortune, to join him in some very hazardous schemes, which had issued disastrously. Mr. Grimes had been engaged for the few last years in the West India trade, and the returns from it had been so considerable as to dazzle the excitable imagination of Mr. Williams with the prospect not only of extricating himself from his embarrassments, but of realizing a splendid fortune.

Influenced by these hopes, Mr. Williams not only borrowed money, but disposed likewise of a valuable estate, that he might vest the money in this new enterprise, joined Mr. Grimes in the purchase of vessels, and cargoes of grain to load them with, and entered so completely in imagination upon the possession of immense wealth, that he made several expensive purchases of fine horses, furniture, plate, &c., &c. He died before these sanguine anticipations were crushed, though the stroke was just ready to fall—for it was only two days after his death, that a letter came from Mr. Grimes announcing an extent of disaster amounting almost to ruin. A storm had overtaken the vessels—one had been lost, and the others so much injured that the cargoes were destroyed, and the vessels would require very expensive repairs before they could be made seaworthy again.

It is true, that Mr. Selden thought of his own losses with regret and self-reproach, when he discovered the state of Mr. Williams's affairs, but he was also very deeply concerned at the ruin of his friend's family; and so far from joining in Dr. Irving's unmeasured condemnation of his conduct, it would have been evident to one of less obtuse perceptions, that the theme was distasteful to him, and that he greatly preferred dwelling on the bright side of the character of the deceased.

Dr. Irving went on to say, that Mrs. Williams was entirely unacquainted with the real state of her late husband's affairs, though she knew he had incurred some large debts, that she was totally ignorant of business transactions, and had probably never thought of money in her life, but when she wished to spend it. Indeed, he said, he could not imagine what would become of the family, and though he had never shrunk from any task that duty imposed upon him, and never would, yet he should consider it as a very particular favor, if Mr. Selden would converse with Mrs. Williams on the necessity of conforming to her circumstances, and prepare her mind in some measure for the reverses she must experience. Were such advice, he continued, to come from him, his sister might suppose it proceeded from interested motives, as she would probably look to him for many extravagant indulgences to which she had been accustomed, without duly reflecting that it always had been his rule, and always would be, never to permit his expenses to exceed his income for any mortal breathing. Moreover, he had a large family of his own, and he had always considered the text of Scripture, "He that provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel," ought to be heeded, and he always should think so.

Mr. Selden declined the task with ill concealed disgust, saying that he did not think his intimacy with Mrs. Williams warranted such a liberty, but offered his assistance in examining and arranging Mr. Williams's letters and papers, that they might ascertain what resources there were for the settlement of the debts. Mrs. Williams, he remarked, would have her dower right in the Oak Hill estate, which under judicious management might preserve her family at least from want.

Dr. Irving gladly availed himself of this offer of assistance, for he had been appointed administrator of the estate of the deceased, and soon a chaos of letters and papers presenting an almost Herculean labor, were spread out before the dismayed eyes of Mr. Selden and Reginald. And now, he felt the full value of Reginald's assistance, his readiness at calculation, clearness of thought, and systematic habits were invaluable in a task such as this. Edward Williams was a mere cypher, and he exhibited such a picture of hopeless imbecility in attempting to render assistance, that Reginald, moved with compassion, begged to spare him any share in a task, which must necessarily be so distressing to him, and

said that he would communicate to him, from time to time, the result of their investigations. Edward very gratefully accepted the offer, saying that his thoughts were in such a state of confusion and disturbance, he was really incapable of attending to business, and that his uncle, Dr. Irving, had prepared him to expect the worst.

As Edward withdrew from the room, Dr. Irving, taking him aside, requested that he would inform his mother and sisters of the real situation of their affairs, as he wished their minds to be prepared for some conversation which he should find it necessary to hold with them, perhaps during the course of the day, if he could find leisure for it, for he never had procrastinated in a matter where duty was concerned, and never would, unless compelled by necessity.

After a few hours had elapsed, Mrs. Williams sent Edward to request that Mr. Selden would walk up into her apartment, as she did not feel able to leave her room, and was anxious to see him. Dr. Irving accompanied him, and Mr. Selden felt that the worst of all his painful tasks had overtaken him.

Mrs. Williams was seated in an easy chair, enveloped in bombasine and crape, but there was nothing of the *abandon* of grief in her air and manner; her dress was carefully arranged, and she held a smelling bottle and handkerchief in her hand, with a grace that did not seem wholly unstudied. In her youth, Mrs. Williams had been considered a great beauty, and her fortune and personal attractions had made her a celebrated belle, and there was no situation in life, even now, in which she quite forgot to be handsome and interesting. Yet Edward's announcement of the state of their affairs, had really shocked and overcome her extremely.

She advanced a few paces from her seat at the entrance of Mr. Selden, returned the cordial pressure of his hand, and murmuring a few words, sank back into her seat, and applied her handkerchief from time to time to her eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Selden," she said, "sad changes have taken place since I saw you last. God only knows what is to become of me and of my children."

"Sad changes indeed," said Mr. Selden, who was thinking at that moment more of the loss of her husband, than of the loss of her fortune, "but I hope, my dear madam, you will find comfort in the blessings that still remain to you. Your children are left to console and sustain you."

"My children," said Mrs. Williams, with an impatient gesture, "are left to starve with me, after having been accustomed to every indulgence, and having a right to it too, for I brought a large fortune in the family to come to downright poverty."

This fortune to which Mrs. Williams alluded, had been the bane of poor Williams's life, for if he had ever hesitated to incur any expense for the gratification of his wife's whims, or silliest wishes, he was always taunted with it; and as the fortune had been left her by an uncle, it had always been a source of heart burning amongst her brothers and sisters, as their parents were unable to leave them any thing more than a bare competence, while their sister Lucy was an heiress.

"Oh, mama," remonstrated Mrs. Simms, who looked at once distressed and ashamed, "pray do not talk so."

"Ah, it is very easy, Henrietta, for *you* to beg *me* not to talk so; you are well provided for."

"Sister," said Dr. Irving, clearing his throat, and throwing back his head, "you amaze, you shock, you distress me. I have always submitted to the decrees of Providence myself, and always will, and should hope that my example might not be wholly lost. But since it appears to have been so, at least remember the maxims of common sense, if not the principles of religion, namely, that there is no use in complaining, and that we should always make the best of our condition. No one can expect to enjoy uninterrupted prosperity, for as Solomon says, 'there is a time for all things.' It is true, it will henceforth be necessary that you should use very strict economy, and endeavor to make your income cover your expenses, as soon as we ascertain what that income will be. Had this rule been observed hitherto in your family, this unfortunate situation of affairs would never have arisen. But we will say no more on this head at present. You will retain possession of a third of the Oak Hill estate certainly, and this alone, under discreet management, ought to yield sufficient income to supply all your *reasonable* wants. I will myself direct you how to proceed so as to live within your income; and you have a son-in-law very able to give you pecuniary aid should it be necessary."

"And very willing too," said Mrs. Simms, coloring deeply at this coarse remark of her uncle's.

Lucy Williams hung her head, Edward looked out of the window, Mr. Selden wished himself a thousand miles off, while Mrs Williams, overcome with mortification, vexation and pity for herself and her darling Edward, for Lucy occupied comparatively but a small portion of her thoughts, burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

As the sobs became more frequent and violent, Mr. Selden, after some soothing words and expressions of sympathy, withdrew, not only sickened at such an exhibition of selfishness and imbecility, but grieved to witness distress which it was impossible for him to remove. Dr. Irving, after delivering a long admonition on the necessity of self-control, which aggravated Mrs.

Williams's symptoms alarmingly, and desiring Lucy Williams, when her mother was sufficiently composed to listen to her, to read aloud a sermon of Blair's, "On the Uses of Adversity," which he had marked for the purpose, and left on the table in his room, withdrew with his usual deliberation and without moving a muscle of his countenance.

The evidences of Mr. Williams's ruin were continually multiplying as the investigation of his accounts was continued, and no shadow of doubt remained, that Mr. Selden would suffer heavy loss as his security. Yet, though so many proofs were exhibited in the course of these examinations of the rashness and culpable extravagance of Mr. Williams, no word of censure, of complaint concerning him escaped the lips of Mr. Selden, but Dr. Irving condemned him with great bitterness, always however calling him poor Williams, or that unfortunate man. Reginald admired the magnanimity with which his father bore his own losses, and also the generous compassion which he evinced towards all the family of his friend, though the vanity and selfishness of Mrs. Williams, the imbecility and foolish pride of Edward, were calculated to excite disgust and condemnation rather than pity, and though their reverses were great, still with Mrs. Williams's dower in the Oak Hill estate, and the assistance of her son-in-law, Mr. Simms, who was both rich and liberal, with some prudence and management, they might get out without any other suffering, than the loss of some accustomed indulgences, and the mortifications which a great change in fortune necessarily involves, to those whose minds are not fortified by Christian philosophy.

It was not, however, for the Williams's that Mr. Selden felt the greatest pity, he had observed that in talking over arrangements for the future, not a word was said as to the fate of poor little Will Howard, and moved, not only by compassion, but by a strong interest, which the child's artless manifestations of distress for the death of his uncle, and evident partiality for himself, had awakened in his heart, determined not to abandon him to the tender mercies of Dr. Irving. He took an early opportunity of inquiring of that gentleman what was to be done with little Will Howard. The Doctor looked somewhat surprised at the inquiry, and secretly marvelled what it was to Mr. Selden how the boy was disposed of, but replied fully, as was his wont, to any question soever that was propounded to him.

"My sister, of course, will give up the management of this matter entirely to me, and as she is no longer able to support the boy, and he has no particular claim on her, and as I have always thought, and always shall think, it is really not only the wisest, but eventually the kindest course to pursue towards destitute children to teach them as soon as possible to make their own way in the world, and to impress upon their minds the truth of that excellent saying, 'that if we help ourselves, our friends will like us the better,' I have determined to place him with Mr. Jenkins, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Irving's, who resides in Norfolk. He is engaged in trade, and will give this child his board for such services as he can render; as it respects clothing, he has doubtless a sufficiency for a year to come, for poor Williams, you know, never spared expense in any thing, indeed, he always appeared to me to enjoy an opportunity of spending money, and he was foolishly fond of this boy. It is really fortunate for the child, though in other respects a truly melancholy occurrence, that the death of his uncle took place before he was completely spoiled."

Mr. Selden thought he would not waste his words, nor lose his temper by attempting any thing like reply or remonstrance, but immediately resolved upon his own course of conduct towards the child. After a few minutes had elapsed, he left the room in quest of Will Howard. He was directed in this search by little Sam, who told him "Mas Will had gone to the stable to look for uncle Thomas," and watching the countenance of Mr. Selden, he added, "he reckoned he wanted somebody to talk to, he seemed to feel mighty lonesome and dissolate."

Will was a general favorite amongst the servants from his gaiety and good humor, and this feeling of kindness towards him was increased by compassion for his fallen fortunes, and a keen sense of the neglect with which their late master's favorite was treated.

Mr. Selden found Will seated on a large stone near the stable door, his eyes were red with weeping, and he was leaning his head in his hand, apparently so absorbed in his own feelings, that he did not perceive Mr. Selden's approach until he stood beside him.

"What are you thinking of so busily, my little friend?" said Mr. Selden, "come cheer up, and tell me what is the matter."

The tears rushed afresh to Will's eyes, but he quickly averted his head to conceal them, and replied, "Nothing worth telling, sir."

"But I want you to treat me as a friend, and talk to me as you used to do to your uncle."

The tears flowed now, in spite of Will's efforts to restrain them, but he wiped them away quickly, and said, "I will if you want me to do it. Well, one thing that makes me sorry now, is that Dr. Irving says he is going to send me to wait in a store, and learn me to work. And then he said," and Will's color mounted to the roots of his hair, and he made an almost convulsive effort

to suppress his tears, as he said it. "nobody was going to spoil me now like Uncle Wil"—

Here Will stopped, for he felt it to be utterly impossible to say a word more.

"How would you like to go home with me, and be my boy? Every body at my house will be kind to you, and love you, I can answer for that."

Words could convey but a feeble idea of the mixed emotions of surprise, gratitude and delight, which were depicted in Will's face, as he looked up at Mr. Selden.

"Indeed, I would like to go with you of all things, for no one loves me here now, but the black people—but"—

Here the child paused again, for the painful thought which Dr. Irving had just instilled in his mind that he was living upon charity came over him, and he scarcely knew how to express the thoughts and feelings that were struggling at his heart, and his dislike to the idea of being a burthen to Mr. Selden.

Mr. Selden marked the sudden cloud that overcast his face and said, "But what, my dear, speak out."

"But I had rather learn to work than to be idle and troublesome, though I won't work for Dr. Irving nor any of his kin, and I could not be of any use to you."

"Yes, you can be of use and pleasure both to me. I like merry, young faces around me, so you must be happy, and I will put you in a way of learning to make your own living like a gentleman when you grow up to be a man, and you may work for me too then, if there is any occasion for it, as one of my own sons would do. Don't trouble your head with thoughts of this sort, but just let me take your uncle's place."

Will seized Mr. Selden's outstretched hand and carried it to his lips, as if from an uncontrollable impulse of gratitude and affection, and Mr. Selden was answered by the warm tears that fell fast on his hand.

The compact was now considered as sealed by both parties. Mr. Selden laid the circumstances of the case before Reginald, and was gratified by his sympathy and approbation. He then notified his intention to Dr. Irving, who listened to him with undisguised amazement, but expressed his ready acquiescence, saying, "he had, of course, no personal interest in the fate of Will Howard, but the interest of benevolence, to which he had always been alive, and always should be."

It was well for the doctor's self complacency that he was no physiognomist, or he would have read in the countenances of Reginald and his father, a reply to this observation, that would have destroyed his equanimity.

The Williams's heard Mr. Selden's generous determination with regard to Will Howard with surprise; Mrs. Simms and Lucy were rather pleased to hear the child was to be so well provided for, Edward and Mrs. Williams manifested complete indifference on the subject. Mrs. Williams remarked after Mr. Selden had left the room, that she thought if Mr. Selden wished to show his friendship to the family, it would have been much more natural to render some assistance to the widow and children of his friend, than to the child of a worthless profligate, whom he had never laid his eyes upon, that the money which would support Will in idleness, would enable her to keep her carriage and horses, which Heaven only knew how she could do without.

"You forget, mama," said Mrs. Simms, "that my uncle told us Mr. Selden would sustain heavy loss by securityship for my poor father."

"That won't do us any good though, Henrietta: you talk so strangely, I wonder if all gentlemen don't go security for one another.

"But my uncle never did," persisted Mrs. Simms.

"Your uncle, child," said Mrs. Williams, looking carefully around her to be sure that no one was in hearing, "was born stingy, and then he was brought up with Uncle Hopkins to the North, which made him ten times worse, and his wife's mother was a Yankee, so what can we expect."

All arrangements having been concluded for the present, Mr. Selden and Reginald bade adieu to Oak Hill with inexpressible sensations of relief.

Poor little Will paid a visit to his uncle's grave before his departure, and distributed almost all the little worldly treasures of which he was possessed amongst his colored friends; indeed, but for the interference of Old Nancy, he would scarcely have left himself a suit of clothes. The last quarter of a dollar, was bestowed with some parting tears upon Uncle Thomas, who could hardly be prevailed on to accept it, he wrung Will's hand, saying, "God bless him, he's free handed just like poor master, he's more like him, than any child he ever had to his back."

"Ah, that he is," responded a chorus of voices.

Will had got over all his leave takings, and at this hour, all slights and former quarrels were forgotten, he was grateful for Aunt Williams's kiss, which was coldly enough given, and his cousins' expressions of good will, his heart was softened towards every one but Dr. Irving, but he still cherished in his heart of hearts, a determination to tell him what he thought of him, if he lived to grow up to be a man, which in some measure consoled him for repressing the words that burned within him now, as he passively suffered the shake of Dr. Irving's hand, which always resembled the touch of a frog.

His last and most trying farewell was to a little terrier, Snap, which his uncle had given him, and Reginald, moved at the sight of the child's distress, proposed to Mr. Selden that they should take the dog into the carriage. Mr. Selden looked amazed at such a proposition from Reginald, but testified his ready acquiescence, and Will, enraptured at the idea, took it into his arms with as much pleasure as many a young mother would have taken her infant, and thanking Mr. Selden again and again, promised the dog should not be troublesome.

Many men would have had some uneasy thoughts as to the sort of reception they would be likely to meet with from their wives, when they returned to communicate heavy pecuniary loss, and to bring home a destitute child, unformed, educated, for whom every thing was to be done, and much was to be undone, with no natural claim to such cares. We say nothing of the little terrier, which would have been to most ladies, a very unwelcome addition to a large canine family.

But Mrs. Selden's confidence in his wife was unbounded, nor had he ever found it misplaced, though he had never estimated her sweetness of temper, and generosity of character so highly, as when he witnessed her reception of the friendless little orphan, whom he presented, as a little boy he had brought to her.

Little Will had had some sad misgivings as they approached Sherwood, as to what sort of reception he should meet with from the strange ladies, but such is the magic of kindness, especially from those who are acquainted with the hearts of children, that he soon felt his own heart not only lightened, but cheerful, and looked with pleasure and interest at the kind faces that surrounded him.

F*****.

TO A PORTRAIT.*

I look into thine eyes, and feel my heart
  Flow from me to thy presence,—dead to all
  This time, this being, this false carnival—
Of whose soul-wearying scenes I am a part.
Here Folly and loud Laughter reign supreme
  Blinding the memory of former things;
  But, rapt on thee, all sweet imaginings
Come to me, as in some entrancéd dream!
Yet not alone for golden curls that flow
  Above a brow of pearl, nor innocent eyes
  Showering a radiance of summer skies
On tenderest homage, to thee kneeling low
Is love thy due;—but that as maiden, wife,
All perfect things were mirrorred in thy life!

March 26, 1851.

*Of Elizabeth Cecil; Lodge's Portraits. Vol. VI.

SONG OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

I dwell within a voiceless world,
  Mysterious as deep,
My tongue can shape no form of speech,
  I can but laugh and weep.
The touch may wake the sounding string,
  And lips with music thrill,
I can but see what others feel—
  A void is round me still.

The wingéd lightnings o'er me flash,
  The trembling nerve doth shake,
The awful silence on mine ear,
  The thunder may not break;
And yet I know 'tis God who speaks
  In each electric gleam;
I love the music of his voice—
  I hear it when I dream.

When I another's name would call,
  Or hear its holy sound,
My lips gives forth no utterance,
  Mine ear is silence bound;
But, O, that sweetest, dearest name,
  My soul delights to hear,
Its melody oft thrills my heart,
  I answer with a tear.

Though when she knelt at evening hour,
  No sound the stillness broke,
I knew the language of her lips,—
  It was her soul that spoke.
And there were other voices too,
  Commingled in her prayer,
I saw no forms, but, O, I felt
  The angels hovering there.

When I the beauteous heavens behold,
  The star-gemmed milky way,
And watch the flowers and bright winged birds
  Upon the vernal spray;
When beauty, fragrance, fills the sense,
  O, then I long to hear,
And know if music comes as sweet
  Unto the quickened ear.

Though on the ear and from the tongue
  No words of sweetness roll,
The heart has its own melody,
  The music of the soul;
'Tis like the far-off symphony
  The spirit hears alone,
Which swells beyond the walls of time,
  In anthems round the Throne.

There on my re-awakened sense
  Shall heavenly cadence thrill,
My loosened tongue join in the strain
  Which powers celestial fill;
There, evermore, with new delight,
  Shall praise to him be given,
Who, in a world of silence, tuned
  Both tongue and ear for heaven.

GOLD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Quousque tandem abutere respublica, nostra pecunia? It is thus, I fancy, Cicero would commence a series of funeral Orations, having for a title "Money." Money! Money if you please! Money for the love of God! Money for the love of money! This only resounds incessantly in my ears. Alas, why so? Has the thing become a mere abstraction, hypothesis, unreality—simply proverbial? One would positively think as much from its rarity. Horace, one of our sub-Immortals, pointedly saith,

"*O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia premium est,*"

which, being interpreted, goeth to say. O my dear compatriots, above all else put gold in your pockets! Hurrah for money; which clothes us in purple and bespangles us with ornaments; which spreads out our joyous, jovial, jocular entertainments, which allows us to say to the beggar, "Here, take this purse, dine as Lucullus, and get drunk with the Priests of Jove! drink my health,"—so true is it that Horace was a Socialist; every one is, in his own way.

There are some ultra Republicans who see, with strange persistence, in Silver, a corrupting metal, whose importance monarchical prejudices have exaggerated, and the total suppression whereof is demanded by the interests of Virtue. But, nevertheless, these personages have by no means despised the seducing coin; the State Treasury has more than once felt their tender caresses since their acquaintance with the same; and I am inclined to think that they slander Money with pretty much the same *spirit* with drunken folk who abuse wine they are unable to drink more; and I would further submit to these radicals if this austere language does not slightly resemble the hypocritical morality of Seneca, who, being possessor of *fifty nine millions*, which immense sum he had amassed during three years of Ministry, wrote on tablets of great value his work entitled "*The Contempt of Riches.*"

How! does Money ostracise Virtue or Chastity? As for that matter France is now nearly canonized. Oh no. Money is nowise so pernicious as is represented. What period can boast more as regards morals and decency, or lay more claim to a character for honesty, candor, and especially the absence of all political and social prejudices? What generation of men hath seen more churches and fewer revolutions—or distributed more of the Monthyon premiums, and at the same time known less of Police Officers? What period was so happy as that wherein Saturn was declared by acclamation the President of the Italian Republic?—and yet this is called, as that, the *Golden Age*, which proves, as clear as daylight—whose existence M. Proudhon, has not yet contested, thank God!—that Gold was thought of even in *that* model period, in which they practised virtue so much more readily than in this course epoch of ours, which is stigmatized as the Age of Brass.

I will permit you to deny the existence of the Sun, or would excuse your vigorously denouncing the philosophic theories of M. Pierre Leroux. I would not prevent your questioning the El Dorado resulting from the harmonies of Fourier; the bliss of the inhabitants of Icaria; the eloquence of Caussidière; the pacific intentions of the house of Raspail, Barbes & Co., whose social reason has *not* been made manifest to me; any or all of these Truths I would allow you to handle, gloveless, even with their axiomatic claims; but as for Money—stop there! you shall not touch it. I shall plead its cause in the same disinterested humor with which Mons. Lachard plead the case of a certain Defendant, whose acquittal was not of so much financial profit to him, as the honor of appearing an able advocate, and item—making it an occasion of charity to a poor indigent Devil. Yes, I will defend Money and prove the falsity of the proverb—*The absent are always wrong.*

Money and I never meet, but by some strange fortuity; yet instead of revenging myself thereon for its prolonged absence from my purse, I promise it my perpetual esteem, and quite an hospitable reception, should the fancy ever sieze it to come and take up its abode with me. Alas! the only consolation I can afford myself for its contempt and abandonment, is the reflection that I am not the only one, by some billion, so neglected. If the general complaint is to be heeded, silver has become more invisible than ever, and gold—umph! one *never* sees it, save in the boxes of the money-changers. If things go on at this rate, in a few years we can find it only as the choicest specimen in some mineralogic collection, with an inscription of this kind:

SPECIMEN OF GOLD DISCOVERED IN THE ENVIRONS OF PROUDHONVILLE IN 2020.

And further down this notice:—

"Persons visiting this Cabinet are particularly requested to respect in the interest of science, this curious piece; which is the more valuable, as it will be impossible to replace it."

And in all probability we may read this historic Note subjoined:—

"This Gold abounded formerly. It procured, it is said, that which constituted the happiness of

Life; and men put themselves to incredible trouble for its acquisition, for without it, they conceived, happiness must be incomplete. But Gold lost in one day its value and importance. Its possession became a positive danger in that famous epoch, when the false Republic of the veritable *Thor* was proclaimed in France, and recognized in the five divisions of the Globe. The *cosmo-social* Assembly determined, on proposition of the *cosmo-citizen*, M. Proudhon, the abolition of all proprietorship and monied Aristocracy. One piece of gold found on a person sufficed to stamp on him the flagrant vice of Plutocracy, (!) a crime prohibited by Art. 18.952 of the Universal Code and the punishment varies from 5 to 10 years in the Workhouse. Finally, however, the last vestiges of this substance which so compromised the virtue of its possessors were effaced."

What would happen if by some miscarriage a Mineralogist of the Proudhon school should set foot in this Cabinet? I shudder to think of it! The precious specimen would vanish, and soon be numbered amongst the things that were. One would then read in works on Chemistry:—"*Gold was a simple substance; a very bright metal; very ductile; unchangeable to the eye, etc,*" Troja fuit!

You would be delighted recurring on the wings of imagination to this remote period. What wise books have been written on Gold! What learned commentaries! What ingenious disputations! What curious *Theses* produced relative thereto! They will be divided into two classes. One part bearing the name of "*les-or-alists*," will support the anterior existence of the metal in question; whilst the other, designated "*les contre-or-alists*," will deny its existence and allege its mythic character. Perhaps these last may append to their refutation a passage from *Robert le Diable*, citing it as authentic; and even have the boldness to frame the following syllogism:

> "Gold is a Chimera:
> A chimera never existed;
> Therefore Gold never existed."

But why the mischief should I allow myself to be carried away by this hypothesis? That which is sadly true in all this folly, is, that with without being reduced to the fossil state, Money has become singularly rarified. Economy is the order of the day. And what economy—ye Gods! that which extends over the smallest, and gnaws all things; which regards wax candles as a luxury, since one may burn tallow; tea as useless, and coffee unhealthy at the approach of the Plague; which modestly refuses ale, and thinks it were best to pick up all the rags of Paris; an Economy which never buys silk, velvet nor lace, but makes it a point to dress in printed calicoes and merinos; which renounces, all arts, theatres, music and light literature, prose and verse. Bah! this is enough for one Republic.

These are the pretexts. You have your pockets filled with Money. You have not, however, received the rent of your farms, and have hastily lost your situation with the fruit of twenty years' labor, perhaps, unless you are an old functionary. You are not good enough Republican to figure the finances, or write in the Cabinet, for there you will be flooded with customers and commands; but if you fail, notwithstanding, to pay your imposts the proprietor and deputy will immediately discover you as one of the aristocrats, reactioners, examiners; then you will see your Money caught at; you are rich, and consequently its quite a *catch!* O how the poor are rich and the rich are poor in this our Time! What an idle envy the Blouse bears the Cloak! The Blouse, which has never reached revolutions, which finds everywhere—whatever to the contrary—bread and work, knows not the 'carking care' and grief that the cloak bears in its folds; nor how it is elbowed by the Coats which say to it, "clear out!" Seek not a change where the balance bends toward the Loss!

TO —— AND ——.

The vernal bloom has opened to young eyes
  On mountain sides the wealth of Spring-time hours;
And April, bright in green and golden dyes,
  Treads on a path of flowers:—

The river winding through its lofty woods,
  Steals with a quiet murmur to the sea;
Morning and evening rosy sunshine-floods
  Pour over grass and tree:—

Live happy in these scenes, nor seek the glare
  Of glittering cities where the soul is tost
Like a storm-beaten bark on passion, care,
  Until the heart is lost.

Be thankful for the mountain-home where Truth
  Sits at the hearthstone with a quiet joy,—
Raining upon the tender heart of youth
  Pleasures that cannot cloy:

This youth will be in times hereafter clad
  In roseate hues; and memory will cling
Around its stainless summers with a glad
  And dreamy pondering.

Improve the days then ere they fly the grasp:—
  Not to the fainting soul true joy is born,—
Force them to bless you, ere your arms unclasp
  These golden hours of morn!

L. I. L.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The British Association for the advancement of Science recommended an annual exhibition of products of British industry at such places as might be selected for the meeting of the Association. Such exhibitions, of a more or less special character, have been familiar for some years on the Continent of Europe, and have been frequent of late years in the United States. But none have hitherto been projected on so grand a scale as the approaching Exhibition of the Industry of all nations to be held in London. The previous instances, however, might have suggested the greater scheme to Prince Albert, while the reasons in favour of its adoption are obvious and innumerable. A curious anticipation of the same policy is however furnished in the following passage of Mortrofius, originally published in 1687, or 164 years ago.

"Sæpe ego in votis habui ut Schola quædam Naturæ, Artis, et Actionum humanarum publica in juventute instituatur. * * * Per Scholam Artis intelligo omnia opificum et artificum instrumenta, quæ certis quibusdam receptaculis omnia asservarentur, et pueris explicarentur. Ac postea in easdem cogitationes dilapsum quoque *Beccherum* deprehendi, qui in Methodo suo Didactica. part: 2, circa finem, Ideam aliquam Theatri Naturæ et Artis proposuit, atque in Epilogo Appendicis suæ inter alia talis Theatri institutionem proposuit. Sed amplissima illa promissa irrita fuere neque talia privatorum sumptibus effici possunt. Id vero certum est, si PRINCEPS ALIQUIS tale Theatrum instrueret, aut in Academiis, quemadmodum Bibliothecæ publicæ, inveniretur, *major confluxus* Studiosorum has impensas facile resarciret: Immensos enim fructus illa res præstaret, multisque laboribus, molestiis, et impensis studiosam juventutem sublevaret. Alios quoque etiam *illiteratos curiosiores* alliceret, unde multis accessionibus tale Theatrum augeri possit, et *tota rerum universitas in unam domum compacta spectatoribus exhiberi*, Mortrofi Polyhistor. Ps. I, lib. ii, c. iv. §§ 38-41, tom. I, pp. 348-9. Ed. II. Fabricii, 1732, 4to.

As manufactured and leaf tobacco seem to be so far the principle specimens of Virginia science, scholarship, and industry, this might be offered to the Exhibition as a purely literary and antiquarian curiosity.

H.

Some Notes of a Southern Excursion.

"When a traveller returneth home," saith my Lord Bacon, in one of those curt essays which embody so much of his wisdom, "let him not leave the countries, where he hath travelled, altogether behind him." Now we have not journeyed into a far country, nor have we seen anything more of "men and cities" than is seen every day by hundreds of our fellow-citizens who pass along the line of travel between the two great commercial emporia of our country, and yet we feel disposed to be mindful of the advice of the sage of Verulam, and to discourse a little our recent rambling. We have an idea that our sketches, however loose and fragmentary, will be quite as novel to some of our readers as the notes of European travel which are constantly appearing from the press. Indeed we believe that less is known by our fellow-countrymen of the physical and social aspects of the various sections of the United States than of the scenery and domestic life of Switzerland or Tuscany. It is too much the habit of our young men to go abroad, before they have made themselves acquainted with the most prominent and interesting objects of their native land or studied the institutions which are peculiar to it. We do not wonder that the mirth of educated Englishmen should be excited at meeting with an overgrown booby, from New York or Boston, just let loose upon his travels, who could say nothing of the flora or fauna of America, who had never visited Niagara nor descended the Mississippi, and whose ignorance of the manners of his own people was as great as of the habits of the alligator or the growth of the live-oak. But we are digressing from our purpose, and with the reader's kind permission, we will take him along with us, at one bound, without the tedium of the intervening journey, to the hospitable and ancient city of

CHARLESTON.

There are few gayer little streets, that we have seen for many a day, than the narrow shopping thoroughfare, known as King Street, upon a sunny morning in February about the end of race week. For the reader must know that in Charleston the amusement of the turf is still kept up with great spirit, and that the recurrence of the racing season brings to town from all parts of the State the beauty and fashion of South Carolina. The city accordingly awakens from a condition of slumberous quiet to all the animation of metropolitan gaiety. The streets, until lately so empty or trodden only by a few listless

pedestrians, now swarm with elegant equipages and the fair forms of the gentler sex. There are not wanting fine shops, filled with costly goods and wares, to challenge the patronage of the ladies, and we repeat that one may go far before he will see a more attractive exhibition than the *trottoir* of King Street, narrow as it is, can furnish, at this particular time. States and cities, everywhere, are jealous of the beauty of their women, and we shall not therefore, hazard a comparison between the lovely Charlestonians and the daughters of our own commonwealth, but we can safely declare that we saw beauty enough in Charleston in a fortnight to establish the reputation, in this respect, of a much more populous city.

The stranger will be able to satisfy himself, upon this point, at the public balls, which are given here every winter and are attended by all the most charming and fascinating women of South Carolina. These balls are under the management of very select Societies of gentlemen, one of the most famous of which, the St. Cecilia Society, gives four or five during the season. The man who could attend one of the entertainments of this excellent association, and fail to be impressed with the grace and accomplishments of the fairer portion of the company, would be beyond the reach of the music of St. Cecilia herself.

Among the public buildings of Charleston, which are numerous and elegant, none delighted us so much as the venerable church of St. Michael's, with its quaint, old, high-backed, square pews—its odd pulpit with the sounding-board, like a huge extinguisher, which threatens momentarily to put out the light of the officiating clergyman,—its rural tablets testifying to the good deeds of many worthies long since laid beneath the turf of the adjoining burial ground, and its steeple of many stories from which a chime of bells rings out the quarters to the inhabitants of the city. This Church was built, we believe, before the Revolution, and it is probable enough that from the extreme elevation of its spire many persons watched the smoke of Moultrie's guns as it rolled upward from the palmetto fort. It is certain that during the siege of Charleston in 1780, the steeple was struck by a shell from the British batteries,* and that after the capitulation the British officers regularly attended service in the church. We thought of these things, we are ashamed to say, as the minister, a young man, was favoring the congregation with a rather dozy discourse, the morning of our attendance at St. Michael's.

There is an old wooden church, not altogether unlike St. Michael's, at Newport, which is memorable as having been under the charge of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley and contains an organ, yet in good preservation, presented by that famous old philosopher. The summer tenants of the Ocean House do not worship there, we fear, as regularly as they should, for we discovered it quite by accident, during a visit to Newport some years since, but though we heard a good sermon in it, and delighted our antiquarian taste with its Wren-ish interior, the music of the old Bishop's organ was not so pleasing, nor were the young ladies that sang to it as pretty, as the anthems at St. Michael's and the dark-eyed choristers of the South.

Passing along Meeting Street the stranger will have his attention arrested by the extensive row of buildings, used as the City Market, which are scarcely less than a third of a mile in length. He will not fail to notice, also, as a novelty, the presence of a certain "fowl ungainly" which seems to be the *genius loci* and steps about the shambles with a most deliberate and complacent air—the turkey-buzzard. Sometimes twenty or thirty of these birds may be seen at once, and one of the old *haruspices* of the early Roman commonwealth, could he walk forth once more into the light of day, might suppose that the doom of Charleston was cast. But the turkey-buzzard is, by no means, a bird of evil omen here. On the contrary, he is regarded as one of the best Health Officers of the City and is therefore the peculiar pet of the authorities. The geese that saved the capitol, the cats and crocodiles that Mr. Gliddon tells us were once worshipped with such veneration in Egypt, were not in better favor than is our friend, the buzzard. To kill him is a high misdemeanor. To the negroes he is a sacred animal, and many of them believe him to be the bird which appears upon the buttons of our officers and the national insignia.

There is no doubt that these ornithological scavengers keep the market very clean; the famous markets of Philadelphia and Boston are not more so. On Saturday evenings it is brilliantly lighted with gas, throughout its whole extent, and presents a lively appearance with its throng of buyers and sellers.

In the immediate vicinity of Charleston, there has been recently laid out a rural burial-place, to which the appropriate name of "Magnolia Cemetery" has been given. The nature of the ground is not favorable to picturesque effect, it being nearly a flat, and it can never therefore be made as beautiful as "Mount Auburn" or "Green-

*One account says that this shell after doing some damage to the steeple, fell upon and shattered a statue of William Pitt, which stood in an open space, immediately contiguous to the church.

wood." Some advantages, however, it possesses over either of these. The magnificent growth of the live oak and dense foliage of the magnolia, which break the monotony of the extended level surface, are not to be seen in a colder latitude. The walks and drives about the Magnolia Cemetery are laid out with great taste, and in the distance the waters of the Cooper River sparkle in the sunlight. It is an amiable instinct by which we are led to adorn the resting-places of our departed friends, and erect monuments to their memory. We envy not the philosophy of him who regards these testimonials of love with indifference. The pride of man, indeed, sometimes manifests itself upon the tomb, and stately cenotaphs are erected to perpetuate unworthy names. But these manifestations may be more readily pardoned than that cold and unfeeling neglect which leaves no stone to mark the spot where the remains of a loved one are deposited. The very sentiment which plants the rose by the hillock disdains the mockery of monumental ostentation. It is eminently a Christian sentiment. "Pyramids, arches, obelisks," quaintly remarks Sir Thomas Browne, "were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and the wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.*"

The statue of Calhoun, by Powers, constitutes a prominent object of interest to the visitor in Charleston. It occupies a very unfortunate position in a cheerless apartment of the City Hall. It would be unfair to form an opinion of it as a work of art, while it stands in so bad a light, to say nothing of its discoloration by the salt-water and its mutilation in the loss of the right arm. The figure, however, is very noble, and the likeness well nigh perfect. The State of South Carolina should erect a suitable temple wherein to enshrine this majestic effigy of her great statesman.

There is an excellent association in Charleston, known as the "Literary Club," which assembles weekly at the house of some one of its members, for the purpose of discussing a literary topic and a good supper. The gentleman giving the entertainment reads an essay, and the members are expected to come prepared to submit some remarks on the subject treated, which has been previously announced. These efforts are not unfrequently of the highest literary merit, and have at times been published by general request. We attended a meeting of this Club, and we trust it will be considered no impropriety in us to say, that the essay of our host was as well considered as his hospitality was graceful. This Club numbers among its members many gentlemen well-known to the whole country, of whom we venture to mention Rev. Dr. Bachman, Rev. Dr. Gilman, Judge King and Prof. S. H. Dickson. There is also another Club of a similar character, among the younger men of Charleston, in whose agreeable circle we spent a pleasant evening.

A showy and commodious edifice is the Charleston Hotel—the headquarters in this city of the travelling public. Four stories in height, it presents a handsome Corinthian *façade*, and is most conveniently arranged for the purposes of a hotel, having fine halls and staircases, and being lighted with gas. But wo to the unlucky bachelor, who, alighting at the door from the huge omnibus of the proprietor, (a vehicle about as large as the Trojan horse,) and admiring the architectural proportions of the building, supposes that he will find comfortable quarters within! Packed away in a box of a room upon the highest floor, unable to establish a connection, per bell-rope, with the office, or to obtain an answer to a real alarum, and compelled to struggle for a seat at the dinner table, he will soon be convinced that "the prose of its performance corresponds not with the poetry of its profession." We are persuaded that no one who has not sojourned at the Charleston Hotel, has any notion of the rapidity with which dinner can be dispatched. The soup is gone in a twinkling, the fish follows without loss of time, the roasts and joints disappear amid general confusion and uproar, the ducks are

"like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm,"

while the ice-cream, type of all transitory things, is but

"A moment white, then gone forever."

Altogether the dining-room is a scene of extraordinary hurry, not unlike Sir Francis Head's description of the General Post Office at London when the great mail is about to close. We ought, perhaps, to mention that the hotel has a reading room, where, by a judicious arrangement, the newspapers are placed upon file about a fortnight after their publication.

It is a little remarkable, that in so large a city as Charleston, no parks or pleasure-grounds should have been laid off and enclosed. The

*Urn-Burial.

want of these is, in some degree, compensated by a pleasant promenade known as "The Battery," which is a broad pavement, extending for two-thirds of a mile along the margin of the bay. Fronting this promenade, throughout its whole extent, across a wide carriage-way, are large and elegant residences with spacious gardens attached. The Battery is a favorite resort, during the Spring and Summer months, after the heat of the day is over and the sea-breeze begins to blow. At one extremity of the long walk just mentioned, an attempt has been made with partial success, to reclaim an acre or two from the sea and arrange it as a park. The residences in Charleston are generally of brick and stucco, and are designed more for comfort than architectural display, presenting almost an infinitude of rambling porticos not unlike the inner court of an old fashioned inn. The humid atmosphere very soon discolors the stucco, and not unfrequently a house, which is embellished with works of art and fitted up with every refinement of luxury, exhibits to the passer-by a dilapidated and ruinous appearance.

After all, the great charm of Charleston is its polished and delightful society—its men and women. We should like to say something of our personal observation on this point, we should like also to speak of the agreeable circles we saw elsewhere in the State, we should like to describe a visit to Mr. W. Gilmore Simms, the poet and novelist, whom we found among his books, at his country-seat, remote from noise of town, and a day spent with the young and gifted Legaré,—but we may not do this, without hazard of trenching on the sacred confidence of hospitality, and we forbear.

It was a neatly furnished and comfortable steamer, commanded by a polite and gentlemanlike captain, that took us off one delicious day to Savannah. A soft and beautiful haze hung, like delicate drapery, over the sea, which lay before us as serene and unbroken as the Lake of Como. In three quarters of an hour, we were fairly outside the bar, from which our route lay for fifty miles over the ocean itself, the white rim of the South Carolina coast being seen on our right, and on our left the illimitable waste of waters. There were a goodly number of passengers in the cabin, and quite a crowd on the forward deck, among whom were Joan of Arc, the infant Samuel, Godfrey of Bouillon, the Venus di Medici and other illustrious individuals. It may be as well to state, lest we should be suspected of leaning to the doctrine of the metempsychosis that these latter personages were in plaster, and under the charge of a lazy Italian boy, with a rich brown complexion, who was carrying them to Savannah, to infuse among the inhabitants of that city a taste for the fine arts. As the day advanced we approached St. Helena Sound, where we were to go inside again, and just as we rose from a well-served dinner, our steamer made a landing at Beaufort, which is situated some miles from sea on a narrow frith. Here we stopped long enough to get a good view of the town which is only remarkable for the exceeding neatness and elegance of its private residences. Embarking again, a few hours brought us, by the light of the stars, to the cheerful and gas-illumined city of

Savannah.

If we were called upon to describe Savannah, in a single phrase, as John Randolph described Washington, we should be at a loss whether to call it the city of squares or the city of sand-hills. We have never seen sand so deep anywhere else, nor have we ever seen a city so beautifully ornamented with parks. These are indeed small, but they occur at every intersection of the streets, so that the town above the water line is but a succession of Courts. Along the wharves, there is a broad street, with a continuous row of mercantile offices and warehouses, where a large and elegant Custom House of blue granite has just been erected. This street presents an animated appearance of business, with its huge piles of cotton, and the tall masts of ships on the other side.

The principal hotel in Savannah is pleasantly situated, fronting the largest of the public squares, in the centre of which stands a tall marble monument to the memory of Pulaski. The reader will remember that this brave officer fell in the attack on Savannah made by Count D'Estaing. The hotel takes its name from the shaft, and is known as the Pulaski House.

Among the social attentions shown to the stranger in Savannah, there is one that we feel at liberty to mention—the invitations to the meetings of the Quoit Club. This body is composed of the most prominent and influential gentlemen of the city, and their sports are celebrated in a handsome grove on the outskirts. No more agreeable *reunions* are held than these.

Such persons as are antiquarian in their tastes should endeavor, by all means, in visiting Savannah, to catch a glimpse of the costly and beautiful library of Alexander A. Smets, Esq., and the immense collection of autographs in the possession of I. K. Tefft, Esq. We spent some days in examining these treasures, thanks to the kind and courteous disposition of these estimable gentlemen, and we should assuredly say something here of the rare and choice things we saw amongst their books and MSS., but that we con-

sider them worthy of more extended notice. We shall defer our remarks, therefore, till we are able to prepare a suitable account of these wonderful collections. Since the death of the late Mr. Upcott of England, Mr. Tefft has no compeer as a collector, and he has done more, perhaps, by means of his *penchant* for autographs, to illustrate the history of the Southern country than any other individual. It would be hard to find any one better versed in historical learning than Mr. Tefft. As the founder of the Georgia Historical Society, an institution whose labors are known everywhere, he has achieved for himself an enduring reputation.

A beautiful drive of four miles, out of Savannah, through over-arching trees, takes you to one of the loveliest spots in the world—Bonaventure. We bestow this high encomium on the authority of Mr. Bryant, who has travelled in both hemispheres and whose appreciation of the beauties of nature will scarcely be called in question. Bonaventure was formerly the country seat of the Tatnall family, and was afterwards for some time abandoned. Recently it has been appropriated as a place of interment, and assuredly no more suitable spot could have been chosen for a rural cemetery. Two avenues of trees environ the grounds, and such trees—the live oak—as we never saw before. Temple street in New Haven, in summer, is thought to be a marvel in growth, its gigantic elms interlacing their branches so as to form a perfect Gothic arch to the eye. But Bonaventure's oaks present a yet nobler nave, while from the branches above, the gray moss hangs drooping in streams. The solemn serenity of the spot, afar from the habitations of men, consorts well with the idea of a sanctuary. As we walked down the dim aisles, flecked with little spots of sunshine that had struggled through the trees, we could not help thinking how infinitely greater must be the Architect who constructs such temples as this, than any vain builder of earth's proudest fanes. Bonaventure has had its poet. As a pleasing piece of descriptive verse, we quote from a native bard* the following stanzas on

Bonaventure by Starlight.

Along a corridor I tread,
  High over-arched by ancient trees
Where, like a tapestry o'erhead,
  The gray moss flouts upon the breeze;—
A weary breeze, that kissed to-day
  Tallulah's falls of flashing foam,
And sported in Toccoa's spray,
  Brings music from its mountain home.

The clouds that, floating o'er the sky,
  Here cast at times a fitful gloom—
As o'er our hearts dark memories fly—
  Cast deeper shade on Tatnall's tomb;
While glimmering onward to the sea,
  With scarce a rippling wave at play,
A line of silver through the lea—
  The river stretches far away!

And 'tis the hour when stars above
  Reflect the spirit's inner light,
And the lost Pleiads of my love
  Are kindling in my heart to-night.
I hear a footfall on the sand,
  I feel an arm within my own;—
Full often, in a distant land,
  I've listened to that trembling tone.

Night darkens into deeper shade
  As on, with solemn pace, we stroll;—
I hear the teachings of the dead,
  Like sacred music in my soul;—
So live and act while thou art here
  That when thy course of life is done,
Above the stars thou may'st not fear
  To meet thy father's face, my son!

* "TALLULAH, AND OTHER POEMS. By *Henry R. Jackson*. Savannah: John M. Cooper. 1850." Our thanks are due to the author for a copy of this work, which we hail as a valuable accession to Southern Literature. Had Mr. Jackson been a native of Boston, he would long ago have had a national reputation.

When we had left Savannah and its attractions many miles behind us, the quiet beauty of Bonaventure still recurred to our mind as something vaguely remembered in a dream.

COLUMBIA.

"All aboard," said the conductor. The depot of the South Carolina Rail Road was filled with a dense crowd of people as the morning trains were about to start for Hamburg and Columbia. In a comfortable car of the latter, we were quietly seated at the moment the signal for departure was given. We had previously negotiated with a peripatetic fruit-woman for some bananas, and with a newsboy, who, we are sorry to say, had worse books to sell in his basket, for the last number of Harper, and as the train went whirling through the swamps at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, we regaled ourselves with the tropical esculent, and read in the diverting pages of Pisistratus Caxton, how Riccabocca espoused Miss Jemima, and how the Squire made a peace-offering of the stocks.

We entered Columbia about sunset, and were struck with its beautiful situation, as the last rays of the orb of day, (which Mr. G. P. R. James has so often described,) gilded the highest points of the town. Here we encountered the first decided hill we saw in South Carolina, and from the table-land on which Columbia is built, we had a panoramic view of a magnificent waste of dense pine forests stretching away, like the sea, as boundless and as blue. The landscape is unrelieved from entire monotony, by the entrance

of the Broad and Saluda Rivers which here unite to form the Congaree.

The chief object of interest in Columbia is South Carolina College, an institution of very high and deserved repute, which is nobly and munificently sustained by the State. The buildings which have been erected from time to time, as occasion demanded, occupy a large piece of ground, and enclose a park or "Campus" in parallelogram shape, planted with the Pride of India tree. The library of this college embraces 18,000 volumes, and is arranged in a fine building constructed for the purpose. The great room is exactly similar to the hall of the Library of Congress. The Librarian, an intelligent gentleman, who seemed to know something of the treasures committed to his keeping, very courteously showed us the most sumptuous works in the collection, among which were many costly folio volumes illustrated in the highest style of European art. Virginia can show no such library as this within her broad limits, and we repeat that the support given by South Carolina to the College by means of which it has been accumulated, is noble. We visited also the Hall of the Euphradian Society, a very beautiful room adorned with portraits of some of its distinguished ex-members, and among them Chancellor Harper. The rival literary association, we were told, has quite as elegant an apartment, where a portrait of Hugh S. Legaré is preserved. The professors of the College are men of the highest attainments, and some of them of the widest fame in science. Such names as Thornwell, Preston and Lieber are enough to illustrate any institution.

Columbia, though it contains not more than 6,000 inhabitants, can boast some of the finest private residences and gardens in the United States. The climate is favorable to the growth of the rarest exotics, and in the open parterres, the stranger will see plants which in the Northern cities can only flourish in green-houses. The society here is elegant and refined, and nowhere, perhaps, in America, are the wealthier class more highly cultivated in polite letters. We could have lingered gladly in this town for weeks, but the time of our holiday was near its close, and we were therefore constrained to leave it, after a brief sojourn, and travel

Homeward.

Once more in Charleston, but with P. P. C. intentions—a day at the hotel—and we are on board the Wilmington boat passing Sullivan's Island. Here we see a gigantic house, with a corridor all around it, which is designed as a summer resort for those who like sea-bathing, and will be opened early the ensuing season. It is called the Moultrie House. This object, however, soon fades away in the distance, and we are again out upon the ocean, where we are to spend the night. Supper over, and bedtime approaching, we retire below, where the majority of the passengers have preceded us, and are stowed away in their berths. As we get into ours, and for sometime afterwards, we are entertained with the following dialogue between two of our *compagnons du voyage*. The appearance of the parties we can not describe, as only their heads were visible, the one enveloped in a saffron-coloured night-cap, and the other displaying a ferocious redundancy of red hair and whiskers.

Night-cap. "This is the boat that ran into the North Carolina, some years ago."

Red Whiskers. "Yes."

Night-cap. "The other one warn't long in sinking, was she?"

Red Whiskers. "About ten minutes."

Night-cap, (con expressione.) "You don't say so. How long ago was that?"

Red Whiskers. "About fifteen years."

Night-cap. "Suppose we should run agin another boat to-night, we'd be apt to go down ourselves, wouldn't we?"

Red Whiskers. "Think we should, the boat ain't as strong as she was."

Enter small negro boy.

Night-cap. "Boy, were you aboard when this boat run agin the North Carolina?"

Boy. "No, sir."

Night-cap. "How old are you?"

Boy. "Ten years old, sir."

Night-cap, (with the air of one making a discovery.) "Then you *couldn't* have been aboard. How's the weather?"

Boy. "Pretty fair, sir."

Night-cap. "No knowing, though, whether we shan't have a storm before morning. I shouldn't like a storm in this boat."

Red Whiskers. "Nor I."

Night-cap. "Strikes me, there's danger of fire. If we catched fire, we should be gone sure enough."

"Devilish amusing conversation that," said our neighbour in the next berth.

"Very," said we, and composed ourselves to sleep.

Early next morning we reached Wilmington, and passed through the smoke of its turpentine distilleries, and after eight hours ride, through the dreary and monotonous region of the pine swamps of North Carolina, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, we alighted at Weldon where we were informed we should be compelled to spend the night in consequence of damages to the railroad by a rise in the Roanoke. The arrange-

ments of the Weldon hotel by no means justified the name it bore, and as the only accommodations it could afford were already engaged by the passengers from the North, who had arrived before us, we walked by moonlight, three miles, to the well-known village of Gareysburg, the Gretna Green of Virginia, which village consists of the habitation and outhouses of Major Garey, a rotund and hospitable Boniface, who ties the knot for the despairing fugitives that resort to him "for better, for worse." Supper of Major Garey, good—bed, comfortable—breakfast, next morning, very excellent. Learn with dismay that we do not leave till three o'clock, P. M. Fellow travellers, who had remained at Weldon all night, begin to arrive—grumbling—had slept in the cars. Banjo-player amongst them, who diverts us with "Nelly was a Lady," and other melodies. Look over library of our Landlord—Fox's Book of Martyrs—some old numbers of Messenger—odd volume of Farmer's Register—Testament and North Carolina Almanac. Get up foot-race between small negro boys—150 yards for a dime. Banjo-player performs sentimental pieces for lady-passengers. Dinner. Afterwards the train. Next day, our Excursion was done, and we were again engrossed with our toilsome pursuits, in the atmosphere of home.

Editor's Table.

Parodi has just left us, and is now with the Charlestonians. Under the musical direction of Strakosch, and accompanied by Patti, the Germania Band and other celebrities, she gave several successful concerts here. Her voice is singularly rich and full, sweet as honey distilled from Hymettus and sustained as an utterance of Euterpe's flutes—yet does she not cause us to forget the almost celestial strains of the charming Jenny Lind, whose empery in song may not be disputed. Parodi's most wonderful success is in the lower notes to which she descends with such effect as to cause us to mistake her voice, at first, for a contralto. She does not rise, like Jenny, to those higher regions, where the clouds never rest and eternal sunlight reigns. There is, indeed, a completeness in her rendering of the more difficult passages of Rossini that leaves nothing to be desired, but we are never startled by the exhibition of transcendant power, nor do we seem to see in her the visible presence of the muse. We make no pretension to a critical acquaintance with music, we disclaim any of that refinement of taste which distinguished the Count, of whom Lord Byron tells us that

> "No Venetian audience could endure a
> Song, scene or air when he cried "*seccatura!*"

and our opinion as to the relative merits of Jenny and Parodi may therefore go for little, but we must say that while the dark-eyed Genoese has delighted us, she has laid us under no spell such as we experienced from the sorcery of the Swede.

Jenny will soon be in Baltimore on her return from the South and West. Must we again put forth our petition in verse that she will revisit Richmond?

We do not know when we have read a more beautiful poem than the following Ode, which was sung at the recent dedication of "Magnolia Cemetery," near Charleston, S. C. It is from the pen of HENRY H. TIMROD, Esq. whom we take this occasion to introduce to our readers as our esteemed correspondent "AGLAUS."

Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!
  With naught but terror in thy form and mien?
If there indeed be coldness in thy breath,
  Is it not musical of things unseen?

Thou rather should'st be crown'd with fadeless flowers;
  At least, if men will choose a darker hue,
Be thy fit couch amid funereal bowers,
  But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through.

So, with that truth before us, we have fixed
  And beautified, O Death! thy mansion here—
Where gloom and gladness—grave and garden—mixed,
  Make it a place to love, and not to fear.

Heaven, shed thy most propitious dews around!
  Ye holy stars, look down with tender eyes!
And guard with love, and consecrate the ground,
  Where we may rest, and whence we pray to rise!

A friend in New York writes to us thus pleasantly of theatricals there—

"I sent you, a few days ago, a bill of Brougham's Lyceum giving the programme of a most amusing burlesque now nightly drawing crowds at that Theatre, called the 'World's Fair,' in which the whole upper ten of the gods and goddesses appear. It seems old Jupiter happened to see in a newspaper—the Herald—an account of the great exhibition to be held in London next summer, and, being in rather a listless mood and sadly in want of amusement, he determined to have a World's Fair himself, a grand collection of the fair (sex) of all nations—which resolution was forthwith put into effect. The whole conversations are carried on in doggrel and abound in witty and funny local hits. Mary Taylor as Columbia is the star of the piece, and sings a great many amusing songs; in one of them, "When first I saw Parodi," she describes the famous occasion in which that interesting child of genius

drew a dagger upon Maretzek, shook her fist at the orchestra, and anathematized the whole crowd in fine style, and in imitating the great *prima donna*, she (Mary Taylor,) took occasion to strike the leader of the orchestra over the head with a guitar, or as Mose would say, 'swashed him on the gourd,' and when she was encored, as she raised the instrument to give him another blow, he very adroitly hoisted an umbrella to protect himself. I never saw anything take so well—the whole house was convulsed for about five minutes. Hercules is there with his club and when he is introduced to Columbia, she observes to him that she has frequently heard of that remarkable exploit of his in sweeping out the Augean stables, and advises him to hire himself out by the day to our new Mayor to keep the streets clean. On one occasion the King of gods and men falls into a violent passion with Mercury, having reason, as he thought, to doubt that deity's word, and in a transport of rage calls upon Apollo to 'strike the *Lyre*.'

"Burton has a piece of the same name, but altogether unlike in plot and incident. His is a veritable 'World's Fair,' crystal palace, curiosities, and people of all nations and tongues, including an agent of Barnum, who has gone out for the purpose of buying up the whole concern and bringing it to America on speculation."

Apropos of "Mose," we perceive, in a recent number of the "Courrier des Etats Unis," a curious and somewhat elaborate inquiry into the character of the "b'hoy" (we suppose we ought to say the "*g'harcon*") presenting some very critical and psychological views of this interesting specimen of the race. Our readers, who are familiar with the French language and the Bowery, will enjoy the following description of the *personnel* of Mose. To translate it would spoil the fun we know it will occasion—

"Le physique du pompier-sportsman est particulier à lui seul, et nous lui trouvons, ma foi, une certaine poésie brutale qui a son cachet. Il est rarement beau, disons mieux, presque toujours il est littéralement laid; mais sa taille est bien prise, et son allure solidement légère. Il y a de la force et une sorte de grâce dans sa démarche. Sur sa tete, dont la chevelure lissée au savon se gonfle, au-dessus des oreilles, en boucles contournées (ce qui a donné naissance, croyons-nous, au mot *soap-lock* qui lui est parfais appliqué), se pose un chapeau à ailes étroites et plates comme les rebords d'une assiette. Le chapeau, incliné sur les yeux, laisse à découvert la partie postérieure de l'occiput. Autour d'une nuque courtrasée, comme la peau d'un certain animal que l'on râcle avant d'en transformer la chair en saucisses ou en jambons, s'attache, avec une sorte de négligence coquette, une ficelle de couleur, éclatante, soit rouge, soit jaune, soit bleue, qui a la prétention de s'appeler cravate, et dont les bouts s'enlacent en spirales, ou flottent au gré du vent. Un col rabattu, lorsque col il y a, laisse voir une encolure musculeuse, où le soliel et le whiskey ont tracé une empreinte rougissante. Une chemise en laine rouge, émaillée sur la poitrine de larges boutons blancs ou noirs; un pantalon serré à la ceinture par une courroie de cuir; des bottes aux fortes semelles, passées par-dessus le pantalon: telle est, en general, la tenure du pompier-sportsman; ajoutez à ce costume bizarre un complément historique et nécessaire: la chique, se dessinant en ronde-bosse sur sa joue caluminée."

The writer draws a distinction, however, between the "pompier-sportsman" and the "Fancy Man" which latter individual he describes as a mystery indeed.

"Les 'Fancy Firemen,' eux, n'ont même pas les spéculations du jeu pour moyens d'existence. Ils vivent, on ne sait comment, dorment on ne sait où, et pourtant ils vivent, et ils dorment. Lorsque la nuit descend sur la ville, les Fancy Men se mettent à l'œuvre, et les voilà qui circulent dans le Bowery, cherchant des aventures, inondant les Bar-rooms, insultant les femmes, se querellant, se battant, donnant de fausses alarmes d'incendie afin de déterminer ce qu'ils appellent, dans la langue du pays, un 'Muss,' c'est-à-dire un rassemblement tumulteux dont eux et leurs amis trouvent moyen de tirer parti."

Our State Convention for reforming the Constitution of Virginia is still in session, and will continue to sit for many months, if we can form an opinion from the progress they have already made. Their debates are disseminated through the State in a Supplement Sheet of 24 closely printed columns which appears, we believe, tri-weekly, These debates are subsequently to be published in book form, and will make a series of volumes to which Hansard will be but an insignificant affair. One arrangement only remains to be made with regard to the Debates. They are reported with laudable accuracy by Mr. Bishop. The style in which they are printed is altogether unexceptionable. We are not aware that any objection has been raised against them in either respect. But they want readers. Surely, so much expenditure on the part of the State and painstaking on the part of printer and reporter should not be altogether thrown away. The Convention owes it to itself to provide for the reading of its Debates when published. An advertisement calling for twenty able-bodied men, whose business it should be to read, in good faith, the tri-weekly Supplement, from beginning to end, might possibly avail, if a liberal *per diem* were offered. Fair notice should be given however, that none but stout men, accustomed to hard labor, need apply.

En passant, we heard a good anecdote of the Convention the other day, which we commend to the notice of the Knickerbocker, as worthy a place in its monthly gossip. It seems that the little grandson of one of our city delegates, a bright child of six or eight years of age, started off in his best suit and with money in hand, to see Gen'l Tom Thumb, who was holding his levees at the African Church. The little fellow, however, mistook the building, and seeing a crowd around the door of the Universalist Church, where the Convention holds its sessions, naturally enough supposed that the renowned dwarf, the

wonderful curiosity he had come to see, was there exhibiting himself. Full of excitement and with a proud step our young hero advanced up the aisle, to the surprise of the members who observed him, until, reaching the seat of his his grandfather, he tapped the old gentleman on the shoulder, and said, with the utmost simplicity, "Grandpa, please tell me which is Tom Thumb?" A most embarrassing question, certainly!

We were gratified to learn that a distinguished compliment was recently paid by Professor Longfellow to our townsman, W. J. Hubard, Esq., the Artist. We have long appreciated Mr. Hubard's genius, and delighted to visit his studio, and we are not surprised that his original style is beginning to acquire for him a wide reputation. Mr. Longfellow, having accidentally seen a series of pencil sketches by Hubard, expressed his unqualified admiration, accompanied with a desire to possess some line from so gifted a hand. This desire reached the ear of the artist, who at once sketched two exquisite illustrations of the poet's writings, which we will briefly describe. The subject of the first is the universally popular poem of "The Footsteps of Angels." The scene begins with

> "And like phantoms grim and tall,
> Shadows from the fitful firelight
> Dance upon the parlor wall."

This is indicated in the back ground. The middle ground represents

> "The forms of the departed."

In the foreground, the dreamer of the vision sits and dreams—

> "With a slow and noiseless footstep,
> Comes that messenger divine
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine."

It is difficult to give an idea of this sketch, the conception and execution being extremely novel. It exhibits a remarkable combination of linear and effective drawing, such as has never before come under our observation.

The second drawing is from "The Skeleton in Armor." The figure stands immediately in the foreground, and although but a small one, it looms as you gaze upon it, until it becomes gigantic to the imagination. The eyes, from their bony sepulchre send forth a ghastly gleam, and as the iron-bound figure points, he may be supposed to say

> "There for my lady's bower
> Built I the lofty tower
> Which to this very hour
> Stands looking sea-ward."

The free and broad play of light on the armour indicates that entire unreserve of power that arouses us with its boldness.

We should like to see an edition of Mr. Longfellow's Poems with illustrations from the pencil of Hubard. We are satisfied that if worthily gotten up its appearance would mark a new triumph of American art.

A new Sonnet from Tennyson is a public benefaction. Here is one just from the mint—

> O! were I loved as I desire to be,
> What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
> Or range of evil between death and birth,
> That I should fear—if I were loved by thee?
> All the inner, all the outer world of pain,
> Clear love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine;
> As I have heard that somewhere in the main
> Fresh water-springs come up through bitter brine,
> 'T were joy, not fear, clasped hand in hand with thee,
> To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills,
> Apart upon a mountain, though the surge
> Of some new deluge from a thousand hills,
> Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
> Below us, as far on as eye could see.

We suppose many of our readers will have seen before, the farewell sonnet of Tennyson, read at the recent Dinner to Macready, on the occasion of his retirement from the stage. As it is worth keeping, however, we republish it:

> Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part;
> Full-handed thunders often have confessed
> Thy power well used to move the public breast.
> We thank thee, with one voice, and from the heart.
> Farewell, Macready, since this night we part.
> Go, take thy honors home: rank with the best,
> Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and the rest
> Who made a nation purer through their art.
> Thine is it, that our Drama did not die,
> Nor flicker down to brainless Pantomime,
> And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
> Farewell, Macready: moral, grave, sublime;
> Our Shakspeare's bland and universal eye
> Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee.

This Dinner was a notable affair. Bulwer presided and among the guests were Dickens, Thackeray, Eastlake and others. From the speech of the Chairman, as reported in the London Times, we quote the following recognition of the obligations of the author to the actor.

> "Gentlemen, there is one merit of our guest as an actor upon which, if I were silent, I should be indeed ungrateful. Many a great performer may attain to a high reputation if he restrains his talents to acting Shakspeare and the great writers of the past; but it is perfectly clear that in so doing he does not advance one inch the literature of his time. It has been the merit of our guest to recognise the truth, that the actor has it in his power to assist in creating the writer. (Hear, hear.) He has identified himself with the living drama of his period, and by so doing he has half created it. (Cheers.) Who does not recollect the rough and manly vigor of Tell, the simple gran-

dear of Virginius, or the exquisite sweetness and dignity and pathos with which he invested the self-sacrifice of Ion (loud cheering)? and who does not feel that but for him these great plays might never have obtained their hold upon the stage, or ranked among those masterpieces which this age will leave posterity? (Renewed cheers.) And what charm and what grace, not their own, he has given to the lesser works of an inferior writer, it is not for me to say." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Dickens' speech was sufficiently characteristic. As witness this allusion to Macready's last appearance—

"Many of those who heard him were no doubt present at the memorable scene on Wednesday night, when that great vision which had been a delight and a lesson—very often, he dared say, a support and a comfort—to them, which had for many years improved and charmed them, and to which they had looked for an elevated relief from the labours of their lives, faded from their sight forever. (Cheers.) He would not stop to inquire whether their guest might or might not have looked forward, through rather too long a period for them, to some remote and distant time when he might possibly bear some far-off likeness to a certain Spanish Archbishop whom Gil Blas once served. (Laughter.) Nor would he stop to inquire whether it was a reasonable disposition in the audience of Wednesday to seize upon the words—

> 'And I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people;
> Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon'—

but he would venture to intimate to those whom he addressed how in his own mind he mainly connected that occasion with the present. When he looked round on the vast assemblage of Wednesday, and observed the huge pit hushed into stillness on the rising of the curtain, and when he saw the misty surging gallery, where men in their shirtsleeves were at first striking out their arms like strong swimmers (laughter), become still water in a moment, and remain so through the play, it suggested to him something besides the trustworthiness of an English crowd, and the delusion under which those persons laboured who disparaged and maligned such an assembly. It suggested to him that in meeting here to-night they undertook to represent something of the all-pervading feeling of that crowd through all its intermediate degrees, from the full-dressed lady with sparkling diamonds in the proscenium box to the half-undressed gentleman (great laughter) who was biding his time for taking some refreshment in the back row of the gallery."

A printed circular has just been issued by a few gentlemen of Richmond, alumni of the University of Virginia, addressed to all the former students of that institution, proposing the purchase of a painting by them, to adorn the walls of the new building which the authorities design to erect during the present year. The painting suggested is a copy of Raphael's celebrated work, "The School of Athens," which can be executed in Rome, it is thought, at a cost not exceeding two thousand dollars. We hope this circular will meet with a ready response on the part of the former students of the University. We should like to see this seat of learning adorned with the choicest works of art, and made an attractive place to the visiter as well as an excellent school for the inquirer after knowledge.

A very excellent daguerreotype likeness of Poe, taken just before his death, may be seen at Pratt & Co's Gallery, 145 Main Street. It is a little remarkable that no accurate portrait of him was engraved for any edition of his works. That which appears in the recent collection, edited by Griswold, resembles him scarcely at all.

It may not be out of the way to say here that Pratt has recently fitted up his Gallery in a very sumptuous style, and added an immense window furnishing a skylight of great power. Some of his recent likenesses are admirable specimens of the art as it has been perfected of late years. A number of them have been sent to the World's Fair, and Pratt need not fear to submit them to the severe criticism of the visiters to this wonderful exhibition.

From Messrs. Danforth, Bald & Co. Bank-Note Engravers of New York, we have received some exquisite steel engravings, among which are vignette likenesses of Washington, Madison, John Adams, Jackson, Baron de Kalb, Wm. Penn, John Eager Howard, Clay, Webster, Gen'l Scott, Gen'l Taylor, Mr. Fillmore and others. The fidelity of such of these likenesses as represent characters of our day and of which we can judge, is very perfect. The other engravings are of various designs, chiefly agricultural and commercial, and all of them being intended for the illustration of Bank Notes, are of small size, but they show with how much softness as well as spirit, engravings on steel are now executed. Messrs. Danforth, Bald & Co. are at the "top of the profession."

Those who feel an interest in statistics will be pleased to know the fact that the whole number of Lawyers in the United States is *twenty-one thousand, nine hundred and seventy-nine*. Mr. John Livingston of the New York Bar, has just published a Law Register containing the names and post offices of this great army of lawyers—a work which for laborious compilation is unrivalled since Mrs. Cowden Clarke prepared her Complete Concordance to Shakspeare.

Nile Notes of a Howadji. New York. Harper & Brothers: 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

Whatever may be her relative position in other branches of literature, America undoubtedly bears the palm of late years, from all Europe, in her books of Travels. We question if the produce of any age or nation in this department of letters can equal the long series of delightful narratives of which "Typee" is the first, and the work whose title is given above the last. Typee was a new chapter in book-making. Nothing like its poetic reality had ever before issued from travelled brains, and it attracted universal attention here and in Europe, more for this novelty even, than for its striking merit. For ages travellers had been writing books which contained facts, observations, reflections, opinions,—everything but the *picturesque*. The volumes of English travellers were filled with wearying commonplaces, tiresome "impressions," and personal details which their authors vainly fancied would interest the public equally with themselves. Travel-writing was becoming the common resort of the commonest minds, who published their volumes of tedious narratives solely as some offset to the expenses of the journey.

"Typee" was in direct contrast to all this. In it were marvellous adventures, strange lands, a wild people, and all the gorgeous natural wealth of those remote "ultimate dim Thules," delineated with the pen of a master. The interest excited by the book was kept up by "Omoo" and other works from the same hand, and then followed in picturesque succession, "Los Gringos," "Kaloolah," and a host of sparkling volumes, not one of them inferior to "Eöthen," and in many particulars far superior to that much be-praised performance. Thus has America surpassed beyond all comparison the nation which "never read an American book," and we may say with equal truth, that in spite of MM. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Dumas, who have so pleasantly recorded their experiences, she has also excelled the most brilliant writers of France.

"Nile Notes, by a Howadji," (*traveller* that is to say,) is the last of these volumes up to the present time, and we have lingered over its dreamy poetic pages for many pleasant hours, with all the "splendor and havoc of the East" before us. The style of the notes is to the last degree poetical, and some outrageous affectations apart, in many places exceedingly striking. The shores of the Nile bathed in the "creamy sunlight" of the East, the wonders of Thebes, Memphis and Memnon, the Dancing-girls, Dragomen. Hadji—all are warm and distinct in the mind's eye as they could be drawn in a painting to the outward vision. The work is evidently from the pen of one who has dreamt from his childhood of this glorious domain of ancient wonders, and Egypt to his enamored eye was not the squalid, worn out land it really is, but an enchanted region which none but poets could rightly appreciate. The "Howadji" *read up* for his eastern tour in the pages of Alfred Tennyson. *Vide* Nile Notes *passim*.

Some passages of the "Notes" are, we fancy, a little too warmly colored for that Gotham, to whose elegant "Astor" and virtuous "Wall street," the author, with the heart of a true cockney, ever turns; but many others are free from this blemish and strike us as very forcible. We subjoin a few sentences taken entirely at random.

"Abon Hassan sat at the city gate, and I saw Haroun Alraschid quietly coming up in that disguise of a Mousoul merchant. I could not but wink at Abon, for I knew him so long ago in the Arabian Nights. But he rather stared than saluted as friends may in a masquerade."

"Once I heard the Muezzin cry from a little village on the edge of the desert, in the starlight before the dawn. It was only a wailing voice in the air."

"But most melancholy was the case of a Howadji, whom we found wandering in the remote regions of the Nile. He was a kind of flying Dutchman, always gliding about in a barque haunted by a dragoman and a Reis, or a captain, who would not suffer him to arrive anywhere. The moons of three months had waxed and waned since they left Cairo. Winds never blew for that unhappy boat, currents were always adverse—illness and inability seized the crew. Landing at lonely towns the dragoman sold him his own provisions, previously sent ashore for the purpose, at an admirable advance. Gradually he was becoming the Ancient Mariner of the Nile. He must have grown grisly—I am sure that he was sad."

"Nile Notes" is for sale by Morris & Brother.

Twice Told Tales. By *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. In Two Volumes. A New Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1851.

Hawthorne is one of our peculiar favorites, among the New England men of letters, and perhaps for the reason that his literary fame has not been acquired by that system of friendly puffery to which most of these writers are indebted for their position. He has had no band of *claquers* to cry his writings into favor, but they have made their way by virtue of their own intrinsic merits. His reputation is therefore legitimate, and is not likely to be disturbed. We are glad to see this new edition of Twice Told Tales in the choice typography of Ticknor & Co. It is embellished with a very handsome portrait of the author, and contains a Preface, which is quite as good as any thing in either of the volumes, wherein the history of the popularity (or want of popularity, as Mr. Hawthorne thinks it) of the sketches, is pleasantly narrated. The quiet good humor, with which our author discusses his chances of permanent fame, and the altogether disinterested point of view from which he looks at himself, remind us of De Quincey.

These volumes are for sale by Morris & Brother.

The City of the Silent; A Poem. By *W. Gilmore Simms*. Delivered at the Consecration of Magnolia Cemetery. November 19th, 1850. Charleston: Walker & James, Publishers. 1850.

A most graceful poem, worthy in all respects of Mr. Simms, and full of fine and effective passages. We should like to quote some of these, but our narrow limits forbid, and we can only therefore unite in the general commendation which the poem has called forth, without permitting the reader of our remarks to judge for himself. There are, perhaps, some parts of the poem which show haste in its preparation, but productions of this sort are most frequently written against time, and we should not therefore expect the same finish in them that we look for in an epic. On the whole, we think a performance, purely occasional, of more merit than "The City of the Silent" has rarely appeared.

Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main street have sent us the Foreign Reviews for the last quarter, and Blackwood's Magazine for March. The North British contains two charming biographical sketches—one of Philip Doddridge, from the same pen evidently with the article on Simeon, and the other of young Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The other Reviews are fully up to their ancient fame, and Blackwood contains a delightful instalment of "My Novel."

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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GREELEY ON REFORMS.*

It is not the least significant symptom of the disease and disorder of our times, that every scribbler, who, by painful diligence and long mechanic practice, has learnt to string words together into an intelligible, or apparently intelligible sentence, deems himself specially called upon to re-organize society—to remodel the laws imposed by the Creator upon humanity—and to re-arrange and improve the whole order of social and political existence. *Pour parler il faut penser, ou à peu près*, says Voltaire, and we should have thought that the prescription was even more applicable to writing than speaking, especially when the subject was at once so intricate and so delicate as the amelioration of society. It would almost appear from the never ending issues of the press—the true signs of the times—that we have been under a mistake. It is no longer the learned, the experienced, and the reflecting, who, after years of diligent investigation, timidly propound their suggestions for social amendments, which always require cautious handling, but all—"the saint, the savage, and the sage"—force madly into print their futile nostrums for the resuscitation of a disorganized world. Adam Smith devoted the seclusion of ten years at Kirkaldy to the elaboration of his theory of the Wealth of Nations, which had been for at least twelve years previously the subject of his frequent meditations, and even of his academic lectures; and it is only after the lapse of more than eighty years that we are beginning to discover the true limits within which that theory is scientifically correct and safely applicable. But instead of such patient preparation, Mr. Greeley steps forward as the confident evangelist of a new Saturnian age on the strength of a series of Lectures "written in the years from 1842 to 1848 inclusive, each in haste, to fulfil some engagement already made, for which preparation had been delayed, under the pressure of seeming necessities, to the latest moment allowable." Yet Mr. Greeley is far from being the hastiest or the least discreet of these reformation-mongers, who deform our times. It is only necessary to inspect the weekly issues of European Book Catalogues, or to look over the Advertisements in the successive numbers of the *Journal des Economistes*, to perceive not only the exuberant speculation which is actively engaged in attempting to solve the great problem of the re-invigoration of civilized society, but also the hot haste, the rash conjecture, the disregard of immutable facts, the renunciation of all study, the abnegation of patient thought, the arrogant dogmatism, and the wretched incompetence, which characterize the greater proportion of such efforts. We did, indeed, entertain a faint hope that the people and the authors of the United States would not suffer themselves to be washed away by the turbid stream of revolutionary speculation which is inundating the Old World, but would be content to remain as patient spectators on the bank, watching the direction and noting the phenomena of the torrent, and learn in the happy security of their own favored condition, by seeking for the subterranean causes which had poured forth this fearful deluge, to avert similar dangers at a future time from their own shores. We have been more disappointed than deceived; our hopes were weak; our fears were strong; and naturally enough the old adage—the Poet's verse—has been realized once more:

> Fools *will* rush in where angels fear to tread.

While the studious, the sober, and the meditative—the statesman and the philosopher—both in Europe and America, have been carefully studying the characteristics and the seat of present social distemper, and endeavoring to discover such remedies or palliatives as may promise, by their conformity with the fixed and unchangeable laws of human nature, and their adaptation to the special ills to be redressed, to be effectual at least in affording temporary relief; others, less competent to prescribe medicaments, ignorant alike of the constitution of the patient, and the properties and action of their medicines, not cognizant of the difficulties which impede a correct solution of the problem, ignoring or contradicting the established laws of humanity, renouncing the slow and unwelcome process of accurate investigation, impatient to logical reflection, and intolerant of doubt or dissent, have rudely forced upon the attention of the world, the wild chimeras and crude reveries, which are so easily generated in brains vacant of information,

*HINTS TOWARD REFORMS, IN LECTURES, ADDRESSES, AND OTHER WRITINGS. By Horace Greeley. New York. Harper & Brothers. 82 Cliff Street. 1850. 1 vol. 12 mo.

and in minds rendered presumptuous by that complacent assurance which ignorance and vanity habitually inspire.

There is, indeed, some excuse for this premature publication in Europe, and especially in France, where the uncertain changes of the hour prompt the excited minds of political dreamers to hurried utterance, and the pressing miseries of the times urge the consideration of quack remedies, since the old procedure has proved inefficient and no matured or available remedies have as yet claimed acceptance. But certainly no such pressure compelled the publication of crude reveries in this country,

> Whose only grievance is excess of ease,
> Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!

Notwithstanding the dangerous ulcers which were beginning to fester in the body of Northern society, its general condition was still sufficiently healthy to allow time for the careful preparation and gradual introduction of remedial changes; yet, the fact that such a demand exists at the North for Mr. Greeley's declamations as would justify their publication by the prudent house of the Harpers, furnishes a strong indication that disease has penetrated more deeply into the frame-work of society there than we had conceived possible. The fever of Abolitionism was symptomatic of a typhoid habit; but the atmosphere, it would now appear, must be charged with other poisons. We need hardly say that Mr. Greeley's Fourierite philosophy is better calculated to aggravate than relieve existing disorders; that it tends to disseminate delusive notions, and to beget delusive hopes, which can only hurry on the disease it professes to cure to an earlier and more fatal termination. It is not by arraying class against class—by dividing a house against itself—by introducing schism into the bosom of society—by breeding "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness"—that evils in the political organization can be eradicated. The work must be commenced by allaying such antipathies, by assuaging malignant irritations, by inducing mutual patience and toleration, and by extinguishing inordinate and visionary hopes. True reformation is a slow and painful process, it is no holiday frolic; even in the best constituted society there will still be suffering, anguish, and unending endeavour, for life is an ordeal and not even Mr. Greeley's manipulations can convert it into a pastime. He is, indeed, confident that he can remodel the society around him by a stroke of the magician's wand. But he is not Prospero, nor are modern communities as plastic and obedient as the subjects whom Prospero commanded in "the airy fabric of a dream." If Mr. Greeley should ever condescend to revise his Hints toward Reforms, which are scarcely worth revision, we would commend to his attention and careful meditation Lord Bacon's suggestions upon the general policy of Reform, which have ever been regarded as among the most just and the most profound views promulgated by that mighty intellect. He would derive profitable instruction from that severe teacher, who would check the aberrations of flippant haste, and be found very different from the easy pedagogues of crude Socialism.

In these strictures on the recent Literature of Reform, which has been hatched into life by the vivifying fires of Revolution, we would by no means extend them to all the speculations which have been published of late years; nor would we apply them in their full severity even to Mr. Greeley, though many might think that the judgment would not be too harsh, were we even to do so. But among the various lucubrations on this text which have fallen immediately under our notice—scarcely a tithe of those littered by the press—we have met with works of nearly every degree of excellence, and of every shade of extravagance, dulness, and error. Of some few we would be disposed to speak in terms of the highest commendation, though this class for the most part confines itself to the discussion of isolated evils, and to the application of partial remedies. Others, though obviously and grievously erroneous in their general conclusions, are, nevertheless, marked with the most indubitable impress of genius and acumen, and many of them are replete with the most exuberant learning, and are characterized by the most patient, the most elaborate, and the most symmetrical treatment of the whole subject. Others again, such as the Messianisme of Hõené Wronski, exhibit the most erratic jumble of various erudition and great special ability with the wildest and most impalpable chimeras. Nearly all the rest are "but leather and prunella":

> A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
> Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
> 'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
> Nothing to build and all things to destroy.
> But far more numerous was the herd of such,
> Who think too little, and who talk too much.

We need not say that the work under review does not belong to one of the first three classes; it is not professedly destructive, but rather constructive, in its character; we are unwilling to refer it deliberately to the last species. It is certainly hasty, slipshod, and slovenly enough in point of matter as of form it is too truly a rude and undigested mass; but we are able to pay it the dubious compliment of saying that it is less bad than might have been expected, and that we

have seen many worse of late years on similar subjects. It seems to us we can even discover in it more literary merit than Mr. Greeley, with that modesty, which is too frequently the mask of impudence, is disposed to claim; but its practical and philosophical merits we certainly value at a much lower estimate than he does himself. There is a freshness and vigour of expression, which are peculiarly agreeable, notwithstanding their violation of Attic taste; and there is a genial *abandon* which may atone in some degree for constant extravagance and rhodomontade, and even win forgiveness for occasional grammatical inaccuracies. He professes, however, such a vain-glorious spirit of defiance to the praise or censure of those who are alone competent to judge of its literary value—if the education which he advocates for all be in truth desirable—that it would be a hopeless task, so far as his own amendment is concerned, to point out the defects or the excellences which we have noticed in his style of writing. And yet, correct taste and graceful expression are so intimately associated with just views and sound judgment; and there is so much danger of the thoughtless being led to the adoption of pernicious doctrines by the meretricious fascinations of tinsel rhetoric and the seductions of sophistry, that we deem it only proper to put in our caveat against Mr. Greeley's being regarded as an elegant, accurate, or forcible writer. The series of Papers comprised in this Volume are, indeed, by his own confession, hasty productions—a fact, which might palliate his indiscretions if the subject less imperatively demanded caution and study, but could in no case heighten their worth. They consist of Lectures, Addresses, Orations, Editorials, and other nondescript Writings, and are neither much better nor much worse than thousands of such ephemeral productions annually issued from the press in all parts of the country. Trivial, however, as they are in themselves, we are glad that, if such opinions must be promulgated on our side of the Atlantic, Mr. Greeley has collected his oracles into one volume. The dispersed leaves were less tangible, his views could not be so readily or so publicly arraigned; nor could he himself have been so appropriately indicted for the whole *corpus delicti*. While his doctrines were flying about in their disconnected form, like the disorderly leaves of the Sibyl, they were calculated to spread mischief and poison where neither remedy nor antidote could follow them, for the sheets of the Tribune frequent only such haunts as are unvisited by the messengers of wisdom and sobriety. Now these doctrines appear "in such a questionable shape," that we will stop to question them. We have Mr Greeley's whole publicly avowed dream before us, and we can examine it in its several parts and in their connection. The heads of the hydra are all reduced to one, and if that be effectually crushed and seared, our task is over. It is, indeed, a thankless task to refute plausible error—but it is written, "answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit;" and the importance rendered thereby to the mass of right-minded but unreflecting men may amply compensate us for the hours devoted to the exposure of current or proselyting sophisms. We shall deal gently and fairly with Mr. Greeley, though he denies the jurisdiction of the court, treats it with contempt, and stands *in contumaciam*. The Editor of the Tribune has yet to learn that in the Republic of Letters all rebellion, sooner or later, breeds its own punishment.

We have already remarked that Mr. Greeley's doctrines are presented to the public in a less extravagant form than we might have reasonably anticipated. His virulence and ultraism in the utterance of the dogmas of Socialism are by no means so great as we feared they would be. In most cases, indeed, he exhibits the most laudable moderation; perhaps, he only reserves the full blaze of his political revelation, of which he has most needlessly constituted himself Apostle to the Gentiles, for eyes already purified or bewildered by the cordial acceptance of the new faith. Much extravagance, in comparison with the sobriety of sound philosophy, there is, of course. When the mind becomes fevered by the sudden access of a solitary and exclusive idea, intellectual fanaticism is the inevitable result. Mr. Greeley's conception of the character of present social disease is, like that of the whole School, in all its Protean forms, incomplete and distorted; and his dreams of the future regeneration of humanity are founded upon a most erroneous and Utopian estimate of men and of society. Yet we confess that there is something infectious in this visionary and sanguine enthusiasm in respect to the supposed capabilities and possibilities of human existence, and though it is a grievous retrogression to return to Condorcet's exploded theory of the perfectibility of man, yet Mr. Greeley's flights of unchecked fancy please for a moment by hurrying us away from the real world of pain and anguish, of toil and suffering, of sorrow and tears, of stern necessities and stubborn impediments, into an ideal region where breathes a purer air, and the storms of earth are hushed:

> locos lætos, et amæna vireta,
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas,
> Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit
> Purpureo, Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

It may be good for us to ascend thither occasionally in our dreams, and to refresh the droop-

ing wings of the spirit with the breezes of that celestial air; but our daily abode and conversation must be amid the tangled thickets of this sublunary world, and not in the Atlantis of Plato, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney, the Oceana of Harrington, the Icaria of Cabet, or the Phalanx of Fourier, Greeley & Co. "Powers eternal! such names mingled!"—we ask the pardon of our readers for the offence.

In proposing and advocating social reforms we should remember that their operation must take effect amid the troubled realities of life, and not in the midst of the shadows of a phantom-land. We must adapt our vessels to the stormy waters on which they are to sail, and not hope to stem the angry tempests of the ocean with the frail and gaudy pleasure-boats which fancy may devise. It requires no great effort of intellect to evoke from the imagination conjectural reforms of the social state, but other and higher powers are demanded for practicable and beneficent ameliorations.

We are rejoiced to see, notwithstanding the loose play of a heated fancy, that Mr. Greeley's Socialism approximates more closely to the legitimate agrarianism of the Gracchi than to the insane and disorganizing reveries of Anacharsis Clootz and Proudhon. There is, indeed, one lamentable exception to the general moderation of his heresies. The empty and ignorant declamation about Slavery, in regard to which it may be necessary to say a few words hereafter, is neither harmless in itself, nor in accordance with the duties and requirements of one who professes to war against prejudices, and preaches patience and temperance. We purposely defer—if possible we will decline—all comment on Horace Greeley's fanaticism in this respect; we are unwilling to mingle with the good-humoured refutation of philosophical delusions the indignant reprehension of the immoral and disorganizing incendiarism, which is now endangering the stability of the Union, and is still the subject of acrimonious political warfare. If we dwelt upon this subject we could not spare the lash; while in our notice of Mr. Greeley's Fourierism we can afford to be gentle and indulgent. We believe that the errors of his own and the other kindred schools have sprung from the really noble desire of ameliorating the condition of the less fortunate classes of society, and of restoring harmony between the constituent members of civilized communities. They have been betrayed into gross enormities, and have sadly mistaken the true remedies to be employed, in their unreflecting zeal to produce an immediate and complete cure. They have ignored or denied the truth of the saying: "Ye have the poor always with you;" yet this maxim must be recognized as a profound political axiom, whether Mr. Greeley and his clan believe or disbelieve the divinity of our Saviour and the inspiration of the Gospel.

Though we shall deal kindly with our Author's delusions, (notwithstanding our recollections of the Slievengammon hoax) and shall honestly proclaim our acceptance of so much of his doctrines as we can think to be true, there need be no apprehension of any leaning on our part to his School. We are, in fact, too far removed from any such possibility to entertain the fear of suspicion on that score. It is related by Herodotus that one man only, Callias, the Alcmæonid, could venture to buy the property of the exiled Peisistratidæ, when it was offered for sale, because he alone was wholly exempted by his known sentiments from the possibility of being suspected to be their friend. We feel a similar security ourselves in regard to the various social delusions which characterize and infest our times. Employing the term Socialism, in its widest application, as embracing Owenism, Fourierism, St. Simonism, Proudhonism, Cabetism, Greeleyism, *et omne quod exit in ism*, we believe it to be under all its various and fantastic forms a pure chimera in theory, and in attempted practice an unmitigated Pandemonium. Nevertheless, we can neither conceal from ourselves, nor hesitate to acknowledge candidly, that the Socialists, contemned and decried as on many grounds they have justly been, were the first to apprehend distinctly, and still recognize in its utmost intensity, an important and vital truth, to wit: that the wants of modern societies have outgrown received formulas; that the existing elements of social organization have in consequence been thrown into fatal anarchy and discord; and that not merely the well-being, but the very conservation of society demands the speedy re-establishment of harmony between them, by the application of suitable remedies, and the restoration of the true relations between capital and labour. The necessity is, indeed, imperative at this time only in Europe; but the seeds of like disorder are already germinating in the States, and especially in the large cities of the North; and prudence requires us to arrest the disease, if possible, in its inception. Thankful, indeed, are we, that the institution of Slavery shields the people of the Southern States both from the approach of such dangers, and also from the acceptance of such doctrines as Mr. Greeley proposes for the incantations by which they are to be charmed away. A great mistake has, however, been committed by the sober thinkers both in Europe and America; they have suffered themselves to be repelled by the mass of errors contained in Socialist writings from the

examination and reception of the few but valuable grains of truth which they contain; their eyes have been hurt and dimmed by the vast volumes of smoke which envelope the altar of the socialists, and they have failed to perceive the feeble but living flame which was burning thereon. The consequence has been that they have too unceremoniously rejected the whole gospel of Communism, and they have thus embittered its acolytes, and left them untaught to follow rash guidance, while many have been driven into their ranks from the consciousness of this injustice, and the inability to distinguish between the true and the false in the socialist communion. Even at this eleventh hour it is not too late to recall some of the wavering—and they are among the choice intellects of the age—and to form with them an impartial intermediate body, which may be able to winnow the chaff from the wheat, to accept from the Socialist that which is true—their aims rather than their doctrines—and at the same time retain their hold on the landmarks which the wisdom of great minds and the experience of former ages have left to guide us along dangerous shores. It is always difficult to hold the balance steady between the deficiencies of ancient dogmas and the excesses of new creeds; it is most peculiarly difficult to do so under the pressure and excitement of the present times. The human mind has a natural appetency for systematized doctrines, and will readily swallow a bushel of chaff, without much solicitude about the quantity or quality of the grain, to escape from that state of philosophic suspense, which affords the only means of discovering truth amid the noisy contentions of opposing theories. Yet we do not despair; we think that enough of those who discover the defects of present institutions and are meditating enrolment under other standards, and enough of those who have too hastily been tolled away by the imposing pretences of new social schemes, may be united together in the diligent investigation of our present condition, and the impartial appreciation of both the old and the new, to save society from the impending deluge without leaving it to rot under the continued mould of insufficient or effete dogmatism.

Having thus indicated our disposition to do full justice to the Socialistic Schools, we may ask the indulgence of their proselytes when we take issue with them most uncompromisingly in regard to the mode of redressing present evils. Nevertheless, we recognize that they have been, almost alone, probing the wounds of society to the bottom; that amongst them are still to be discovered the most diligent and profound social speculators of the day; and that the *Novum Organon* of Social Philosophy—the work reserved for another, perhaps a greater Bacon—will in all probability be produced by some heresiarch of their School. Indeed Auguste Comte—the favoured pupil of St. Simon, on whom the aged seer designed that the mantle of Elijah should fall—has in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, and more recently in his *Republique Occidentale*, so nearly unveiled the mysteries of the great social problems of the times, that it is wonderful that he has missed their complete solution. He has been misled by the prevalent error—a fatal one—of hasty, immature, and purely conjectural reconstruction. After laboriously following the rigid chain of strict experimental induction through all the sciences and all their subdivisions; after having rejected Logic, Metaphysics and Theology—religious faith and the science of reason—rather than admit the influence or existence of the intangible, the unseen, or the undemonstrated; after having borrowed a name for his Philosophy from this exclusion of everything but experience and induction, he dropped the last link just when the guiding thread was most required, and on the solid foundation which with such dry severity he had rivetted and compacted together he raised a lofty superstructure, scarcely consulting any architect but fancy, and trusting for his plan to the wild fever of a singularly vivid imagination. The union of such dissimilar powers each in such admirable amplitude, is most singular; but scarcely more so than the contrast between the spirit in which he prepared and that in which he completed his system. But though it is easy to discover Comte's aberrations from the truth and his near attainment of it, it is not so easy to administer the true corrections to his errors, and to do what he has barely failed to achieve. No philosopher since the days of Bacon has exhibited such strong evidences of a claim to being regarded as his legitimate successor; but the same causes have prevented Comte from becoming the true Coryphœus of the XIXth century, which snatched from the outstretched hand of Giordano Bruno,* the laurels and trophies reserved for the

* Primus, quantum quidem nobis constat, qui totum philosophiæ circulum mutare, et philosophiam dare novam eamque abstrusissimam enisus est, fuit Jordanus Brunus, a patria Nolanus dictus. Brucker Hist. Crit. Phil, Per. iii. Ps. ii. lib. i. cap. ii. § i. tom. v, p. 12. But see tom. vi. p. 809, where this honor is assigned, perhaps too rashly, to Bodinus, concerning whom, see Dug. Stewart. Diss. Suppl. Encycl. Britan.

"Prima autem, quæ in eo vigebat, imaginationis vis fuit, adeo effusa et extra orbitam rapta, ut nisi nos omnia fallant, vix simile vagantis per innumeras easque mire inter se connexas complicatasque imagines ingenii exemplum invenire licebit. Brucker. tom. v. p. 29, § x. This passage might be justly applied without alteration to Comte, and especially to his *République Occidentale*. It is of course unnecessary to illustrate the want of religious faith of either the Nolan or the Parisian philosopher.

sage of Verulam. These causes are easily designated—the wild exuberance of conjecture, and the total want of religious faith. Comte approached the proud preëminence as nearly as Cardinal San Severino approached the Roman tiara; it seemed to invite his grasp, but he was "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and it awaits a nobler claimant.

Though Comte has thus failed to achieve his mighty aim, he is assuredly the greatest of the Titans who have attempted to scale Heaven by piling Pelion upon Ossa; and we would commend to Mr. Greeley, whose philosophical and political reading seems to have been confined to Fourier and Emerson and Carlyle, the careful study of Comte's criticism on Communism contained in the third part of his *Rèpublique Occidentale*. If the Fourierite Editor of the Tribune is disposed to prosecute his researches further, we would direct him to Aristotle's review of Plato's Laws and Republic, in his second Book of the Politics, for we can assure him that Socialism is by no means a novel folly.

If the effort of Comte has proved to be a palpable failure, it is not strange that all meaner men have failed. Yet it is a fact, not without solemn significance, that the Socialists have already extensively secured the popular ear and favour; and there is perhaps still more significance in the fact, that they number among their hierophants or disciples such names as Le Père Enfantin, Thierry, Chevalier, Ledru Rollin, Considérant, Leroux, Buchez, and many of the foremost men of intellect in France. There is even greater cause for admiration afforded by the diligent and unostentatious manner in which their leaders have prosecuted their studies; postponing all proselytism, and patiently preparing for the reception of their doctrines by exhibiting the evidences of the highest and most sober skill in the various occupations of life, and thus securing the confidence of the masses which they desire to attract to their doctrines. Such sober perseverance merits success, and such self-sacrificing patience may be ultimately rewarded by the avoidance of gross errors and the clearer recognition of the fundamental truth. They have undoubtedly detected a great truth; but they have apprehended it only under a partial view; they have not weighed its meaning with sufficient caution nor examined sufficiently its bearings and relations. Impatient of the delay of slowly gathering data, and scrupulously conforming to their suggestions and to the fixed properties of human nature, which may be regarded as the constant quantities of the problem, the large body of the Socialists, including the original founders of their sects, have too hastily leapt to conclusions, whose sole basis was to be found in their own heated imaginations.

The great cause of present social evil is the engrossing and universal passion for rapid gains and the subordination of all other considerations to the anxious effort for its attainment. The density of population in Europe gives fearful activity to this passion, at the same time that it hastens the maturity of its harvest of ill. Concomitant with this and consequential upon it, has been the escape of property from all duties, other than the payment of inadequate pecuniary taxes for its own protection; of capital from any influential antagonism on the part of labour; of labour from a governing sense of justice,—of individual impulses from moral—nay, almost from legal restraints; and of personal rights from the counterbalancing control of personal duties and religious obligations. During the growth of our laws and institutions, in the old feudal times, all these correlative and reciprocal restraints were rudely but rigidly maintained: one by one, they have been lopped off under the inspiration of increasing wealth, and nothing springs from the soil but the gigantic Upas tree, sacred to Mammon, which darkens and poisons the atmosphere with its rank and deadly foliage. It is too true, as Mr. Greeley says, that "Capital, monopolizing Land and Machinery, takes all the profit of Labour to itself." (p. 22.) This is, however, but one element of present social discord: there are others more dangerous in themselves and more difficult of correction, which arise from the complete sapping of the moral tone in the hearts of all classes. The first want is therefore the want of an earnest religious faith. This Mr. Greeley occasionally perceives—being thus brought into partial agreement with Buchez; but we much fear from his slight remarks that the religion he would establish would be some inefficient and shadowy idealism from the German Schools, instead of the plain, practical, stringent prescriptions of unvitiated Christianity. The second want is a healthy restoration of the predominance of moral sentiment over all calculations of worldly profit, and the renewal of amicable feelings and relations between the different classes of society. The third want is only the specific application of the reformation contemplated by the second: it is a general determination to discharge faithfully and at all hazards the duties of life, as duties; hence not as a demonstrated expediency, (though Mr. Greeley at times forgets his higher principles to advocate this, p. 166.) but as the fulfillment of a divine command, revealed by His scripture, and imprinted by His finger on the heart of man. Assiduous labor is one of these duties, which Mr. Greeley proposes to elevate into a source of enjoyment. We have

no such dreamy hopes, for labour is not, as he fancies, a curse of man's own making, (p. 118.) but the curse of God upon humanity, and we do not expect to see the curses of heaven revoked at human bidding, or evaded by human devices: yet we cannot refrain from quoting with high approbation and cordial assent the noble remark of Mr. Greeley, that, "He who knows how to do, when to do, and stands ready with a hearty good will to do, whatever it is or may be fairly incumbent on him to do, perilous though it be, and apart from the sense of duty repulsive, is truly educated, though he knows nothing of Logarithms or Latin: while the graduate with highest honors at Oxford or Gottingen may be as essentially ignorant as many a Typee or Hottentot," (p. 214.) Such is the language which befits a social Reformer, and we are happy to say that such sentiments are by no means of rare occurrence in this volume. They excite in our bosom a sympathy so lively and a concurrence so admiring, that we forgive Mr. Greeley nearly the whole circle of his philosophical and other offences, and almost forget the danger of his delusions. The great doctrine to be asserted is, as he seems to have felt, that nothing permanent or effectual can be achieved towards ameliorating present evils unless the predominant and regulating sense of imperative duty be re-awakened in the minds of men, and revivified by the constant sanction of deep religious feeling.

These moral changes cannot be generally effected, unless accompanied with some considerable alleviation of the material condition of the working classes—at least in those countries where population has trenched upon subsistence. The rebellion against moral and religious obligations is not merely the fruit of prosperity, but, in an equally marked degree, of the extremes of adversity. "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked;" but the people of Israel rebelled also when they were starving in the wilderness. In want, penury, degradation, scorn, and the suspicion of injustice, men will not listen to reason, and they will resist every restraint which prescribes patience when patience has become almost impossible, and which urges on unenvying disposition towards those who are rioting in luxury and abundance.* "The poor heareth not rebuke." It was to a land flowing with milk and honey, with the promise of fat, and oil, and gladness that the Lord led his chosen race to enter upon the long course of their spiritual education under the immediate superintendence of their God. We cannot hope to implant lessons of temperance, duty, and faith in minds embittered by the want of the daily necessaries of life: nor to eradicate greed or dethrone Mammon from their hearts, until the masses of the community cease to be impelled towards that fearful shrine by hourly and irremediable need. Hence, the complication and difficulty of any effectual solution of the present social crisis* the first step towards adequate reform is obstructed by the very cause which renders that reform imperative. The first great aim then of social amelioration, in its purely temporal aspects, should be to establish a more thorough and equable distribution of the means of sustaining life—of productions—by a natural, healthful, and orderly modification of the laws of property, in order that the amendment may be completed by the re-establishment of willing and reciprocal dependence and subordination on the part of all classes of the community, and of general religious contentment. We advocate no visionary equality of property, but the easier aptitude of capital for distribution, by slight changes in the laws. We hold, indeed, with a quaint and forgotten philosopher, whose doctrine in this respect has recently received the sanction of Comte, "*cum omnes sibi habeantur æquales, nihil est tam inæquale, quam æqualitas ipsa*:"†—and it is true not merely of men, but also of the conditions of men. The results we desire are not to be obtained by any specific alteration of the terms of contract, or the facilities of contracting between capital and labour, which must always be a partial remedy, and tend to the perpetual hostility of both classes; but by the complete change of the tone of the community and the spirit rather than the letter of the laws. It is not the Organization of Labor, in any sense attributed to that anomalous phrase by Mr. Greeley or other Socialists, which is required; for that measure, whether so designed or not, is from its nature revolutionary and disorganizing; but the great want is, as we have said, a more extended and equable distribution of the products of labour and capital, so that they may suffice for the more comfortable support of the myriads of earth's inhabitants, and not merely for the more rapid accumulation and multiplication of large capitals. Whatever remedy is adopted should be of so general a character as to permeate and invigorate all classes of society together; it should be calculated to soften and diminish all sectional divisions and distinctions, and not to institute new ones. The Phalanx merely establishes an "Imperium in Imperio," in which the governing passion is the same desire of the more rapid increase of wealth, which has deformed the realm from which Mr. Greeley would seclude his chosen

* Greeley. Hints &c., p. 37. The quotation is from Proverbs, xiii. 8. v. Demosth. c. Aristocrat. c. xxix.

* Greeley, p. 46.

† Henr. Cornelius Agrippa. De Incertitudine et Vanitate Scientiarum, c. lv, p. 162. Comte. République Occidentale, p. 374.

flock. It is strange that he does not perceive that his scheme, (p. 41—6, p. 190—205,) even if its Utopian aspirations were practicable, is a reform in the same direction which has been hitherto pursued till it has led to our present social difficulties. It is the economy of time, the augmentation of the products of labour, and the immediate investment of all savings in production, which are the modes of improvement whence greater gains are expected. The adoption of these modes must be ultimately attended with a reduction in the price of the commodities so produced, which will bring round matters to the point whence they started. But the fundamental flaw is to be found in the main object contemplated—which is the indulgence of greed. The members of the Association may, indeed, be benefitted temporarily by a more saving expenditure, and consequently larger clear gains: these may be distributed among a large number of stockholders, instead of being engrossed by a single capitalist: and this is the truly laudable prospect which gives such a plausible semblance of availability to the project. Mr. Greeley refers to and gives the history of the Journeyman Molders' Union Foundry at Cincinnati, and is lost in admiration of its success. We have no disposition to question that success: its causes are too evident. The stimulus of Proprietorship—the union of the profits of capital and of intermediate agencies with the wages of labour—the restraints on reckless expenditure—and the comparative disadvantages and improvidences of those with whom the Association has to compete—all concur to account for the increased individual benefits attending this organization. The tendency of modern commercial operations is to throw the advantage in favor of large capitals: the Union Foundry presents by the aggregation of the means, labour and skill of its members such a capital, and probably the largest in its vicinity engaged in that business:—yet this favourable condition of large accumulations in comparison with the difficulties of the poor or the needy is one of the evils of the time which require a remedy. It may be doubted whether such a Union establishment could have succeeded in any state of Society, except one in which it was not an absolute necessity. M. Leclaire's experiment, which was at first so loudly trumpeted, ultimately failed: and we regret that Mr. Greeley did not give us an account of the results of the Fourierzation of the Tribune office—which we have no doubt proved profitable to himself. But the success of solitary experiments does not affect the decision of the main question; for in all schemes of social reform we must consider the effect on the whole body of the community, and not on an isolated portion, which, by exclusive aggregation may be enabled to monopolize for a time extraordinary advantages. Suppose then not a few such Associations, scattered here and there, which might be successful, but a whole nation cantonned into Fourierite Phalangsteries. The existing spirit of greed animates all, and every individual member of each: the machinery of avarice is systematized on the grandest and most crushing scale; and the old competition re-appears with even more disastrous effects than before, because now less subject to control; and the only perceptible difference will be that instead of the contention of individual capitalists, there will be the bitter rivalry and the deadly competition of organized companies, who will add domestic warfare and internecine broils, (notwithstanding Mr. Greeley's dreams of universal peace,) to the now prevalent chicanery of trade. Mr. Greeley speaks bitterly of the "Commercial and Industrial Feudalism" of the day, (p. 350:) the phrase is a just and happy one, but these Associations would only substitute in its place countless bands of Commercial and Industrial Condottieri. Such must be the consequences under the most favorable aspect—disregarding entirely the incompatibility of such a scheme with the frailties of human nature, and suffering our author's hallucinations in regard to the absolute impeccability of man in the Phalanx to pass for the nonce unchallenged. If, however, we did not permit these difficulties to be eliminated in the estimation of Mr. Greeley's theory of Reform by Association, but considered them in connection with the known properties of the human family, the only result, if grievous social outbreaks could be for a time avoided, would be that so characteristically and strikingly pointed out by Sandy Mackaye: "The few that are geniuses, or fancy themselves sae, are to ha' the monopoly o' this private still o' philosophy—these carbonari, illuminati, vehmgericht, Samothracian mysteries o' bottled mooushine."*

But these Hints toward Reforms are professedly dedicated to practical ends: and in our consideration of them we cannot exclude any of the conditions or consequences which must necessarily attend their operation if adopted. We cannot make concessions which will be belied in practice, nor conceal that which must certainly be fatal behind that which might possibly

* Alton Locke, chap. xxii, p. 202. There is a close and singular parallelism between this criticism and Brucker's sentence on Plato's Communism: "Qua ratione tota tandem respublica, omnesque quas præscripsit leges, ad fanaticismum quendam hominumque metaphysicis ingenii lusibus et nugis salutem publicam quærentium, imperium relabitur." Hist. Crit. Phil. Pa. ii, lib. ii, c. vi, §xxxi, tom. i, p. 726. Mr. Greeley abhors the Classics so bitterly that we must ask one of his friends to translate for him. Demosth. contra Aristocratem, §xliv.

be thought beneficial to the few, or even to the many. We must take all the conditions, all the consequences, and all the phenomena of any proposed reformation in their mutual connection and dependence. We have no design, however, to dwell upon the discussion of the Phalanx and the general subject of Fourierite Association: it has already been refuted a hundred times, and if it is to be refuted again, it requires such extended examination as could only be given in an essay specially devoted to it.

Mr. Greeley says that his work "aspires to be a mediator, an interpreter, a reconciler between conservatism and radicalism." The aspiration is eminently praiseworthy, and if successfully achieved, would be productive of incalculable benefits to the distracted communities of modern Christendom. But is this aspiration realized? Is it as prudent in its choice of means, as it is ardent in the pursuit of its aims?—for we do not doubt its sincerity. Are Mr. Greeley's Hints calculated to bring the conflicting elements of decayed institutions into such connection and harmony as to eliminate or precipitate the evil, while it combines and concentrates the good which may be in each? This is what he professes to do. Is it done? The general tenor of our previous remarks indicates that in our opinion his schemes can only produce the opposite result, and widen the breach which he hopes to fill. But we must consider them more in detail, and endeavor to determine, to the best of our ability, what would be the real consequences of their adoption. In reviewing a work so entirely immethodical, and containing so much that is obnoxious to censure, we cannot pretend to notice either all the truth or all the error which it proclaims, but must necessarily confine ourselves to a few topics, and be guided in our choice of them, either by their relative importance, or by the extravagance of their delusion, or by both. We would, accordingly, at the outset, candidly admit that while much sophistry will pass unchallenged and uncondemned, much truth will also be passed by without its legitimate meed of praise: at the same time it must be said that the small proportion of what is true is so inextricably interwoven with the general mass of error that it can scarcely be separated from it, and admits only of very qualified approbation. But to our task.

Though we shall not pretend to go formally through the work—the latter part of which scarcely merits any notice at all—we will begin at the beginning, and take up the several leading subjects presented as nearly as practicable in the same order, (or rather in the same succession, for order there is none,) as that in which they are proposed by Mr. Greeley, omitting of course, as we proceed, those which appear to be of trivial or secondary importance.

The first Paper purports to be a Lecture on the Emancipation of Labour, and in some measure offers a microcosm of the whole theory, which is hashed up in different modes and with various sauces in other parts of this collection. It contains a protest against the present system of Society, objections to the existing relations, and even to the laws of Land, Capital, and Labour, proposed measures of Reform, a loud laudation of the principle of Association, and winds off with a most consolatory vision of a little village in Michigan or Wisconsin—appropriate site!—where the promises of eternal beatitude are anticipated on earth by the practice of Mr. Greeley's doctrine and the inauguration of an incomplete Phalangetery. When the Romans were incredulous about the transfiguration of Romulus, a Roman Senator crushed all scepticism by narrating his dreams: and many a saint was made out of a sinner in what are called the Dark Ages, by the same easy process; and now Mr. Greeley hopes to confirm a halting heresy by nailing its timbers with the like imaginations. But if we reject the arguments which he has elaborated with all the sobriety of which he is capable, we are not likely to be overcome by the ideal legions which he may march against us.

Near the beginning of this first Lecture, (p. 14,) the author asks, in the tone of a Censor who condemns, these tough questions: "Why should those by whose toil ALL comforts and luxuries are produced or made available, enjoy so scanty a share of them?" * * * "In short, why should Speculation and Scheming ride so jauntily in their carriages, splashing honest Work, as it trudges humbly and wearily by on foot?" Mr. Greeley sometimes quotes poetry, and has been infected by Carlyle with a morbid commiseration for Burns, and, had it suited his purpose to do so, might have remembered the peasant-poet's anticipation of the answer to his complaining queries:

> Think ye, that sic as you and I,
> Wha drudge and drive thro wet an' dry,
> Wi' never-ceasing toil;
> Think ye, are we less blest than they
> Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
> As hardly worth their while?

But this poetic reply would not satisfy Mr. Greeley's curiosity, and we must attempt therefore to give him one in our humble prose. We might ask him why he expects Teachers to instruct for a diminished compensation, (p. 45,) while he complains of the rewards received by the Labourer: But this is valid only as an *argumentum ad hominem*. We might inquire, why do knaves

frequently succeed, and good men as frequently fail in the temporal aims of life: but as Mr. Greeley's queries tend to, though without reaching, the great enigma propounded to the civilization of the nineteenth Century, we will not elude, but will fairly grapple with his questions.

The first involves more than one fallacy. All comforts and luxuries are not produced by the labouring class in the sense in which Mr. Greeley employs his terms: and what is in this day loosely spoken of as the labouring class, constitutes but a fraction of the labouring members of society. There are combinations of various kinds and qualities of labour, and the co-operation of many dissimilar instruments of production, required in the creation of our comforts and luxuries. Yet this complex character of the machinery and process of production is disregarded or ignored in the interrogatory presented. An incalculable number of previous agencies are in our day, not merely presupposed, but attested by almost every act of production. The powers of nature, the strength and the daily toil of the unskilled labourer, the practised dexterity of the artisan, the means of the capitalist, the knowledge and the discoveries of the man of science, and the directing intelligence of the employer of both the capital and the labour—these and a thousand other elements, operating through ages in constant and complicated combinations, all enter into the intricate web of the causes which conspire in effectuating each single act of production, (with rare exceptions,) in our day. How are we to estimate the share in the result produced which is to be attributed to each? It is done, more or less accurately, by the almost instinctive action of civilized society. Mr. Greeley denies the correctness and justice of the division, and proposes the determination and "adoption of a rateable law of Proportion or rateable dividend to Capital and Labor in place of the present system of fixed and arbitrary wages." We were not aware that wages under the present system were either fixed or arbitrary, but, whether so or not, they constitute the rateable dividend which Society has hitherto conceived to be the most just and equable to all parties. We may agree with Mr. Greeley that the distribution is somewhat erroneous and partial, but we cannot agree with him in the proposal to reform it by changing its name; nor can we sympathize with him in the hope of a closer approximation to a just division of the profits of production, by excluding from the number of claimants as legitimate labourers all but artisans and proletaries. If the immediate agent of production, by which the grain was raised, or the web was woven, were alone entitled to the whole result of production, we are afraid that Mr. Greeley's clients would be entitled to a very limited return. Human skill, forethought, and knowledge apply to the work of production the instruments furnished by nature, the means accumulated by previous industry and saving, and the bodily toil supplied by the mere labourer: hence all production is derived. Of himself and by himself, man, (and least of all, the day-labourer,) produces nothing. He requires the constant co-operation of natural forces, and the assistance of the capital which is due to their previous employment. The soil, the animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth of the earth, and the natural forces which generate production from these, are all given, not produced by man. The very machinery, which is so efficient an instrument in our modern system of production, and is regarded as so peculiarly a triumph of human ingenuity, resolves itself ultimately into the same elements. They are all at last the gifts of God, or the gifts of nature, only modified by human intervention; and certainly the right of ownership may be as justly extended over the producing agents as over the effects produced by them: that is to say, the rights of real property and capital and the rights of labour, stand, in this respect, on precisely the same footing. If this be denied, in accordance with the principle implied in Mr. Greeley's interrogatory, the productions which are claimed for labour must be legitimately assigned to God, "the giver of all good things," and distributed according to his good pleasure, which can only be discovered in his revealed word, or in the orderly processes of social phenomena. Mr. Greeley has a glimpse of this truth, (p. 15.) If the being or the rights of God are denied, the exclusive claims of unskilled labour are not on that account more just, for then a distribution proportionate to the share of each in producing them, should be made of all productions to the winds of heaven, the waves of the ocean, the running streams, the fertile earth, and the fire, so happily termed by Æschylus,* "the teacher of all arts to men." But a small fraction of the thing produced would remain due to human intervention. Such a distribution would, indeed, be absurd as a sober proposal, but it is the legitimate consequence of the principle involved in Mr. Greeley's plausible query. But rejecting the participation of the elements in the spoil, the species of labour, for which Mr. Greeley claims the whole toil and the whole fruits of production, is assuredly not entitled to the lion's share, although it may be disposed to seize it. We have already referred to the concurrence of science and capital with labour; but in the production of this capital and this science previous generations have concurred

* Prometheus Vinctus, v. 108—111. Ed. Dindorf. cf. etiam, v. 252—254.

even more largely than the present—they are the treasury of the accumulated merits of the dead. They must then, even on Mr. Greeley's principle, when generalized and made rational, be entitled to their share of the proceeds. There is, indeed, as little chance of our departed forefathers appearing to receive their dues, as there was of Sir Roche Boyle's discovery of the good already done by posterity. But in their stead appear their representatives, who are either those who have received from them their means by legacy or descent, in conformity with existing laws, or who evince the recognized title of being in possession of their capital, science, and skill, with such augmentations as they have been able themselves to add. The capital may consist of either the land which furnishes the raw material, or the other means of production usually so designated, for we think the distinction has been too widely drawn between land and capital, by the Political Economists. Thus we shall have as the legitimate claimants of the proceeds of production, the owner of the land, the capitalist, the man of science who explains the laws and operations of nature, the man of educated skill, (Comte calls him the Engineer,) who directs the practical application of those laws and superintends the work to be done, and the mere labourer who performs, under the guidance of another, the bodily labour required. Every one should indeed come in for his share of the profits, who has been concerned directly or indirectly in their creation; but for the sake of simplicity and clearness we have omitted all but the most obvious agents of production. It will at once be seen how small a proportion of the total result obtained belongs exclusively or peculiarly to the mere labourer. Mr. Greeley's error and confusion spring from his employment of vague and equivocal terms, from his not distinguishing sufficiently between different kinds of labour, from his limiting at times too narrowly the meaning of labour, and attributing to this the characteristics and the rights which in different degrees belong to all the forms of human exertion. All capital, as all science and art, and even as land in a state fit for profitable production, is merely the accumulation of previous labour, and this accumulation is as justly the subject of exclusive property as the immediate productions of mechanic or bodily labour, at least beyond what is required for the uses of the passing day. If the ownership and right in the latter are justly recognized by the laws and habitudes of every people, beyond what is needed for immediate consumption, they must at the same time and on the same principle be recognized in regard to the more permanent accumulations which are due to the protracted labours of past years, and even of past generations. They both rest on the same foundations, and are justified by the same reasons. Hence it is that all forms of Agrarianism necessarily lead to an undiscriminating war upon property of all kinds. Mr. Greeley's question intimates a difference which has no valid existence; and it insinuates plausible fallacies as truths by the employment of inaccurate and undefined terms. Such confusion of language and ideas, if we do not suspect an intention to beguile, can only result from entire ignorance of the nature and rights of both labour and capital: and such ignorance, we must say, befits but little an Editor of an influential paper,—a late member of Congress, and still less does it befit one who professes to be a social reformer in regard to the very subjects of which his ignorance is so obvious.

In the examination of this question, it will be noticed that we have been brought directly to the consideration of the conflicting claims of labour and capital, and on the verge of the discussion of the origin, foundation, and rights of property. Mr. Greeley's instincts led him unerringly in this direction, though his reason was not competent to solve the difficulties which he suspected. It is with them that the great problems of the day are concerned. We have not now the time, nor is the present a suitable occasion for a thorough investigation of these great and arduous topics. We hope hereafter to devote to them a series of independent essays.

We pass to Mr. Greeley's second query. "Speculation and Scheming ride so jauntily" because these are the peculiar and popular occupations of the time: it is by these that the increase of wealth, which constitutes the solitary aim of our modern civilization can be most efficiently and rapidly attained. Mammon is lord of the ascendant, and "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Money and bank-stock have never been promised either by Christian revelation or by heathen sages to simple honesty and elevated worth. It is a truth earlier than Lord Bacon, "that there be not two more fortunate properties, than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." The present general lust of speculation and gain, with its consequent frequency of success, is, in its grievous excess, pre-eminently a disease of the Nineteenth Century, and needs abatement:

> My time is alway on, and ever was;
> *Radix malorum est cupiditas.*

Its correction, however, must be sought in a general change of habitudes and feelings, in the reinfusion into the mass of society of a pervading sense of right and a disposition to be easily contented without seeking wealth as the *summum* or

solum bonum, and not by the institution of Fourierite Associations, which are only devised for the more rapid accumulation of wealth, notwithstanding Mr. Greeley protests against the modern intensity of greed and the consequences which have naturally flowed from it. The laws of society are of universal operation, and they bring about their own results. The man who devotes himself assiduously, cautiously, and exclusively to the acquisition of wealth will assuredly acquire it, if his life be spared: the man, who, through laziness, incapacity, or from a contempt for mere riches, either refuses to work or does not give body and soul to the pursuit of gold, will rarely attain to fortune. This is the law which Mr. Greeley endeavors to set aside, "because all are not created so handy, so thrifty, so worldly-wise," as others. We would strike out the word "created" in this quotation, as the character in this respect depends less upon original predisposition than upon habits and education. Each class meets with its own reward—"to every man according to his work." The industrious worldly-minded man secures wealth; the honest, upright man, whose aims in life are higher, or whose sense of duty is more potent, gains knowledge, wisdom, respect, contentment, virtue, and the blessed consciousness of rectitude which overbalances all other gains: the indolent and dissolute man reaps the merited penury and scorn. This law no Phalanx can overturn: it can only temporarily tax one class for the benefit of others, and give to the inactive or extravagant the fruits of others' industry; and to the slaves of the mine the rewards that are due to the science and skill of others, perhaps to their capital;—and to the hierophants in this socialistic jugglery the power, the wealth, the distinction, which are the tributes paid by fools to the impostors who delude them. Mr. Greeley, (p. 57—60,) sees that the pursuit of wealth and selfish aims is the canker of modern society—that it tends "to educate the human race into two classes, thieves and constables;" and yet he would attempt to remedy this evil by systematizing this pursuit for the benefit of one favoured class—certainly not pre-eminent in either intellect or feeling, whilst they belong peculiarly to that class: and he hopes to change radically "our modes of training youth for manhood" by giving to this pursuit a regular and formal organization, confirming it by law, and sanctifying it by philosophy. It cannot be from the inspiration of his theory, but only from the resilience of healthy feeling, that he says, (p. 60,) so truly: "States, cities, communities are preserved from destruction, so long as preserved at all, by so much virtue as they embody: when that wanes to insufficiency, the remnant may escape or linger, but the destruction of the depraved mass is inevitable." Such being the law of human society, we cannot re-invigorate a corrupt civilization by giving a new impulse and a less impeded course to the tides of greed, but must endeavor to restore the healthy moral tone which has been sapped, and whose absence occasions the fearful impetuosity of the pernicious tendency. "*Les maladies de l'esprit ne se guérissent guère*" says Montesquieu: yet it is exactly these diseases which must be cured if we would hope for the cure of constitutional disorders: we must crush the Donatist heresy, so rife in our day, "*Si libet, licet*"—and the first symptom of returning health will be the acceptance of the opposite maxim, *Si licet, libet*. This Mr. Greeley now and then faintly perceives, when he urges the renewal of faith, and the re-establishment of moral influences; but we can assure him there is small hope of remedy from merely shifting the gold from the hands that hold to those that crave it, and that the construction of stupendous machinery for the easier multiplication of wealth, will not eradicate from the bosom of society the love of money or its attendant evils.

We have dwelt the longer on these questions, because they afford the key-note to Mr. Greeley's whole work, and have enabled us to connect together many of those scattered propositions to which we dissent. We have abstained from any formal refutation of the Fourierite theory for the reasons mentioned before, and because we would rather attack them, if we attacked them at all, at their fountain head, than in their puny derivative channels. It is right that we should observe here, for the sake of obviating cavil and futile objections, that the results which we have alluded to as flowing from Mr. Greeley's doctrines are very often the reverse of what is contemplated by him. But they flow legitimately from his premises, and our great objection to him and his school is that they advocate reforms without sifting their bearings, comprehending their effects, or appreciating their operation. We have already given them credit for lofty and laudable aims, but we blame the mistaken zeal which so rashly selects its means without estimating their character or force.

Besides the general panacea of Fourierite institutions, Mr. Greeley proposes specific remedies for certain specified evils, which he regards as peculiarly demanding instant redress. In noticing these evils and his suggestions for their correction, we would remark that the existence of the the one and the application of the other must be confined to that pre-eminently favoured tier of States, which enjoy so fully the blessings of universal freedom that they can endure it no longer, and that the bitterest denouncers of the South

consider them as imperatively requiring instant and extensive relief to save their population from utter ruin. In the Southern States we have no such calamities to alleviate, and God forbid that we should ever be reduced so low as to be brought to the direful necessity of approving or adopting Mr. Greeley's theories of reform.

"I affirm then," says he, (p. 18,) "that there are three important respects in which the condition of the Labouring Mass, even of our own countrymen, may be improved, ought to be improved, and in regard to which it is the duty of the rich and powerful, of the Church and the State, to co-work for the required amelioration. Of these I would place first in order, though perhaps not in practical importance: *Their relation to the soil.*"

Mr. Greeley mitigates the theory of the Agrarians, Barnburners, and Anti-renters in proposing it for the general adoption of his countrymen; and, instead of asserting with them an absolute right to as much of the soil as each man requires, he only claims for each "a natural right to such portion of the earth not already improved by others as he can cultivate and make fruitful." He thinks that the Government of the country can rightfully do nothing more than to determine the amount of land which each may hold; and that it might as well attempt to farm out rain and sunshine as attempt to give a title to land. He does not see that the former are not capable of appropriation, while the latter is—and that on this distinction the whole theory of production depends. To Mr. Greeley's sweeping and untenable premises we can by no means assent, and yet we do concur in some degree with the very moderate conclusion which Mr. Greeley somewhat illogically deduces from them. We do think that it would be well, if only as an experiment, to limit the quantity of public lands as yet unsold, which might hereafter be bought and held by a single purchaser. We have a deep sense of the injurious influence exercised by rapacious land speculation upon the general habits of the country, the condition of the settlers in the new States and Territories, and the prosperity and settlement of the regions in which the public lands are situated. The prevalent spirit of speculation is always ruinous to the moral tone, and even to the material prosperity, of the citizens: and the perpetual appetite for land speculation postpones the profitable occupation and use of the best or most convenient lands, raises their price upon a *bona fide* settler who may be poor, takes from him an extravagant profit, which the government in its paternal feeling, if not in paternal wisdom, refuses to take; and does this without adding of itself the least increment of value to the subject of speculation. The rich capitalist may invest his money *ad libitum* in such lands at the government price: he withholds them from occupation for many years, defeating the purposes of the government in fixing a low price upon them: he compels those who want to work and cultivate the soil to seek and employ inferior or less convenient lands, while he, by merely keeping his title deeds in his pocket, reaps an exorbitant reward from the inconvenience which he has created, and from the effects of the labour of the increasing throngs which gradually settle in the vicinity of his purchase. Every thing in legislation which tends to the rapid and especially to the idle accumulation of large capitals ought to be altered, because this is one of the principal seats of disease in our modern societies. The abolition of the law of entails and primogeniture is of little avail, nay, may ultimately prove positively injurious, if the tendency of the other laws of the country is to stimulate and facilitate the augmentation of large properties in less responsible hands, and their acquisition by more objectionable modes. The indirect influence of legislation in the Nineteenth Century should be directed to break down or impede the growth of large capitals, and multiply the number of small ones: in no respect waging war upon property, but gradually impelling its distribution into more numerous channels: confirming its sanctity, but enlarging the circle of its recipients. The very able discussions on the subject of peasant-proprietorship, contained in the Political Economy of the younger Mill, and the abundant evidence in support of his views furnished by Kay's interesting researches on the condition of the different peoples of Europe, leave no room for doubting the expediency of throwing the influence of legislation against the modern tendency to large landed estates, and in favour of a more extensive subdivision of real property.

We have not enumerated the tenth part of the evils which flow from the loose speculation in Western lands. Mr. Greeley mentions the impediments thereby thrown in the way of establishing schools—a serious evil. We might add the retardation of the increase of taxes direct and indirect for the support of the local and general governments, occasioned by the withdrawal for a long period of time of the best lands from profitable occupation, from increased production, and consequently from increased expenditure; the necessary augmentation of the expenses of the local and general governments; the postponement of requisite internal improvements, or their premature construction at Federal expense instead of by the cheerful application of the labour and means of the settlers themselves; and in fact the tedious retardation of all the applian-

ces of comfortable and uniformly advancing civilization. If local monopolies of land are to be permitted at all, let them exist for the benefit of the general government, and not of private speculators;—not that we are in favour of Federal speculation in lands, but even this is better than the present system, for then the profits might be applied to the reduction of taxation, instead of only contributing to swell the tides of speculation and the increase of over-grown capitals. But, says Mr. Greeley, the Government has no right to the land; when it pretends to convey a title, its act "is simply officious and impertinent:" and if it grants an acre more than Mr. Greeley thinks each man ought to have, "it is a gross usurpation and moral nullity;"—all it has the right to do is to limit the quantity which each man may help himself to and retain. We will not linger over the refutation of absurdities, nor stop till we discover what a "moral nullity" is; but inasmuch as we think that Mr. Greeley's theory defeats the aim he has in view, we will examine its effect in this respect: though the question is so extensive that we can do so very cursorily.

That the earth was given to the human race for its occupation and support is a recognized fact, whether it be asserted on the strength of revelation, or of universal conviction.

> Nehmt hin die Welt! rief Zeus von seinen Hoehen
> Den Menschen zu, nehmt, sie soll euer sein.
> Euch schenk ich sie zum Erb und ew'gen Lehen,
> Doch theilt euch bruederlich darein.

But the difficulty which has always been felt, is that men, with their passions and their greed, cannot divide it among themselves like brethren. Esau will sell for a mess of pottage his share, and Jacob will speculate on and take advantage of his brother's necessities, and enforce the contract by fraud, intrigue, and force. The gift, however, is in the first instance to the human family collectively, not so much to Tom, so much to Dick, and an equal share to Harry and Bob. The distribution is left to be effected by human means, and no individual rights accrue till the distribution has been made. The first division is made by the exclusive assumption of certain portions of the globe by distinct nations. Each people obtains or defends its peculiar country by the arms of its aggregate members. Mr. Greeley cannot protect the Tribune office against the claimants who might arise from all quarters of the globe, or even against his envious fellow-citizens of New York, without the constant and organized protection of the government, which is the representative, the servant, the guide of the aggregate mass. Hence, in all ages, the soil, either when unoccupied or abandoned, has been held to belong to the body in which the sovereiguty resides, or to such person or persons as the sovereign authority may have designated. This depositary of power has always enjoyed the right to prescribe the nature, conditions, and limitation of individual property in the soil, and must from the nature of the case continue to do so. We have not time to enter more minutely into the subject. In this country the General Government has been commissioned by the States of the Confederacy, which are copartners in the ownership of the soil, to sell those public lands which are the common property of all; as the State Governments have been authorized to receive escheats, and to issue warrants and patents for such lands as are yet unoccupied and not transferred to the General Government within their limits. The General Government having received this commission is bound to sell and has the right to sell for the purposes of the trust: that is to say for the general interest of the several States in their sovereign and confederate capacity. This can be best accomplished by favouring the increase of population and applying the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to defray the expenses of the Federal Government, and thus to the reduction of Federal taxation. It defeats this trust, in a great measure, if it affords facilities to wealthy speculators to make large profits for themselves off *bona fide* settlers, while it refuses to do so itself, considering the general interest to be best subserved by selling out the lands in limited quantities and at low prices. For this reason, as well as for others already adduced, we favour Mr. Greeley's proposal to limit the quantity of public land to be held by each purchaser. But we go no further in his company. So far we have seen nothing which intimates the existence of a natural right in every man to so much land as he can cultivate and make fruitful; nor do we recognize the reality of any such right. If it existed in regard to land, it would equally exist in regard to houses, manufactured fabrics, raw materials, and all other things. If the right to the one were ever recognized in practice, whatever artificial distinctions might be imagined, the right to the others would soon be asserted and enforced. When the degraded population of Rome had maintained its right to a gratuitous distribution of land, it ended by demanding and receiving subsistence from the public treasury. There is no possibility of drawing a logical or available distinction between the right of all men to vote themselves farms, and their right to help themselves to every thing else which they may need or desire. The mere limitation of the amount of public land henceforth to be purchased and held by one individual, is a reform worthy of the Gracchi, and analogous to their wise provisions; but it can be asserted and

enforced only by recognizing the eminent domain of the General Government, and can be sustained only by its reference to the general interests of the whole community. To carry and render reasonable his reform, Mr. Greeley must consent to abjure his doctrines. We have no objection to a law limiting the amount of public lands hereafter to be owned by one individual, though we would have this legislation at first only tried as an experiment, for it would introduce dissimilar rights in different parts of the country, and might possibly be evaded in so many ways as to be productive only of fraud. Still we confess that the advantages appear so striking, though we cannot pretend to anticipate all its consequences, that we should like to see the experiment fairly tested, especially in a section of the country where, as Mr. Greeley remarks, no vested rights would be violated, no injury or injustice inflicted thereby, and where the feelings of the majority of the citizens would be enlisted in its favour.

There would be a difficulty, but by no means an insurmountable one, in fixing the limit. We would be disposed to fix it much higher probably than Mr. Greeley. On his principles it should be reduced to so much as one family could cultivate, perhaps 120 or 160 acres. We would allow so much as would permit the fullest profitable application of capital to agricultural improvement—would attract capital—would provide not merely for the support, but for the cultivated and refined maintenance of the family—and would on its division afford an adequate support to each of the members of an average family. Men must be encouraged to extend their views of temporal acquisition to at least one generation beyond their own, for when this is denied, the stimulus to continued exertion is withdrawn. We would say then that the limit affixed to the land capable of being held by each individual, should not be lower than a section and a half or two sections. So much might be authorized to be held only by an actual occupant; and not more than a half section be granted to any person non-resident on his land. We do not pretend to affix a precise limit, because that could be better determined in view of the especial circumstances modifying its establishment, but thus, we think, there would be a fair chance of accomplishing all the good contemplated by this suggestion—which has been long entertained by others besides Mr. Greeley, without incurring the evils to be apprehended from the erroneous positions with which he has embarrassed it.

We assent to the general policy of Mr. Greeley's views in regard to Homestead Exemption, a subject which he has connected with Land Reform; but here our concurrence with him in respect to his Land Reformation, entirely stops. It is only partial as far as it goes, but it goes no further. We are not in favour of the progressive diminution by special legislation of the maximum amount of land to be retained by one possessor. All that remains to be done after the first imposition of the restraint must be done by the silent and safe operation of circumstances, and the modifications of the instinct of general interest resulting therefrom. While we dissent as strongly as Mr. Greeley, Carlyle, Comte, or any of the Socialists, from the *laissez-faire* theory of government, regarding it as compatible with the situations of but few nations, and then only for a limited period; yet we can see nothing but discord and confusion as likely to result from a pre-ordained system of government interference. Because the people should not be left altogether without control or guidance, they are not therefore to be constantly kept in leading strings, and their energies repressed by the habitual tightening of a strait jacket. We do not see any benefit either to the community or to the individual citizen, which is to spring from this progressive reduction, but much evil. Perhaps, like Phaleas the Chalcedonian, Mr. Greeley proposes the ultimate equalization of properties;—it is remarkable that this earliest propounder of *nivellisme* should have advocated the trial of his measures in the new settlements of Athens, as Mr. Greeley in the territories of the United States. Or perhaps, with Plato, whom he quotes, and may therefore be supposed to have read, he contemplates the ultimate imposition of a low maximum of property, without remembering the pungent criticism of Aristotle on both schemes; that, under their limitations, justice would require the equalization of the number of each man's children.* But if such projects are remotely contemplated by Mr. Greeley, they are not avowed. Though certainly, if the quantity of land to be held is regularly reduced, the procedure should be accompanied with a proportionate restriction on the accumulation of other property. It is strange that our modern Agrarians, who cry so bitterly about land monopoly, propose no remedy for the too rapid increase of capitals in private hands. And yet the latter is much more pernicious to the general well-being of the labouring classes and of society at large, and is the much more dangerous phenomenon of the time, especially in our country. There is the same right to interfere in the one case as in the other; and, assuredly, to the sober student of social changes and difficulties, the limitation, or, at any rate, the progressive reduction of tenements will not seem as expedient or imperative a reform as to throw the influence, the spirit, the general operation of the laws in opposition to the future accumulation

* Aristot. Pol. lib. ii. c. vii. p. 1266. a-b. Ed, Bekker.

of rapidly acquired and inordinate capitals. We would avoid absolute prohibition in the latter case, and even in the former would employ prohibitory measures as little as possible. Mr. Greeley's error, which he shares with most of his brethren of the various Socialist Schools, is by no means an isolated or independent one: it is indissolubly connected with his belief in the pre-eminent destination of men for the cultivation of the soil, which affects more or less all his other views of reform. As this delusion, then, is a fundamental one, vitiating almost every fibre in his whole theory, we will stop to examine its origin and truth.

With the increase of the wants and miseries of the labouring classes in Europe, and of the social disorders thence arising, there has been a growing repugnance to the specific maxims of the Political Economists, whose practice, as alleged by their opponents, has induced or precipitated existing destitution, and which, as all must admit, has neither prevented it, nor offered any adequate redress. The Social Reformers, under the influence of this antipathy, have been unconsciously led to adopt the theory of the earlier School in France, that all real production is from the soil, and that land possesses some mysterious quality which guaranties to its occupants a more certain, abundant, and permanent support than other employments. This belief has been the more readily adopted for as much as the refutation of these positions has not been generally apprehended in the region whence the proposals of reformation sprung, since it is only in recent years that the doctrines of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo have attracted much attention or become familiar in France.* Mr. Greeley shows the influence on himself of the evangelists of socialism by rejecting with contempt all political economy, and adopting the exploded anilities of the elder school. We shall not trouble ourselves to notice his attacks on Political Economy, or those Economical errors which he shares with the whole Whig party, though considerable space is occupied by him in the crude concoction of such superannuated follies; but he has been led both by his partiality and prejudices to the adoption of the sophism of the French Economists, and this with him, as with the various sects of land Reformers, has probably induced in him the desire to secure a permanent amelioration of the condition of the labouring classes by giving them a share in the ownership of the soil. The Utopian project carried out to its full extent would be, as Mr. Greeley everywhere indicates, to reduce every man to the class of a manual labourer, and make every one a tiller of the earth, leaving all other occupations, trades, and professions, which the genius or inclinations of different individuals might induce them to pursue, to be attended to as a supplemental or supererogatory business. Every brick in this whole scheme is a fallacy.

We have already adverted to the too wide distinction which has been drawn between land and capital by Political Economists, and which has tended to keep alive the plausible assumption that there are certain peculiar and magical virtues inherent in the former which are denied to other forms of property, The land is indeed more permanent than goods; it does not expire with the life of the possessor like manual dexterity or professional skill; it is not liable to be carried away bodily during war like money, it cannot be burnt up like houses; but its valuable properties depart with neglect or mismanagement just as certainly as these personal defects will ruin the tradesman, the artisan, or the lawyer. The English Political Economists have perhaps themselves been in some measure dazzled and misled by the adventitious advantages with which the intricacy and partiality of the English Law have invested real estate; but independently of legislation land has no inherent advantage over other means of production. Moreover, its productive energies can be maintained and augmented only by the constant application of capital, labour, and skill; and in the thickly settled communities of the world the substitution of miscellaneous owners for the practised agricultural labour of the present cultivators, the enlightened superintendence of the employers of such labour, and the liberal application of capital by present land owners, would have the effect of so far reducing the amount of agricultural produce as to deny support to one half at least of their existing population. The present permanence of the value of landed estate is kept alive by the influences just mentioned, and it is only thus that the certainty of its returns is ensured. The same skill, energy, industry, and caution would produce much larger, and, in most cases, even more certain returns in nearly all other occupations. The capital and labour which have been already applied to the soil are the principal sources of its value, and therefore we oppose any wide distinction between land and capital. The peculiar value which springs from convenience of situation or mineral deposites is fully counterbalanced by the favourable position of a shop or factory in a large city or the special and fortuitous advantages which so frequently create success in all the trades, professions, and occupations of life. Institute a comparison between the relative profits of the landlord and his tenants or labourers, the manufacturer and his operatives, the shipowner and his sailors, the merchant and his em-

* *Journal des Economistes*. 15 Mai. 1849. No. 98. p. 127.

ployees, the contractor and his artisans, and we believe it will be found that the return made to the landlord for his land is smaller than that received by any of the other capitalists enumerated. The defect which produces the wretchedness of the labouring class is not due to the monopoly of land, but is due to the tendency of the laws, institutions, habitudes, and feelings of modern times to facilitate the accumulation of large capitals, and to fecundate the self-multiplying powers of wealth. St. Bernard says: "sic opes opibus *kauriuntur*; sic pecunia pecuniam trahit, quia nescio quo pacto ubi amplius divitiarum cernitur, ibi offertur libentius." It would be better then to check this tendency than to excite a fruitless envy by circulating imaginary and delusive distinctions: and instead of seeking to level the diversities of human tastes and occupations to an impotent monotony, to remember that "in all labour there is profit."

We are thus brought to the consideration of a second fallacy. Mr. Greeley wishes all to be owners, all cultivators of the soil. We have already referred to the fact that agricultural production would thus be diminished instead of increased, for the quantity of land to be cultivated remaining the same, the inferior cultivation of it would necessarily reduce the products. We are by no means disinclined to the multiplication of the number of agricultural proprietors, to the substitution of small properties and peasant proprietors for large landed estates and hired labourers, to rendering the cultivator as far as practicable an owner of the soil, but Mr. Greeley's aims seem to extend much further—even to the conversion of the whole labouring classes into an agricultural population. This proposal is directly at variance with the known advantages of the division of labour, which is not as Mr. Greeley might suppose a recent theory of the Political Economists, but has been a recognized truth in all ages. Aristotle* is as explicit in his approbation and as clear in his exposition of this principle as Adam Smith or Charles Babbage; and it is fully recognized even by the prince and earliest prophet of Communism, the divine Plato himself.† But this is not the only objection to be adduced here. Leaving out of consideration that dissimilarity of tastes and inclinations which can never be safely overlooked in social organization, there is a great diversity of physical aptitudes for different employments in different men. Nay, if all are to be reduced to one occupation, or are to be engaged principally in one fundamental employment, it is a fatal objection to such a scheme that in many instances, which are necessarily multiplied with the advancement of civilization, there are many men who are actually and physically incapable of physical labour. There are the lame, the halt, the blind, who are incompetent to undergo this species of toil; the asthmatic, the paralytic, the consumptive, the sickly, the feeble, &c., who can either not attempt it with safety, or must attempt without the expectation of profit. For all of them the variety of employments in our highly diversified system of civilization offers a more or less sufficient field for profitable occupation. Mr. Greeley may say that his proposal is merely to leave choice free, but it virtually determines it, for he proposes specific advantage for agricultural ownership, and moreover, any legislation which materially affects the basis on which the social structure rests exercises a permanent and pervading influence, which energetically favours all industry in conformity with the fundamental principle of organization to the injury of all others, whose natural tendencies, physical or intellectual characteristics, prevent their identification with the artificially generated interests of the general swarm. Thus Mr. Greeley's proposed reformation of society by converting the labourer into a landholder is merely a constitutional privilege adopted and enforced for the benefit of one class to the disadvantage of all others, and this on the ground that the present system is partial in its operations. But what is this except the substitution of one partiality for another—of one privileged class for another, notwithstanding privilege be the offence complained of? There is peculiar violence done to the tendencies and inclinations of a large portion, perhaps of a majority, of the inhabitants of this country, in this specific project of reform. The evidence of statistics proves that the town population of the United States increases in a more rapid ratio than its agricultural population. This is known not to be due to the greater rapidity of increase of the native inhabitants of the towns; but is due to the migration of a large portion of those born in the country to the cities; hence the general preference of the citizens of this country for the occupations of a city life is fully attested. This is a fact not to be denied; the tendency may be dangerous to the stability and morality of our social organization, and require to be checked, but the general tendency is certainly an indication of increasing wealth and advancing material prosperity. It may be added, as is indeed sufficiently obvious, that this tendency is characteristic of the Northern rather than of the Southern States—and is accompanied, as it usually will be, by a more rapid development of aggregate production. The agricultural productions, manufactures, and commerce of Great Britain are much larger on a smaller area than those of France;

* Pol. lib. i., c. ii. p. 1252. b. 3. lib. ii c. xi. p. 1273. b. 9.
† De Rep. lib. ii., c. xi.

yet the agricultural portion of the population in Great Britain bears a much smaller ratio to the sum total of its inhabitants than the similar ratio which exists on the other side of the Channel. The inference is direct and plain—the diminution of the agricultural with respect to the general population, if not produced by artificial causes, and restrained within reasonable limits, is an evidence of the development of national wealth and production. Mr. Greeley's Reform would therefore reverse the natural order of society; it would do violence to the interests and feelings of a large proportion of the citizens, particularly in the Northern States, and would be calculated to check the advancement of national prosperity.

But again, (for we have not yet approached the end of Mr. Greeley's fallacies in respect to this proposal for Land Reform,) there is a most fatal delusion in the object for whose attainment these measures are devised. "The end aimed at, (Labour Reform) is at last to be reached*** by such a change in the Social condition of Laborers and in their relation to the soil, as will leave them really free to accept an offer of employment, in view of all its conditions, or decline it." (p. 30.) This would, indeed, be the Emancipation of Labour not merely from all restraints, but also from the habit of Labour. It would reduce production, population, national wealth and comfort more rapidly than they were reduced in the West Indies by the Emancipation of the Blacks. We will consider briefly and in succession a few of the fallacies involved in the contemplation of such an aim.

The first fallacy is that men would labour at all, at any other occupation than the cultivation of the soil, under such circumstances. We have already adverted to the precarious and unprofitable character of agricultural production when all were supposed to be cultivators of the ground, and to this point we need not return. But other labour would certainly, in this event, be neglected or declined in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred. The certainty, or supposed certainty of support from the soil would destroy the inclination to accept other labour by weakening the conviction of its necessity. The consequence would be that the mass of the population which would otherwise have furnished an industrious laboring class, would become idle, disorderly, dissolute and reckless;—they would prefer their squalid poverty to any species of continued and systematic labour. The evidences in proof of this are numerous. We have seen even in this State a portion of the population assume this very character in consequence of the readiness with which land may be obtained, and the singular facility of making a support from it. They will rarely work, unless paid for their labour in whiskey; they will not work continuously; they waste two-thirds of the day in idleness; and what little work they do is done in a negligent and inefficient manner. The condition of the mass of the Irish population, partly in consequence of the infinite subdivision of land, is another illustration; and as Mr. Greeley rejoices so cordially in the recognition of his black brethren, we would refer him to the condition and characteristics of the free negroes in Hayti and the British West Indies, and the contrast between their present and past condition.

The second fallacy committed, which should indeed have been mentioned first, is supposing men under these circumstances would still consent to labour, the belief that they would labour as willingly, as well, or as efficiently as they now do. The requirements of the farm, however negligently attended to, would create such interruptions as would prevent steady and continuous labour at any thing else. Yet, without this, the absence of the favourable influence of routine and frequent repetition would destroy the inclination for other labour, and would certainly annihilate that manual dexterity and educated skill which spring from the recurrence of uniform operations.

The third fallacy is that, in case he did work as steadily as before, the labourer would receive as much in the aggregate for his hired labour. The doctrine of political economy in this respect is not the fruit of theoretical speculation, but is the simple registration of the unvarying testimony of history and experience. When a person has two employments, he either receives less for his services in each in proportion to the work done than if he had only one, or receives its full value for one, and much less than the average price for that occupation which is merely an accessory employment. It is thus that the cheapness of Swiss production is explained, and also of all articles manufactured within the bosom of the family. These are not the principal or ostensible means of support, but only the sources of extra gains, and consequently their price is more easily and is habitually lowered by the indifference of purchasers and the eagerness but not necessity of sellers. Mr. Greeley's plan therefore for rendering the labourer independent of the employer of labour would consequently have only the result of reducing still lower the value of the commodity which he desired to raise.

The fourth fallacy is that productive capital could be kept alive for the employment of such inefficient labour under this order of things.

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The sixth fallacy is that skill, science, industry, enterprize would not vanish like a dream of the night under the operation of such a system.

But we will not proceed, easy as it would be, with the enumeration of this lengthening series of fallacies. We have refrained from discussing the last three, and have touched very briefly on the others, because we were aware that the confutation of error is endless, as like a noxious weed, each separate delusion has to be followed, and its roots traced and dug up, which work, if fully performed, would exceed not merely the limits of an essay, but the capacity of a volume. This is an advantage which error always possesses, and which gives to it a plausibility and a currency which pass with many for the evidence of truth. A few words clearly and boldly spoken, with the assured confidence of enthusiastic ignorance, may contain so much error and implant it so deeply, that a long and tedious examination may be requisite to point out the nature of the delusion, the sources from which it springs, the causes which gild it with the semblance of truth, and administer at the same time by this exposition the needful correction. Weeds grow easily, they scarcely need to be planted, and ask no cultivation; useful plants are of difficult culture, and the most difficult part of the task is to clear away and eradicate the weeds which by their spontaneous growth or constant resurrection threaten to choke the better germs. We must be content to let Mr. Greeley have the full benefit of these peculiarities of error; we cannot follow his mistakes through all their ramifications; our time forbids us even from examining all the main shoots; but we trust that what is done effectually to a part may be considered as the proof of what might and ought to be done to the whole. Before leaving the popular measure of Land Reform we would, however, add here, that Mr. Greeley and his compeers, in their projects of social amelioration, fall constantly into the convenient and credulous imagination, that all the existing conditions and phenomena of society, which are requisite for the favourable operation and full fructification of their proposed amendments, would be preserved unchanged, and in their original vigour, notwithstanding the adoption of the fundamental changes advocated. But every existent system of society is in all its parts connected and bound up into one whole; and any radical change in one part must be necessarily attended or followed by an equally radical change in all others. We cannot hack, and top, and trim the branches to suit our fancy, and expect what is left to continue the same as before. We cannot cancel one half, and ensure the vitality and existence of the other which we desire to leave untouched. This is as unreasonable and as impossible as it was for the butcher to follow the recommendation of his Hibernian adviser "Kill only one half of your ox at a time—if you cannot sell the whole beef before it spoils!" Mr. Greeley's intimate acquaintance with, and interest in, such affairs may enable him to appreciate the appositeness of this illustration.

We pass to Mr. Greeley's second proposed measure of relief—Labour Reform. We have had occasion to notice this so frequently already in connection with the examination of his first remedy, with which it is closely associated by him, that we need not dwell long upon it here. We agree with him in the main object which he seems desirous of accomplishing—the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes—though we reject almost entirely the modes by which he seek its attainment. And, indeed, we might make the remark general with respect to his whole work, and the aims of the Socialist, excepting of course the views expressed and the ends proposed in their declamations about the Slavery question. We desire as anxiously as themselves the realization of their general aims—the amelioration of the condition of the Labouring Classes in Europe and the Northern States, the re-organization and re-invigoration of society; but we do not think that they proceed in the true course, and we see endless error in their plans, and scarcely anything but evil results likely to flow from their adoption. In their thoughtless anxiety to reach at once a goal only dimly conceived and whose direction has not been accurately determined, they wander madly from the only true and safe paths, and plunge into dark thickets and unexplored regions, with the irrational confidence that they will ultimately arrive at the point, which ought to have been the point of destination, if they only keep on struggling through the night and gloom by which they are surrounded. They do not perceive that in this effort they carry along with them the old habitudes which have already proved so pernicious—that their new-fangled projects are only present errors pushed to a fatal extravagance,—that they are attempting to combat the evils which have sprung from "selfishness and greed," as Mr, Greeley himself notes, by rendering selfishness and greed more dominant and systematic than even now they are. "*Elles courent en aveugles à leur ruine imminente et inevitable, par le développement croissant, dans le bas peuple, du socialisme, du communisme et de toutes ces combinaisons soi-disant démocratiques, qui ne sont réellement que des veritables combinaisons zoocratiques.*"* We have quoted from one of the eccentric reformers of the day one of the few

* Höené Wronski. Messianisme. tome i. p. 21.

passages in his elaborate and immense work to which we can assent.

Before leaving this subject we pass to the development of Mr. Greeley's views thereon contained in his Lecture on the Organization of Labour.† The phrase we do not like, less on account of any impropriety in itself, than on account of its connection with the Communist theories of those who introduced it and gave it currency. Yet we do recognize most fully the necessity of some alteration and systematic regulation of the condition of the Labouring Classes. Organization of Labour to all intents and purposes it necessarily must be, yet we object to the phrase, as the terms which are employed in language do not so much convey the strict and limted signification of their component words as the whole body of associations which may have been attached to them by their previous history and employment. We have already expressed our aversion to the *laissez-faire* theory of government—it leaves the whole people to be hurried along in the direction determined by the dominant influences. If those forces be favourable, the result is the most rapid attainment of the highest benefits; if they are known by experience to be pernicious, it can only produce an equally rapid race to ruin. It may be well when the wind blows fair to lash the tiller amidships and allow the vessel to be borne on by the prosperous gales and tides; but if the wind be foul, the rudder must be managed with constant care and attention, and the sails trimmed so as to take every possible advantage of the impelling force to speed her on as nearly as possible in the course proposed for the voyage. If under these circumstances we leave the vessel at the mercy of the storm, she can only scud before the gale, and wander further and further from her point of destination. At a period when capital menaces the ruin of the Labouring Classes, the *laissez-faire* system of policy throws every advantage in favour of capital and against labour, and ensures the increase of the one to the ruin of the other. At a time when a spirit of agrarian hostility to capital threatens the destruction of national prosperity, the same course ensures the overthrow of property and the ascendancy of a turbulent and plundering mob. It is only where harmony exists between all the parts of the body politic that this procedure is safe and then it is eminently favourable to the development of material prosperity. Such we had believed to be the condition of society in the United States, with few and local exceptions. Mr. Greeley thiuks otherwise, and he is better acquainted with the condition of the North, if his judgment be not beguiled, than we pretend to be. Our remarks are made especially with reference to European populations, but they are equally applicable to the Northern States, if their situation is such as Mr. Greeley represents it to be. His criticisms in this Sixth Lecture we consider to be just in the main as applied to Europe, they may be equally just with respect to the North. Of one thing we are certain, that, as the constitution of Northern Society is only the reflex of European, embodying many of its excellences and nearly all its vices, the time will come, if fitting precaution be not taken, when what is now true of the one will be equally true of the other. We think that what is imperative in the one case will probably be expedient in the other. In one the re-organization of society, not merely the organization of labour, is demanded in order to check the rapid accumulation of immense fortunes and the increase of the powers of wealth, accompanied as these phenomena are with the growing destitution of the masses. In the other, where a wider field lies open for the acquisition of wealth, and the multiplication of wealth, which across the Atlantic requires two or three generations at least, may take place in a short life-time, it may be wise to adopt in time such provisions as will prevent the fearful ascendancy of mere wealth. But these measures should be only indirect, as there is time before us for the gradual operation of the change; abroad the the urgency of the crisis may demand direct prohibition; but such is certainly not the case here. Wherever it is practicable the silent, unnoted, and safe operation of gradual and natural change is to be preferred to the violent reaction and consequent disturbance occasioned by direct legislation. The dangers apprehended by Mr. Greeley are not to be averted by the special organization of one class so as to place it with a warlike and hostile front in array against the others, but by a general modification of the ruling tendencies of our civilization—the correction of the fatal excess of greed—and the diminution of those facilities for the acquisition of inordinate wealth which inflate large capitals, and take away every thing from the multitudes which have nothing.

Mr. Greeley's third Reform is the Industrial Education of the Poor with a view to render Labour attractive. This is so necessary a complement of the proposal to emancipate all labour from the necessity of labouring that we might have included it in our notice of previous fallacies. It forms, however, so prominent an element in Mr. Greeley's speculations that we have thought it best to give it a separate though brief consideration. As kindred topics connected with it, we shall embrace in the same view also the Commencement Address on the Relations of

† Hints toward Reforms, pp. 179-205.

Learning to Labour,* and the lecture on Teachers and Teaching.†

The general subject of the education of the poor has occupied so fully the attention of statesmen, philosophers, and stump orators of late years, that it can be in no respect attributed peculiarly to Mr. Greeley, and as it cannot form any subject of disagreement with him, we may be dispensed from noticing it. Even the education of the poor for specific occupations and trades is no new proposal, and has been frequently made, with varying success, the subject of direct experiment. Most occupations and trades are indeed best acquired in the offices or under the superintendence of the masters similarly engaged; but the agricultural colleges of the continent, the College of Mines at St. Petersburg, the Polytechnic School at Paris, the English military, naval, and engineering schools, and the West Point Academy, which are all institutes for the preparation of young men for special employments, have been eminently successful. We have deemed it unnecessary to refer to the Medical and Law Schools which have been in existence from the days of Constantine. But we believe the Socialists are entitled to the credit of first proposing to educate in such a way as to render hard work attractive. Yet if the labouring classes are to be emancipated from all the circumstances of their position which render labour a necessity, they will certainly be deprived of any adequate stimulus to labour, unless labour be rendered attractive. There is an unbroken coherence between all the parts of truth, and there is frequently an instinctive and unperceived dependence between the separate branches of error. Such is the case in the present instance. The emancipation of labour necessitates its conversion into an attractive occupation. But is this transmutation possible? We think not: All men, or nearly all, labour now in one form or another, whether they belong to the so-called labouring classes or not, but they labour in consequence of the urgent necessities of their condition. The lawyer or physician frequently labours more assiduously than any mechanic or day labourer. The work of the intellect is not lighter, less difficult, less exacting, harassing, or exhausting than the work of the hands, but more so. We have no doubt that Mr. Greeley led an easier and quieter life when he was a journeyman printer, than he does now when he is the Editor of that Abolition print, the New-York Tribune. Without the light of revelation we might have suspected that labour was in itself a curse, though the parent of many blessings; we might have discovered from history that the only tie which bound the human family to labour was the conviction that bread was only to be obtained by the sweat of the brow: we might have learnt from the study of the society around us, that man was retained at labour only by the original impulse of this necessity, by his solicitude for his children's welfare, and by the stimulus of the artificial desires which sprung up beneath his feet at every step of his social advancement. But Mr. Greeley throws all this evidence aside. What has he to do with history? Why should his chimerical projects of reform be cramped and restricted by the teachings of experience and the lessons of the past, when the unfettered imagination can so lightly surmount all difficulties, and exercise so much more freely its wings in the buoyant air of an ideal atmosphere? A visionary, who sees "no reason why the wildest dreams of the fanatical believer in Human Progress and Perfectibility may not ultimately be realized," (p. 45,)—who thinks that "there is no habitable portion of our globe where a thoroughly virtuous population might not reconstitute the Garden of Eden," (p. 60,) and is a believer in not one, but many such populations:—who asserts that "half a century will suffice" to render "food as abundant and accessible as the common elements," (p. 66:)—who hopes that Sahara shall rejoice once more in verdure and fragrance. (p. 73):—who fancies that "each human life might be a triumph, which angels would lean from the skies delighted to witness and admire," (p. 77):—and who dreams of "a new and benignant Social Order, from which want and wo, fraud and wrong, discord and antagonism, shall be banished, and the highest attainable good of each member striven for and secured," (p. 384):—any one who puts all these Utopian reveries in his easy creed may believe that the poor can be so educated as to render labour less a duty and a necessity than an attraction, but to such must the church be limited. We cannot join the new faith: we do not live in Utopia, neither is our daily walk amid the clouds: we cannot shake off our conviction of the imperfection, the frailty, the folly, the frequent iniquity of men; we have seen no prospect of the realization of such bright visions either in the vicinity of the Tribune Office, or in any other part of the world; and we leave the dreamers of wild dreams to hope for attractive labour, while we painfully prosecute our own; they may assist Mr. Greeley to build castles in the air, and believe in the substantial nothings of his dream, while we pass to the consideration of topics which are not directly refuted by their own absurdity.

Mr. Greeley misconceives entirely the nature and requirements of learning and science, when he expects them to be sufficiently pursued by a labouring class, whether agricultural or not: To

* Hints toward Reforms, iv. pp. 112-148

† Hints toward Reforms, vii. pp. 205-231.

increase the amount and character of the education communicated to all is certainly desirable, but it does not dispense with the necessity of a more highly educated class, who shall devote themselves exclusively to intellectual pursuits—for without such exclusive study both science and learning must decline, and even their practical fruits must slowly wither away and die. There are indeed notable exceptions: the elder Herschel supported himself as an organist and teacher of music; Benedict Spinoza by grinding optical glasses: but the exception cannot be converted into the rule. The demands of modern science are so great as to require a long life for the mastery of a single department, and any considerable advancement of its frontiers. The ramifications of science are so various and extensive as to exact the whole time of the most diligent student. If his time is to be occupied with attention to agriculture, or the provision of a maintenance by other bodily labour, he could never preserve nor increase his stores of knowledge—nor, indeed, except in rare cases, could he accumulate them. "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder," &c., &c. The accomplishment of Mr. Greeley's aims would necessarily result in the rapid decline and ultimate overthrow of all learning and science, and the certain decay of that large portion of our modern civilization which is due to the advancement already made and daily continued in the intellectual cultivation of the world. Instead of building up and diffusing knowledge, he is undermining it.

It is an inconsistency not altogether surprising to us, that Mr. Greeley, who is anxious to extend the benefits of education to all classes as a means of improving their condition, should nevertheless propose to render still less favourable than it is at present, the condition of that body which is to be the instrument in communicating these advantages. Many of our teachers may be incompetent and imperfectly educated, but their rewards, whether as regards their pecuniary profits or their social advantages, are certainly scanty enough. It will not tend to increase their preparation for their holy office, to exact of them labours beyond those required of any other labourers, and yet reduce the profits already too low. Besides the painful acquisition, and still more painful communication of knowledge to unwilling recipients, a steady moral excellence, and through intellectual training are required from teachers, to which the demands on all other labourers are trifling. The interests of our country, as of every country, require that the standing of the great body of teachers should be raised, and their profits increased; then a strict scrutiny into their competency might be instituted, and the capacity, the knowledge, the zeal of the class of instructors might be gradually elevated to the very highest point which could be required for the fullest efficiency. But Mr. Greeley has a crotchet in his head: he has conceived a vague distinction, which he fancies to be valid, between the classes which work almost exclusively with their hands, and those which employ principally intellectual labour; and while he would monopolize, if he could, every advantage for the former, he would war upon the latter as not belonging to what he supposes to be the great body of labourers. He probably underrates the value of instruction and overrates the sufficiency of self education:—it is the common error of men so unfortunate as not to have had the benefits of regular literary training. Mr. Greeley indulges in the vulgar hostility to Classical studies, like most persons who know nothing about them, and gives as a reason for his opposition to classical antiquity, that History "has borne down to us only or mainly its bloody aspect." (p. 70.) We have no very high opinion of Hamilton College, where this Address was delivered, but such a speech was peculiarly unfortunate in the presence of the Faculty and Students of any College, for they must have remembered, if he had forgotten or been ignorant of it, that from that same classical antiquity had come down to us Grammar, Philosophy, Science, Oratory, Poetry, Politics, Law, Art and Architecture. It is only a very minute portion of the remains of Ancient learning that is in any respect concerned with the bloody aspect of the ancient nations. But Mr. Greeley's ostentation of learning in regard to things modern, is equally unlucky. He says, "we know well who first compounded Gunpowder, where Cannon were first used, and when the Bayonet was invented." (p. 71.) The latter is indeed conjectured with probable truth; but all the researches of Mediæval antiquarians have not been able to determine either of the two former facts. Gunpowder was in use two hundred years before the time of Berthold Schwarz, to whom it is vulgarly attributed,* and the first use of Cannon in Europe, is still a disputed and undiscovered question. A person who talks so rashly, and with such pretence to knowledge about matters with which he is wholly unacquainted, is not entitled to be our guide in criticizing present modes of education or devising

* Humboldt. Cosmos. Vol. ii., p. 221. Seventh authorized English Edition.

new ones. Yet even from Mr. Greeley's errors in regard to this subject, from his vague and chaotic glimpses of truth, perhaps valuable truths may be suggested to those who are willing to winnow the wheat from the chaff, and are able to discover the practical good which may be attainable through the dense mists of misconception and confusion by which it is surrounded and obscured. We are willing to admit that by such something may be learnt even from Mr. Greeley.

In connection with this subject, Mr. Greeley makes a remark which is too important to be passed by altogether without notice, yet we cannot give to it that consideration to which it is entitled. He says: "The simple truth is that the Intellectual Culture of our age has outgrown its Physical and Social Progress, creating anarchy and confusion." (p. 82.) This is not the first time that the doctrine has been presented, nor is it altogether true as here expressed, yet it may afford material for much and valuable reflection. It is stated with much greater accuracy and fulness by both Comte and Wronski, and is acutely analyzed by them in its causes and consequences, and to them we would refer Mr. Greeley for many new views even in regard to his own supposed originalities. The error of the age is not so much the excess of intellectual culture as its improper character and direction. Our Physical and Social, or rather our Social and Political necessities have certainly outgrown the limits within which our Intellectual culture is available for the ministration of adequate satisfaction. The undue admiration for intellectual power and achievements is no less a characteristic disease of the Nineteenth Century, than the inordinate appetite for pecuniary gain; and one of the most significant symptoms of the times is the complete conversion of nearly all science and learning into the mere tools of pecuniary aggrandizement. Mr. Greeley complains that Capital has monopolized Land, Labour and Machinery, but a much more fatal calamity is that it has succeeded in monopolizing and debasing literary and scientific pursuits also. There would not be so much reason for complaining of this, if it were only attended with the improvement of the condition of the masses. But it is not so: Capital has obtained already, or is daily obtaining more and more the possession of all the instruments of pecuniary gain: daily the facilities of improving their condition are more and more withdrawn from the poorer classes: and this double movement, if not checked and controlled, must ultimately result in the complete disrupture of society, and the ruin of that very capital which, in its selfish blindness, has been the mainspring of disaster, and has paralysed the energies of all the higher and nobler faculties of men, or impelled them into false and purely mercenary channels. It is true, indeed, that at this time there are manifested the first signs of a healthy reaction in Europe; and that this blighting tendency, so far as it exists in this country, is almost entirely confined to the Northern and Western States of the Union. The sparse population, the agricultural life, and the distinction of races in the South liberate them in great measure from such grievous and imminent perils.

The Three Reforms, with their dependent topics, to which we have devoted so much space, embrace the sum and substance of nearly all that is important or has any impress of originality in Mr. Greeley's speculations. From them he passes to the advocacy of a scheme by which he thinks they can be most effectually carried out, and many other incidental advantages secured. This is Fourierite Association, "in which rests his hope of a better day at hand, for the down-trodden millions," (p. 40.) and is followed by an imaginary sketch of a hopeful Phalanx in Wisconsin or Michigan, which surmounts or avoids all difficulties as easily as an Amadis de Gaul.

The objections to the Phalanx are innumerable, but we are not disposed to occupy the pages more especially devoted to Mr. Greeley with a description of the general subject of Fourierism. We would only refer with cordial approbation to the concluding sentences of the first paper which has detained us so long.

The Lecture on the Actual and the Ideal contains several sensible suggestions, and many noble sentiments floating in an immense wash of fustian rhetoric. The same remark may be applied to the Lecture on Human Life—but for this the Author has offered his apologies. To the Lecture on the Formation of Character, we cheerfully accord our unqualified approbation:—there is indeed but one word in the whole to which we would object, and that relates to a subject which we are glad to exclude from the present notice. This Lecture urges such high and holy truths, in a manner so manly and so sensible—with such an elevated tone of lofty feeling, that we pass it by without question, commending it to the thoughtful study of those who refuse as well as of those who espouse Mr. Greeley's theories. We can forgive much, and overlook much in the heretic who has prominently asserted in a self-seeking, Mammon-worshipping age the priceless truth, that "the true deduction of far-seeing wisdom, imports that virtue in itself and for itself, is the most desirable thing, above all consequences, aside from all results, spurning all mercenary calculations of profit and loss." (p. 101.) It is an old truth, old as the Hebrew prophets, and heathen sages, but it has been very

diligently shuffled aside in our day and generation, and we applaud the political speculator who again presses it into notice, and endeavours to stamp it once more upon the hearts of the people. Such sentiments may counterbalance in a great measure even the social delusions with which they are mingled.

We will here end our examination. We have extended our remarks much beyond what we designed, and far beyond what is appropriate to the pages of a monthly periodical. Yet we have left the greater part of Mr. Greeley's work unnoticed, and have touched lightly only on the more prominent topics. These are, however, so immediately connected with the well-being of society, and the practical concerns of daily life, that we hope the importance of correcting plausible and proselyting delusions on such subjects, will atone for the length of our criticism. We have found much to blame and condemn, but we have cheerfully praised where we could. We have endeavoured to treat Mr. Greeley's errors with a kindly impartiality, suffering ourselves not to be seduced by the numerous temptations presented by his many rash, loose, and superficial statements. We have purposely refrained from dwelling on his Abolitionism, and his repetition of old errors in regard to other parts of Political Economy we have passed by almost without allusion. The great fundamental delusion of Fourierism, which invited a caustic refutation, we have barely alluded to: notwithstanding Mr. Greeley owns his proclivity to its errors to be so great that he says, "if I were to attempt a love-story, I have no doubt it would insensibly grow into a socialist harangue or a dissertation on the causes and cure of human destitution." (p. 385.) But we were anxious to meet and check specific, plausible schemes of error, and were unwilling to impair the force of our criticism by yielding to any thing which might seem to spring merely from prejudice. Nor could we refuse altogether charity and indulgence to one who had recalled the attention of men to "an unexplored continent of duty," (p. 389.) and urged its assiduous cultivation. Still we cannot but renew the expression of our regret that Mr. Greeley should have thought it necessary to agitate prematurely and without sufficient study and preparation these great social problems which are convulsing Europe; and that instead of patiently availing himself of the favoured condition of our land to pursue the diligent investigation of the phenomena of society and the applicability of remedies, he should

> In midst of health imagine a disease;
> Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee;

and press with an urgency wholly unbefitting the time, the place, and the occasion, those revolutionary and disorganizing measures, which, if adopted in the manner proposed by him, could only inflame still more the social fever of Europe, and force our condition unnecessarily into a state of evil approximating to the present misery abroad. Slow and gradual reform may be expedient and requisite, but such a dissolution of modern society and upturning of the whole edifice, could only be productive of inestimable calamity. We take our leave of Mr. Greeley by commending to him the words of a great poet, who had lived through, and witnessed the afflictions of a revolution:

> All other errors but disturb a state,
> But innovation is the blow of Fate.
> If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
> To patch their flaws and buttress up the wall—
> Thus far 'tis duty; but here fix the mark;
> For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
> To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
> Is work for rebels who base ends pursue;
> At once divine and human laws control,
> And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
> The tampering world is subject to this curse,
> To physic their disease into a worse.

H.

ALETHE.

The summer sun hath sunk
  Behind the purple mountain,
The panting stag hath drunk
  His fill at the flashing fountain,
The mingled songs that rise,
  From plain and dusky vale,
Seem telling to the skies
  A grateful tale,
  Of Labor done
  And joy begun.

The various ways of life seem pleasant,
  And dear alike to all,
From the homely hut of the happy peasant
  To the Peer in his palace hall;
For each hath some loved one to love him,
  And Love hath but one measure,
And to pine and sigh for things above him
  The lowly hath little leisure.

Where Love is there is bliss,
  And Love is everywhere,
From the topmost peaks that kiss
  The clouds where the Eagles pair,
To the deepest tangled glen,
  Where flits the tiny wren.

Love dwelleth with the high and low,
Wherever winds and waters flow,

In forest or in bower,
In climes of eternal ice and snow
And where the tropic flower
Breathes perfume o'er the Ocean Isles
That bask in Summer's endless smiles,
And bathe in showers of shattered spray,
Air-wafted from each shell-strown bay,
Bright coral reef and gleaming shore,
Where murmurs the surf-voice evermore.

Love made—Love rules the universe—
Of all the great beginning—
A blessing to the good—a curse
To none except the sinning,
Who to their own or others hurt
His pure and spotless truth pervert.

True Love is truest life,
The Godhead's very breath—
But malice, hate and strife,
Sin, misery and death
In darkness dwell apart,
Far from the purer heart,
Which beats in peace and charity
With all beneath the canopy;
And as with Love all things begun,
So shall they die when Love is done.

* * * * *

Some dainty Spirit swayeth
The corner of yon curtained cloud,
And now it downward strayeth,
A kind, sweet Elf, not overproud,
To sport awhile in mirth,
Upon the lowly earth.
It biddeth the snowy sail unfurl
Its white wings o'er the sea,
And gently tosseth back the curl
That falleth loose and free,
From beauty's brow, o'er beauty's cheek
To swelling bosoms proud or meek.
It loiters where the rivulet singeth
To blue-eyed violets its song,
Which sweetly musical, merrily ringeth
As the water nymph runneth along,
From pebble to pebble, through ripple and pool,
Now baring her bosom, so bright and cool,
To the dewy glance of the twilight sky,
Which peereth down with a loving eye.

But who is he who drinketh
Deep draughts of love from the evening breeze?
And who is he who thinketh
Such high fantastic thoughts as these?
No peer is he, nor peasant,
Of high nor low degree,
Yet life to him is pleasant
Who now remembers thee,
At eventide,
His spirit bride
By the blue gushing stream,
And weaveth into a dream
The memory of thy glorious tress,
And all thy dark-eyed loveliness.

W. M. R.

NORMAN MAURICE;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," &C

—

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

Scene: Missouri. The Cottage of Norman Maurice.
Enter N. Maurice and Clarice.

Clarice. Oh! Norman, this is happiness.
Maurice. 'Tis more,—
Security in happiness. Our blossoms
Fear not the spoiler. On your cheek the roses
Declare a joyous presence in the heart,
That makes our cottage bloom.
Clarice. You triumph too,
In favor as in fortune. On all sides
I hear your name reëchoed with a plaudit,
That fills my bosom with exulting raptures
I never knew before.
Maurice. Ah! this is nothing,
Dear heart, to the sweet peace that crowns our dwelling,
And tells us, though the tempest growls afar,
Its thunders strike not here. The fame I covet
Is still in tribute subject to your joys;
And these, secure—you, happy in my bosom,
My pride forgets its aim! Ambition slumbers
Nor makes me once forgetful of the rapture,
That follows your embrace. [*Knock without.*
Clarice. The widow Pressley.
Maurice. Quick, welcome her.—Poor woman, we will save her.
Clarice. I joy to hear you say so.—Come in, madam.
[*Enter Widow Pressley and Kate.*
Maurice. Welcome, dear madam; you must needs be anxious,
But still be hopeful. I have brought the action,
And doubt not, from my study of your case,
That we shall gain it—put the usurper out,
And win you back some portion of your wealth.
The truth is on our side,—the evidence
Sustains your claim most amply. We shall gain it!
Widow. Alas! sir, but the power of this bad man
Maurice. Need not be powerful here.
Widow. You know it not;—
His wealth, his violence—
Maurice. Will scarce prevail.
Widow. He buys or bullies justice at his pleasure;
No lawyer here would undertake my case
Lest he should lose a friend or make a foe;
And thus for fifteen years.
Maurice. He buys not me,
And scarce will profit by an insolence,
That hopes to bully here.

Widow. Oh! sir, I tremble
And cannot help but doubt. I know your talents;
All people speak of them,—and yet I fear!
With hopes so often lifted and defeated
How should I dream of better fortune now.
The widow and the orphan find small favour,
In struggle with the strong and selfish man,
And this success you promise—
Maurice. None may take
The sovereign accent from the lip of fate
And say, this thing is written certainly—
But if I err not, madam,—better promise
Of the clear dawn and the unclouded sunshine,
Ne'er waited on the night. I trust the Jury.
They have no fears to nurse, and seek no favor
As do that class of men, the mean ambitious
Who, for the lowly greed of appetite,
Or hungering for a state they never merit
Cringe with a servile zeal to wealth and numbers,
And nothing show but baseness as they rise.
My faith is in the people.
Widow. Mine in you, sir.
Maurice. I will deserve your confidence. This person,
Who robb'd you of your fortune, would but vainly
Attempt to bully me. I am no bully,
But something have I in my soul that strengthens
Its courage, when the insolent would dare
Usurp the right that I am set to guard.
Be hopeful, madam. Take no care for the morrow,
Though with the morrow our great trial comes,
God and his angels keep the innocent,
And in his own good season, will redress
Their many wrongs with triumph.
Widow. Sir, I thank you;—
And this poor child, the child of bitterness,
If not of wrath, shall bless you in her prayers,
That nightly seek her mother in the heavens!
Maurice. [*kissing the child.*] Your name is Kate,
you tell me—a sweet name!
Well, pray for us to-night, Kate. With the morrow,
If my heart's hope do not decieve my heart,
Your prayers shall all be answer'd. I'll think of her,
And of her sweet and innocent face to-morrow,
When striving with her enemy.
Child. I'll pray, sir,
As if you were my father.
Widow. She has none, sir.
Maurice. Losing or winning, daughter, still in me,
Look for a father who will cherish you.
Widow. Farewell, good sir, I have not words to thank
you.
Maurice. You have a heart that overflows with speeech,
And swells into your eyes! No more, dear madam,
Be hopeful and be happy. [*Exeunt widow and child.*
We must gain it.
The proofs are clear—I cannot doubt the issue,—
And still a prescient something at my heart,
Awakes its triumph with assuring accents
That never spoke in vain. But what are these.
[*Enter Col. Mercer and Col. Brooks.*
Welcome gentlemen.
Mercer. We trust, sir, that you see in us your friends.
Maurice. Such, since our brief acquaintance you have
seemed sir,
And mine's a heart preferring to confide,
That still would rather suffer wrong of faith,
Than not believe in man.
Mercer. You'll find us true;—
And thus it is, that, sure of our good purpose,
We come to counsel with you as a friend.
Maurice. To this, sirs, I say welcome once again.
Brooks. We do regard you, sir, as one to serve us,—
In public matters. From our knowledge of you,
We've said among our friends, this is our man;
And looking still to you to serve our people,
We hear with grief that you are in a peril
Whose straits, perchance, you know not.
Maurice. Peril, sir.
Brooks. You have brought action for the widow Pres-
ley,
For the recovery of a large possession,
Withheld by Colonel Blasinghame—
Maurice. 'Tis true, sir,
Mercer. You do not know this man.
Maurice. I've heard of him.
Mercer. But not that he is one whom men find prudent
To pass with civil aspect, nor confront
With wrath or opposition. He has power,
Such as few men possess, or dare contend with—
Has wealth in great abundance—is perhaps,
Most fearless and most desperate in battle,
Who better loves the conflict with his fellow
Than any gifts that peaceful life could bring.
Endow'd with giant strength and resolution,
And such a shot from five to fifteen paces
As still to shatter, waving in the wind,
The slenderest wand of willow.
Maurice. Famous shooting!
Brooks. It were not wise to wake his enmity!
We look to you to serve our cause in Congress!—
Make him your foe, and he opposes you,
His wealth—his popularity—the terrors,
His very name provokes,—all leagued against you,
You still a stranger.
Maurice. Patiently, I hear,
And though I feel not like solicitude
With that you show for me, am grateful for it!
And now, sirs, let us understand each other:
I am a man who in pursuit of duty
Will hold no parley with that week day prudence
Which teaches still how much a virtue costs.
Of this man, Blasinghame, I've heard already,—
Even as you both describe him. It would seem,
Lest I should fail in utter ignorance,
He took a patient trouble on himself,
To school me in his virtues. Read this letter. [*gives letter.*
Mercer. His hand!—his signature!
Brooks. It is. I know it. [*they read.*
Maurice. Well, gentlemen, you see it written there,
What are my dangers, if I dare to venture
This widow's cause against him. Favor me,
And read the answer which has just been written.
Mercer. [*reads aloud.*] Sir:—The suit of Pressley vs
Blasinghame will be prosecuted to conclusion without re-
gard to consequences, with the best strength and abilities
of NORMAN MAURICE.
Maurice. It is brief, sir.
Mercer. Too brief.
Brooks. 'Tis a defiance!
Maurice. 'Twas meant so, gentlemen. I am a man,
Or I am nothing! This poor widow's cause,
The very insolence of this Blasinghame,
Has made my own! I'll die for it if it need be.
Mercer. Art principled 'gainst the duel?
Maurice. Rather ask,
If, when my enemy takes me by the throat,
I do oppose him with an homily.
No man shall drive me from society,
I take the laws I find, of force, and use them,
For my protection and defence, as others
Employ them for assault.

Mercer. You've practised then?
Maurice. Never shot a pistol.
Brooks. Nor rifle?
Maurice. Scarcely!
Mercer. You are very rash, sir!
Maurice. Ay! but rashness, sir,
Becomes a virtue in a case like this,
And the brave heart, untaught in human practice,
Finds good assurance from another source
That prompts its action right—This letter's written
And goes within the hour. Let Blasinghame
Chafe as he may, and thunder to the terror,
Of those who have no manhood in themselves,
He thunders at these portals still in vain!
To morrow comes the trial—after that!—
But let the future wear what look it may,
I'll find the heart to meet it—as a man!
Mercer. Then you are firm?
Maurice. As are the rocks,
In conflict with the sea.
Mercer. We joy to find you thus!
We'll stand by you through danger to the last.
Brooks. Ay, Maurice, we are with you.
Maurice. Friends, your hands!
I am not used to friendship but I love it,
As still a precious gift, vouchsafed by heaven,
Next best to love of woman! For this danger,—
Fear nothing! we shall 'scape it! Nay, 'twill give us,
Or Truth is not of God, new plumes for triumph.

—

SCENE II.

The law office of Richard Osborne. Osborne discovered writing. To him enter Warren.

Warren. We're on the track at last. Look at that letter;
It comes from our old comrade, Harry Matthews,
And tells us miracles of Norman Maurice!—
Our worthy cousin has the run of fortune;—
She seems to crown him with her richest favors,
As some old bawd, grown hacknied in the market,
Adopts a virgin passion in her dotage,
And yields to her late folly, all the profits
That followed the old vice. He's growing finely,
But I shall dock his feathers.
Osborne. [*reading.*] In Missouri.
Warren. Ay!—
In St. Louis, that great western city,
Our worthy cousin, Norman, has grown famous;
You read what Matthews writes? In one short twelvemonth
He springs above all shoulders.
Osborne. I look'd for it!
He's not the man whom fortune can keep under.
Warren. What! you forget our precious document.
Osborne. You will not use it now?
Warren. Ah! will I not then?
If ever useful, now's the right time for it!
See you not that he rises like an eagle,
Already is in practice with the ablest,
With popular favor without working for it,
And stands i' the way of better politicians.
They fit his name to music for bad singers,
To whom none listen save at suffrage time;—
We'll spoil the song for him.
Osborne. What would you do?—
Warren. Thou art dull, Dick Osborne! Have I yet to tell you,
That, over all, conspicuous in my hate,
This minion of Fortune stands. His better luck
Hath robbed me of a prize which most I treasured;
His better genius trampled mine to dust,—
Humbled my pride when at its height, and crushed me,
Until I learned to loathe myself, as being
So feeble in his grasp.
Osborne. He curses you no longer!
Warren. Can I forget the past? This memory
Becomes a part of the nature o' the man,
And of his future makes fearful aspect,
Unless he cures its hurts. My path is where
My enemy treads in triumph! I shall seek it,
And 'twill be hard if hate, well leagued with cunning,
Is baffled of his toil. I seek St. Louis!
Osborne. Beware! You'll make him desperate!
Warren. I hope so!
Osborne. It brings its perils with it! Norman Maurice
Will rend his hunter!—
Warren. If he be not wary!
But fear you nothing. You shall go with me,
And see how deftly, with what happy art,
I shall prepare the meshes for my captive.
Osborne. Me! go with you?—and wherefore?
Warren. A small matter!—
While I shall drive the nail, you'll clinch the rivet.
I'd have you there to prove this document!
Osborne. Spare me this, Warren!
Warren. I can spare you nothing.
Osborne. I do not hate this man! He hath not wrong'd me,
Cross'd not my path, nor with a better fortune,
Won from me aught I cherish'd.
Warren. Enough! Enough!—
Me hath he robb'd and wrong'd—*me* hath he cross'd—
His better fortune still a fate to mine!—
My injury is yours! You love me, Osborne,—
Will do the thing that I regard as needful,
The more especially as you have secrets,
No less than Norman Maurice. We shall go,
Together, as I fancy, to St. Louis!
Osborne. This is mere tyranny, Warren.
Warren. Very like it!
Guilt ever finds its tyrant in its secret,
And twin'd with every crime the accuser stands,
Its own grim shadow, with the scourge and torture.
Osborne. A dark and damnable truth! Would I had perish'd
Ere I had fallen and follow'd, as you bade me!
Warren. Spare you to cheat a troubled conscience,
And to your preparations. By the morrow,
We'll be upon the road.
Osborne. But for these papers!
Warren. Confound the papers! They will wait for us,
But opportunity never! Get you ready,
And hush all vain excuses. If my sway
Be something tyrranous, it hath its profits:—
Be you but true, and from the Egyptian spoil,
There shall be still sufficient for your toil.
[*Exit Warren.*
Osborne. I'm chain'd to the stake! He hath me in his pow'r!—
How truly hath he pictured my estate;—
Thus he who doth a deed of ill in youth,
Raises a ghost no seventy years can lay!
I must submit; yet following still his lead,
Pray Providence for rescue, ere too late—
'Tis providence, alone, may baffle fate!
[*Exit Osborne.*

SCENE III.

The house of Mrs. Jervas in Walnut Street. Enter Mrs. J. and Robert Warren.

Mrs. J. Art sure of what you tell me?
Warren. Never doubt it!—
Matthews, who writes me, is an ancient friend
Who knows this Maurice well. He sees him often,
Though it would seem that Maurice knows not him.
His rising fortunes favor you! 'Twere well
You sought your niece. You are her kinswoman,—
The nearest,—and the loss of all your fortune,
By failure of the Bank—
Mrs. J. But Maurice likes me not!
Warren. Natural enough! You still opposed his passion;
But things are altered now. You've but to show him
'Twas for your niece's good, in your best judgment,
That you denied his suit. But, go to her;—
He's doing well—is popular—grows wealthy,
And now that Fortune looks, with smiles, on him,
He well may smile on you! You'll live with them,
And we shall meet there.
Mrs. J. We? Meet?
Warren. Did I not love her?
Mrs. J. Ah!—
Warren. And should *he* die?—Should accident, or—
Mrs. J. I see! I see!
Warren. You are my friend, and you will show her—
Mrs. J. Ah! trust me, Robert Warren—
Warren. That's enough!
We understand each other. You will go,—
Her only kinswoman, to seek her out.
You have but her in the world! Say you have err'd;
It was because you loved her that you strove,
'Gainst one, who, whatsoe'er his worth and talent,
Was not o'erbless'd by Fortune! He may frown,
But cannot well deny you; and, for Clarice—
She will not, sure, repel her mother's sister.
Mrs. J. I'll go! I need the succour of my kindred.
Warren. We'll meet then; but you will not know me there!
'Tis not my policy to vex my rival,
Provoke suspicion, move his jealousy,
Or startle her by any bold renewal,
Of pleadings late denied. Should you discover
That he who, in their presence, stands before you,
Is other than he seems, you will know nothing,
Since that may spoil your game as well as mine.
Mrs. J. You are a deep one!
Warren. When I have your counsel!
This Maurice thought but humbly of your judgment;
He knew you not as I do. He was blinded
By his own proud conceit and arrogance,
And held himself an oracle. 'Twere wise
If still you suffer'd him to fancy thus—
Check'd him in nothing—never counsell'd him—
For still I know he holds your wisdom cheaply,
And scorns the experience which might rise against
His own assured opinion. Such a person
Needs but sufficient chord—
Mrs. J. And he shall have it!
Warren. I'll seek your counsel soon, and you shall teach me
What is our proper action. You will find me
More ready to confide in your experience,
Than him whose cunning seem'd to baffle it.
Farewell then, madam, 'till we meet again.
[*Exit Warren.*

Mrs. J. Farewell, sir! A most excellent young man!
This Maurice shall not carry it at will,—
He scorns me,—does he? He shall feel me still.
[*Exit Mrs. J.*

—

SCENE IV.

The Hall in the Cottage of Norman Maurice. Time—midnight. Enter Maurice in night-gown, as just started from his couch. His hair dishevelled—his manner wild and agitated—his whole appearance that of a man painfully excited and distressed.

Maurice. That I should be unmann'd! That a mere dream,
The blear and frightful aspects of a vision,
Should rouse me to such terror,—shake my soul
From the strong moorings of a steadfast will,
And drive it, a mere wreck, upon the seas,
No hand upon the helm. Ah! my Clarice.
[*Enter Clarice.*
Clarice. My husband—
Maurice. I would thou had'st not seen me thus, Clarice.
Clarice. What means this terror—wherefore didst thou cry?
Maurice. Surely I did not.
Clarice. Yes, a terrible shriek,
As one who rushes desperate on his foe!
Maurice. No mortal foe has ever from my lips,
Sleeping or waking, forced acknowledgment,
That humbles me like this—
Clarice. What dost thou mean?
What fear?
Maurice. What answer shall I make to thee,
How tell thee, my Clarice, 'twas a mere dream,
That filled me with that agonizing fear,
Whose shriek thou heard'st. Yet such a dream, my wife,
As still pursues me with its fearful forms,
And shakes me still with terror. That a man,
Conscious of strength and will, with conscience free,
Should in the mere disorder of his blood,
In midnight sleep, feel all his soul unsinew'd,
And sink into the coward.
Clarice. Thou art none!
Maurice. Yet such a vision—and methinks I see!—
Hist,—is there nothing crawling by the hearth,
Crouching and winding, and with serpent folds,
Preparing its dread venom.
Clarice. There is nothing, husband—
The hearth holds only the small jar of flowers.
Maurice. The reptile ever seeks such crouching place,
And garbs his spotty hide with heedless blossoms,
That knows not what they harbor. Fling it hence!
'Twas on the hearth it crouch'd. But hear me, wife,
That dream! 'Twas of a serpent on our hearth,
Thou heedless, with thy face upon the flowers,
Disposing them for show. Unseen and slow,
And thou, meanwhile was sleeping. I beheld,
It coil around me with its mazy folds,
Even at the moment when the reptile's fang
Was darting at thy cheek! 'Twas then I shriek'd
And rush'd upon the monster thus, and smote,—
[*Dashing the vase to pieces*
Heedless of every sting, I trampled it,
But even as it writhed beneath my heel,
Methought, it lifted up a human face
That looked like Robert Warren.

Clarice. What a dream!
Maurice. I cannot shake it off. Didn't hear a sound,
Most like a hiss?
Clarice. Nay, nay! 'twas but a dream!
Come—come to bed.
Maurice. Why should I dream of him?
Clarice. You think of him perchance.
Maurice. And as a reptile!
The terrible image still before me crawls—
Oh! that I might with but a bound and struggle,
Though still at life's worst peril, trample him!
Clarice. Yet wherefore?
Maurice. These are instincts of the soul,
That have a deep and true significance,
And, though no more in danger from his malice,
I feel within me that he works unsleeping,
In venomous toils against me.
Clarice. But in vain.
Come, Norman, come to bed. You frighten me.
Maurice. Forgive me! There! I have thee at my lips
I strain thee to my bosom with a joy
That leaves no rapture wanting—yet methinks
I hear a sound of hissing, and still see
Glimpses of folding serpents that behind
Crawl after us—
Clarice. My Norman!
Maurice. I grieve thee!
I will forget this vision, in the blessing
This grasp makes real to rapture. Let us in.
[*He folds his arm about her, and they leave the apartment, he still looking behind him suspiciously—she looking up at him.*

—

SCENE V.

The edge of a wood. A cottage in the distance. Enter Robert Warren, Osborne, and Harry Matthews. The former disguised with false hair, whiskers, &c.

Matthews. [*pointing to cottage,*] There,—we may see it now!
Warren. There, then, he harbours?
A goodly cottage—he's a man of taste
Not yet too old for sentiment, it seems;
Loves flowers and shade trees, and around his porches
I fancy that we see some gadding tendrils
That wanton, with full censers, in his homage!
He should be happy there!
Matthews. Why, so he is.
Warren. You think so?
Matthews. There's everything to make him so. He's young—
Is on the road to fortune and to fame,
And has a handsome wife.
Warren. The landscape's fair,—
Looks bright beneath the sunshine and exhales
A thousand delicate odors rich in life;
But sometimes there's a tempest in the night,
And where's your landscape then?
Matthews. Be his this case,
It shall not cost me one poor hour of sleep,
For all the coil it makes. This man's our foe,—
Goes with our enemies in politics,
And will, though now he knows it not himself,
Be run, against our crack man, for the Senate.
Warren. Who's he?
Matthews. Ben Ferguson.
Warren. Plain Ben.
Mathews. Colonel Ben!—
'Tis only when the man's a favorite,
We take the formal handle from his name
And sing it short for sweetness.
Warren. Is he able?
Matthews. We thought him so 'till this your Maurice came;—
Since then our favorite loses in the race:—
Ben is a lawyer in first practice here
And had the field to himself since I have known him,
'Till now—
Osborne. Maurice and he have grappled then?
Matthews. To Ferguson's defeat.
Osborne. Before the Jury?
Matthews. Ay, every way—before the judge and jury,—
In court and out of court. At public meetings
They were in opposite ranks, and with each issue,
Maurice has risen still in popular favor,
While Ferguson declines. It will rejoice us,
If, as you say, you have some history
To floor this powerful foe!
Warren. You need not doubt it.
But who are friends to Maurice, here,—the people?
Matthews. Were it the people only, it were nothing.
But here their sympathies are held by others,
Men of much wealth and some ability,
Who gladly in this Maurice find an ally,
And join with him to use him. There's a party
Who long have lack'd a leader. Norman Maurice
Brings them the head they seek. He guides their councils,
And with such prudent skill and policy
That still they fancy he is but their mouthpiece,
Even while he gives the breath of life to them.
I know that they will run him for the Senate.
Warren. Can they elect him?
Matthews. It is very doubtful!
They never yet succeeded with their man,
Not having had the man to make success.
What they can do for him is not the question,
So much, as what he may achieve for them.
I tell you though not fearful for the issue,
It makes us something anxious. Now,—this secret—
If it be true, indeed, that,—
Warren. Be you ready;—
I'll see your friends to-morrow. We'll sleep on it.
To-night I'll fathom Maurice if I can,
And see how he enjoys his western life.
Enough! I have him in my power! To-morrow!—
Matthews. But what's the secret?
Warren. It will keep till then.
Be sure, that when your game is to be play'd,—
When Norman Maurice, at the height of favor,
Waits but the will to rise a Senator,
A single word shall damn him down to ruin,
And stifle every voice that speaks his name.
Osborne. Yet, once more, Warren, ere it to be too late,
Let me entreat and counsel—
Warren. You are doting!
Go you with Matthews, and should I be missing,
You both can tell whither my steps were bent,
And what my power upon him.
Osborne, [*aside to W.*] Why incur
This danger,—for you too must see the danger,—
To feed this foolish malice.
Warren, [*aside to O.*] Is it foolish?—
Not when the profit's yours, the pleasure mine;—
And I, if fortune mocks me not with fancies,
Shall find a pleasure in the game I play at,
That you may never dream of! Be you easy—
There's little danger! I've securities
'Gainst him in you, and in his secret fears,
Not less than in the policy I use;

Besides, my habit, does it not disguise me?
Osborne. He has the eye of an eagle!
Warren. Pshaw!
Osborne. Beware!—
His genius—you yourself confess it, Warren—
Has always, when the final issue came,
Soar'd over you triumphant!
Warren. Oh! Good night.
We'll meet again to-morrow! [*Exit Warren.*
Osborne. He'll pay for it!
He runs on ruin!
Matthews. Not his own, methinks!
Osborne. His own, though now it seems not. I've an instinct
That tells me Maurice cannot be o'erthrown;
Baffled be may be;—you may torture him—
Deny him his just place and high position,
One or more seasons; but he'll rise at last,
So firmly, that the very hands that struggle
To tear him from his throne, will help to build it.
There are some men, to whom the fates decree
Performance,—and this man is one of them!
What was his prospect when I knew him first?
He had no friends,—he had no fellowships,
No heedful care of parents—no tuition;—
He stood alone i' the world, unknown, unhonor'd—
Nay, something hated, as I hap to know,
For that he had some innate qualities,
Of pride, of strength, of soul and character,
That would not let him stoop! In spite of all,
He has struggled through the strife and the obstruction;
Won friends; won homage; high position won;
And still has grown, the more erect and noble,
At each assault upon his pride and fortune!
I *feel* that he *must* triumph!
Matthews. You speak well,
The promise of our enemy! You differ,
Somewhat, from Robert Warren; yet you know
This secret.
Osborne. Ay—as Warren's; and I know,
The rise of Maurice is his overthrow!

[*Exeunt.*

—

SCENE VI.

The interior of the cottage of Norman Maurice. A table spread as if supper were just concluded. Maurice and Clarice discovered seated. Maurice balances a spoon upon the cup. Clarice watches him.

Clarice. You muse, my husband.
Maurice, [*pushing away the cup.*] 'Tis with happiness!
Know you, Clarice, that fifteen months have pass'd
Since we were married.
Clarice. Is it possible!
I had not thought it!
Maurice. 'Time is wing'd with pleasure,
When that the heart, reposing where it loves,
Finds strength for fresher love in faith secure!
The world would seem to smile on me at last!
'Till we were wedded, such had been my fortune,
I questioned still the sunshine when it came;
And, in its sudden and capricious beauty,
Still dreaded something sinister and hostile;—
But now I feel secure! With you beside me,
A fair, free world before me, and employment,
Grateful at once to intellect and feeling,
Affording thought due exercise for triumph,
Methinks I have from Fate a guaranty,
That she foregoes at last her ancient grudges;
And, it may be, despising our ambition,
Thus easily satisfied with love and quiet,
Turns her sharp arrows on some nobler victim,
Whose young audacity offends her pride!
Sure, Clarice, this is happiness.
Clarice. It is more!
Such happiness as well might task the fancy,
To wing with words of sweetest poesy.
Maurice. Then sing for me, I'm in the mood for music;
My heart is glad; my thoughts would wander freely;
Commencing with the indistinct, but sweet.
Clarice. Nay, Norman, nay: I'm selfish in my gladness;
You sing not; but a something more than music
Swells in the verse that gathers on your lips,—
And this reminds me of the little ballad
You promised once,—once half recited me,
And fain would have me think your heart conceived it
When first it grew to mine!
Maurice. And I said truly!
Thoughts passing fair had floated through my fancy—
Thoughts born of warmest tastes, and pure affections,
Which yet had found no name! I had strange visions
Of grace and feminine beauty, such as never
The world had shown me living. Then I met thee,
And, on the instant, did they take thy image,—
And thus I first knew how and whom to love!
These fancies did I body forth in verses,
As one records a vision of the midnight,
That fills his soul with marvels; and the hour,
That brought me first acquainted with thy beauties,
Taught me what name to write above my record,
Which until then had none.
Clarice. Norman—*was* it mine?
Maurice. Thine, only, my beloved one!
Clarice. Now the verses,
In thy best manner, Norman.
Maurice. What! repeat them?—
Woulds't ruin me, Clarice, in public favor,
Sap my distinction—lose me my profession—
Draw down the vulgar laughter on my head,
And make grave senators and learned statesmen
Shake reverend brows in sorrow at my folly.
Clarice. Nay, you mock me now?
Maurice. Woulds't have a lawyer,—
Subtle and stern and disputatious still,—
Full of retorts, and strange philosophies,
Whose dreams by night are of the close encounter
With rival wits and wary adversaries,—
Whose thoughts by day are still upon indictments,
Flaws, fees, exceptions, old authorities,
And worldly arguments, and stubborn juries;
And all the thousand small details, that gather
Like strings about the giant Gulliver,
Dragging and fettering down to lowly earth
The upsoaring mind that else might scale the heavens;—
Wouldst have him, in the vagrancy of fancy,
Possess his soul with spells of poesy,
Having no fear that, lurking at his threshold,
His neighbor Jones or Jenkins, Smith or Thompson,
Some round and fat, but most suspicious client,
Bringing great fees,—his heart upon his action,
Seeking the sourest aspect in his lawyer,—
Stands rooted with strange horror as he listens,
To most ridiculous rhymes, and talk of flow'rs,
Moonbeams, and zephyrs—all that staple sweetness,
That makes the fancies of young thoughtless bosoms,
When most he hoped to hear of *Chose in action,*
Trespass, assumpsit, action on the case,

And other phrases, silly as the rhymester's,—
But that they sound in money, not in music!
No! No!—no poësy! 'Twere loss of client!
Clarice. Nay, Norman, but you jest now! Speak the verses,
If need be, in low accents.
Maurice. Lest Jones or Jenkins,
Should turn about, possess'd with holy horror,
And seek some other lawyer. You shall have them!
They are yours, Clarice, for, truly, they embody,
What still meseem'd the virtues of your nature;—
Tastes, sweet and delicate as evening glories
That tend upon the passage of the day,
And twin'd with gleam and shadows, through the twilight,
Betoken, as it were, the unknown beauties,
That make a happier future in the far.
Clarice. You describe the verses?
Maurice. It needs I should!
They take a mystic tone and character,
And ask the key-note. You will hardly like them:
Thoughtful, not lyrical, nor passionate,
They need that you should pause upon each accent,
Or they will lose their due significance!
But next to the grave folly of such doing
Is the grave preface that still pleads for it.
You lead me erring, Clarice; to these trifles,
You, and the exulting at my heart,
That deems this happiness sure!—Ha!
[*Knock at the door—he starts.*
That knock!—
Methinks it hath a meaning! A sharp instinct
Tells me that evil at our threshold lurks. [*Whispers.*
Clarice. Evil, my husband! Let me open it!
[*Goes towards the door.*
Maurice, [*interposing.*] You, Clarice! You mistake me. There's an instinct,
That, though it speaks of evil, has no fear!—
Who's there? [*Aloud.*]
Voice without. A friend!
Maurice, [*throwing open the door.*] Enter, friend!

[*Enter Robert Warren as before, with valise in his hand.*]

Warren. Pardon me this intrusion, but I'm wearied,—
I've travell'd far,—the last seven miles afoot,
Having lost my horse by the way.
Maurice. You're welcome, sir,
To our poor fare, the shelter of our dwelling
'Till you recover. Clarice, see to it.

[*Maurice points her to the supper table. She turns and leaves the room,—Warren following her with his eye, while that of Maurice observes him.*

Warren. I thank you, sir.
Maurice. Meanwhile, sit down and rest.
Give me your burden. 'Twill require some minutes
To get your supper, make your chamber ready;
'Till then, forget you travel.
Warren. You are kind!
How far, sir, are we from St. Louis, here?
Maurice. Four miles only.
Warren. You, perhaps, can tell me
Something of persons living in St. Louis:
I'm a collector from an Eastern city,
And have a claim upon one Harry Matthews.
Maurice. [*His brow slightly contracts.*] *Harry* Matthews!
Warren. Or *Henry* Matthews: is he good, sir?
Maurice, [*coldly.*] It may be sir; I know not!
Warren. You know the man?
Maurice. I have seen him often, sir, but know him not.
Warren. The house I represent has had suspicions;—
A Philadelphia house.
Maurice. Of Philadelphia!
Warren. A famous city, sir; but you have seen it?
Maurice. I know it well, sir. [*Catches the eye of Warren, which suddenly drops at the encounter.*
Warren. Ah! you've travelled thither?
Maurice. Have *lived* there, sir; and, now I think of it,
It may be you can answer me of persons,
Whom once I knew there;—there was Mrs. Jervas—
Warren. A widow, sir, who lived in Walnut street?
Maurice. The same!—
Warren. I've heard of her. She lost her fortune lately
By reason of the Bank—
Maurice. Indeed!
Warren. And has left the city,
'Twas said, to seek her kindred in the West.
Maurice. [*To Clarice, who re-enters.*] Hear you that, Clarice?
Clarice. Is it possible?
It cannot be she means—
Maurice. Perhaps. 'Tis like!
Warren. She has a niece and nephew in the West—
'Twas so reported—who had sent for her;
They being very wealthy; she in want.
Maurice, [*with a smile.*] Indeed!
Clarice. She has no nephew living, sir.
Warren, [*smiles.*] Ah! you know, then?
Maurice. She was this lady's aunt, sir;
And it may be, this excellent Mrs. Jervas
Comes hither to her niece, who is my wife, sir;
I suppose, that, as the husband of the one,
I may be held a nephew to the other;
And loving too makes kindred. Well, Clarice,
You'll make the good lady welcome, if she comes,
Which *now* I scarcely question. [*Significantly.*]
Pray, tell me, sir,
Of other persons in that goodly city;—
There was a mute, I knew, one Nicholas Foster,
Whom much I fancied—
Warren. Yes, a rare machinist,
Though few conceived his talent.
Maurice, [*aside.*] Yet, *you* know it!
Warren. He's well as ever.
Maurice. Sully, the master-painter,
A pure, good man, whose exquisite art endows,
The beauty with a charm beyond her own,
Caught from his delicate fancy.
Warren. He's still famous.
Maurice. I would you could say fortunate as famous,
As still his art deserves. I know not why,
But these enquiries sadden me, and yet—
There was one Richard Osborne—
Warren. An attorney—
Maurice. A most obscure one, though of certain merits,
Who might have been distinguish'd, having powers,
To raise him into something high and worthy,
But for his evil genius—
Warren, [*quickly.*] Ha! sir! He?—
Maurice. Were you a student—an anatomist
Of character, instead of a collector;—
But—
Warren. Yet would I hear, sir.
Maurice. *He*, sir, I mean,
Were one whom it were well to analyze,
Did one design a new philosophy,
And sought in strange anomalies to embrace
The opposite things in nature. Fancy a creature,
Having the external attributes of man,—

The capacious brow—the clear, transparent eye—
The form erect, the voice most musical—
Quick talents, ready art and specious language,
And still a something winning in his manner,
Beguiling still the unwary to belief;
Yet, as if made in mock of heaven's own purpose,
Having, in place of heart, a nest of vipers,
Whose secret venom, mastering all his powers,
Taints ever his performance—makes his doings,
When most they favor virtue, tend to vice—
Corrupts the word he utters, makes him false,
When most the truth should be his policy,—
And keeps him ever lothely in pursuit
Of purposes most loathesome. Know you, sir,
One Robert Warren? [*Laying his hand on Warren's shoulder and eyeing him closely.*

Warren, [*shrinking and stammering.*] Me, sir—
Warren? No!

Maurice, [*flinging him away and rising.*] Liar and reptile, as thou still hast been,
'Twere thousand times more hopeful to endow
The serpent with the nature of the dove,
To graft the fruit of Eden on the tree,
That with its bitter blights the Dead Sea shore,
Appease the tiger's thirst—the leopard's spots
Pluck from his side, and bind him with a straw,
Than change the designing devil at thy heart!

Warren. What mean you, sir?

Clarice, [*seizing his arm.*] Oh! Norman, what is this?

Maurice. What! See you not? Hath sense of happiness
So totally obscured the sense of wrong,
That memory lacks each faculty, and nature,
Losing the subtle instinct which still counsels
The innocent of its peril, stoops to wanton
With the fang'd viper in his villainous coil.
The dream! the dream! my Clarice. Get thee hence!
Leave me to deal with him. Away!

Clarice. What's he?

Maurice. What! do his looks not answer as the reptile's,
That speaks his subtle snare and silent venom?
Doth not his coward crouching speak his nature,
As now I stretch the arm of vengeance o'er him.
Must I confer a name upon the victim,
Even in the moment when I strike the blow,
Lest in their ignorant blindness, men should fancy
This were a kinsman whom in wrath I slew!

Warren. Beware this violence! [*Snatches a knife from the table.*

Maurice. Is justice only—

Clarice, [*interposing.*] Norman! Husband!

Maurice. What! See'st not still!

Clarice. I see! I know!—and yet—

Maurice. And yet, and yet, and yet! is the child's wisdom.
Shall we not be secure—never find refuge!
Shall hate pursue, and vengeance turn not on him!
Must we be driven from each world of peace,
To burrow with the hittfox and the wolf,
When but a stroke is needful—

Clarice. Oh! thou must not:
He shares our hospitality—our shelter!

Maurice, [*hurling the table over.*] He hath not touch'd the bread and sacred salt,
He shall not claim the Arab privilege,—
He dies!—

Clarice. For my sake, Norman, spare him!
Let him go hence; the past is over now.

Warren. She counsels wisely, Norman. Lift no hand
Against me, for I come to you in peace.

Maurice. In peace! In peace! And wherefore this disguise?
Thy fraudulent tale of travel—this false semblance,
False hair, false speech, unless with heart and purpose
False still as ever! Dids't think, that I who knew thee,
By such damn'd treachery as thou still hast shown me,
Could be deceived by wretched arts like these;—
My blindness and my confidence so perfect,
That I should sleep and dream, while at my pillow
Thou creepst at midnight, from the hearth that warm'd thee,
To fasten on my heart! Thou com'st an outlaw!—
What hinders that I slay thee—that I take thee,
Thus, by the throat, and stifling fear and feeling,
Slaughter thee as a bullock at the altar,
Thy blood would still profane!

Clarice, [*interposing.*] Norman! Norman!
Oh! must thy Clarice plead to thee in vain?
Spare him, if but in gratitude to heaven,
For that we prosper in his hate's despite.

Maurice. 'Tis for this very reason I should slay him;
He comes to blight our brief prosperity,
To compass all our sunshine with his cloud,
And taint our flow'rs with poison.

Warren. Yet, beware!
She counsels thee with wisdom, Norman Maurice;
I am not friendless here. Did aught befal me,
Here, in thy dwelling, to my mortal hurt,
'Tis known that I came hither—'tis known further,
That I have that to speak against thy fame,
Shall blacken it forever.

Maurice. Ha, say'st that!
Well, thou would'st something more!

Warren. A word—
And lest thy prudence should not check thy passion,
My providence—[*showing pistol.*]

Maurice. What! thou hast weapons then!
Now, by my hopes, if it were possible,
To find thee but one moment flush with manhood!
Look on me, villain, as I now confront thee,
But lift thine eye to mine, and let thy aim
Be deadly as thy malice! Wretched coward—
Thus do I mock thy impotence. [*Rushes upon him and strikes the weapon from his hand.*

Warren. Spare me, Norman!

Clarice. Husband, let him live!

Maurice. Outlaw! that masks him with deliberate purpose. [*Takes Warren by the throat.*

Warren. Mercy, Norman!

Maurice. That seeks by night my dwelling with a lie!

Clarice. Husband—dear husband!

Maurice. That lifts his deadly weapon 'gainst my breast.

Warren. Thou stranglest me!

Clarice. Have pity, Norman!

Maurice. For thy sake, I spare him.

Warren. Thanks—oh, thanks!

Maurice. Yet feel how better 'twere to crush him now,
Than suffer him—

Warren. I swear!

Maurice. Oh—if thou durst,
I'll slay thee with a certainty of vengeance
That leaves no limb unhurt. For well I know
Thy heart is never then less free from malice,
Than when thy lips declare thy innocence.
Hence, ere I change my purpose. I will spare thee,
And fling thee from my threshold, but to show thee
How much I still forbear. [*Hurls him out headlong.*

Clarice. Oh, I thank thee.

Maurice. If evil follows this mercy, Clarice,
Thine is the fault.

Clarice. Oh, Norman, this man's hate—
Maurice. While we can tear the falsehood from his brow,
Is nothing, but—
Clarice. Wherefore can he follow us?
Maurice. For some hellish purpose. But go in, my wife—
Leave me awhile.
Clarice. Wilt not close the door?
Maurice. Let it stay wide all night.
Clarice. You go not forth?
Maurice. One sleeps not, when the wolf is in his close,
Lest that his howl should stir his infant's sleep.
But go you in, dear wife, you must not hear,
The voice in anger you have heard in love.
Leave me awhile. This thing still troubles me,
But should not trouble you. Go to your prayers,
And leave the watches of the night to me.
'God still presides o'er all. I see not yet,
The evil that this evil spirit brings,
But trust that we shall lack no help of angel,
Whene'er the struggle comes.
Clarice. Norman.
Maurice. Dear wife!
Clarice. Forget not that my life is in thy hands.
Oh, do not rashly purpose.
Maurice. Never fear! [*Embrace.*
[*Ex. Clarice.*
Maurice. What can he mean! That paper is destroyed,—
Why should I fear his malice? Yet, so truly,
I know his equal baseness and design,
I feel that he has purposes of mischief,
Which, if he lack'd the agencies of evil,
He ne'er had underta'en. I will go forth.— [*Takes up*
Mine are not, *the pistol.*
The nerves to falter in the hour of need!

[End of Act II.]

"Southern Passages and Pictures."*

A scholar of no mean attainments in literature, and of cultivated critical skill, pronounced the "Atalantis" of Mr. Simms not unworthy of comparison, as a poem and a work of art, with the immortal "Comus" of Milton. The vigor and originality of expression, the fervor and richness of imagination, the fulness of thought, the command of language, the power and wide range of conception, united with the softer graces of deep and truthful sentiment, and of musical rhythm, which distinguish "Atalantis," will also be found in greater or less degree, to characterise all of the poetry of its author. We do not mean to say that Mr. Simms has not published poetical trifles, which penned merely as trifles, make no pretension to any high or peculiar merit, and do not claim to be, by any means, exponents of his powers and characteristics as a poet. But taking the general and prevailing tone and style of the little collections of poems named in our rubric, they will be found to be not unworthy of the author of "Atalantis;" although they are, in fact, but prelusions,—proleptic flashings—of a genius which has never yet fully plumed its latent energies to their loftiest flight. There are abundant evidences throughout the writings of Mr. Simms, and perhaps in none more than in his poems, of power to accomplish vastly more than he has performed. Not that the existing performances are crude, or the offspring a certain immaturity of genius; but they are such as could only have emanated from the truest genius, while they are not the highest expression of the powers so evidently shining through them, and which alone could have been adequate to their production. "Atalantis" must be placed in the very highest rank of the class of poems to which it belongs; but it is not the loftiest and grandest order of *all* poetry, while the genius which was capable of producing it, must, of necessity, be able to touch the very summit of poetical excellency.

Perhaps we shall not be far wrong when we say, that the exuberance and wonderful fertility of the author, the extraordinary versatility of his powers, and the rapid and ever-varying occupation of the pen which has been demanded by his literary connections and avocations, have not permitted him to concentrate his energies upon any single department, or pursue with the exclusive, artistic, laborious, and *professional* devotion which it exacts, the vocation of the Poet to which he is especially called by his peculiar endowments. But the free gush of song, the originality of expression and simile, the deep sympathy with Nature, and the true utterances of the heart which appeal to universal Humanity, all stamped upon the poems now before us, show unmistakeably that they are not the labored form, but the spontaneous—the necessary garb in which the thought clothed its expression, and, therefore, that they are not merely verses, but the natural language of the veritable Poet. Anybody of ordinary cleverness may twist his thoughts into versification; only the Poet is able to compel the natural utterance to the thought. Or, more truly, his thought suggests and moulds the utterance to its own necessities.

The poet who becomes most rapidly popular, is generally the one who makes no large demand upon the attentive thought of his readers, but who presents, in graceful and musical strains, obvious conceptions, similes at once appreciated, interesting incidents, ordinary feelings, and pretty conceits. Profound and original poets win their way more slowly. It is only after Time has sent forth their voice widely to the great heart of

*"Southern Passages and Pictures;" "Grouped Thoughts;" "Areytos, or Songs of the South;" "The Cassique of Accabee, with other pieces." Poems by W. Gilmore Simms; Author of "Atalantis," &c.

Humanity—a voice too great in its multitudinous tones to be at once comprehended by the single age of their contemporaries—that they pass into the general mind, and win that popularity, which springs from the taste and understanding they have themselves moulded and developed. Hence the mere popularity of a poet of the day is no criterion of his real rank. A general popularity with the great mass of ordinary mind, may even indicate that he has had his reward,—that he has been fully understood and appreciated,—and that he is destined to sink to a humble place with posterity. But the poet of higher gifts, can not be appreciated in every phase of his genius by the popular mind of his day. This may admire much which falls within the range of general feeling, sentiment, and conception; but there must be elements too thoughtful, too *universal*, too recondite to be traced or understood except by higher minds; the mass have to be taught them.—to learn to comprehend and value, what at first they disdained or disliked, because its greatness and originality removed it from the general and circumscribed circle of their thoughts and experience, to the universal sphere of Nature, of highest Reason, and of boundless, myriad-sided Humanity.

The highest order of poetry is, doubtless, that which like Nature itself, appeals to and enters widest into the sympathies of all men, while it challenges and rewards the scrutiny of the most intellectual. Humanity and Physical Nature constitute, so to speak, the Truth-Universe of Poetry. But the general mind of any one period, although partaking of Humanity and influenced by and connected with Nature, can only imperfectly comprehend the Universal, because it is only under partial phases that the Universal is able to come in contact with the mind of a particular age; and it is the wonderful prerogative of genius, and especially of the poetical genius, to seize by instinct that Universal, and so to present it—in prose or verse—that the productions reach, enter into, and enlarge the sympathies and thoughts of the age, connect them with universal Humanity and Nature, and so reflect the Truth-Universe, that they become an everlasting mirror, and instruction, and study, for all time and all ages. The more completely poetry accomplishes this, the more universal and enduring will be its sway. Homer and Shakspeare, completest mirrors of the Truth-Universe, are an everlasting possession and instruction to the whole race. Shelley, too purely intellectual, too little reflecting the affections of Humanity, can never become a *popular* poet, but will always be most appreciated by the recondite thinker and the imaginative but abstract admirer of Nature. That very reflection of the Universal, and hence of highest and widest Truth, which characterises the great poet, renders him also prophetic, and therefore in advance of his age. He elevates it by its participation of that Humanity and relation to that Nature which he conceives in their universal aspect; but the very fact that he is not only one-phased, renders it necessary that he should only be gradually and fully appreciated in the unfolding progression of time.

With such a conception of the general nature of poetry in its highest character, we come to the analysis of the poems before us. We are well aware that it would be the highest injustice to apply the test of the loftiest conception of poetry to productions which, not only were never intended, but which, in fact, cannot be regarded by the critical eye, as adequate exponents of the powers of the authors. When Mr. Simms has enjoyed the undistracted leisure to concentrate his whole energies upon the finished production of a Drama or Epic, not thrown off, like the present poems, under the pressure of multitudinous and imperative demands upon his pen, but elaborated with the full force of his genius and the highest polish of his art, it will then be time enough to criticise his title to a throne among the great Masters of Song, Milton, and Dante, and Sophocles; nor need his admirers (and we are sure that they are many) fear, should he ever present such a production, that the judgment of posterity would accord him any humble throne, or any but a most triumphant crown. But we propose no task of comparison between the poems under consideration and those of other authors; our design is to examine the intrinsic merits of the productions before us, and to leave it to the intelligence of our readers to institute what comparisons their own taste and judgment may suggest.

In one striking particular do we recognise in Mr. Simms the necessary elements of the great Poet. He unites high imaginative powers with metaphysical thought, by which we mean that large discourse of Reason which generalizes, which seizes the Universal, and perceives its relations to individual phenomena of Nature and Psychology. It is the characteristic of the great Poet to seize those subtle relations which connect the Individual with the Universal, and thus linking what is particular, limited, and special, with the whole Truth-Universe, he both enters the circle of individual sympathies, and elevates them to the sphere of universal Reason. He represents individualities, but he shows them related to the Universal which he reflects; thus he touches the chords of personal feelings in *Men* while he appeals to the highest thought—the general Reason—of *Man*. Hence it is that the utterances of the great Poet sometimes seem ob

sure. even when in fact they are not so. It is the thought, the subtle relation, the generalization, or the reflection of higher Reason, which is not, and can not be, superficially obvious, that gives the appearance of obscurity, when the language itself may be precise and lucid. In such cases, when the Poet seems obscure, it is, to use a phrase of Coleridge, because we are "ignorant of his understanding;" when we are sure that we "understand his ignorance," we are then competent to pronounce upon his real obscurity of thought and diction.

It is impossible to read Mr. Simms' poems without being struck by the profusion of appropriate, felicitous, and often original simile. His keen and fresh perception of Nature, gives rise also to beautiful pictures, whose truthfulness and clearness are admirably presented in the lucid language wherewith they are painted. And in the expression of deep personal feelings, we find a noble union of sad emotion and manliness of tone. He never sinks to the whining strains of mawkish sentimentality, or to the morbid misanthropy of passionate or cold and sneering discontent. There is not only the vigor of manliness throughout his poetry, but also the reflection of profound and philosophical thought. There is often exhibited that power of condensation, which, by a single pregnant line, suggests an expansive train of reflection; and his productions are marked by that originality of copious and independent thought, which has no need to dress up trite commonplaces in a metrical garb. He draws from a full treasury of varied experience, active thought, keen observation, just and original reflection, and a spirit which has drank deeply and lovingly from the full-gushing founts of Nature's Beauty. His inspiration is often kindled by the sunny and luxuriant scenery of the South, and besides the freshness and glow which this naturally imparts to his descriptive poetry, it makes him emphatically The National Poet of the Southern Land. Not only has he sung her peculiar natural aspects, with the appreciation of a poet and the feeling of a son, but he has a claim to her gratitude, for having enshrined in melodious verse her ancient and fast-fading traditions.

The intense intellectual activity combined with a habitually reflective and meditative mode of thought, which appears to characterise Mr. Simms' mind, induces him frequently to pursue a vein clearly and beautifully, but too copiously for the taste of the general reader, who becomes wearied by the long continued demand upon his attention and powers of discriminating judgment. The generality of readers wish in poetry something comprehended at a glance,—pleasing readily the fancy,—obvious in every respect,—and then done with. Of course we are not now alluding to mere narratives or stories, but to the poetry whose interest lies in its sentiments, its thoughts, and its psychological characteristics. Such poetry is only in a limited degree for the ordinary crowd of readers: but while the natural, logical, and clear flow of thought harmoniously continues, it will continue also to attract and sustain the interest of the reflecting mind; and this, such pieces of Mr. Simms as we have alluded to, do, although, as we have said, they will not so enchain the mere general reader. And this leads us to remark, that it is most probably owing to that very fact, that full and *general* justice has never been done to Mr. Simms as a poet; the general reader has not taken the pains of making himself acquainted with the best poetry of the author, which is to be found precisely in that class of pieces to which we have alluded,—pieces which will win the admiration of the true critic, the scholar, the poet,—but which have not yet been sufficiently examined and appreciated by the mass of readers, whose habit is to skim rapidly over poetry of a highly thoughtful cast. Mr. Simms' poetry is for the closet, the bower, the forest aisles, the grand cathedral of Nature; for the solitary muser, the companionship of thinking minds and deep hearts, the quiet circle of intelligence and love; but not for the steamboat and railroad, and laughing drawing-room, and half-thoughtless party, wanting something light, and pretty, and amusing. We will be understood as speaking of the prevailing character of this gentleman's poetry; for in view of the powers which he so evidently possesses, we could almost feel provoked, not with Mr. Simms, but with the circumstances which have so greatly diverted that concentrated, untrammelled devotion to the Muse, which would and must have given us a great poem from his pen.

It is not always that a man's writings prove a true reflection of his character. But Mr. Simms' poetry too evidently emanates directly from the heart, not to enable us to appreciate the man. It is free from affectation; it deals in no prettinesses of conceit; it exhibits no mannerism and trammels of particular schools. And poetry must be (what from its essential nature it would seem impossible that true poetry can be,) a monstrous lie, if the author of the productions before us, unites not to his intellectual gifts, a high-toned and generous nature, a kindly, noble, and strong heart, a genial, impulsive, yet faithful and determined disposition, warm affection and friendship, a spirit to do and to endure, and a soul as much elevated above the petty envies and jealousies which too often deform the *genus irritabile*, as it is in large sympathy with the Beautiful,

the True, the Just, with Humanity and with Nature.

The first poem in the volume which heads our rubric, is exceedingly beautiful. Consisting of only thirty lines, it would furnish ample scope for the employment of the happiest pencil that ever produced a landscape. The sweet, constant sound of the brook, comes musically upon the ear,—its glancing course, now in shade and now in sunshine,—the gliding thrush,—the unstartled fawn,—all awaken images of varied, quiet, harmonious Nature, as grateful to the imagination as they are soothing to the spirit; and the exquisite termination, likening the prattling streamlet in its course onward till lost in the broad glare of sunlight, to the advancing life of childhood from the quiet, defined seclusion of the home-world, to the great, undistinguishing, all-absorbing glare of the wide world-life, is a fitting termination, admirably concealing, but clearly suggesting a moral lesson. There are almost as many beauties as there are lines in the poem, and all so naturally linked together, that it would mar its harmony and completeness to make extracts: we must quote it entire.

THE BROOKLET.

A little farther on, there is a brook
Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
Have roofed it with their crowding limbs and leaves,
So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
A low, faint beating, as, upon the leaves
That lie beneath its rapids, it descends,
In a fine showery rain, that keeps one tune,
And 'tis a sweet one, still of constancy.
  Beside its banks, thro' the whole live long day,
Ere yet I noted much the speed of time,
And knew him but in songs and ballad-books,
Nor cared to know him better, I have lain;
With thought unchid by harsher din than came
From the quick thrush, that, gliding through the copse,
Hurried above me; or the timid fawn
That came down to the brooklet's edge to drink,
And sauntered through its shade, cropping the grass,
Even where I lay,—having a quiet mood,
And not disturbing, while surveying mine.
  Thou smil'st—and on thy lip a straying thought
Says I have trifled—calls my hours misspent,
And looks a solemn warning! A true thought,—
And so my errant mood were well rebuked!—
Yet there was pleasant sadness that became
Meetly the gentle heart and pliant sense,
In that same idlesse—gazing on that brook
So pebbly and so clear,—prattling away,
Like a young child, all thoughtless, till it goes
From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.

The next poem—"Autumn Twilight"—is one of the happiest in the whole collection, and is indeed a choice gem of English poetry. We doubt if in the whole compass of English verse, there can be found any dozen and a half lines more perfectly musical in rhythmical structure than the following with which the poem opens:

There is a soft haze hanging on yon hill
Tinged with a purple light. How beautiful,
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on
By sad October. Well may he repine,
His dowry is decay:—decay though bright,
And desolate, though bounteous. The sweet green,
The summer flush of love,—the golden bloom,
That came with flow'rs in April—all are gone.
The green is pallid;—the warm, virgin flush,
That was a maiden glory on the cheek
And in the eye of summer, shrinks away,
To gather on the hill-tops;—wooing in vain,
The last embrace to sorrowful twilight given,
By the down-vanishing sun:—and the sweet airs
Wail heavily through the branches, while the leaves,
Saddest of mourners! flung on summer's grave,
Lament her in the silence of true grief!

Both of these poems have been retouched and enlarged in the volume containing the "Cassique of Accabee." "The Brooklet" is enriched with additional pictures, which add greatly to its beauty and effect. The "Autumn Twilight" in its second form, contains additional lines, which we should be sorry to have lost. In any collection of Mr. Simms' poems we should think it expedient to choose the later recension of the former poem for insertion; but we should be glad to see the first seventeen lines of "Autumn Twilight" given separately, as they originally stand, and the whole of the poem inserted, also, as it is given in its more recent form.

"The Young Mother" is another finely drawn picture, of tenderness and grace. There is one blemish in it,—the fourth line,—which the author will doubtless correct (it needs but a single touch of his pencil,) should he ever re-publish the sketch. But how natural and truthful is the following passage,—one of those simple, familiar scenes ever recurring, never losing their universal interest:

——— And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek—
Tears, such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously,
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her Sabbath wings above its couch.

The truth that our moral changes are projected upon the Nature which surrounds us, and that we thus subjectively represent the same external phenomena, under aspects varied only by our own internal changes;—a truth well enough known, but too little regarded in all of its bearings upon our conduct and happiness,—is thus tersely expressed in another poem, the whole of which is a fine specimen of thought and feeling in condensed, and at the same time, highly lucid and poetical language:

——Thus, our change,
Brings a worse change on nature. She will bloom,
To bless a kindred spirit; but she flies
The home that yields no worship. She is seen
Through the sweet medium of our sympathies,
And has no life beside.

The influence of Nature, voiceful in solitude to the understanding ear, deserves to be quoted, from the poem entitled "Mental Solitude:"

That is no desert, where the heart is free
To its own spirit-worship;—where the soul,
Untainted by the breath of busy life,
Converses with the elements, and grows
To a familiar notion of the skies,
Which are its portion. That is liberty!
And the sweet quiet of the waving woods,
The solemn song of ocean—the blue skies,
That hang like canopies above the plain,
And lend their richest hues to the fresh flow'rs
That carpet its broad bosom,—are most full
Of solace and the sweetest company!
I love those teeming worlds,—their voiceless woods,
So full of truest teaching. God is there,
Walking beside me, as, in elder times,
He walked beside the shepherds, and gave ear
To the first whispered doubts of early thought,
And prompted it aright. Such wilds to me
Seem full of friends and teachers. In the trees,
The never-ceasing billows, winds and leaves,
Feathered and finny tribes,—all that I see,
All that I hear and fancy,—I have friends,
That soothe my heart to meekness, lift my soul
To loftiest hope, and, to my toiling mind,
Impart just thoughts and safest principles.
They have a language I can understand,
When man is voiceless, or with vexing words
Offends my judgment. They have melodies
That soothe my heart to peace, even as the dame
Soothes her young infant with a song of sounds
That have no meaning for the older ear,
And mock the seeming wise.

We have been beguiled into making a longer quotation than we had designed, and can only add a single word about this poem, to mark the fine metaphor occurring in it—

"making fetters of the folding thoughts,
That crush into my heart, and canker there."

"The Edge of the Swamp" is a thoroughly Southern picture with its tropical-like peculiarities. And we admire the contrast so well introduced by the alighting of the butterfly,

"that travelling all day, has counted climes
Only by flowers,"—

upon the cayman's brow: a little incident which only a familiar observer of Nature would have thought of, and only a poet have seized for his picture.

In "Night Watching," the fine personification of Night with her clear shield, is inferior to few of the countless things poets have forever been uttering about the eternal moon:

In vain I look upon the pensive night,
That hangs her silver crescent in the sky,
Gather'd on fleecy folds, that edge the blue
Of her vast, wild, pavilion'd canopy,
And wears it, as a warrior does his shield,
Unstained by dark device, or mortal dint,
And pure and spotless as a vestal's heart,
Upon the hour she gives herself to God!

To which may be well added the following from "Evening at Sea," a poem in the last volume of our rubric:

——But anon
Comes forth the maiden Moon,—her sickle bent
For service in these fields; a glorious blade
Of silver, that subdues them at a stroke,
Leaving the keen reflection of its edge,
On every heaving hillock as she goes!
How rare the hush that follows? Not a wave
Lifts its rebellious head; but lawn'd in light,
Subdues itself, most willing, to the embrace
Of that perfecting beauty which makes all
Her tribute objects precious, though obscure!
How sudden sinks the wind, that, but awhile,
Took a capricious play upon its vans,
And shook our streamers out. The heavenly things
Seem brooding o'er our path; the great abyss,
Of deep and sky, flush'd with intelligent forms,
The herd of eyes, the numerous flocking stars,
Gazing in wonder on the serene march.

And we can not omit, from "Night Watching," the following description of the creeping in of the star-light:

And now a silvery train is drawn afar,
Like a faint thread upon the utmost verge
Of the dun sky—as if it would unite
The earth I wake on, and the heaven I watch.

We can not help turning back for a single moment to "Mental Solitude," to recall an image of which this general subject of evening reminds us, where, if we may be pardoned the expression, it is Shakspearianly said,

"——ere the dark
What specks so stilly the gray twilight's wing,
With many colors sweetly intermixt."

Nor can we more appropriately than here, quote the magnificent lines from "Forest Reverie by Starlight," in the last volume of our rubric;

——I will forth
And gaze upon the stars—the uncounted stars—
Holding high watch in Heaven. * * *
——There's no change
In all their virgin glory. Clouds that roll,
And congregate in the azure deeps of heaven,
In wild debate and darkness, pass away,
Leaving them bright in the same beauty still,
Defying, in the progress of the years,
All change; and rising ever from the night,
In soft and dewy splendor as at first,
When, golden foot-prints of the Eternal steps,
They paved the walks of heaven, and grew to eyes
Beckoning the feet of man.

There is much grandeur in certain lines and conceptions in the poem entitled "Silence;" some extracts we must attempt:

He is the saddest despot, and his realm
Is older even than time, for he was born,
And had full sway, and all the attributes
Of most unlimited rule, ere time was born,
And he shall sway, when, from the tomb of time,
The universal consciousness shall spring,
In which time is not. 'Till that dawning hour,
No voice shall speak for his secluded realm,
Or yield a tongue to that abundant life
That's now locked up in shadow—deep in groves,
Pale groves, that sleep in mystery secure,
Still guarded by our fears.

The personification of the Despot following, is in the highest degree bold;—the effects of his rising,—his finding utterless voice, mysterious and full of power,—are marked not only by poetical, but original conception:

But, rising then,
A moving thing of wonder and of life,
Bright in the place of the decaying sun,
He shall have language, and his lips shall break
The spell that seals them down. His song shall wake
Ten thousand songs beside, and then shall be
The second birth of light. The truth revealed
Shall speak with myriad voices, yet cold ears
Shall drink no sounds—shall hear no breathing words,
Such as are uttered from elaborate lips
And by the violent spirit. In his sway,
The soul shall find its happiest harmonies,
And, such the symmetry of his perfect tones,
Our dreames shall have a life, and eyes shall drink
Knowledge from other eyes. A worship now,
In this secluded forest, shall impart
Dim shadowings of that empire, and the light
That makes his kingdom. Hither, when I rove,
At twilight, do the glimmerings lead me on,
And, in a moment's consciousness, that seems
Most like a spirit's whisper, do I feel
The embodied silence, which still beckons me,
'Till the thick woods grow round me like a wall,
And the o'erclosing trees become a roof,
And so, my temple.

From "The Shipwreck," we must quote for their striking force and condensation, a line or two from many:

——Hope, that linger'd long,
Flies shrieking with the winds,—and down she sinks,
That shatter'd barque, as one, who, long fatigued
By aimless struggle, yields at last to fate.
* * * * *
God; what a cry was that! a living death
Spoke in it, and the roaring winds grow still—
And cower in silence while it passes by.

The "Inutile Pursuit" is a fine rebuke to the low spirit of worldliness and utilitarianism, by the Poet, conscious of the truth and significance of his vocation, who

Like the warm painter, of his own bright hues
Enamored—would impart to things around,
The glories that are growing in his heart,
And kindling up his fancy into flame.

We can only add,

—— Ideal worlds,
Where spirits of departed myriads roam,
Are in the poet's fancy. He surveys,
In every leaf, each waving tree and bush,
Wild ocean, or still brooklet, rippling down,
Through twigs and bending osiers, night and day,
The form of some enjoyment—some true word,
From never swerving teachers, building up
The moral of his faith into a pile,
Its apex in the heavens.

The conception so spiritedly embodied in "The New Moon," may more than excuse its quotation entire:

Bend thy bow, Dian! shoot thy silver shaft
Through the dark bosom of yon murky cloud,
That like a shroud,
Hangs heavy o'er the dwelling of sweet night!"
And the sky laugh'd,
Even as I spake the words; and, in the west,
The columns of her mansion shone out bright!
A glory hung above Eve's visible brow,
The maiden empress!—and she glided forth
In beauty, looking down on the tranced earth,
So fondly, that its rivulets below,
Gushed out to hail her, as if then first bless'd
With the soft motion of their voiceless birth—
A sudden burst of brightness o'er me broke—
The rugged crags of the dull cloud were cleft
By her sharp arrow, and the edges left,—
How sweetly wounded—silver'd with the stroke,
Thus making a fit pathway for her march,
Through the blue arch!

But our limits compel us to restrain our gladly copying pen, and do little more than allude to the abuudant treasures, which we have, as yet, barely indicated as existing in these volumes. "The Lost Pleiad" has been long and very extensively known and admired. We can do no more here than allude to that peculiarly happy and pregnant line, in which the lone, long, weary vigil of the stars is told—

When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep.

A kindred line occurs in the fine ballad—"The Story of God's Judgment." The murderer unexpectedly confronted with an object which recalls his crime, when, pitiless, he heeded not his helpless and youthful victim's cry to the Omnipotent, All-seeing *Father*, whose Providence is now demanding, as it were, the blood of his child,—the murderer in the wild remembrance of the scene,—in the confused thought of the relation of helpless man to God—hears with the ear of conscience "the cryings of a child":

—the murderer's brain grew wild,
For still he heard forevermore,
The cryings of a child.
The cryings of a child he heard,

And a voice of innocence—
Then a pleading note, and a prayer of doom
To the awful providence.

The story of "Albert and Rosalie," is calculated to strike deep chords in many—many hearts; and it is no less valuable for its lesson, than beautiful and pathetic as a poem.

Our prescribed limits are narrowing, and yet we have given but a faint shadow of the poetry which glows in these little volumes. From the many beautiful songs in "Areytos," we can give but a specimen. They are conceived in the true spirit of the "troubadour," and will find, (as we doubt not they have found already,) many an echo in young and gentle hearts. Here is a beautiful song, full of music and feeling:

Awake, awake, dear Lady,
Why wouldst thou lose these hours,
When the moon grows bright in the balmy east,
With hail of the incense flowers;
The breeze like the spirit-bird comes on,
O'er the waves of the drowsy sea,
And a voice goes forth through the air, that soon
Will glide into melody.
For thee, for thee,
These murmurs rise and fall;—
With me, with me,
On love and thee they call;—
Wake from the sleep that brings,
No rapture on its wings,—
Wake to delight, that bears
Its blessed tribute to thy heart in tears.

Awake, awake, dear Lady,
And hark the passionate song,
That, taught by love in his wildest mood,
'Neath thy lattice I now prolong.
O! let me not mourn a planet lost,
Nor longer thus cold, delay to shine,
But, like a sweet star to the tempest tost,
Look down on this heart of mine.
For thee, for thee,
These tribute flowers unfold;
With me, with me,
They murmur, thou art cold;
Thine is the crowning part,
That beauty seeks from heart;
Thine the sweet boon to bless,
When passion first implores and triumphs through distress.

The troubadour gives a salutary lesson to wooers in the following:

Hear the tale of a boyish heart,
Hear and be wise when you go to woo;
Ever with boldness play your part,
Nor weakly sigh, nor timidly sue;—
Hear the tale of a boyish heart!
As I drew near to my lady's bower,
I sung her a song that might win a flower;
Song so gentle and sweet to hear,
It had suited well in a fairy's ear;
Lowly and soft at first it rose,
And touching the sigh at its dying close.

Hear the tale of a boyish heart,—
Vainly I sung to my lady's ear;
A minstrel came with a bolder art,
And he carol'd in accent loud and clear—
But, no tale of a boyish heart!
His spirit was high and his soul was proud,
His song was eager, and wild, and loud,—
And, O! methought, how worse than vain,
The chorus strong and the swelling strain,—
Song so stormy and wild to hear,
Will never suit for a lady's ear.

Hear the tale of a boyish heart—
Never you sing in your lady's ear,
As if your soul were about to part,
And you stood on the edge of a mortal fear—
Tell the tale of a manly heart!—
A maid is a woman and not a flower,
And she loves in her lover the proofs of power—
His eye must be ardent, his spirit high—
For her the soft note and the tender sigh—
She may be timid and tremulous still,
But he must be one who must have his will.

The spirited "Song in March," we are tempted to quote:

Now are the winds about us in their glee,
Tossing the slender tree;
Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar;
Breaks the sealed magic of old winter's dreams,
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes,
Their fetters from the lakes,
And, with a power, by queenly Spring supplied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms,
And clasps her to his arms;
Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old Winter from his prey;—
The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves,
Goes howling to his caves;
And, to his northern realm compelled to fly,
Yields up the victory;
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his tow'rs,
And March comes bringing flow'rs.

The Sonnets entitled "Grouped Thoughts," contain much that we ought, perhaps, in justice to the author have selected for quotation rather than some of the passages we have extracted. If this paper should ever meet the eye of the author, we hope he will forgive us this omission, for the sake of the opinion which we now express, that those Sonnets will truly repay the thoughtful perusal of the philosophical mind, the deep heart, and the cultivated taste and imagination. There are among them some of the very best specimens of the sonnet to be found in any language; and this is saying much, when we consider how terse, condensed, and pregnant, the nature of the sonnet requires it to be, in order to win the praise of excellence. How noble is the following conception of the majestic mountains, in one of these sonnets:

How calm the silent mountains, that, around,
Bend their blue summits, as if grouped to hear

Some high ambassador from foreign ground,—
To hearken, and, most probably, confound.

Two of the sonnets, which are connected, we must make room to introduce, for the sake of the strikingly beautiful, and Platonical conception, which they so originally and philosophically present:

The thought but whisper'd, rises up a spirit,
Wing'd and from thence immortal. The sweet tone,
Freed by thy skill from prisoning wood or stone,
Doth thence, for thine, a tribute soul inherit!
When from the genius speaking in thy mind,
Thou hast evolved the godlike shrine or tower,
That moment does thy matchless art unbind
A spirit born for earth, and armed with power,
The fabric of thy love to watch and keep
From utter desecration. It may fall,
Thy structure,—and its gray stones topple all,—
But he who treads its portals, feels how deep
A presence is upon him,—and his word
Grows hush'd, as if a shape, unseen, beside him heard.

—

At every whisper we endow with life
A being of good or evil,—who must, thence,
Allegiance yield to that intelligence,
Which, calling into birth, decreed the strife,
Which he must seek forever! The good thought,
Is born a blesséd angel, that goes forth,
In ministry of gladness, through the earth,
Still teaching what is love, by love still taught:
The evil joins the numerous ranks of ill,
And born of curses, through the endless years,
'Till Time shall be no more, and human tears
Dried up in judgment—must his curse fulfil!
Dream'st thou of what is blessing or unblest,
Thou tak'st a God or Demon to thy breast!

The "Cassique of Accabee," while beautiful and of well sustained interest as a story, is, in our estimation, also particularly remarkable for its psychological display of the characters introduced. We can, however, only snatch in passing the following beautiful thought:

But soon a shadow rose above his brow;
That shadow, born of doubt,
Which finds love's secret out,
And, o'er its sunniest bower, still spans an arch of tears.

Other pieces in the volume are of a still higher character; but only one more extract, of a truly lofty grandeur, are we permitted to make,—it is from "Heads of the Poets":

The master of a single instrument,
But that the Cathedral Organ, Milton sings
With drooping spheres about him, and his eye
Fixed steadily upward, through its mortal cloud
Seeing the glories of Eternity!
The sense of the invisible and the true
Still present to his soul; and in his song,
The consciousness of duration through all time,
Of work in each condition, and of hopes
Ineffable, that well sustain through life,
Encouraging through danger and in death,
Cheering, as with a promise rich in wings!
A godlike voice, that, through cathedral towers,
Still rolls, prolong'd in echoes, whose deep tones
Seem born of thunder, that, subdued to music,
Soothe when they startle most! A Prophet Bard,
With utt'rance equal to his mission of power,
And harmonies, that not unworthy heaven,
Might well lift earth to equal worthiness.

We have given no idea of the variety contained in these volumes, both of subject and versification. Nor in seeking to do justice to the Poet, have we exercised our critical prerogative of fault-finding; not because we are such indiscriminate admirers as to be unable to point out inferiorities amidst such a large and varied collection of pieces, and even, we venture to say, some faults in passages which we have quoted in this article; but because the beauties and the poetry are infinitely greater than an occasional inaccuracy or carelessness of expression, and especially, because the world is ever ready enough to believe itself eagle-eyed in detecting faults, while it is, alas! but too often strangely dimvisioned to the ready and generous perception of contemporary genius.

But we must conclude by expressing our surprise that no edition of Mr. Simms' selected poems has ever appeared under the auspices of a Southern publisher, in a style worthy of the subject; for every triumph which he wins, is an accession to the laurels with which the genius and intellect of her sons have already so nobly crowned the Land of the South.

SONNET.

METASTASIO.

"Leggiadra rosa le cue pure foglie."

Ah lovely rose, whose tender leaves the dew,
At early dawn, with sparkling gem-drops laved,
And the sweet summer winds so gently waved,
'Till each fair roseate tint still brighter grew,
Now heaven's provident hand has claimed its due,
And bore thee hence, to thine immortal rest;
Spoiled of the thorns that tore thy aching breast,
Thy better part shall spring forever new!
'Tis thine sweet flower, now, never more, to bear,
The rains, the storms, the frost, the mocking glare
Of this unstable, scornful, fleeting earth;
But, 'neath the mightier hand that tends thee there,
In never-fading peace thine ills have birth,
To bloom in beauty, and perfume, forever fair!

W.

Philadelphia.

Sketches of the Virginia Convention of 1829-30.

BY HUGH R. PLEASANTS.

The imperfect sketches of a few leading characters who figured in that illustrious body which framed the present Constitution of Virginia, having met with far more favor than the writer had any reason to expect, he has been induced to continue them. It is proper to say, that in disentombing these reminiscences of a by-gone day, he shall be careful to say nothing which shall offend any human being. When he can find nothing good to say of a distinguished personage, he will pass him over in silence. There were many persons, too, of distinction, whom he had not the pleasure of hearing speak, and of whom, consequently, he can say nothing; for these sketches are designed only to convey an impression of what the writer saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears. If the previous career of any person coming under his notice be alluded to, it will only be by way of illustration. He will take care, in the meantime, to bring no living character before the public, sympathising deeply with Chief Justice Marshall, who, when told that some person was writing his biography, said, with considerable agitation, "I hope they will let me alone until I am dead."

Greece and Rome were both famed for the great *orators* to whom they had given birth. In his peculiar style of eloquence, it is doubtful whether either Demosthenes or Cicero has ever had an equal, even to this day. From the very nature of the occasions on which they spoke, their orations were set speeches, elaborated with the utmost care. They addressed popular assemblages, for the most part, and their style of speaking, therefore, more nearly resembles the stump speaking of the present day than the eloquence which may be expected in the British Parliament or in our Congress. We doubt very much whether the Greeks or Romans had any idea of what we called a *debater*; of a man who does not put his faith in long preparation, and elaborate set speaking; but who is always ready, upon the spur of the moment, to enter into any debate which may spring up, no matter what may be its tendency, or what his previous degree of intimacy with the subject. The Anglo-Saxon Legislative bodies have given rise to this character, and it is doubtful whether he can be found anywhere else. If he hopes to rise to the head of his class, he must possess qualities and talents of a very high and a very peculiar order. He must be as cool and as calm, upon all occasions, as the pictures upon the walls around him. He must never lose his self-possession for one moment, or for one moment cease to remember that he is in the presence of an adversary who is always ready to take advantage of his slightest mistake. He must have a quickness of thought resembling inspiration, a promptness of decision like intuition, and a readiness of speech nearly allied to improvisation. Such a man was Charles James Fox, the most powerful debater, probably, that the world ever saw. He is said to have declared that his marvellous promptitude in debate was the result of long practice; that he came into the House of Commons determined to make himself a debater; that in order to do so, he spoke upon all occasions; that for five years he worried the House beyond expression; but that he finally succeeded in that which had been the great aim of his life.

If the late Wm. B. Giles was not so great a debater as Fox, at least he had no superior in the American Congress during his time, and that time embraced the best days of Madison, Bayard, Dexter, and a hundred others, who have a right to be esteemed giants by us, who are *posterity* to them. There were some who could make an argument as powerful—there were others who could speak as readily, and with as little preparation—but there were none who combined the two excellencies in so remarkable a degree—none who could so successfully combat a new view of any question, sprung suddenly and in the very heat of discussion. He caught every movement of the sort, at the very first hop; he had no occasion to ask for an adjournment in order to collect his ideas. He was ready for the debate the instant the question was sprung upon him, and it made no difference to him whether he was caught in a parliamentary ambush, or had to fight the regular forces of his adversaries forewarned and forearmed. We have heard that on some occasions, during the administration of the elder Adams, Mr. Madison had prepared notes to answer a great speech made by some great Federal leader, but was taken sick on the night before he was to have replied. As it was of the utmost importance that a reply should be made, he sent for Mr. Giles, and placing his notes in his hands entrusted the cause to his care. His confidence was not misplaced, for with the little time allowed him, Mr. G. made one of the ablest speeches which, at that day, had ever been made in either House of Congress.

At the time of the Convention, Mr. Giles was Governor of Virginia. He was, moreover, suffering under the effects of long continued ill health; but as it was understood that his mind still retained its elasticity, and his energy was altogether unimpaired by his sufferings, his old con-

stituents of the Amelia District resolved once more to trust their rights in his hands. We recollect to have heard him speak but once during the session of the Convention, but we could very well conceive that in his palmy days he must have been a host in himself. It was in the great debate to which we have more than once alluded, and which, as we never heard any thing like it. we feel sometimes disposed to call the combat of the giants; for the smallest man engaged in the conflict was a head and shoulders taller than the majority of great men belonging to the present era. His style of speaking was very different from any thing we saw, even at that day, and evidently belonged to another period. He indulged in none of the frantic gesticulations with which orators of the present and of a long preceding day, are and were wont to give force to their arguments. He neither vociferated until he was unintelligible, nor grew hoarse of utterance, nor became red in the face, nor sweated like a cart-horse in the effort to give birth to his ideas. His manner resembled that of a man engaged in earnest conversation—his tone was animated, as his genius rose, but it never became harsh or boisterous. His words appeared to flow in a continued, uninterrupted, lucid stream, strong, it is true, but strong without fury—pregnant with thought, but full without overflowing. The great powers of his understanding were apparent, from the very marked effect which he produced upon the Convention.

The character of Mr. Giles' mind, and his peculiar tastes, qualified him in a very eminent degree for the part of a great debater. Controversy was the very element in which he existed. Those who knew him in private life have often spoken to us of this peculiar trait. If his speeches, in the manner of their delivery, resembled private conversation, so his conversation had very much the character of public speaking. He delighted to introduce, in the private circle, topics of debate, which were, at the time agitating the country, and he discussed them with all the enthusiasm of a veteran soldier, fighting over his battles by the fire-side. His memory was a perfect record of all the events which had occurred from the formation of the Federal Constitution; and where prejudice or passion, too often the infirmity of great minds, did not warp his judgment, no man was more capable of illustrating them, by argument, by anecdote, by reference to facts, and by deductions from first principles. There are few names upon the roll of that Convention which will stand higher than his, when Virginia shall have begun to make up her jewels.

It was very justly said by John Randolph that the Convention of 1829-30 was the grave of many a local reputation. The cause was obvious enough. The people turned out *en masse* every where, and sent their ablest men to represent them. Party animosity and party preferences were buried for the time. Persons, who for years had been buried beneath the weight of their obnoxious federal politics, were once more brought out upon an arena from which federal politics were excluded. Nothing was required in the successful candidate but a character for integrity and the acknowledged possession of undoubted talents. In this way the State had collected in one body all its best men. The man, therefore, who had only been great among small men, stood every chance of being small among great men. Nothing but talent of a high order could make a reputation in that illustrious body, or secure one already made. It was the last place in the world for mediocrity to show off, and the small man who attempted it was as unwise as the knight of doubtful prowess, who, in order to acquire lasting renown, should have enlisted among the Paladins of Charlemagne. Let him do what he might he was sure to find his match, and more than his match, in those around him. What might have immortalized him on a less memorable field was scarcely noticed there.

Among those who came off with fame not only undiminished, but even greatly enhanced, was PHILIP P. BARBOUR. This distinguished gentleman may indeed claim to rank among the very highest of those who made that Convention so illustrious. He came to it with a reputation established by long experience in Congress, where he had stood among the highest of those great speakers who gave a tone and vigor to the debates of that body in the times that immediately succeeded the war of 1812. His strength was well understood in the Convention, for his career had been so long national, that it was perfectly familiar to all. When, in consequence of the inability of the illustrious gentleman, who had been first chosen as President of the body on account of the feebleness natural to his great age, to preside over its deliberations, he declined to serve any longer in that capacity, Mr. B. was chosen in his place. The Convention had had an opportunity to estimate his talents at their true value, for he had spoken on one or two of the questions which were before it. He had, moreover, presided over the House of Representatives with great credit to himself and was well known to possess every requisite necessary to a presiding officer.

Logical acuteness was the distinctive characteristic of Mr. B.'s mind, and it was that which prevailed throughout every speech which he ever made in Congress, in the Convention, or at

the bar. No man could reason from premises to conclusion with more unerring certainty, or was less liable to be diverted from his path by the chicanery of an adversary. The view which he took of a subject was never very broad, but it was always strong, and he maintained it with an ability corresponding with its natural strength. He was a most formidable adversary in argument, as we have heard from those who had the best opportunities of estimating his powers. If there was any fault to be found with the material of his public speeches, it may be said to have consisted in an inveterate habit of refining. The peculiar structure of his mind, and the skill which long habit had imparted, in handling the weapon of logic, no doubt led him into this error. From indulging in it too freely, he sometimes took what the law-books call "a distinction without a difference," and wandering through all the mazes of metaphysics, lost himself and his hearers in a cloud of abstractions. In the Convention, however, his speeches bore none of these characteristics. They were pithy, concentrated, and to the purpose. Few men of Mr. Barbour's day, and not a great many since, possessed so great a capacity for labor, which after all, is the true secret of greatness. No task, however herculean, staggered or discouraged him. He took hold of it with a willingness that indicated rather a pleasure in labour. He never thought of failing. As a judge he was remarkable for the promptness with which he discharged his duties, and the readiness with which he decided questions of the most complex character. This arose as much from natural acuteness as from the state of preparation in which his habits of close application always left him.

In his day, while at the bar, Mr. Barbour scarcely met with a rival, in his own portion of the State. Even now, his forensic efforts are remembered, and spoken of with admiration, in all that region of country. In Congress, the greatest effort which he ever made was his speech against the tariff in 1824. The Washington papers of that day pronounced it one of the ablest speeches ever delivered in Congress, and that it deserved this high praise there cannot be a question. Such moreover, must have been the opinion of Mr. Clay, the great father of the bill, for he thought it necessary to reply to it especially, and on that occasion delivered his celebrated speech upon the American system.

Surely in recalling these great names, we may say, with the Book of Genesis, "there were giants in those days."

We have observed that all great singers keep themselves in constant practice, doubtless, lest the voice should lose its elasticity for the want of exercise, and no great actor ventures before an audience without having first gone through a rehearsal. To neither of these classes is habit of more importance than it is to that of public speakers. The strongest mind loses its elasticity, for want of exercise, as certainly as machinery of any description grows rusty from long neglect and disuse. When Mr. Calhoun returned to the Councils of the Nation, after an absence of fifteen years, we have heard it said that those who had known him in former days were much disappointed at the exhibition which he made. His mind had lost none of its original power, but the habit of thinking upon his legs had escaped, and it required several efforts before he could recover it. True, he found it at last, and surpassed all that he had been in former days, but there are few who would have had the perseverance necessary to success in such an attempt.

This want of the habit of public speaking was very conspicuous in several of the older members of the Convention, and in none more than in Mr. Monroe. It is well known that he was never a very eloquent speaker; but in former days his speeches were said to be remarkable for plain common sense, expressed in clear and intelligible language. He had entirely lost this, no doubt from long disuse, before he came to the Convention. His ideas appeared to be confused, his delivery awkward, his manner perplexed, and his whole demeanor that of a man overwhelmed by the magnitude of his subject. To have judged from his speeches on the floor, one might very well have supposed that he had no clear perceptions upon any subject, and that he had not mastered the particular one upon which he was engaged for the time being.

Yet those who know the history of Mr. Monroe, are well aware that such was not the character of his mind. He was eminently a man of action; he saw his way clearly in every difficulty, political or diplomatic, and though he might not be able to point it out to others, he never lost it himself. In this respect he resembled the English statesman Castlereagh, who, if the account of Lord Brougham is to be credited, was the least luminous of all speakers that ever addressed the House of Commons. He formed a perfect contrast to his great rival and enemy, Canning, who was the most polished of speakers, the most attic of wits, the most entertaining of *raconteurs*. Yet when the time for action came, the master-spirit developed itself at once in Castlereagh. He managed the helm with the boldness of a pilot who delighted in the excitement of tempest and danger, while his more eloquent adversary, if left to himself in the hour of peril, would soon have run the vessel on a shoal, or have caused her to founder at sea. The reader who has been

educated in the highest reverence for Canning's name, need only read the Gurwood publications to be convinced of his total inefficiency in the hour of trial, and may learn how near he came to neutralizing the great abilities and splendid fortunes, even of Wellington, in the Peninsula campaigns. He was in fact a far more dangerous enemy to that great General than Soult or Massena, and it required the full exercise of all his talents, backed by the strong common sense of Castlereagh, to escape from the formidable difficulties in which the man of rhetoric involved him and the cause he was sent to uphold. From this the world might learn, if it *would* learn any thing from the experience of the past, that the best talkers are not always the best statesmen, and that to make a speech, which shall carry a deliberative body by acclamation, is one thing; to conduct a great war to a successful issue is another, and a very different one.

Fortunately for this country, James Madison seems to have been well aware of this distinction; for in the darkest crisis of the war of 1812, after the Capitol had been burned, he dismissed from his councils Armstrong, the unrivalled political satirist, and the most indifferent of War Secretaries, to make room for James Monroe, a man who dealt not in figures of speech, and had a sovereign contempt for flowers of rhetoric, but who knew how to raise an army, to keep it in the field, and to provide for its being well commanded. Wits laughed at his public papers, and Congressmen made themselves merry at the expense of his sentences. He said nothing. He was like old Suwarrow, at the siege of Ismail, when the regimental wags laughed at him for drilling his recruits to charge certain posts dressed up with flowing robes and turbans, like Turkish soldiers:

"He made no answer, but he took the [illegible]

Mr. Monroe made no answer, but he [illegible] an army which swept every thing before it. He knew men well, and he rarely failed to make a good selection. Under his auspices the country recovered from its humiliation, and New Orleans soon followed.

Though no orator, Mr. M. was, nevertheless, listened to with great respect in the Convention. And he was entitled to be thus listened to. He had filled the highest offices, had been twice elected President of the United States, and had conducted one of the most successful administrations the country had ever known. In spite of his embarrassed manner, and awkward delivery, these facts denoted him to be no ordinary man, and his fame had already been placed beyond the reach of accident.

The influence which early association with external objects may insensibly exercise over the minds of individuals, in giving to them the peculiar bias which they maintain through life, is a subject well worth the attention of philosophers. The youth of Sir Walter Scott was familiar with the wild scenes which he transferred from his memory to his novels, as a painter sketches to the life the landscape which lies before him. The genius of Burns was kindled by the homely scenes of rural happiness amid which he had been born and reared. The tender years of Byron were passed amidst the wild scenes which abound in the Northern portion of the British Isles, or in sight of that ocean which he apostrophised in a language resembling inspiration, and the play of whose wild waters were to him always intensely exciting. How far these early associations may have assisted to give tone to the writings of those extraordinary men of genius, whether the natural turn of their minds led them to worship the features of nature, whether that turn was created by accidental association, or whether both may not have had their action and re-action in forming characters so full of poetry and romance, are questions upon which we feel no disposition to enter. We see the tree and its fruits in full perfection. While we enjoy the beauty and the taste, we are contented to let them pass without curiously inquiring into the nature of the soil.

Among the most eminent men of the Convention was the great Western orator, PHILIP DODDRIDGE. The early life of this remarkable man had been passed in what was at that day the *Great West*. Some of the grandest scenes of Nature—the lofty mountain—the precipitous torrent—the primeval magnificence of an unbroken forest—were the familiar acquaintances of his childhood. What effect they may have had upon the mind of a highly educated boy, of uncommon genius, and of an imagination peculiarly sensitive to every manifestation of the vast and sublime, we are not prepared to say. But his eloquence always appeared to us of a different character from that of any other man we have heard speak. There was a freshness about it, which indicated an early habit of self-dependence, not to be found associated with minds that had grown to maturity, like the foot of the Chinese child, shackled and stunted by the bonds of custom. He evidently thought for himself, and the habit of thus thinking gave a breadth to his views, and a boldness to his language, which sometimes startled the tamer denizen of the city. He had lived to see the wild luxuriance of Nature in his own region supplanted by the softer beauties of cultivation: the wilderness had given place to the well-tilled field, or the flourishing

town; the garden had been made to blossom like the rose; and his own intellect, progressing with the region in which it had been fostered, had received all the advantages of culture, without losing the grand, original landmarks, by which it had been so eminently distinguished.

Mr. Doddridge has been called, perhaps with too little reflection, the Patrick Henry of Western Virginia. We say with too little reflection; for if half that is said of Patrick Henry be true, it is *doubtful* whether the world ever, it is *certain* that Virginia never, saw either his equal or his like. But there were in these two extraordinary men many points of resemblance. Each may claim for himself the title accorded to one of them, that of the "forest-born Demosthenes." Each had matured in solitude the fruit of those reflections, the germ of which had been planted by the hand of the Creator. Each drew his inspiration from that source which the favorite of Nature never finds exhausted. In knowledge of men, and of the means of reaching their hearts, the great Eastern orator remains, and must ever remain, without an equal, at least among those who profess the art of which he was the master. But the eloquence of Mr. Doddridge was like his, an imitation of no man. It was derived only from his own mind, and it ceased with him. Like Patrick Henry, he remains alike inimitable and unimitated.

The language of Mr. Doddridge, with all its impetuosity, was remarkable for its classical purity. He violated no rule of grammar or of philology, in giving vent to his powerful and impassioned thoughts. No rhetorician could find the slightest flaw, after the most rigid scrutiny, in the texture of his imagery, the congruity of his figures, or the consistency of his argument. The stream of his eloquence resembled one of his native mountain torrents—small in the beginning—gathering volume as it progresses—sweeping all obstacles before it as it rolls along—but as clear and as transparent, in the full majesty of its irresistible strength, as the crystal fountain in which it had its origin. We have never seen any person who had words more entirely at command, or whose words were more indissolubly wedded to the meaning they were designed to convey. We have never thought of his style of speaking, within the last few years, without being irresistibly reminded of the distinction which Charles James Fox, the most candid and least envious of men, drew between his own oratory and that of his great rival. "*I*," said he, "can always find a word; but *Pitt* always finds *the* word." So it was with Mr. Doddridge. He always used *the* word—the very word, which of all others was best suited to the occasion, and he picked it up without the slightest embarrassment, or the most momentary hesitation. In this respect he differed from the large majority of our orators, who, as a class, were aptly described by the celebrated Gen. Blackburn in a figure which, though applied by him to an individual, admits of a very wide application. "The gentleman," he said, "reminds me of a carpenter, who has all his tools spread before him; but with a strange ignorance of his trade, when he wishes to bore a hole he catches up a broad-axe."

There was no man in all that Convention whose great mental and moral qualities, in spite of a single weakness, which greatly impaired his usefulness, more thoroughly commanded the respect of friend and foe. On one occasion, (we have been *told*, for we were not present,) they drew forth an eloquent encomium from John Randolph, with all his genius, the least tolerant of men. In spite of the exasperation which existed between the two sections of the State, (and it at one time mounted so high that separation was openly spoken of,) he retained the respect, and, it is believed, even the *regard* of all. His heart was in the right place, and was in every respect worthy of the noble intellect with which God had endowed him. It is so rare a thing to behold great mental endowments united with high moral worth, that the most bigoted of mankind are compelled to pay homage to him in whose person they are found.

The West has great cause to be proud of Philip Doddridge. He was a child of their own raising—a specimen, and a noble one, of the Western man in the nearest approach to perfection that can be attained by high moral and intellectual culture bestowed upon great natural abilities. Next to Chapman Johnson, he was the ablest of all their champions, and we doubt, indeed, whether he was inferior to him. He possessed certain intellectual properties which that great man did not pretend to, while he was scarcely inferior in those by which he was most eminently distinguished. He found his true place among the intellectual giants with which the Convention brought him in contact, and the excitement of his position was so pleasing, that we have heard some of his friends say they had never known his spirits so elastic, his countenance so animated, or his mind so cheerful and contented; another proof, if any farther were wanting, that intellectual pleasures, while they are the most ennobling, are likewise enjoyed with the keenest relish of all others whatsoever.

Along with the large majority of those great men who, on whichsoever side of the question they were arrayed, supported the reputation of Virginia, Mr. Doddridge has been gathered to his fathers. Scarcely twenty-one years have

elapsed since they were all among us, and now how few of them are left!

Few men came to the Convention with a higher reputation than General ROBERT B. TAYLOR, and had he continued his services, there are, in all probability, few who would have left it with honors more justly deserved. His position at the bar had long been among the highest. He was the acknowledged rival of Leigh, Johnson and Stanard, and if either of these great jurists had the advantage of him in any particular, it was so light as hardly to be perceptible.

General Taylor, in addition to his great advantages of talent and reputation, had another advantage to which few of his compeers could lay claim. Belonging to the old Federal party, he had been warmly, and upon principle, opposed to the war of 1812. Yet no sooner was the die cast than his opposition ceased at once. From that moment he only thought of the mode in which he could render his country the greatest amount of service. He had been chosen to command the troops at Norfolk, and during the whole of his service in that capacity, he manifested the zeal, the intelligence, and the activity that distinguish the able commander.

Gen. Taylor was remarkable for his graceful manner, and the finished style of his public speeches. His person was eminently fine, and in his public speeches, he knew how to set it off to the best advantage. An anecdote is related of him, in connexion with the late excellent, but eccentric and fastidious Merritt Robinson, which proves that he was a man of humor, and somewhat addicted to fun. Dining with that gentleman, who, among other peculiarities, was noted for a disposition to play upon words, he chanced to sit next to him, while another gentleman of the name of Taylor sat upon the other side. Mr. R. immediately began to complain of his unfortunate position, being placed between two *Taylors*. The General retorted that he thought the Taylors far more unfortunate, inasmuch as they had only one *goose* between them.

Gen. Taylor resigned his seat in the Convention in consequence of instructions from his constituents which he could not conscientiously obey, in a very short time after he took it. Consequently we are unable to say as much of him as we have said of some others. We can say, however, that he was in every respect a noble specimen of old Virginia. In person, in manner, and in intellect, he would have been an honor to her in her brightest and palmiest days. In honor, in courage, and in humanity, he was a credit not only to her but the human species. Alas that so few are left like the men of that golden period of Virginia's greatness.

These sketches commenced with JOHN RANDOLPH, and as he was, in all respects, the most remarkable, and in many the most important personage of that assembly, we see no good reason why they should not end as they began.

Many persons, knowing Mr. Randolph only by his published speeches, and never having enjoyed the opportunity of hearing or seeing him in debate, have expressed to us their astonishment at the prominent position assigned him by us. Indeed, were the judgment formed from these alone, it would be difficult to account for the extraordinary influence which all who remember the times will bear us out in asserting, that he exerted in that body. It was our own opinion, before we saw him in the Convention, that he had been vastly overrated, for we are willing to acknowledge that we never saw any thing in his previously published orations which struck us as indicative of extraordinary powers of oratory. The late Mr. Wickham, in a conversation with the lamented Thos. Miller, of Powhatan, upon the question of Mr. R.'s ability to argue (a question which we have heard debated with infinite warmth in our younger days) decided it in a very few words. "If," said that accomplished and most fastidious critic, who certainly understood the exact value of words and sentences as well as any philologist of his day, "the enemies of Mr. Randolph mean to say that he cannot, or at least *does* not, build up an argument brick by brick as an architect puts up a house, they are probably correct. But, as the object of all argument is to carry a point, and as he must be considered the ablest reasoner who makes the most decided impression, he must be a very rash man who should refuse to accord to Mr. R. reasoning powers of a very high order." If this view be correct, few men who have ever lived have surpassed Mr. Randolph as a reasoner. No man, certainly, saw the bearing of any subject with more quickness, or arrived at conclusions with a certainty more nearly resembling intuition. This faculty, indeed, made the subject of wonder, and of comment, among his contemporaries as long as he lived. Since then the end of all argument is to arrive at a conclusion, and since he arrived at the same point by a shorter road, we see not the advantage of those who took the more circuitous route, so far as the individual judgment of the speakers was concerned. The most important part of the whole matter, undoubtedly, was the carrying along of the hearers, whom it was sought to bring to the same conclusion. And here, it must be admitted, that the brilliant illustrations employed by Mr. R. were far better calculated to enlist the attention, and even to convince the judgment, than the labored logic of his more formal contemporaries. A sin-

gle observation frequently upset from the very foundation, an entire structure, formed of the most undisputed syllogisms that any system of logic could afford. A single ludicrous remark sufficed to expose a formal logician to so much ridicule that his premises and conclusions, though as legitimate as truth itself, fell at once into contempt. By every one of these master-strokes, Mr. R. advanced the object he had in view. There are formalists, no doubt, who would scorn any but the regular means of carrying the strong fortress of a regularly built argument, as there are patients who had rather be killed by a doctor with a diploma in his pocket, than cured by a Thomsonian. Such persons will never admire Mr. Randolph's method of conducting a discussion, or admit that the many Parliamentary victories which he gained were legitimate. They are like the old Austrian officer, who complained that Bonaparte had entirely destroyed the science of war, by fighting a battle every day for a week at a time, instead of taking one good fight according to rule, and then resting for the rest of the campaign. If such men were military engineers they would turn up their noses at the exploit of Rooke, who, with a few English sailors, surprised Gibraltar and got into it before the enemy was aware of his presence, instead of taking it by regular approaches, forgetting that under such circumstances its strength was sufficient to have defied the united artillery of the world. It is enough for the credit of Mr. Randolph to know, that the most powerful arguments gave way before his attacks, and whether his approaches were made according to rule or not, is a matter of small moment to any one but the rigid and incorrigible formalist. His method of argumentation, however, tells upon his posthumous fame, for his speeches, however well reported, convey no idea of the effect they produced upon delivery.

If, along with very many others, we were disposed to call in question the justice of that criticism which assigned to Mr. Randolph a high place as a man of genius, the observations which we were enabled to make during the sitting of the Convention, were well calculated to dispel every shadow of doubt. That man is undoubtedly a great man who can, at will, control the minds of those with whom he is associated for a a given object. It may be doubted, indeed, whether there be any stronger evidence of intellectual power. No man who watched the proceedings of that Convention could fail to observe the very extraordinary influence which Mr. Randolph exercised over *all* its members, friends as well as foes, though in very opposite directions. The greatest men in the whole State—men whose names were spread as widely as the limits of the Union—men who would have been distinguished in any assembly of the world—were members of that Convention. To say that Mr. Randolph controlled the large majority of those who composed his own party, as absolutely as the moon regulates the motions of the tide, were to use a figure scarcely too bold for the occasion. The boldest and most impassioned speakers, in the loftiest flights of their oratory, turned their eyes to watch his approving nod, and seemed to catch inspiration from his recognition. He was like the musical Director, in the midst of an immense orchestra. The players and the instruments seem to obey the slightest motion of his hand. He gives the signal for those on his right, and instantly a strain of the most delightful music ensues; he motions to his left, and the horns and clarionets take it up, where it has been left by the violins and flutes. He makes a rapid perpendicular movement, and a loud crash, the united thunder of the entire orchestra, ensues. He is the very embodiment of all the harmonies, and so was Mr. Randolph. It must be recollected too, that the persons over whose movements he exercised such undisguised control, were not mere sycophants or tools in his hand. They were high-spirited gentlemen—men of talents and acquirements—the very flower of the Old Dominion. They yielded the supremacy, not from any selfish fear or puerile admiration, but, as it appeared to us, from the same impulse that enables men in time of difficulty to discover and to place at their head the master spirit among them. It was the magical influence which the master mind never fails to exercise upon all others, however strong, that come within the sphere of its attraction.

We would defy any man, (were Mr. Randolph now alive and in his prime) to go to hear him speak, with the intention of creating a disturbance and preventing him from being heard, and to stick to his resolution. His tall, gaunt figure, and unearthly appearance, as he rose from his seat, instantly attracted all attention, and rendered it impossible to make a noise. Thus much gained, he had but to open his mouth to rivet attention upon him beyond the possibility of diversion. We have often heard persons attempt to imitate his voice, but we have never known any one to succeed, for it was, in fact, inimitable. We know not how the opera people would class it, for we doubt whether any of them ever heard any thing like it. It was higher than that of men generally, yet it did not in the least partake of that harsh quality which is generally found associated with a higher voice in persons of the sterner sex. On the contrary, it was as soft, as rich, and as delicious, as the most mellifluous tones of Jenny Lind, when she pours her whole soul into one of her breathing melo-

dies. Of course we speak of him only as we saw him in the Convention, for we never saw him in any other deliberative body, and we are disposed to think that he was more himself while here, than he had been elsewhere, for years. It has been said that in his unhappy moments in Congress, while laboring under fits of violent exasperation, his voice became dry and harsh in the extreme. It is but justice to say, that this, as far as we have been able to learn, was never the case in the Convention. He usually spoke with the greatest deliberation, his left hand resting on his cane, and his right employed in giving emphasis to his words. Each sentence, nay, each word, seemed to be thoroughly weighed before he gave utterance to it, and it was pronounced so distinctly that it was impossible to mistake it. We once saw a beautiful hand-writing, so distinct that it could be read as easily as print, which possessed the remarkable peculiarity of having a full stop after every word. We have often thought there was some analogy between it and Mr. Randolph's style of speaking, as it presented itself to our observation in the Convention. He was not contented with making you understand the general meaning of a sentence; he made you remark every particular word that composed it, with as much clearness as though he meant to speak that one word and no other.

Mr. R.'s eyes exceeded in brightness and penetration any we have ever seen in a human head. They absolutely blazed when kindled by the excitement of debate. It was his custom to employ very little gesticulation, his fore-finger being used almost entirely for purposes of that sort. When answering an argument, he would sometimes turn away from the occupant of the Chair and fix his eyes upon the person to whom he was replying for several seconds, without uttering a word. If accounts are to be credited, the person thus becoming the subject of his gaze was wont to feel any thing but comfortable under the scrutiny. The man was literally petrified who encountered his glance. like him who fixed his eyes upon the head of the Gorgon. Of all the persons of whom we have read in history, Voltaire alone seems to have possessed eyes of equal brilliancy, and though he would have shuddered to have been compared with the great French wit. he possessed another faculty, in common with him, and in almost an equal degree, though he manifested it with his tongue, while the Gaul gave evidence of it in his writings. We allude to the power of converting into ridicule or rendering utterly odious every thing and every body that did not exactly suit his fancy. This terrible gift, it must be acknowledged, he exercised without mercy, and frequently without discrimination. Its uncontrolled indulgence often made enemies of those who were most disposed to admire his marvellous endowments, and doubtless added much to the bitterness of a very unhappy existence; for it is a rule, admitting of not a single exception, that those who possess the power of sarcasm in the highest degree are most sensitive to its application when they themselves become its subjects. Yet there were few men who knew better how to soothe and flatter, when flattery and caresses became necessary to success. Indeed, the very rarity with which anything pleasing came from such a quarter, rendered it doubly agreeable when it did come, as the honey of Samson's riddle may be supposed to have been the sweeter from having come out of the carcass of a lion. Those who remember his approving smiles, his nods of approbation, and the habit which he had, in the Convention, of standing half bent when one of his favourite lieutenants was speaking, stretching out his neck and pulling down the corner of his ear with his fore-finger, as if to drink in every word of a golden discourse, frequently uttering some monosyllable at the same time, expressive of admiration, will understand perfectly what we mean.

We never had any acquaintance with John Randolph, and, from all we have heard, were by no means disposed to rate his social qualities very high; yet, when his corpse was brought to the Powhatan House, on its way to its last resting place, and we among others attended while the burial service of the Episcopal Church was read, we could not help thinking that a man had gone down to the clods of the valley, the like of whom Virginia would never look upon again.

LINES.

What is he charged with? What his crime?
Marry! the worst—poverty.—*Old Play.*

Oh! gold how it bows the human mind,
  How it fetters the human soul
How everything of human kind
  Seems made for its control!
And Poverty—'tis a Upas tree
  And bitter the fruits that grow
On its sombre boughs—well may they be,
  Its roots are watered by woe.

Oh! I looked upon one in the pride of youth
  Whose heart was beating high
That heart a synonyme of truth,
  The truth that spoke from his eye.
And I saw a maiden as fair as dawn
  And tenderand gentleand true,
And her heart was as blithe as a bird's at morn
  And pure as the morning dew.

When I heard him breath his noble love,
And I heard her trembling sigh,
And I saw her turn like a fluttered dove
In her lover's arms to lie.
She pillowed her head upon his breast,
And he calmed her maiden fears,
And he sweetly soothed her into rest,
And he kissed away her tears.

Oh! happy the youth, and happy the maid,
Good angels smiled to see
Such joy on earth, and good men prayed
Such joy might always be.

Then a cloud came over the blessed sun
And a wailing sound was heard,
And the leaves were withering one by one,—
And hushed was the song of the bird.
I looked, and lo! a serpent dire
Drew near the gentle pair,
His fangs were gold—his crest was fire,
And he poisoned all the air.

In the maiden's breast I saw him creep
And bury his fangs of gold
In her virgin heart—and I saw her weep
And writhe in his venomed fold.
In the maiden's ear I heard him hiss,
And I heard her feeble moan,
And the lips where lingered her lover's kiss
Grew pale and cold as stone.

"My name is Mammon," the serpent cried,
"This world is all my throne;
And you shall share it as my bride,
I have come to claim mine own."
Then her pulse did cease and her bright eye close
And she uttered a wailing cry,
And sank to earth like a withered rose
When the Autumn blast sweeps by.

ARAMIS.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How blest the humble cotter's fate
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles wealth and state
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining;
O why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining.

[*Burns.*

As a large debt which Mr. Williams had contracted, for the payment of which Mr. Selden was responsible, would shortly be due, it became necessary to devise ways and means for its settlement. Charles was summoned to the family council. Arthur declared that Reginald ought to consider their reverses as a real blessing, for they had waked him up wide for the first time for many years; and then he said too, it was a positive treat to listen to Virginia's plans for retrenchment, and to see her trying to put them in practice. The necessity for exertion that had arisen, was likewise, Arthur said, a God-send to himself, as it would develope his energies, which he felt to be fully sufficient to redeem the fortunes of fifty families. But though Arthur affected to treat the matter so lightly, he was not without his share of disturbance at these changes in his prospects, he felt sure that Mary reciprocated his attachment, but without a profession, without an independent fortune, it was no time to tell his love; not that he feared any misconstruction as to his motives from Mary, but pride, generosity, a doubt of Mrs. Lennox's approbation, alike forbade him, under present circumstances, to endeavor to win from Mary an avowal that his affection was returned.

Though Mr. Selden's fortune was ample, he had very little money at command, as his property consisted almost wholly of land and negroes, and as it was necessary to raise the money in a short time, he had no alternative but to dispose of a tract of land, as neither his conscience nor his feelings would permit him to sell his negroes, unless compelled by necessity to do so. After much deliberation it was determined to sell a valuable tract, called the Cedar Creek estate, and to move the negroes who lived on this plantation to some lands in the west, which Mr. Selden had purchased many years before, at a very low price, but which were still uncleared and unsettled. Arthur offered to lead the expedition, to superintend the settlement, and remain with them, as long as the interests of the family, and the welfare of the negroes required it.

But the idea of giving Arthur up to this wild and solitary life, for years, in the very spring time of existence, was too painful to be thought of, if any other expedient could be suggested. After much deliberation, and various plans mooted and abandoned, Charles proposed that he should visit a distant relative, a Mr. Thomas Selden, who lived at about fifty miles distance from Sherwood, explain to him the whole state of affairs, and see if he could be induced to associate himself with Arthur in this expedition, and to locate himself permanently on these lands, for a fair share of the profits. Mr. Thomas Selden was a worthy and intelligent man, but he was one of those individuals to whom life has been a regular struggle almost from its commencement. His father died when he was scarcely more than a child, leaving a numerous family, and an estate heavily encumbered with debt. Education for the children was out of the question, except of the cheapest and most defective kind, the schools in the country were few, and of the most miserable sort, the teacher generally proposing to give no other

instruction than reading, writing and the first rules of arithmetic, and sometimes the Latin Grammar. As Thomas Selden was the eldest son, he assumed as soon as possible all the family cares and responsibilities, which devolve upon the head of a house, and worked hard to endeavor to obtain for his younger brothers more advantages than he had himself enjoyed. But all his efforts were not sufficient to place the family in a state beyond that of very moderate independence, and after his mother's death, his share of the property was just enough to give him a start in life. He made a love match early in life, a step of which he never repented, although the necessity for exertion was continually increasing, from the demands of a continually increasing family, yet his wife was so truly a helpmate, that he was never tempted to repine at any difficulties, in which she took so large a share with so much affection and cheerfulness. One of his brothers, too, died a few years after his marriage, leaving a young family almost entirely destitute, as his habits had always been improvident; and Mr. Thomas Selden increased his exertions, to endeavor to supply their necessities. In these worthy endeavors, he had often received aid from Mr. Selden of Sherwood, not only in wise and kiud counsels, but by valuable presents, and though the distance at which the families lived, and the constant occupation of Mr. Thomas Selden's time, prevented much intercourse, a very friendly feeling subsisted between them, accompanied in the case of Thomas Selden by strong sentiments of gratitude.

Charles Selden thought it would be for the interest of all parties, if Mr. Thomas Selden could be prevailed on to locate himself upon these Western acres, and superintend their clearing and cultivation for a fair share of the profits, and a portion of the land, though it was resolved even in the event of his consent to this proposition, that Arthur should accompany the expedition, and remain for the first year to assist in making the settlement, and also to lessen the reluctance of the negroes to a removal, and give them time to become accustomed to the dominion of a new master. This plan met with Mr. Selden's entire approbation, and Charles set out the next day to visit his cousin, and conduct the negotiation of this matter with him.

Arthur felt now restless, uncomfortable, restrained in Mary's presence, and found no relief from these sensations, but in continual change of place and employment, aud Mary felt this change in his manner painfully; there were no more pleasant walks, or rides, or social evening parties; there was always some imperative reason that he should go somewhere, or be employed in some way, which prevented all intimate intercourse in their domestic circle.

Mary partly divined the real state of Arthur's feelings, and was wounded at the distrust of her, which she thought they implied, and yet, it seemed to her that his pride became him, and she respected him more highly for the energy and resolution he displayed. Still she often wished that he was not so much occupied, and that he might not be able to exert so much self-command in withdrawing himself from her society; and occasional doubts as to whether he indeed loved her so truly as she once believed he did, would sometimes obtrude themselves painfully, so that she found it impossible always to preserve the same manner towards Arthur, which she had done hitherto.

An evident change came over both Arthur and Mary, which they daily felt more painfully, and yet they found it more and more impossible to resume a natural manner towards each other. To open, generous natures such as theirs, accustomed to manifest the genuine feelings of their hearts, constraint is especially oppressive, and they both felt it almost insupportable.

Day after day wore away, and Charles, who could not be longer absent from home, wrote to inform his father of the result of his negotiation with Mr. Thomas Selden. This gentleman had not yet decided whether to accept the proposal, but Charles hoped that he would ultimately determine on doing so,—when the decision was made, Thomas Selden would come himself to Sherwood to acquaint his cousin with his determination. Meantime all was suspense, and it was impossible to resist its dispiriting influence.

After a day in which Mary had tried vainly to seem very cheerful, towards the close of the evening, she suddenly remembered a volume of Dryden's Works, in which he had been reading a few days previously, and saying she was ashamed of herself for having stopped in the middle of such a tale as Palemon and Arcite, reading it too for the first time, she went to the library in search of the book. She was surprised at her entrance to find Arthur, whom she thought was out of the house, as had lately been his wont at this time of the evening. He was seated at a table, with a book before him, but his eye was not even glancing at its contents, and there was a thoughtful and even sad expression in his countenance, such as Mary had never seen it wear before, until within the last three or four weeks. Mary started a little at seeing him; her first impulse was to draw back as the thought arose in her mind that Arthur might suppose she had been aware of his presence there, but a second thought determined her to proceed in the boldness of conscious innocence. She turned to the book shelves, and

began a diligent search for the missing volume.

"Can I assist you, Mary," said Arthur rising and approaching her.

"Certainly, you can, if you will," said Mary, forcing a smile, "but it has always been my nature to be somewhat afraid of very grave people, and I could not presume to interrupt you, now-a-days."

Mary tried to speak in a light and playful tone, but there was an involuntary accent of wounded feeling and reproach in her voice, which spake to Arthur's heart.

"Then, I am to understand, that when your friends grow grave, from whatever cause, you give them up."

"Not at all," said Mary, coloring deeply, "when my friends grow grave from any sufficient cause, so far from giving them up, I would cling to them but the more closely, but when all the best and noblest of earthly blessings are left them, to grieve for reverses of fortunes is a discreditable weakness. I should not have expected it of you, Arthur."

"You know me too well, Mary," said Arthur, looking earnestly at her, "to believe that I am grieving for reverses of fortune."

"I see no other cause."

A look more eloquent than words, was for some minutes Arthur's only reply, then he said gravely, "Then you do not understand me as well as I thought you did, Mary."

"An embarrassing pause ensued, for both saw plainly that they understood each other perfectly. Mary, at length, said, as calmly as she could, "I understand that these pecuniary embarrassments involve much that must necessarily be painful to yourself, and your friends, such as your absence, your temporary exile in a wild and lonely country, but"—and here she stopped from inability to finish the sentence satisfactorily.

"But do you not see that they involve the renunciation of my dearest hopes," said Arthur, forgetting for the moment the plan of conduct to which he had resolved to adhere. "Do you not see, that I ought not even to wish you to share my fortunes, were you willing to do so now?"

Mary cast her eyes down, and said in a tremulous tone, "I certainly do not see in what respect you differ from your former self, except that higher qualities are developing in your character."

"It would be vain now to affect reserve, since I have been weak enough to give expression to feelings which I ought to have repressed. It may be years before I could place you in such a position as I should be willing to see you occupy, or that your mother would naturally expect for you, and I would not for the world fetter you by an engagement, to one who has nothing to offer you, which is worthy of you, but his whole heart."

"Suppose," said Mary, half playfully, half bashfully extending her hand towards Arthur, "I accept the offering, it will cut short a great deal that is very fine, and place you in an awkward dilemma."

Arthur seized her offered hand and pressed it to his lips. "Do not, dearest Mary, make me despise myself, let me at least have the consolation of self-respect, it is utterly impossible that I can allow you to bind yourself to me by any promise, I should feel that I acted dishonorably in doing so. For my own part I know that I could never love any other than yourself, and I only ask you to believe this."

"That is asking a great deal," said Mary, smiling, "for one who has already loved so many."

"Never, never," said Arthur, earnestly, "you have awakened within me, Mary, new feelings, almost a new nature. It is my dearest wish to become worthy of you, although you may never be mine."

Arthur spoke with so much emotion, that Mary could no longer maintain the tone of playfulness she had endeavored to assume, but replied with a gentle and touching earnestness, which was irresistibly convincing; "Then, in all seriousness, Arthur, I can only reply in your own words, I know that I could never love another, and I only ask you to believe this."

"I must, I do believe it; I should be too unhappy were I to doubt it, but yet, I am painfully conscious that my character is unformed, that my education is defective, that another more worthy of you may seek to win your love; should this be the case your feelings might change, Mary, and I would not then for any earthly consideration have you fettered by ties to me, which it would be better for you had never existed. You must consider yourself free, dearest Mary."

"Do not let us afflict ourselves with these imaginary pictures of what never can happen: in the first place, I shall not see this exalted being, in the next, even if he loved me, I certainly could never love him. I do not pretend to deny that you have faults, and I know that I have many myself, but I confidently expect that we shall both improve; meantime, I must assure you, that I not only hope a great deal from you, but that I am proud of you, just as you are."

What a radiant expression of tenderness, of proud delight lit up Arthur's face, as Mary uttered these words; she thought she had never seen him look so handsome before. "Dear Mary," he said, taking her hand between both his own, "these words are worth years of toil, of self-sacrifice, they will come back to me again and again, to cheer me during our long separa-

tion. Yet they only confirm me in resolving not to take advantage of your generous affection. I need not say how fervently I hope that I may one day ask your hand as the most precious of all boons, but it will be a free gift I ask, not a right I claim."

"I will not insist," said Mary, with a deep blush, yet half smiling, "upon an engagement. Vows are of no use where there is mutual confidence and affection, and when these feelings do not exist they are only fetters."

At this moment it appeared impossible that distrust could ever arise between two such lovers, bright visions of the future came before them, and they talked on "taking no note of time" until Mary was roused by the sound of the supper-bell to an embarrassing consciousness, that their conversation had been prolonged to a length which must have excited observation and conjecture in the family circle.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Cymbeline.

But we must leave the inhabitants of Sherwood for a while, with all the mingled lights and shadows of trials and blessings falling fast upon them, and turn to the humble abode of Cloverdale, where the crushed flower was breathing out its last earthly sweetness. As the dark days of winter set in, with their frosts and snows, Clara shrank and faded beneath their influence, but no word of complaint passed her lips, sweet and holy thoughts were her constant companions, and with child-like piety, divested of all fear, she gave her whole heart to God. The dark and mysterious questions of fate, foreknowledge, evil, which agitate and perplex so many thoughtful minds, and disturb the hearts even of the faithful, had no influence over the earnest, simple, unquestioning faith, with which Clara rested on the promises of the Gospel. Her soul could no longer be tossed on the changeful billows of human opinions, it was anchored fast to the Rock of Ages. She knew that her hopes were founded in everlasting truths by the strength of internal evidence which it was as impossible to doubt, as the light shining at noonday. Argument might fail to convince the blind man that the light of heaven was shining around him, but it would be impossible after his eyes were opened to persuade him of the contrary fact. Clara saw and rejoiced in the light of the soul, and found in its beams a pure and heavenly serenity, such as she had never before experienced, and in proportion as earthly objects faded and receded from her view, visions of that land, whose glories are but dimly shadowed forth, in all that is brightest, fairest, dearest in this mortal life, arose before her. There was an earnestness, often sublimity, in her language; a tenderness in her words, a touching and celestial beauty in her looks, which impressed all who saw, and heard her, with the belief so well expressed by the common phrase, "that she was not long for this world!"

Clara had written to Dr. Leiber, according to promise, soon after Margaret had left her, describing the state of her health, as briefly and simply as possible, but she dwelt with all the fervor of her heart on the change produced in her views and feelings since her acquaintance with Margaret Selden, who she said had been sent to her by Heaven, on her goodness and kindness, and expressed her gratitude and affection for himself so touchingly, that it brought tears many times to the old man's eyes, which he brushed away as quickly as they arose, and glanced hastily around to be sure there was no witness of his weakness.

Clara had twined herself around Dr. Leiber's heart in a manner perfectly incomprehensible to himself, and he was often surprised to find how frequently his thoughts reverted to her. He had found an object upon which the affections of a naturally warm heart might centre, he had resolved to adopt her as his daughter, and often pictured her to himself, restored to health and happiness, enlivening his solitary home with her sweet presence, and cheering his declining age by her affection. The hopes of age are relinquished with more pain than those of youth, for once gone, they are not replaced by others fairer, brighter, so quickly, that the heart has no time to brood in grief over their loss. The bloom of winter once blighted, appears no more.

Dr. Leiber's hopes were greatly damped by Clara's letter. He would have gone to visit her as soon as he received it, but was compelled by urgent professional engagements to remain for some days at his post. He replied immediately to her letter, gave very minute directions with regard to her health, expressed his great satisfaction in reading her account of the altered state of her feelings, and concluded by an assurance that he should visit her, as soon as he could disengage himself from his pressing duties, and an exhortation to her to take care of herself for the sake of one who would gladly make her his daughter, if she could be willing to take such a rough, uncouth old oddity for a father as himself.

Clara shook her head, as she read the concluding lines of the letter, and tears rushed to

her eyes, for how many sad and tender thoughts did the name of father conjure up to her mind. "Ah! poor, dear old man, it is too late, she exclaimed, "I can never live to reward your goodness."

Clara shuddered now when she remembered Augustus. She would not for the world have renewed her engagement with him, had it been in her power to do so; she saw his selfishness, his hard-heartedness, in all their hideousness; and yet she could not think of the days in which her very soul seemed bound up in his, without some lingering emotions of tenderness. Yet she believed she could hear of his marriage without pain, and had frequently thought of the probability that this event might take place at any time.

Few persons, however, feel, when an event occurs in which their feelings are much interested, as they imagined they should do, when anticipating it, as Clara found with regard to herself, when the trial came. Mrs. Hickman received a letter from her sister in Philadelphia, who was engaged in the millinery line, and as receiving a letter was an event which did not occur to her more than three or four times in a year, she considered it one of importance, and hastened to shew the letter to Clara, hoping to amuse and interest her. It was filled with an account of the beautiful things, which the writer had been making up for various brides; but she said Miss Gates's things were much the most beautifulest of all, as they ought to be, for she was as rich as cream, and going to marry the handsomest gentleman in Philadelphia, people said, Mr. Augustus Vernon, the girls were all dying for him, and every body said he was only going to marry her for her money, for she was no ways pretty; indeed, if she had been a poor girl, people would call her ugly.

Clara was herself surprised at the emotion with which she read these lines,—it brought the past so vividly before her; her own brightest youth, the pure, self-sacrificing, priceless love which she had lavished upon Augustus; the concealment which she had practised for his sake, the only concealment which she had ever had from her dear, kind, old father, and one which she could not recall without inexpressible pain; and then that last letter, on which she could not even now allow herself to dwell—all—all came back with a power which shook her feeble frame with a fearful storm of emotion. But this state of feeling did not last long; calmer, better thoughts came to her aid, and a sentiment almost of satisfaction arose with the conviction "that the last link was indeed broken." She retired immediately to her apartment, took the miniature of Augustus and his letters which she had put away carefully in a secret drawer of her desk, (she had not looked at them for many weeks,) and scarcely glancing at them, sealed them in an envelope, and directed them to Augustus Vernon. Her hand trembled as she thought with what emotions she had once traced his name, and with what different feelings she now wrote it for the last time. Once she would as soon have thought of giving up her life itself, as of surrendering these precious treasures; and now she laid them back in the drawer, designing to return them, without one word of reproach, of regret, of farewell. She was so well convinced that Augustus had no heart to address, that even had he stood at that moment before her, she was sure that she should not have uttered one word to him.

A few days after this event. Dr. Leiber arrived on a visit for a day or two to Clara. She received him with so bright a look, so sweet a smile, that he did not at first perceive the ravages of disease in her appearance. Indeed, he willingly indulged the delusion, and as he listened to her, and looked at her, meditated various plans for her future happiness. The next morning, however, he saw but too plainly that it had been a dream in which he had indulged; he could not look at Clara without seeing that she "was wearing awa' to the land of the leal." The sudden gravity that overspread Dr. Leiber's face, as he marked Clara's trembling hand, pale cheek, and her almost untasted breakfast, which she endeavored to seem to eat, did not escape her observation. She met the sorrowing glance that was riveted upon her, with an answering look of so much affection and pity, that Dr. Leiber, unable to conceal his emotion, pushed his chair hastily from the table, and muttering something about the heat of the fire, walked to a window.

He had intended making many inquiries of Mrs. Hickman with regard to Clara, but he had not the heart to do it now; he felt that they were answered.

About an hour or two after breakfast, Clara sent to ask him to come to her apartment, where she said they could talk comfortably and quietly, as she had a great deal to say to him. With a heavy heart, Dr. Leiber obeyed the summons.

Her countenance wore an air of beautiful serenity; it spoke of that "peace which the world can neither give nor take away," of the "still waters and green pastures," in which her soul had found rest.

She motioned Dr. Leiber to an arm chair beside her, and said—

"This has been your chair for a long time; see how nicely I have cushioned it for you; I have often wished you would come to sit in it, and

that I could see you sitting just here by me, and thought of all I would say to you."

Dr. Leiber tried to smile; "and I am here at last," he said, "ready to listen to you all day long, if you please."

Clara looked earnestly in his face, and was silent for a miuute; so many thoughts and feelings crowded upon her, she knew not how to give them utterance, and she was meditating how to soften, as much as possible, the pain of what she must say; then taking his hand gently within her own, which looked almost transparent, as her slender, white fingers encircled his, she said,

"It is such a comfort to me, now, that we enjoy the same blessed hopes and promises; this will lessen so much the pain of our short separation. If I could live, I would gladly be a daughter to you, but you see now yourself, my dear, kind friend, that this cannot be, yet indeed, I have tried to get well, and have followed your advice exactly."

"We must submit to the will of God, my dear child," said Dr. Leiber, in a sad tone; "I am thankful to Him that you are so well prepared for the great change, which we must all undergo. I am an old man, and shall soon follow you. I have wished and prayed to see you and Mary well and happy, and thought how much pleasure it would give me, my poor child, to make you forget what you have suffered. It may be I was selfish too, and thought too much of my own happiness in having —"

Here the good old doctor fairly broke down, and finished the sentence by clearing his throat two or three times.

"Our Father in Heaven takes from us earthly things, to draw our hearts more closely to heavenly ones. I know that this is true, and I bless Him for it," said Clara. "One by one, I have given up all, and I do not grieve for them now. Last of all, I gave up the hope that I could do something to repay all your goodness to me; but this was a presumptuous thought—as if God did not know what was best to do for us both."

Clara saw how deeply Dr. Leiber was moved; she felt for the childless old man, who had hoped so much from her. There was something, too, in his look and accent which reminded her of her own father, and drew her heart more closely to him. With all the eloquence of deep feeling, and with the endearing and child-like simplicity, peculiar to herself, she described the peace and joy with which her soul was filled, the bright visions of glory that floated before her, and Dr. Leiber felt the very depths of his soul stirred by her words. He had been a practical believer in christianity for many years, and had led a life of active benevolence, but he was now learning from this simple child lessons which he never afterwards forgot,—he saw an exemplification of "that perfect love which casteth out fear," spoken of by the most spiritual of sacred writers, and perceived how far the promises of the Gospel exceed in richness and fulness the ordinary faith of believers, and consequently their power to realise them.

"My dear child," said Dr. Leiber, when Clara paused, "You have taught me a lesson I shall never forget; and your words will be a comfort to me as long as I live; aye, they will be with me on my death bed. But, tell me, is there nothing that I can do for you?"

A deep flush overspread Clara's face and neck for a minute, and she became again suddenly very pale, but conquering her emotion, she took from the secret drawer of her desk a small packet, and said, in a somewhat tremulous tone:

"When you hear that I am gone, open this packet, and you will find contained in it the few requests I have to make; but when you do so, remember that if I was wronged, I forgave it from my heart, and you must do so likewise.

Dr. Leiber took the packet from her in silence, and made a sign of acquiescence.

"And poor Rosendale must fall to strangers. How much I wish I were old enough to make a will that it might be yours; but you must go there sometimes and look at the old elm tree I used to play under when I was a child. There, too, my dear father used often to read that he might look at me; and my rose-bushes and honey-suckles by the porch. I should like so much to be able to go there just once with you, just to shew you what I used to love most."

Dr. Leiber wiped away the tears he could no longer restrain.

"But one thing more, if it would not be too much for the sake of a childish feeling, let me be laid in the grave with my poor, dear old father, and you will go sometimes and see where your child sleeps."

"I will buy Rosendale, I will do all you ask, my dear child, so help me God," said Dr. Leiber, in a voice hoarse with emotion.

Dr. Leiber quitted Cloverdale with feelings such as he had rarely experienced in the course of a long life. He returned to his old occupation, and there was little outward change discernible in his manner, but his heart was heavy within him; the image of Clara always rose before him at night, and he often dreamed that she was dying, so that every morning he looked out for some messenger of evil tidings to inform him of her death.

Meantime Clara awaited the day of summons without fear; she seemed gentler, sweeter, serener, every day; she did not seem preparing to

leave the world as a vale of sorrow, as a place of sin and suffering from which she would gladly be released, but as one about to set out on a distant journey for a beloved home looks with kindness on all the objects about the place which he is about to leave forever, and partakes of pleasures with enjoyment which had lost their charm, when he thinks it is for the last time; so Clara showed a child-like pleasure in watching the various aspects of nature; now she viewed the snow flakes fall so pure, so bright, so soft—now she listened to the clear notes of the red bird. or arranged in fanciful forms the branches of evergreens, which the children often brought to deck her little apartment.

A shining pebble, a bunch of bright, red berries, or a bird, were often carried to Clara by her little friends, who loved her with all the warmth of their guileless hearts.

When she was strong enough she would tell the children stories from the Bible, or the Pilgrim's Progress. On one occasion, when they were gathered closely around her, listening eagerly to every word she uttered, Mrs. Hickman remarked in a low tone to her husband, as she looked at them, that she did not know whether Miss Clara was most like a child or an angel.

"She will soon be an angel, poor thing," replied Mr. Hickman, in a compassionate tone; "and yet, I don't know that we ought to say *poor thing*, neither, for I am sure she'll go to a better world."

His prediction was sooner verified than he had expected, for on the following morning, Clara was found in her own room, sitting in an armchair, reclining apparently in a gentle sleep, with a faint tinge of color perceptible in her cheek. Her Bible lay open on a table before her, and beside her was a letter from Margaret Selden, containing a few withered violets; it was one which she had received two or three weeks previously, and which had been read until it was almost worn out.

A physician was sent for immediately, and every means of restoration tried, but Clara never breathed more.

A message was then despatched for Dr. Leiber, who came immediately to pay the last duties to the dead. He accompanied Clara's remains, attended by Mr. Hickman, to Rosendale, and saw her laid in the grave with her father, with an indescribable sensation of heaviness and loneliness of heart too deep for the relief of tears.

At parting, Dr. Leiber wrung Mr. Hickman's hand, and said, "I am a man of few words, Mr. Hickman, but I do not feel the less on that account. I shall never forget your kindness or your good wife's to the poor child that we have laid in the grave, without one to mourn for her but strangers; [redacted] comfort to know that she has gone to a better world, for she was too good for such a one as this."

"Indeed she was, sir," replied Mr. Hickman, much moved; "my wife and I often used to say so, but we don't deserve any thanks for kindness to her, for we must have had hearts of stone, if we had not done all we could for her, poor lamb, she was so kind and pitiful to every thing that had breath; and as for my children, I'll be bound, even little Gerald, young as he is, will never forget her the longest day he has to live."

The honest warmth of this eulogium brought tears to Dr. Leiber's eyes, but he made no reply, except by another and more cordial farewell shake of the hand, and a "God bless you," which Mr. Hickman rather guessed at than heard; then turning his horse's head homewards, he pursued his dreary way full of sorrowful thoughts and feelings. Still he saw before him, through whatever scenes he passed, the lonely spot where Clara lay by her father's side, with the green turf on her breast, and the leafless branches of the willow waving over her.

His first care when he arrived at home, was to open Clara's packet. The first paper he chanced to open contained some requests, as to the distribution of various little articles of property she had bequeathed as tokens of remembrance to the few friends she had left behind. Her Bible, and what remained of her father's library, she bequeathed to Dr. Leiber; a ring to Gerald, a locket to Margaret; her wearing apparel, a few books, and some articles of furniture, to the Hickmans, and a request that Dr. Leiber would always be a friend to those good people for her sake.

He then opened a letter addressed to himself, evidently blotted with tears, containing her short story, in terms more affecting from their extreme simplicity, and from the absence of any expression of resentment at the heartless conduct of her lover. She said that she had never ceased to regret bitterly that she had concealed her engagement from her dear father—the only concealment she had ever practised towards him—and she would now atone for it, as far as she could, by confidence to her second father. She requested him to deliver the blank envelope, which she said contained his miniature and letters, to Augustus Vernon himself, it would be only necessary to say that she had requested him to do so, and that they would have been returned long ago, had she known any secret and safe method of conveying them to him. "I forgive him from my heart," she added; "I wish his happiness, but it would be vain to tell him so; I do not think he would value such an assurance, and it would be painful to you to repeat such words from me, and see them coldly and care-

lessly received. God may touch his heart, but no human being can, I am sure;—pity him, my dear father, and should you ever have an opportunity of requiting him good for evil, do it for my sake, and still more for the sake of One who has commanded us to forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

Dr. Leiber read these last words of Clara with mixed emotions of sorrow and indignation; and though his own ideas and feelings of Christianity would have led him to return good for evil, had he seen Augustus Vernon suffering under heavy misfortune, he felt an almost irresistible desire to present the image of this gentleman to himself, somewhat in the same light in which it appeared to him. He could not feel a moment's quiet, until this desire was gratified. That very evening he called at Mr. Vernon's house, with Clara's packet, and was so fortunate as to meet Augustus coming out of the door, dressed with the most elaborate elegance, and switching a cane carelessly in his hand. As he glanced his eye on Dr. Leiber's old coat, the fashion of which was of twenty years' standing, and the very peculiar air of his whole figure and costume, a half contemptuous smile played upon his lips, and humming the air of a fashionable song, he was about to brush by the worthy doctor, without honoring him with any other salutation than a distant nod of the head.

But he did not escape so easily, for Dr. Leiber said, in a tone which it was impossible to affect not to hear—

"Be so good, Mr. Augustus Vernon, as to stop awhile, and let me talk with you a few minutes alone—my time is valuable, and my business imperative."

There was something so stern and impressive in Dr. Leiber's tone and manner—something so peculiar in the glance with which he surveyed Augustus from head to foot, that the smile died away from his lips. His first thought was, that Dr. Leiber was about to drag to light some of his many sins "unwhipped of justice," and fearful of some public exposure, for there was something in the look of his unwelcome visiter which convinced him he dared do any thing, he led the way very reluctantly to a small room, closed the door, and offered Dr. Leiber a chair, saying, with an air of as much indifference as he could assume—

"I am at your service, sir."

"I have no wish, sir, either now, or ever, to occupy more of your time than is necessary to perform a charge entrusted to me." Then taking a small packet from his bosom, he said—"This packet was sent you by one of the loveliest and most innocent of God's creatures, whom your falsehood and cruelty has laid in an early grave, beside the trusting father, whose kindness you so well rewarded. I can only grieve and wonder that the contents should ever have been precious in her eyes; they will doubtless be still so in your own."

Augustus started; more at the manner in which Dr. Leiber told his errand, than at the intelligence he communicated, and he quailed for a moment beneath the withering glance of contempt, which words would have been utterly inadequate to express. He had long ago made up his mind to this event; he felt sure that his desertion would break Clara's heart, but there was no remedy for it; it was impossible that he could fulfil his engagement—equally impossible that he could be less charming. Augustus soon, however, recovered himself, for his heart was defended by a triple shield of vanity, selfishness and irritability.

Taking the packet from Dr. Leiber's outstretched hand, he said, "You use extraordinary language, sir, but your age and oddities protect you. You have probably not moved in circles which could enlighten you as to the impossibility, that a man of my station and position could fulfil a mere schoolboy engagement to the daughter of an obscure foreigner. I regret that Clara"—

"Hold, sir," said Dr. Leiber, springing from his seat with an abruptness and agility that startled Augustus, "I am not quite sure that any thing will protect *you*, should you presume to take that name again within your lips. It is my infirmity to be irritable; provoke me not too far," and as Augustus caught the fiery glance of the old man, and observed the substantial cane he held in his hand, he thought the best way was to take his advice. "A few more words will close our intercourse forever. I have, at least, the comfort of assuring you, that Clara's eyes were opened to the truth, and that she would not have married you for the wealth of the Indies. She desired me to say that she would have returned these articles long ago, but had no safe opportunity. I am happy to add in conclusion, that if you owe the formation of your character to the circles you have moved in, I rejoice that mine has never been subjected to similar influences. I leave you, sir, to the worship of self, which will be a sufficient solace, until age and sickness overtake you, and then may God have mercy on your soul, for you will be the most miserable of all men."

So saying, and without deigning another look at Augustus, Dr. Leiber left the room and sought his own home, for he felt his unfitness for any other place. Though a man of naturally hasty temper, Dr. Leiber was a sincere Christian, but he had not learned to render entire obedience to one of the most difficult of Christian precepts,

"Be ye angry and sin not," yet he seldom transgressed the command "not to let the sun go down upon your wrath." In this instance, however, he found the greatest difficulty in allaying the storm within his heart, and it was long before the combined influences of reason and religion could restore his composure.

Augustus felt inexpressibly relieved at the departure of his unwelcome visiter; his last words rung like a death knell on his ear; age and sickness, those horrible phantoms which he never allowed himself to contemplate, seemed ready to overtake him, and a feeling of superstitious horror, as if he had heard his own doom pronounced, for a few minutes overpowered him. His habitual feelings, however, soon regained in a great measure their ascendency.

"Horrid wretch," he exclaimed aloud, "I should be glad to hear he had broken his neck."

He knew that his miniature was contained in the packet: he felt a great desire to look at it again: it was the very last of the many that had been taken of him; and locking the door, lest his wife should come upon him unawares, he opened the packet, and contemplated with pleasure, a glowing picture of his own faultless features and brilliant complexion.

No wonder such a face as this should break a woman's heart, he thought, as he looked at the miniature with a complacent smile, but as I did not create it, I do not see how I am responsible for any mischief occasioned by it.

After enjoying the contemplation of this picture for some minutes, and congratulating himself on recovering it again, he opened the letters and read several of them over; they appeared to him models of style; all he had ever written to Clara were there, even the last cruel letter, though it was almost illegible, from the showers of tears that had evidently fallen upon it. These marks of tears were the only traces of Clara to be found in the packet,—not one word from her was there. Augustus was greatly surprised at this; he had felt sure that some tender farewell was contained amongst the papers. He put the miniature away carefully, hesitated for a moment as to whether he would burn the letters, determined that it would be a pity to destroy such specimens of style, locked them all up but the last he had written, (even his heart was not wholly insensible to the silent reproach of those tear-marks from eyes which could weep no more,) which without looking at it again, he flung hastily into the fire.

Just then a loud knock was heard at the door of the apartment, and the shrill and somewhat querulous tones of Mrs. Vernon demanding admittance were heard.

"What a confounded plague that woman is," muttered Augustus, "and what a wide mouth and sharp nose she has: I wonder she is not ashamed of it."

The knock was repeated more loudly than before, and Augustus reluctantly opened the door, saying as he did so, in a peevish tone—

"Is the house on fire, Letitia, or has some sudden death occurred in the family?"

"You needn't begin by working yourself up into a passion, as you always do; the day is past for that now," and Augustus thought as she said these words, that her nose looked sharper and redder, and her mouth wider, than he had ever before seen them. "My errand is soon told, I come for a little of *my own* money, to pay one of *my own* debts; my milliner has just sent in a long bill, and says she is in great and immediate want of the money."

Augustus reddened with vexation and bit his lip. "The money I have used was legally my own," he replied, "nor do I think the obligations you have imposed upon me by our marriage very weighty, at least the world would agree with me in thinking them mutual. It was not very difficult for me to have formed an advantageous alliance; I have been almost worshipped by some of the most beautiful women in the country." As he said these words, he surveyed his wife with a look so significant and scornful, that her eye fell abashed for a moment beneath his glance, as she involuntarily contrasted her own face and figure with that of her husband.

Vexation, however, soon succeeded mortification, and with an accent bitter as his own, she replied, "You are certainly a very pretty man; I do not pretend to vie with you in beauty, but as that has nothing to do with the present question, you will excuse me for asking for a small portion of those thousands of mine you received a few days ago."

"What a confounded fuss you make about *your money* as you call it," raising his voice, while his eye kindled with anger; "I don't know that I am obliged to give you an account of every dollar I spend. You seem to think a few thousands an inexhaustible sum; but monstrous as the fact may appear to one not accustomed to liberal expenditure, I have actually used it, and the milliner must have the goodness to wait a little longer."

"Do not say used it," replied Mrs. Vernon, in a voice choked with anger, mortification, and a bitter sense of her own folly in having placed herself under the control of such a man, "say squandered it in selfish extravagance, or spent it in paying gambling debts. But I have some conscience—the milliner shall be paid; I have still some property, emphatically, legally my own."

This was a fact Augustus had by no means forgotten, and as the property which was not settled on his wife was fast melting away, he perceived the expediency of not bringing the quarrel to a total rupture. Though it had been a desperate love match on Mrs. Vernon's side, Augustus was aware that he could not calculate on blind self-devetion from her, but that her resentment and pride might be so far roused as to become inappeasable.

"You must perceive, Letitia," he said in a softened tone, "that it is very provoking to any man to be taunted by his wife, as I have been by you to-night, but let us forgive and forget. It is time to dress for Mrs. Eustace's party. Make haste and array yourself in your most becoming style."

"I shall not go out at all to-night."

"Still angry about those few thousands: I did'nt think you could bear malice so long. Come let us kiss and be friends."

But Mrs. Vernon was not in a humor to be easily appeased, and she had too some vague suspicions of her husband's motives for this sudden change of tone and manner. "No," she said, turning away coldly, "I am no child to be so easily pacified, and I am well aware, that the loss of my company will be no deprivation to you; you will appear to much more advantage at Mrs. Eustace's party without than with me."

And she turned away, as she said these words, and actually left the room.

He looked after her with a half smile, in which vexation and self-complacency were curiously blended; and if his thoughts had been formed into words, they would have run thus: "She is jealous now; she thinks I want to flirt with the girls. What a misfortune it is to be ugly. it prevents one from having any comfortable confidence in one's self, and makes one peevish and jealous." He glanced at himself in the mirror, and his strain of thought continued: "It seems to be my destiny to make the women unhappy; I dare say that Virginia Selden will be the next to die, for I know she loved me devotedly. What a pity she is not Mrs. Vernon instead of Letitia. What a splendid looking couple we should be! Poor Clara, too, was a very beautiful girl; if her fortune and position had been equal to her beauty, no man would have been ashamed of her as a wife; she would have been admired in any circle, and I might have spent her thousands without one angry word from her; indeed, she would have been glad to give them to me. But time is flying—there is no use in thinking; I must begin to dress for the party."

He was soon engaged in performing the duties of the toilet, an employment of unceasing interest and pleasure, and was pronounced that night, as usual, to be the best dressed, and handsomest man in the company.

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CHAPTER L.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment vanish'd be.
Yet we are neither just or wise,
If present mercies we despise;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

Wither.

Mr. Selden was much relieved by receiving a letter from his relation Mr. Thomas Selden, saying he had determined to accept his proposal of accompanying Arthur to the new settlement, and locating himself on the land permanently, since he believed that he could not continue to struggle successfully against the increasing difficulties of his situation, and there was no one with whom he would be so willingly connected in business as with a relation for whom he had always entertained so high a respect and regard, and from whom he had received so many kindnesses as himself. He added that he would be at Sherwood in the course of two or three weeks to talk over all necessary arrangements for the removal of the negroes in the spring, and hoped Charles Selden would be able to meet him there, as he should be loath to leave the country without seeing him, for he never expected to look on his like again.

It had cost Mr. Selden a severe pang to advertise the Cedar Creek estate for sale. If it had been other property than land inherited from his father, he should have felt much less regret in parting with it, but his local attachments were peculiarly strong, and he felt it moreover a sort of disgrace, that his patrimonial acres should pass iuto the hands of strangers, from the consequences of his own imprudence. It appears to him almost like a robbery of his children. But he resolutely refused all expression of these feelings, and his family were careful to testify no regret at the circumstance. How to communicate to the negroes living on the Cedar Creek estate his intention of removing them, he considered and reconsidered, this necessity was even more painful than selling the land, and as he was revolving one morning the best means of breaking the intelligence to them, Mrs. Selden approaching him, said gently,

"You know, my dear, I seldom interfere in any province not strictly my own, but I wish this morning to take Arthur with me to the Cedar

Creek estate, and let us see the people, and acquaint them with the necessity of removing them. I think we could do a great deal towards reconciling them to the change."

Mr. Selden was deeply touched at this proposal from his wife, for he knew she could not possibly have given him a greater proof of her affection than by undertaking such a task, but he shook his head, saying, "I understand your motive, Mary, and appreciate it as it deserves. No act of disinterestedness from you could surprise me, but I cannot consent to let you undertake this office."

But Mrs. Selden urged her point with so much earnestness and address, that she at length succeeded in convincing her husband that she would be more distressed by his refusal than by his compliance, and half reluctantly, he consented to let her do as she pleased.

Just as this matter was settled, Will Howard opened the door and came in, holding in his hand a cane with various odd knots and protuberances, which he had been darkening and polishing in secret for many days, designing it as a present for Mr. Selden. The bright smile upon his countenance died away instantly, when he saw the grave look of his friend's face, and he stood irresolute whether to advance or recede. Mr. Selden was so absorbed in his own thoughts, that he did not observe him, until Mrs. Selden said with an encouraging smile—

"Come in, my dear" and tells us what you have to say."

"I thought," said Will, advancing, and blushing, as he presented the cane to Mr. Selden, "you might find this cane of some use. I have tried to make it as nice as I could."

"Thank you, my son," said Mr. Selden, patting his head with a kind smile, "it is very nice, and will be useful too; I have a great mind to take you to ride with me this morning," and he cast an appealing glance at Mrs. Selden, who had undertaken the care of Will's education, and had taken great pains to give him habits of regularity in learning his lessons.

Will looked up at Mrs. Selden, and said, "if you think it right I should like so much to go, but if you think I had better not"—

"I think you had better go," said Mrs. Selden, smiling, "we will break through our rules for this once, and I will give you only one lesson, which you must begin to-day, you must learn to say Uncle and Aunt Selden, and call our children cousin, and then you will learn to love us all better."

Will's face turned very red, and he smiled, though his eyes filled with tears, he had no language to express the feelings with which his little heart throbbed fast, but pressing closer to Mr. Selden's side, he said, "I should'nt love him any better, no matter what I was to call him, not but what I love you too, and all, but"—

"But," said Mrs. Selden, "you love him best of all, and that's all right and natural, and the more you love him, the better we shall love you. But you must go now and order Cæsar to get the carriage for me."

"And tell John to saddle the bay pony for you, and Pontiac for me," said Mr. Selden.

Will obeyed with an alacrity, which showed how agreeable the command was to him, and as Mr. Selden looked after him, a smile of pleasure lit up his face.

"I don't wonder poor Williams was so fond of that boy, he has so much heart, and then it is worth while taking some trouble to please him; he knows so well how to be glad: there is no trait I like better in young people than this capacity for enjoyment."

"He has reason to be thankful for more than he can be aware of for falling into your hands, for like all persons of great sensibility, he has great capacities for suffering as well as for enjoyment, uncommon capabilities both of good and evil, and I trust you will be the instrument of rescuing him from misery and destruction."

"With your aid, Mary, for after all, the troublesome part of my good works generally fall to your share, but amongst the subjects of uneasiness which now oppress my mind, I find comfort in thinking I have been able to assist in saving such a child as this."

"This is indeed a delightful subject for reflection, but we have so many reasons for thankfulness, that it is difficult even to remember them as we ought. This reverse of fortune, to specify only one instance, has brought to light the warm and noble qualities of Reginald's heart; his mind has heretofore been too much exercised, and his heart too little."

"Yes, I have observed the change in him with much gratification, he has paid me more little acts of attention in the last three weeks, than in as many years before."

"And then Arthur, what a fine, generous spirit he shows, his character seems daily to develope. I hope our sister Lennox will appreciate his conduct towards Mary, as it deserves, and sanction their attachment with her approbation, but I have fears as well as hopes I must acknowledge on that head, and shall not feel easy until we receive a reply to my letter."

"Rely upon it, you are wrong there, Mary. I acknowledge that Louisa attaches too much importance to worldly distinctions, but after all, she is a true Selden; her heart is in the right place, and she knows how to appreciate honorable conduct and feeling, as well as any body; she has

besides a large share both of family affection and family pride, and I would not fear to wager my right hand, that her reply to your letter will be satisfactory."

And Mr. Selden had scarcely uttered these words, before Arthur entered holding a letter in his hand.

"A letter from Aunt Lennox, old Cato is the bearer of it, so I suppose it is an important despatch." Arthur smiled, but he was evidently anxious and agitated. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Selden, and ran thus:

My Dear Sister:

Contrary to my usual wont in matters of importance, I have taken my pen, immediately after reading your letter to reply to it. Two or three of Mary's last letters, one of them more than two months old, informing me of the state of Brother James' affairs, only came to hand with yours, owing to the miserable state of our mails. I scarcely ever remember being so much vexed and disturbed as at this delay, because it is only three weeks since I paid for a tract of land, as the best means of investing a sum of money I had accumulated, and which would have gone a great way towards removing his present difficulties, and prevented the necessity of sacrificing land which has been in the family so long. Do not suppose, however, that I mean to reproach him, for I know his kind and generous disposition led him into these unfortunate embarrassments.

As it respects what you tell me of Arthur and Mary, I must confess I feel myself a little hurt at the implied doubt contained in your letter, as to my feelings on the subject. I will not deny that I am, what the world usually calls, a worldly woman, and I will also say that some conversations which took place between our dear Charles and myself left an uncomfortable suspicion, which sometimes recurs to my mind that I really am so, but at all events, I am not selfish, nor do I put riches in any competition with family affections and family honor. I saw plainly when Arthur and Mary were with me, that they were beginning to love each other, I encouraged and approved their attachment, though I did not appear to notice it, and so far from being less willing to it now I am much more so, for both your account and Mary's, of Arthur's conduct with relation to her, have raised him greatly in my estimation. No pecuniary considerations could influence me, as it respected one of Brother James' children, or yours either, I may say sister, for I have always considered you as quite worthy of him, which is as great a compliment as I could pay to any woman, and I should have enough for Mary and Arthur both to satisfy people of moderate and reasonable wishes, and were nothing but money concerned in this matter, should be quite willing that their marriage should take place immediately. But I hope you will not misunderstand me, when I say that I approve Arthur's determination of going to the West, for Mary and himself are both too young to be married yet, and his exertions would not only be useful to his father, but beneficial to himself, in developing his energies and forming his character. Besides, I know the family pride well enough to be sure he will always be happier for having done something to achieve his own independence, Tell him, when he returns, whether successful or unsuccessful, I shall be proud and happy to receive him as a son, for proud and independent as I am, I sometimes feel the want of a son very much.

My love to all my nephews and nieces. I might add a great many fine things of them with perfect sincerity, for they are not only worthy of the old stock, but even an improvement upon it. Reginald is the only one I have not seen since their childhood, I remember him well, as a noble looking, dark-eyed boy, always pretending to be a Judge, or a General, or some very important personage; these dreams of childhood often betoken an illustrious manhood, and from what I hear of his talents and aspirations, I trust they were an omen of the distinction to which he is to arrive.

I would not trust this letter to the mail, as I am anxious that it should arrive certainly at its destination. I have therefore sent old Cato with my despatches, which affords him an opportunity of seeing his relations and the old place, which I am sure he will enjoy greatly. My best love to Brother James, ask him to write to me by Cato and acquaint me exactly with the state of his affairs, and say whether a loan could not be effected, for which I would gladly be his security. so as to save the Cedar Creek estate. As it respects particulars relating to my family, I refer you to my letter to Mary.

Your affectionate sister,

L. Lennox.

Mrs. Selden read this letter aloud, and when she had finished it, Mr. Selden exclaimed in a triumphant tone, "You see I was not mistaken in my sister, Mary."

"Yes, I gladly acknowledge you knew her better than I did." said Mrs. Selden, her eyes beaming with affectionate pleasure through the tears with which they were filled, for she was deeply touched at the kindness and delicacy of Mrs. Lennox's letter, "but what say you, Arthur?" she said, turning to her son.

"That she is a true Selden," replied Arthur, with an arch smile at his mother, as he used his father's favorite term of commendation, "and

that I will do my best to deserve her good opinion. Mother, I really wish you would write a suitable letter for me to the old lady, a happy compound of gratitude, affection, worldly wisdom, family pride, such as you know she will approve, and let me copy it."

"I may perchance give you a few hints," said Mrs. Selden, smiling, "if you conduct yourself to my satisfaction: take this to Mary and when you have talked it over together for half an hour, for that is quite as long as I can spare you, you must return, as I want you to go with me this morning to the Cedar Creek estate."

"I am your obedient servant," said Arthur, and he left the room with the open letter in his hand and his face beaming with joy.

Mr. Selden followed at a much more quiet pace to have a talk with old Cato.

F*****.

[*The Conclusion of the "Seldens of Sherwood" will be given in our next number.*]

"He Does Well who Does his Best."

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

"He does well who does his best,"
Though my toil but bring unrest,
I will labour boldly on,
Though my brightest hopes be gone,
Patient vigil I will keep
While my inert brothers sleep,
Never sinking under care,
Never bending to despair,
Keeping ever night and day
Come what will—the righteous way;
With a bold and fearless soul
Treading tow'rds the unknown goal,
Flow'rs may wither, joys may fade,
Earth for me be desert made,
Be it storm, or be it shine,
Earnest work shall still be mine,
Come defeat or victory
Neither shall work change in me—
Stands the truth for aye confest—
"He does well who does his best."

Summer's heat or winter's cold,
May bring evils manifold,
Want may come. and hunger wound,
Friends may flee and foes surround
Ev'ry thing in earth and sky
Flash gloom-tinted on mine eye;
All the fruits of hand and brain
Won by earnest thought and pain,
By some unseen deadly blight
May be blasted in a night,
Yet will I to work anew—
Toiler to my mission true,
From the wreck that may remain
Build my fortune up again,
On the sea of life once more
Launch my fortune's bark from shore,
Mayhap but to perish there,
Though the skies bore promise fair
On the morn, that stout and brave
I consigned her to its wave;
Grief may pain, it shall not kill,
Toil will make me victor still,
Stands the truth for aye confest—
"He does well who does his best."

Life is not an idle dream
Fitful as the lightning's gleam,
Heed not what the scoffers say,
Work and toil while yet 'tis day
In the closet, or the field,
Rich the guerdon toil will yield,
Life, since e'er the world began,
Is the battle-field of man
Whoso there works hopefully
With a spirit bold and free,
'Neath the spotless flag of truth,
In his age, or in his youth,
With the pen or with the sword
Is the warrior of the Lord;
Deathless shall be his renown,
He shall have immortal crown,
He shall walk the halls of light,
Heaven's trial-tested Knight;
Who would seek a prouder name?
Who achieve a higher fame?
Who could win a brighter wreath?
Who could die a nobler death?
Life of toil shall aye be mine!
I will work and ne'er repine.
Life shall have its real zest—
"He does well who does his best."

FORT POLK.

In justice to a gallant officer of the Army, we most cheerfully lay the following letter before our readers. We had no design of reflecting upon him in permitting the sentence, to which he objects, to go before the public, in the able article on the "Military Establishment of the United States" in our February Number. We invariably allow our correspondents to speak for themselves on such matters, being ever willing of course to admit a defence from the injured party.—[*Ed. Mess.*

FORT DELAWARE, MARCH 22, 1851.

Jno. R. Thompson, Esq., Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

SIR:—My attention has been drawn to an article, "on the Military Establishment of the United States, by an officer of the Army," published in the February number of your popular and valuable magazine. The following extract from it, viz. "Fort Brown was a simple work and indeed well constructed. Fort Polk, at Point Isabel, was, however, the laughing stock of the army, and famous for the absurdity of its plans," must be my excuse for claiming the indulgence

of presenting through your columns a short statement, which may the better enable your intelligent readers to appreciate the merit of this attempt to cast ridicule upon the result of my efforts, made in the performance of an important duty, with which I happened to be entrusted.

Field fortifications are the creations of an emergency to serve some transient and temporary purpose, and are modified and ruled by many controlling circumstances, at one moment, fixing the fate of an army, at the next, a mere ditch and bank, divested of the remotest influence on the current of events. The form and extent of such works, which should never be made except for some direct and immediate end, chiefly depend upon the nature of the object to be defended, the means available for constructing the defences, and the character of the force from which an attack is anticipated.

The defences made at Point Isabel in April, 1846, and subsequently styled Fort Polk, were neither devised nor intended as a regular work, calculated to occupy a military point, so as to be capable of sustaining an investment by troops of all arms, but were in the first place, merely rough intrenchments made of waggons and other suitable objects at hand, embracing all existing and natural obstacles, which could be brought into the line of defence, covering the large extent of ground, which was unavoidably taken up in storing the munitions of war for the army, and the supplies upon which it had solely to rely for its maintenance. This position was, however, at the time, only threatened with an attack by a guerrilla force of Mounted Rancheros, for the army itself, being only a day's forced march in advance, where it could watch the enemy's main body posted on the opposite bank of an intervening river, was ready to anticipate the movements of any large detachment, which he might make of his infantry and artillery. The intrenchments were, consequently, commenced with the intention of keeping, from the start, in the best possible state of defence against the sudden assault of such a force.

But one small company of Artillery, out of the whole of our regular forces, was left at Point Isabel, to protect these stores and to construct these defences, when the mass of the army moved on to the Rio Grande, and took up its position opposite Metamoras. And this slender force was only afterwards increased about the middle of April by the arrival, by sea, of another artillery company. These two companies, constituting the entire force of regular troops, which were on duty at Point Isabel, until the arrival of a detachment of recruits from New York about the last of the month, did not, at any time, turn out a detail much exceeding thirty soldiers for labor on the works.

It is quite evident, that the unaided labor of so small a force could have accomplished but little, towards putting a place of such an unavoidable extent, into a state of defence against a determined attack of any kind. However, the cordial cöoperation of the Quarter Master's Department, with the assistance of the numerous camp followers (embracing many gallant gentlemen), who were left at Point Isabel, when the army moved, enabled the undersigned, who, as an engineer officer was charged with the construction of these defences, not only to replace the first line of barricades by a continuous ditch and embankmen, enclosing all the store houses, but, also to construct some small redoubts in which heavy pieces of artillery were placed in battery, so as to command all the approaches to the place.

The work, by these united means, was brought into such a condition by the first of May, as to instil perfect confidence into its mixed and heterogeneous garrison, made up of regulars, volunteers, camp followers, teamsters and laborers. The necessity of its further prosecution towards a regular and finished state, was removed by the occurrence of events which carried the seat of war across the Rio Grande. The result showed that every object had in view, from the commencement to the cessation of operations on this work, was fully attained without withdrawing even a single soldier from the main body of the army, which was, all the time, wholly engaged in the construction of Fort Brown, a work built, as was proved, to stand the investment of an army with a park of artillery.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN SANDERS,
Bvt. Major Engineers.

TO KOSSUTH.

O Kossuth, noble Kossuth! could the tears
  Of nations shed for thee enlarge thy frame
From Schumla's prison, which, through coming years,
  Shall stand the monument of Hapsburg's shame,
Thine eagle eye, before to-morrow's sun,
  Would once more turn to thy dear Hungary
Far in the West, where shuddering upon
  Her mountain's rugged rim the sunsets die.
That eye of fire! Oh may it once again
  Inspire the mailéd breasts of serried hosts,
And flush ten thousand brows with proud disdain
  Of Austrian tyranny's vainglorious boasts.
May once more wave thy fiery plume on high—
A Morning star to night-steeped Hungary!

L. L. L.

A REVELATION OF THE SPIRITS.

Mr. Thompson,—I am not, nor have I ever been, a believer in ghosts, and I read with satisfaction, in a recent number of your excellent periodical, the review of Mrs. Crowe's "Night-Side of Nature," wherein that modern Pythoness is somewhat severely handled. But one cannot disbelieve the evidence of his own senses, and I must therefore beg your indulgence for a short space in your Messenger, to describe a very remarkable apparition, or rather assembly of apparitions, that I have recently witnessed. "Seeing is believing," has grown into an aphorism, but seeing and hearing admit of no doubt whatever. And while I draw for your benefit a picture of the phenomenon in question, I shall endeavor to recount what my ears heard. In this I will own I somewhat despair of success, for I am equally unskilled in Mnemonics and the Phonetic system of reporting, and can neither recollect a whole discourse like the guardsman of Frederick the Great, who repeated an entire play of Voltaire, after hearing it read from a place of concealment behind the arras,—nor could I put one down upon paper in those curious little arbitrary characters, like flies' legs, with which Mr. Bishop pleasantly beguiles his mornings in our State Convention.

I will premise what I have to say, however, with stating that I am a teetotaller, lest my sketch may be set down as "a vision of the over-heated brain" after an indulgence in a bottle or so of best Amontillado. It may be well enough to say, also, that I reject the faith of Mesmerism and hold Mr. Spencer and all his kidney in disrepute. Skeptical to this extent, I think I may appeal with confidence to your readers for their entire belief in the following narration.

Some two weeks since, I was quietly walking down Broad street, at a somewhat late hour of the night, when my attention was arrested by the unusual appearance of lights, though faint ones, in the old African Church. As I drew nearer, there seemed to be a group of persons entering the front door of the building, and I could not but conclude that some matter of special interest had called the citizens together. The hour was past midnight—the last gas-lamp had been extinguished as the moon showed her waning disk over Church Hill, and the most slumberous stillness reigned around. I walked up to the main entrance, with some little curiosity, not at all lessened by the silence that seemed to pervade the building itself. There was neither sound of human voices nor of human footsteps within. By this time, my desire to solve the mystery became eager, and I at once entered.

The Church was but dimly lighted by a few flickering candles, and the faces of the company were strange to me. But I thought I had never seen such intellectual looking men before. Pallid they seemed, and venerable, like a convocation of the heroes that have been carved out of Carrara. Yet fleshly withal, only etherialized. And they moved about, though noiselessly, as Canova's creatures would find it extremely difficult to do. I ventured to ask one of them the nature and objects of the meeting, but he made no recognition of me whatever, as if wholly unaware of my presence. I therefore seated myself, and awaited the action of the assembly.

For some minutes nothing occurred from which I could divine the why and wherefore of so mysterious a gathering, but then a tall and impressive figure advanced towards the pulpit, whose majestic counteuance was familiar to me. Many years had flown since I had seen it, but the features were the same, except that they seemed glorified by some wondrous transfiguration. One look satisfied me that the person was none other than the shade of a former illustrious Chief Justice of the United States.

Upon this I began to examine a little more curiously into the faces of the rest of the company. Here and there I recognized others that I had seen in days past, and a few whose lineaments are preserved to us on canvas among the *Patres conscripti*. I marvelled more and more, as I came to the conclusion, that the body in whose august and ghostly presence I was seated, could be none other than the Virginia Convention of 1829–30.

Yet for what purpose had these canonized men burst the cerements of the tomb and revisited the scene of their former labours? Why had they come together by the "glimpses of the moon" to hold their ghostly counsel? I was weary of conjectures, long before there was a word spoken to end them.

It did not escape my attention, held as I was in agitated suspense by the novel scene before me, that none of those members of the old Convention who yet survive, were among the figures present. Each individual was a goblin, and yet, as I said before, not absolutely impalpable. The assembly was of course smaller than it had been aforetime, yet more than a quorum were in attendance.

By and by, I began to perceive that disquietude rested upon their spirits, for the expression of their countenances was very sorrowful. Such an aspect wore Hamlet the Dane, as he appeared to his irresolute son upon the ramparts of Elsinore, or the wo-begone messenger that pulled Priam's curtain at the dead of night.

At last, the Convention was called to order by

the sepulchral voice of a phantom-like chairman, and there rose to address them a figure of most extraordinary appearance. It was tall and thin—length, I might almost say, without breadth or thickness—and its face was sad to a degree beyond even any of its lachrymose colleagues. But there flashed from beneath the brows an eye so glittering and yet so subduing, that the beholder was by turns fascinated and overpowered by its influence. The gestures this umbral orator employed were few, the most frequent being a singularly expressive vibration of the fore-finger of the right hand,—a long and skinny finger,—which vibration, like that of Lord Burleigh's head in the play, indicated whole sentences of meaning. An indescribable feeling of terror crept over me as this figure arose. I was haunted as by some horrible nightmare—an avenging Nemesis had seized upon me—the figure was the Ancient Mariner and I was "one of three," and though I strove to escape, I found the effort unavailing—

"I could not choose but hear."

There was something, too, in the tones of the speaker's voice that exerted a powerful charm. At one time shrill almost to a painful extent, then suddenly relapsing into a strain of unearthly sweetness, it ran the whole gamut of articulate music, with an ease and brilliancy that I never heard from mortal lips. The effect was such as we might fancy from an orator combining the better elements of Whitfield and Patrick Henry.

This figure was clad in a ridiculous garment of white flannel, which swayed to and fro with every gesture, and gave him still more the look of a wanderer from the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

But I must proceed, in accordance with my promise, to give you, as far as I can, the remarks of this singular orator.

"Mr. President," said he, "it is a grievance of no ordinary character that can call from the tomb, spirits that have long enjoyed its repose. But, sir, the evil times upon which our good old Commonwealth has fallen, have surely enough of alarm in them to vex the shades of the departed. It is not therefore remarkable that we are here to confer together in our ghostly perturbation. How indeed, sir, could we lie quietly in our graves, while such scenes are enacting in the halls of our former triumphs, while the iconoclasts are shattering the idols of our former veneration?

"Sir, I remember to have predicted when this body was convened in flesh and blood, that it would not be twenty years before another Convention was called. But it had not then entered my mind, no foreshadowing of the future had given me an inkling, that this new assembly would be composed of such material as we have seen in it. Fifteen-shilling lawyers did not in our day tinker the political machine. When I hover around the debates of this gathering of little men, I am reminded of the account given by an old friend of mine, one Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of his visit to a certain kingdom where the pigmies did abound.

"How have we waited, Mr. President, before coming together to enter our unhappy protest against the doings of these microscopic Constitution-makers, for the action of our colleagues who are yet among the living! You, and I, and all of us, might have lain undisturbed, indeed, if the excellent members of *this* Convention, who yet walk the earth, had lifted up their voices against the nefarious projects of our degenerate successors. But, sir, they sit supinely while they should 'cry aloud and spare not,' and we come together now to speak our minds as by a necessity that we cannot withstand.

"Alas, sir, what sins of omission and commission are there of which these men have not been guilty? I shall not here enter upon the catalogue. Time, sir, would fail me—the crowing of the cock would disperse us, before I could narrate the half of them. The great changes which these radicals would effect in the organic law—the stains they would cast upon the ancient escutcheon, must pass unnoticed. I must use, here, more than Spartan brevity, although I am too apt to run into the garrulity of threescore, and without the aid of an Epaminondas to lengthen my monosyllables. It may suffice to recount the injuries they have inflicted on our hapless memories, whereby we stalk abroad at midnight and cannot rest.

"Sir, the first and chief of these injuries is a flagrant violation of an old commandment, which says 'thou shalt not steal.' If any grand jury in this commonwealth should take in hand the larcenies that have been committed, to our wrong and detriment, by the small sages of this new Convention, its session could be protracted to as great a length as that of the Convention itself. It was but yesterday that a certain learned Theban there did wilfully and feloniously steal and appropriate to himself many parts of an argument or speech, the rightful property of a distinguished gentleman formerly, (during his life-time,) of this city. Another had previously stolen the entire train of reasoning which had been elaborated with much thought by the great orator of the West. Nor have there been wanting those who have descended to the petty-larcenies of purloining tropes and appropriating figures, tricky fellows indeed, who having possessed themselves of a rhetorical ruby or a poetical pearl belonging to somebody else, forthwith, like the pickpockets

of Cheapside, tear it from its original setting and parade it as their own.

"But they have offended sorely in another respect. There be those, Mr. President, who have sought to imitate us in that assembly—who, as my lord Hamlet said of players he had seen, 'neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man,' have endeavored to play the parts which some of you, my compeers, so heroically sustained. I know not, sir, if there be one among them that imitates me, if indeed there was anything in my career worthy of imitation, but should there be such a person, I trust that he will have better success than those bungling copyists I have noticed, who have succeeded only in reproducing the blemishes of their models and exaggerating them into faults. It has been some time, sir, since I read my Virgil, but I have not forgotten the little Iulus following from the flaming city, *non passibus æquis*, the footsteps of his sire.

"These things have been distressing enough to me, harassed as my spirit has been, with other causes of vexation. Sir, the shade of Samuel Johnson is said to have appeared to the remorseful Boswell, irate and unappeasable, by reason of that wonderful biography which we have all read so frequently; how much more should I not be moved with anger on account of that distorted likeness of me which an insatiate bookmaker has recently put forth? The book is called a Life; it should rather be styled a *death*, sir. I am ignorant of the number of editions through which the thing has passed, but if they attempt another, I will haunt author and publisher through the residue of their natural lives; there shall be peace of mind for them never again; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

"I have not yet done, however, with these constitution-mongers. Not satisfied with taking other people's ideas and drawing them out to an interminable length, they have resorted to a newfangled system of reporting by which they bestow all their tediousness upon an already afflicted and suffering people. By this system not one syllable of nonsense escapes. It is called, I believe, the Fonetic system, and it aims also at a new method of spelling, by which the good old English of our fathers is to be twisted out of all manner of shape. Sir, the new orthographers publish a journal called the '*Fonetic Nuz*,' in which their mode of mutilating the language is carried out. If I were autocrat for a day, I should so settle the law as to make short work of them. The first offence of this character against the integrity of our mother tongue, I would visit with the knout, the thumb-screw, the bastinado; the second I would make punishable by the *peine forte et dure*; and if the culprit still persisted in his crime, I would hand him over to the executioner to be cut off without benefit of clergy.

"Out of this villainous plan of reporting, Mr. President, has grown the most extraordinary evil of the day—a huge sheet called the 'Supplement,' which has overspread Virginia, as the locusts overran Egypt of old. It appears every third day, and, sir, the third-day ague and fever is a trifle to it. It must inevitably weaken the treasury by depletion if not shortly arrested, and, alas, what styptic, what *eau brocchieri* shall we find of adequate virtue to staunch the flow? What in such a case shall be the *methodus medendi?*

"Mr. President, let me ask, what is a 'Supplement?' What is the proper definition of the word? I find it, by reference to as good an edition of Johnson's Dictionary as can be printed in the city of London, to be given thus—'SUPPLEMENT, an addition to any thing by which its defects may be supplied.' Applying this definition to the Supplement of which we speak, we may regard it as an addition to the Convention, by which its defects may be supplied. Sir, if this Supplement is to be continued until it supplies the defects of the Convention, in the name of Heaven when will it stop? Will it be during the present century? Shall not the printer hand down his contract to his remotest posterity? Can it be hoped for before the end of all things, or shall it be only coeval with the Greek Kalends? Sir, if it is to supply the defects of the Convention, it will continue forever,

'Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.'

"Why, here is a copy of this Supplement"—and the tall, thin figure drew from the pocket of its white flannel gown a number of the precious publication. But the cause which had been potent enough to vex the departed, and call up spirits from the grave, had its usual effect upon the living. No sooner had the fatal sheet been produced, than a lethargic influence seemed to pervade the atmosphere—I fell into a state of coma,—a sleep so profound, so overpowering, that

"poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,"

could ever have produced it. How long I slept, I know not. It could not have been very long, for when I awaked it was yet dark. But the assembly had vanished into thin air and left behind no trace of their singular meeting. Slowly I walked to my home, pondering much on the ghostly oration I had heard, and of which I have here given you so meagre and unsatisfactory a sketch.

X. Y. Z.

Editor's Table.

The leading article in the present number of our magazine so far exceeds the limits ordinarily assigned to such dissertations, that we think it proper to say a word or two to our readers concerning it, lest they should complain of the lack of our usual variety of contents. The length of the article is not greater than that of like papers in the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, but we should nevertheless have given it in two numbers, if it had been capable of division without interrupting unreasonably the thread of the argument. We are sure we need not ask the reader's thoughtful attention to the article itself, which presents, in our judgment, the most philosophical examination we have ever seen of the great question of Labour and Capital. The writer is one of the first scholars in the Southern States, and he has made himself fully acquainted with the subject under treatment before entering upon its discussion. The reader who has been observant of the signs of the times, who has watched the throes and convulsions of English Chartism, followed the march of the phalanx from the closet of Fourier to a foothold on our own shores, and read the wild eloquence of Alton Locke, will regard this article, we are sure, as "words fitly spoken" and spoken not one moment too soon.

The *Dollar Magazine* has recently passed into the hands of the Duyckincks of "*The Literary World*," and has thereby greatly improved. We hope to see it generously encouraged, as a home magazine, for the fact is not to be disguised, that those literary omnibusses, the *International* and *Harper's New Monthly* are exercising a most depressing influence upon intellectual effort among our own authors. Publishers who pay for original production cannot compete with publishers who have their material already supplied gratuitously, any more than a tailor who pays a heavy duty upon foreign cloths can turn out coats as cheaply as your snip who smuggles them. Indeed the illustration is hardly strong enough, for these magazines appropriate rather than smuggle, and realize their immense profits upon the unrewarded labour of English writers. The *International*, it is true, publishes a modicum of original matter (by far the most *uniformly* attractive and interesting portion of the work,) prepared by a hand at once practised and graceful, but the staple of its contents is pirated. *The Literary World* has lost none of its interest by reason of the increased duties of its editors, but we recognize in the editorial department of the *Dollar Magazine* the peculiar talent of an invaluable assistant whose paragraphs are always piquant and fresh.

Our correspondent "L. I. L." writes us:

"I have just met with a number of the 'Winchester Republican,' in which I am taken to task for a representation in the article published in your last number, styled 'Recollections of Sully.' The Republican embraces the opportunity to inform its readers that the 'Round Hill,' (at the foot of which Mr. Sully states that General Daniel Morgan was buried,) is four miles to the west of Winchester, whereas the old Southern Church, in whose graveyard the General lies, is, in reality, in and on the opposite side of that town!

"It is an undeniable fact, that the Round Hill, (as a spur of the North Mountain is here called,) is in truth some distance to the west of the fine old town which thus lies between the western and the eastern ranges guarding the passes of the great valley; but if the editor of the Republican will some morning take a holiday from his task, and ignoring for the moment with averted eyes the Boston tumults, the South Ca[illegible] agitations, and the 'intelligence of breathless interest' just arrived by the last steamer, make his way over the fine new turnpike, which is a delightful road except where the unbroken granite lames his horse, a charming highway wherever it is unobstructed by giant pines purposely felled on the track;—if he will seek on some fine, clear morning that point of the Ridge dubbed the 'Blue Ball,' and there gaze upon Winchester, which by this time is melting into a speck upon the horizon, he will at once comprehend the truth of Mr. Sully's expression, 'at the foot of the Round Hill yonder where you see the smoke of Winchester rise!'

"It is a mortifying fact indeed that the ancient border sentinel, which occupied in times past so important a post, should be a mere *detail* in the landscape when the mountains come in play, but so it is. From this point the three or four paltry miles disappear in the perspective, and the 'smoke of Winchester *curls round the summit* of the Round Hill!'"

We are glad to notice that our friend Tuckerman has collected into book form the many very beautiful poems that have appeared under his name from time to time, in the magazines and newspapers for some years past. Although his reputation rests chiefly on his essays, which are beyond all question the best that our country has produced, Mr. Tuckerman has written much better verse than many who base their claims to the honors of the literary class solely upon poetical effort. Indeed we think that had Mr. Tuckerman never written a line of prose at all he would still be fairly entitled to rank with the most pleasing *litterateurs* of the day; and in our judgment he may wear the laurel with any of the verse-makers around us. It is a remarkable fact that the heartiest recognition of Mr. Tuckerman's merits has come from the South. The

greater portion of his "Characteristics of Literature" appeared originally in this magazine, (though the Northern papers have studiously ignored the fact,) and the most elaborate and satisfactory examination of his style that has yet appeared, adorned the pages of the Southern Quarterly Review. The fact is, Mr. Tuckerman is much too contemplative a writer, and adopts far too just and cautious an use of language to suit the Northern section, where the extravagant and bizarre are as much sought after in letters as in all things else. Perhaps it may be too much to hope that Tuckerman's poems will go through many editions in this prosaic age, but we may at least trust that the present supply will meet with appreciative purchasers.

Speaking of poetry, we are reminded of the surprise expressed by our contributor who reviews Mr. Simms in the foregoing pages of this number, that no complete edition of his poetical works has yet been put forth. Will not Russell of Charleston take the matter in hand, and give us a volume of them, in such a style as his well-known taste would suggest?

The distinguished artist, Thomas Sully, who has been for many months past in our city, has just completed for the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society, a copy of his original portrait of Patrick Henry, which is indeed an admirable picture. The history of this portrait is somewhat curious, and as we think it is not generally known, we give it as it has been narrated by James Webster, the publisher of Wirt's Life of the great orator. In a letter to Major Noah's *Sunday Times*, some four years ago, Mr. Webster replies to an attack that had been made upon the biography, and proceeds to give the following account of the portrait—

"Immediately after I had purchased from Mr. Wirt his 'Sketches,' &c., I was desirous to procure an engraved portrait likeness of Mr. Henry as a necessary embellishment to accompany the work. To obtain this adjunct, I not only travelled over Mr. Henry's native county, but through those adjoining. Finally I obtained from Mrs., or Miss Symes, of Rocky Mills, a coarse miniature of Mr. H., taken, as I understood, by some travelling portrait painter. With this miniature, I personally waited on many individuals who had been intimately acquainted with him, all of whom said the likeness was a bad one. I requested them to point out the deficiencies, which was done. Some of them gave me written memorandums—amongst them B. Waller, Esq., of Williamsburg; David Robertson, Esq., of Petersburg; and Dr. Foushee, then postmaster of Richmond.

"With the information thus obtained, and the miniature, I waited on that distinguished portrait painter, Thomas Sully, of Philadelphia, and requested him to paint me a portrait of Patrick Henry from the documents laid before him, and to charge his own price for the same. When the portrait was finished, I took it down to Richmond, expressly for the purpose of submitting it to the inspection of those who had given me information to aid in painting it, and others who had personally known Mr. Henry from his youth. My first call was on Chief Justice Marshall. Placing the portrait before him, I said—'Judge Marshall, can you tell me whose portrait that is?' He replied,—'That is Patrick Henry, and an excellent likeness of him it is.' At this time Judge Marshall did not know that I was engaged in the publication. I next waited on Col. Preston, the Governor of Virginia, who agreed in what Judge Marshall had said. B. Waller, Esq., David Robertson, Dr. Foushee, and others, also pronounced it an excellent likeness."

The Historical Society have been fortunate in securing a copy of this picture from the hand of the master, a copy, which is indeed fully equal to the original in all respects. We should not forget to add that the work was a gift of the artist to the Society, and is on that account doubly valuable.

We believe Mr. Sully stays with us but a short time longer, and we would advise all lovers of art not to miss the opportunity of visiting his studio, before his departure.

We are not musical, at least in the artistic acceptation of the word, but that we are not insensible to sweet sounds, our appreciation of Jenny Lind and Parodi must bear us witness. We are, therefore, under many obligations to Mr. George Oates of Charleston for a batch of his latest publications of new music. Among these are two little gems, the composition of Henry T. Oates, Esq., bearing the titles of *Sunnyside Waltz* and *Hyperion Polka*. The latter is appropriately dedicated to Professor Longfellow, and is graceful enough to have caused Paul Fleming to take lessons of Cellarius. Among the rest is a difficult and eccentric composition of Strakosch which we would give something to hear that gifted performer execute.

Our friend Mr. Tefft writes us that he is not entitled to the praise we have awarded him as founder of the Georgia Historical Society, but that the Rev. Dr. Stevens and Dr. Arnold are the parties to whom it rightfully belongs. We were doubtless in error in referring to him as the *sole* founder, but while we cheerfully make the correction as to the worthy gentlemen whom he mentions, we shall not permit our friend to disclaim the very large part he had in the formation of that excellent Society, or the benefits he has conferred upon it since.

Diaries of all sorts of people have been among the most popular species of light-reading for years. We have the "Diary of an Ennuyée"—the "Diary of a Physician," and many others, but we do not recollect to have ever seen the Diary of a Swindler. Such a thing is, indeed, unprecedented. Yet we learn from a recent number of the London Observer that this psychological wonder has been brought to light. The whole affair is so curious that we give it just as it appears in the Police Report of that journal

"EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SWINDLING.—At Marlborough-street, on Friday, Richard Douglas (otherwise Sir Richard Douglas, otherwise Captain Douglas, of Orpington House, Kent; Ascot-villa, Ascot; and of No. 6, Belgrave-terrace), and his two sons (Charles and Arthur) were finally examined, charged with having, for a length of time, carried on a most successful system of obtaining goods upon false pretences. It appears that within two years the prisoners had succeeded in getting from between 45 and 50 tradesmen, £4,702 worth of property. On the elder prisoner a diary was found, which revealed a system of living by the wits unexampled for success, audacity, and extent. The diary for 1851 was kept in a business-like manner. It opened with a list of the names of gentlemen and ladies to whom begging applications for money had been made. The names of the parties who had not replied to the applications being brought forward and posted in quite a mercantile way. The first day of the year was opened by a Prayer to Providence to bless the exertions of the writer and his sons, and make them more prosperous and productive than the last year. It went on thus:—Took possession of Ascot-villa; got phaeton, dog-cart, horses; looked about Guilford, Staines; ordered goods, coals, and beer; shawls; got a great coat from Skinner.—3d January: Nothing came in; Charles hired dog-cart, and harness of Liley: went in phaeton to Guilford; ordered carpeting, shawls, coats, &c.—4th. Nothing from Guildford but an impudent letter; sent Charles to station for carpeting; Williams came there and stopped it; fear there will be a row; got shawls.—5th: Phaeton and horse seized; fear expenses at Ascot, and all up with Charles there; fear we must cut.—6th: Coals and beer came in; made us as merry as could; went to shop in Curzon-street; ordered brushes, &c.—7th: All day ill; row about stable, forcible possession taken of it; row all day with one person or another; fearful how they will end; three boys at home idle; all ordering things.—14th: Not a shilling coming in; eleven mouths to feed; would'nt order goods except to keep my children; they have found out my address at Guilford; dreadful news; got carpeting; fearful row with a man who brought an iron safe. Row all night from ringing door-bell by boot and shoe man.—16th: Row all day with people; mob outside of house crying swindlers.—17th: Very nervous; more rows.—18th: Went to boys to dinner. Champagne; very merry. Providence not quite deserts us. The rest of the diary was nearly to the same effect. The capture of the elder prisoner was effected under rather remarkable circumstances. The prisoner wrote a pathetic letter to the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, imploring assistance, being confined, as he said, to a sick bed, and in a state of complete destitution. The police gained a knowledge of this letter, and Sergeant Allen having dressed himself up in a long black oratorian robe, white neckcloth, and broad brimmed hat so as to resemble a priest, he called at the house in Belgrave-terrace, and was at once admitted. He found the prisoner shamming illness, but when the police sergeant announced himself the prisoner jumped up and roared out that he was betrayed. The constable then took him into custody.—Some additional evidence having been adduced, the three prisoners were committed on five charges."

Here is a new character for Mr. Dickens, such as we should have set down as ridiculously overdrawn had it been introduced in one of his novels. Although Sir Richard Douglas is a much more disreputable person, the manner in which he looks out for better *times*, under the care of Providence, is not unlike the hopeful anticipations of Micawber that "something would turn up." We ask Micawber's pardon, however, for the remark.

We have read with great satisfaction the "*Prospectus of the Southern Home Journal of Education and Domestic Industry*," a new work to be published bi-monthly in Charleston, S. C. under the editorial management of EDWIN HERIOT, Esq. The objects of this journal, as stated in the prospectus, are

"to advocate strictly and exclusively, Southern Education—the encouragement of our own Literary Institutions, and the publication of Southern School Books, edited, printed and circulated in the Southern States—to bring into prominent notice all literary undertakings, Books and Periodicals, Colleges and Schools, at the South—to discourage Northern agents, and their School Books, and expose, in all their deformity and duplicity, the pernicious doctrines of Abolition and hostility to the South, which they have so long been permitted to instil into the minds of our children."

In a design so laudable every true Southern man will wish Mr. Heriot abundant success. We need scarcely add that his reputation is a sufficient guaranty of the ability of the work.

It is always a pleasant thing to hear our own praises spoken, when the commendation is discriminating. We do not relish, for ourselves, the twaddle that Mr. Tupper has been pouring forth so incessantly in very dreary verses, about Brother Jonathan and Slavery, and all that, but the following *morceau* from Sir Henry Bulwer's recent speech before the St. George's Society is not difficult to swallow. Sir Henry has recently visited our City and State, and left behind him only the most favorable impressions.

After having toasted St. George, the patron saint, he proposes the honors to another saint of the calendar—

"Now since you have been so kind in your reception of the name which I have just uttered, will you allow me to mention that of a near and dear relative of our patron Saint—I mean 'St. Jonathan.' I have seen this same gentleman in many guises—I have just come from visiting

ing him as a Virginia planter; I have shaken hands with as a Western farmer; I have been feasted by him in this very hall as a New England Pilgrim, and I have dined with him as a New York merchant; I have known him well as a Washington legislator, and I have been on intimate terms with him as an American statesman both in and out of office—and I will tell you that I don't believe that there is a more generous or honest-hearted saint in the whole calendar—(laughter)—one who is more ready to give his best bottle of wine to a friend, or to drink his friend's best bottle of wine, if he gives it him—(laughter)—who is more skilled to turn a penny—more splendid in spending a guinea. (Cheers.) But St. Jonathan, though not solely, is especially a sea-faring sort of saint, and he has at this time a vessel on the ocean about which he is somewhat anxious, though it is in reality in no sort of danger. I think I see flying from its topmast the *Union*-Jack. (Applause and cheers.) I think I hear a cry of 'a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together,' from the lips of its crew. (Long and loud applause.) That vessel is called the United States—(renewed cheers)—and it carries as its freight the language of Shakspeare, the code of Blackstone, the creed of Christ! (Loud cheers.) Let us drink, gentlemen, to its long and prosperous voyage:—May no wind from the north or from the south impede its progress, or peril its precious cargo. (Great applause and loud cheers.)

Our thanks are due to Ma. H. R. Schoolcraft for a copy of his splendid volume on the *Indian Tribes of North America*, which we shall endeavor to notice, at some length, at an early day. The book is by far the most satisfactory publication that we have yet seen on the aboriginal inhabitants of our country, and will remain as a monument of Mr. Schoolcraft's enlightened zeal and laborious research.

Our old and valued friend, Lieut. M. F. Maury, the best specimen of the true *savant* that we have in America, has also laid us under obligations by sending us a copy of his "Investigations of the Winds and Currents of the Sea."

Two of the best serial publications of the day have reached respectively the conclusion of the first volume—The Illustrated Domestic Bible, issued by Samuel Hueston, New York, and Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, from the press of the Harpers. The former of these we regard as an excellent work. It contains copious notes by which the reader is fully supplied with all that he requires in understanding the text, while so far as we have observed, not a single debateable point of doctrine has been introduced. Six numbers more will render the work complete. Lossing's book is valuable as a popular historical treatise, and gratifies the eye with the richness and softness of its wood-cuts.

Notices of New Works.

Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet: *A Tragedy in five acts. By George H. Miles.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company. 1850.

The recent representation upon the stage of this tragic performance, induces us to undertake its review, though not without feelings approaching to awe. Nothing but the sternest sense of Editorial duty would have enabled us to overcome the trepidation which we felt on reading the formidable announcement, thinly disguised as an "advertisement" by "the Publishers," that this, amongst "nearly one hundred competitors," was the manuscript which obtained "Mr. Forrest's prize of one thousand dollars," or have fortified us in an effort to pronounce judgment in a spirit of strict critical justice upon the worth of this play. But though thus informed that its merits have been already ascertained; though public opinion is thus forestalled by this pompous prelude; though thus commanded, in true Boston-like style, to "fall down and worship at the sound of the sackbut and the dulcimer," we shall nevertheless venture to honestly form an opinion of our own, and to candidly express it to our readers.

From the preface we learn that "the design of this play is to explain the life of Mohammed, from the age of forty to his death, a period of twenty years." Of course pretensious so towering challenge criticism upon the object rather than upon the execution of the work, and we will therefore devote our notice to the former, rather than to the latter subject. Mr. Miles' notions of his hero's character, as well as his theory of Dramatic art, are pretty fully developed in the following extract from his preface:

"I found the naked history superior to all the inventions of imagination. Where the charm is in plot and surprise, repetition sickens us; where the characters themselves attract, it delights.

"After all that has been said, the true character of the great founder of Islam is but imperfectly understood. Here is the difficulty: not only have we to reconcile truth and falsehood, sincerity and deceit,—for, in most historically great men, there is more or less of this,—but we are dealing with one, who, believing himself a Prophet, asserts it by imposture,—the messenger of Allah preparing mankind by a deliberate lie for the reception of Eternal Truth.

"From this point of view, the play was written. The brevity required in representation on the stage (at which I aimed) compelled me to omit much that might support my interpretation of this 'sincere impostor.'"

Now, whilst with all due deference to Mr. Miles, we do not agree with him in supposing that "the true character" of Mohammed is so "imperfectly understood"—there is yet one thing we will cheerfully admit, which is, that this play has done nothing towards throwing light or lustre upon it. But we are very far from thinking that the character of the great founder of Islamism is not yet understood. On the contrary, it seems to us, that few historical personages were better known by their contemporaries, or more correctly appreciated by posterity than the Koreishite descendant of Ishmael.

Our notion is, that the opinion entertained for so many centuries, is, after all, the only correct one, and that is, that Mohammed was a man who, possessing great mental abilities, prostituted them to the basest purposes, giving himself out as a prophet of the most High God, whilst he wallowed in the deepest sensuality, and, himself a

coward, procuring a tyrannical authority through the courage of others. We are aware that the fashion of the present day is, amongst certain Neologists, to represent him, as a true-hearted hero, whose soul revolted from the worship of the idols of stone and brass, Ormusd and Ahriman. the ancient Gods of his fathers—who penetrated, with an earnest desire to understand, the deep mysteries of true religion, which he believed himself to have found,—who gave himself so zealously, so enthusiastically to the work of propagating his doctrines, as to lose his balance and forget that it is not permitted in the moral law to advance the cause of truth by means of falsehood, or justify the means by the sacred character of the end to be accomplished,—and so, blinded by his zeal and fervent devotion to the promulgation of theistic truth, he uttered falsehoods, resorted to artifices and cruelties, and invented miracles, without meaning thereby to be really guilty of lying or imposture.

Our answer to this theory is very simple. It is in the facts.

First: We know that Mohammed never entertained any notions of assuming the prophetic character until many years after his marriage with Kadijah. Now Waraka, the nephew of Kadijah, had been a convert to Judaism, after which he became a Christian, and then relapsed into his old Sabean faith. He was, says Irving, *(Life of Mahomet, p. 56,)* "a man of speculative mind and flexible faith," "worthy of note as being the first on record to translate parts of the Old and New Testament into Arabic." It was thus, through Waraka and his translations, that Mohammed obtained such knowledge of genuine religious doctrine and precept, as enabled him to introduce into his Suras enough of pure and undefiled moral and religious truth to give them, in the eyes of the idolatrous Arabs, the semblance of revelation.

Secondly: No one of the advocates for this new-fangled theory touching Mohammed, not even Mr. Carlyle, himself, has ever been able satisfactorily to reconcile with it passages like the following; which in our judgment are conclusive as to the Prophet's sensuality and deliberate deceit and imposture.

"Prophet! We have allowed thee thy wives * * the daughters of thy uncle, and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father's side and thy mother's side, who fled with thee from Mecca, and any other believing woman in case the Prophet desireth to take her to wife. This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee above the rest of true Believers." *Koran (Sale's Translation) ch.* 33.

"To the rest of the believers" God allowed only four wives; but Mohammed availed himself most freely of "the peculiar privilege" granted by Divine permission. We could quote many such passages; some even more sensual in their tone and expression: but we have said enough to justify us, we hope, in the eyes of our readers at least in not yielding an assent to the claim set up in these later days for the sincerity and honesty of a "Prophet," whom the Christian Church has so long regarded as an arch impostor.

However much we may differ with Mr. Miles as to his notions of Mohammed's character, we would not be unjust to his play as a mere literary performance. Lest any one therefore should chance to suppose him guilty of plagiarism, as he seems to anticipate, we give his vindication, extracted from the Preface, merely observing that "accidental resemblances" are not altogether new.

It may be inferred that I copied Goëthe, varying the fifth act to my own convictions: but though it is no reproach to borrow from the great German, the resemblance is entirely accidental.

The play abounds in sublime passages and effective lines. We give an example (pp. 78-79.)

Amrou (intervening.) Forbear, Sophian! Look, 'tis clear as water:
The Prophet shed his skin to save his life;
Stuffed it with Ali to divert your scent;
And whilst you watched the counterfeit Mohammed,
The genuine escaped. Instead of dallying here,
Belching harsh thunder at a generous youth,
Pursue your quarry, else you're baffled, cheated,—
Quick, and retrieve!

On the very next page (p. 80)—will be found a kindred passage, in which Sophian exhibits the true spirit of an enterprising police officer.

Soph. Never! But let me pass. I'll search the house
From top to bottom; then, my hot pursuit
Shall ferret all Arabia and the world.

THE DECLINE OF POPERY AND ITS CAUSES: *by* the Rev. N. Murray, D. D. Harper & Brothers. 1851.

A very well *printed* discourse. Nothing extraordinary in matter or style. The writer congratulates the Protestant world, that, while the majority of numbers is with the Catholics, it is counterbalanced by the superiority of the Protestants in intelligence and zeal; and that the contact between them, where religion is free, as in the United States, is productive of amelioration in the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Clergy themselves.

We think there is much truth in this last view. We are not of those, who expect with confidence a reunion of of all Christians in one *nominal* church; a centralization and fusion of all creeds and doctrines. The history of the Church gives much more reason, in our opinion, to look for an increase of differences upon such points, than for a diminution of them. It is the natural result of the diversity of men's minds, when applied to any subject of an intellectual and abstract character. But we believe that there is a progress in another and a more important branch of Christian knowledge; in that department of it, which teaches us to regard our fellow men, and their opinions with charity and indulgence—to examine their doctrines with candour—to modify our own, when convinced of error—to estimate minor contrarieties of sentiment and faith as insignificant, in comparison with a recognition of the same great principles of duty towards God and Man. This process, we do believe, has already exerted much influence, and is destined to exert much more, upon the Catholic Church in America. Nor do we think their Protestant contemporaries so perfect in all respects, that they too may not profit of similar opportunities. For example, the author of this sermon might have discovered some bright spots in the history of the Popish religion—some glorious and venerated names—instead of fixing his eyes only on the darkest and most dismal scenes, and calling to mind only the most arrogant, false, and unholy, of those who have worn the sacerdotal robes. We are as far, at least, as any of our readers, from assenting to the doctrines or discipline of the Church of Rome; but we protest against the application to it of an unjust rule, which might be turned with serious effect against every other church in Christendom. If an association is to be held accountable for the misconduct of of every individual who may belong to it—or if men are to be condemned for the remote and unseen results, to which a speculative belief may be carried out by logical processes—we fear that no church under Heaven ever

was, or ever will be, found immaculate. At least, there should be presented on the other side such examples of piety and virtue—such lessons of wisdom and truth—as have been furnished by the Church, which is placed upon its trial; and if this were done, the Catholics would certainly not lack a powerful counterpoise, to the mass of odium and reproach that is heaped in the other scale.

The fact is, that the Catholic church is the oldest in Christendom—it has been longest and most intimately associated with the State—it has grown up in the darkest ages of Christianity—it has possessed the largest secular power—it has amassed the greatest wealth. In all these respects, the Protestant churches have been, more or less, contrasted with it. They have struggled into existence from poor beginnings, amid difficulties and dangers, discouraged by the government, jostled and impeded by one another, and never attaining the possession of unbounded power and exhorbitant wealth, such as those enjoyed by the Church of Rome. But, just in proportion as they have acquired these great objects of human desire, in the same degree has the purity of the Church been the sufferer: in the same degree, have pride, luxury, sloth, intolerance, and cruelty, reared their fronts in the holy temples of the Prince of Peace. And, if the Protestants have fewer and less gross errors to be purged out of their churches, they owe it to the kind Providence which ordained that they should be planted in an age of more light, and should flourish amid influences more favourable to the preservation of their original spirit. Let us not, therefore, boast ourselves of our superiority, which is not of ourselves: but rather, while we view with satisfaction the changes which are silently wrought in the Church of our Catholic brethren by the spirit of religious freedom, let us look narrowly into the defects of original construction, and the breaches which have been made by time, in the fabric of our own.

FOREIGN REMINISCENCES. By Henry Richard, Lord Holland. Edited by his son Henry Edward, Lord Holland. New York. Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1851.

Heary Richard, Lord Holland, was a favorite with his generation and his name is still, to all who came in contact with him during his long life, a synonyme for every thing upright and excellent. To a spirit as guileless as a child's, and a warmth of heart which never lost sight of those to whom his friendship had once been given, he united a consistency in politics seldom met with in the troublous times in which he lived. For forty years he remained a staunch Liberal without varying or shadow of turning, and though his talents were not of the first order, his observations display a faculty of accurate discrimination and an insight into human motives, highly creditable to his intellect and character.

The "Reminiscences," however, in our opinion, have been somewhat overrated. They have naturally challenged extensive notice for the new light thrown upon many of the events and personages of the French Revolution, but this attention they must have excited under any circumstances—the literary merits of the work had nothing to do with it. Lord Holland writes in but an indifferent style, and his ideas spurn all connection whatsoever;—he flits from subject to subject—from France to Spain, from Talleyrand to Charles and Ferdinand, without connecting in the reader's mind by so much as a hurried sentence the sequence of events.

On one page we have an account of Talleyrand in which that delectably cold-blooded, selfish and treacherous time-server is made out every thing upright, truthful and pure—seen through the obscuring glasses of friendship;—on another, most scandalous anecdotes of Charles IV. of Spain, the queen, and the "Prince of the Peace;"—and again still more outrageous *on dits* of the Prussian Court, Ferdinand, and the handsome chamberlain, Schmettau, who annually announced to the king the birth of a prince, and received for answer from his master on the third announcement. "*Schmettau trois! c'est assez.*"

If the reader, however, once consents to yield himself to Lord Holland's guidance, he will find the anecdotes, *on dits* and personal details of the exalted personages who figure in these pages, very entertaining. In a historical point of view too they are valuable as transcripts from the diary of a man who was "a part of all that he had met," who knew intimately the prominent characters of his day, and whose recollections, though obscured in some degree by personal likes and dislikes, bear the stamp of the author's upright and truthful character.

Morris and Brother have the book for sale.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS *of William Pembroke Mulchinock.* New York: Published by T. W. Strong, No. 98 Nassau Street. 1851.

Several of the pieces which compose this volume were written for the Messenger, and our readers have therefore had the opportunity already afforded them of making up an opinion upon Mr. Mulchinock's powers as a poet. For ourselves we rate him, if not among the first, yet as far above the middle class of rhymers, although, assuredly, the contents of the present work are rather to be taken as an earnest of what Mr. Mulchinock *can* do, than as efforts upon which he would be willing to rest his fame. Very great facility of versification and rare choice of epithets are what strike us most forcibly as the good points of the author. On the other hand, a somewhat too diffuse expression of a single thought, the result of haste in composition, is the most frequent blemish that we notice. But we are not disposed to look for faults in the verses of one who writes for his daily bread, and who can not therefore permit his MSS. to undergo the mellowing process which Horace recommends. Mr. Mulchinock is a young Irishman whom the political disturbances of his native land have driven to our shores, and upon whose exertions depends the support of a wife and children. We could wish him a more lucrative profession than that of poet, in an age and country so utilitarian as our own, but we are not without hopes that the peculiar circumstances of the case will ensure him a handsome reward for his present labor. One piece of advice, Mr. Mulchinock will permit us to give him and we offer it with all respect. Having contended so long with the evils of a bad government, it is but natural that Mr. Mulchinock's feelings and sympathies upon becoming the citizen of a republic, should be democratic (we use the word in no party sense) and he has given utterance to them boldly and becomingly in his "Chaunts for Toilers." But there is danger, we think, that he may be hurried away by his impulse into the ranks of the ultraists whose fevered and fitful complainings have found the way to the common ear, always too open to such addresses, as well through the ringing lines of the versifier as in the editorial columns of socialistic newspapers. We fear our young friend has got into bad company when he fraternizes with Greeley and Whittier—and we caution him above all not to write anything upon Slavery until he has made himself acquainted with the Southern people. We offer this friendly admonition not because we think Mr. Mulchinock's verses will be apt to endanger the stability of our domestic institutions, but because we

feel an interest in him, and would dislike to see him render himself ridiculous. His present efforts are altogether unexceptionable and we commend them most heartily to public appreciation.

THE POETICAL REMAINS *of the late* MARY ELIZABETH LEE. *With a Biographical Memoir. By* S. GILMAN, D. D. Charleston, S. C.: Walker & Richards. 1851.

Our readers of some years standing will recollect the various contributions to the Messenger of Mary E. Lee. It will be pleasing to them to learn, from the beautiful memoir prefixed to this collected edition of her writings, that her character was as lovely as her poetry was graceful, and in all the relations of private life she adorned the woman, as before the public she added to the stores of her country's literature. The exact measure of Miss Lee's merits has been awarded by Dr. Gilman with singular justice and impartiality, when we consider in what close and confiding relation they stood to each other, and how greatly the gentle qualities of the suffering poetess must have won upon his affectionate regard. His memoir, as a revelation of a secluded life, without other incident than the domestic changes of this world of vicissitude, is full of a subdued interest. It is not difficult to see that the preparation of the memoir, though by no means an easy task, was done *con amore.*

The volume contains, by way of Preface a sweet poetical tribute to the memory of Miss Lee from the pen of W. C. Richards, Esq.

It may be obtained of J. W. Randolph.

A SCHOOL DICTIONARY *of the Latin Language. By* DR. J. H. KALTSCHIMDT. In Two Parts. I. Latin-English. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1851.

It is only necessary for us to say of this work that it belongs to the excellent classical series of Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt, which have met with such large and merited success from one end of the country to the other. It is neatly and carefully printed, of convenient size for the school-boy, and the fact of its being approved by the learned German doctors whose names we have just mentioned, is a sufficient voucher for its value as a lexicon.

It may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

THE WORKS OF HORACE: With English Notes. *For the use of Schools and Colleges.* By J. L. LINCOLN, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Brown University. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway.

Professor Lincoln has already given to the public some very excellent school editions of the classics, but none of them has pleased us so much as the volume before us. It is just possible that our judgment in this matter has been biassed by a long standing preference for Horace over all the writers, either in verse or prose, of the Latin language. Being better able to form an opinion, in the premises, on this account, we may assign the book a superiority which it does not really possess. It is always a delight to us to go along with a man who performs the task of a guide understandingly, to the cave of Pyrrha, gaze with him on the white summit of Soracte, and linger in his company in the *Via Sacra* or the Sabine Grove. Such a friend is Professor Lincoln. We do not mean to imply, by any means, that this volume is as satisfactory to the admirer and constant reader of Horace as the luxurious and magnificent volume of Dean Milman, for it is designed, we are told, for schools and colleges, and is of course without the expensive illustrations of that costly edition. But it contains what is of more consequence to the young student—copious and well considered notes which elucidate the text, while they do not too greatly assist him in making out the construction. In addition to this, it has a complete "Index of Proper Names" by which one can turn immediately to the passage where any particular place or person may be found. The book is well printed and has a few wood cuts here and there. It is for sale by J. W. Randolph.

THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Two Volumes. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 252 Broadway.

We have never particularly admired Mrs. Browning's poetry, and for a reason that we have some hesitation in expressing—we have always thought it affected. Affectation is a charge easily made, and not unfrequently with injustice, and it applies after all more to the manner in which the thought is expressed, than to the sincerity of purpose of the writer; so that when we make the charge, we do not do so idly. But we have so frequently been bewildered by the obscurity of Mrs. Browning's style, and perplexed with the difficulty which she seems to endeavor to throw around the simplest matter, that we have been tempted more than once to give her up altogether. We know that there are very many people who are fond of Mrs. Browning, to whom this new and beautiful edition of her poems will be most acceptable, and we shall certainly not quarrel with them for enjoying what we confess we may not properly appreciate—a strain to which our own spirit is not attuned.

These volumes are for sale by Morris & Brother.

MARY BELL; *By the author of the Rollo Books.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

WALLACE. *Same Author and Publishers.*

Mr. Jacob Abbott has done more for the "rising generation" than any other person of our time, (not excepting Peter Parley,) that has ever written a line. The excellent Historical Series of the lives of great people, Kings, Queens and Commanders, which he published during the last year, has been succeeded by a new undertaking—the Franconia Stories—two of which are now before us. They are beautifully printed and illustrated, and will no doubt meet with the success they deserve.

These little books may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

George M. West & Brother have sent us Nos. 36 and 37 of the Boston Edition of Shakspeare, containing Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet. This fine copy of the great dramatist is now nearly completed, and will make, when bound up, seven sumptuous volumes. The publishers, Phillips, Sampson & Co. deserve large patronage for placing it before the public.

"Tom Racket and his Three Maiden Aunts," is the title of a novel sent us by Long & Brother of New York. It is styled a "Companion to Vanity Fair," and is, in our humble judgment, a very bad companion.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII. RICHMOND, JUNE, 1851. NO. 6.

On the Study of the Ancient Languages in the United States.

The question may perchance be asked "Why trouble the public, especially the readers of a periodical in which the sprightly and entertaining are naturally expected to predominate over the serious and useful, on a subject so trite and thread-bare, which has already been viewed in every possible aspect, and discussed to exhaustion by men of all calibres?"

To this we answer, that the particular side of the question at which we propose to look, has not been so much examined, as some others, although in getting to a proper position for seeing it, we may be compelled to pass over ground already much trodden.

It would be easy to array ourselves, either with the ultra conservatives, who almost deify the ancient languages, and regard every moment of time taken from their study as absolutely lost, or with the opposite faction of Vandal innovators, who would employ the besom of destruction as ruthlessly against the dialects, as the barbarians did against the national existence, and monuments, of the Greeks and Romans. It would not be difficult to expatiate in good set terms, garnished with an ample supply of classic quotations, on the copiousness, delicacy, and flexibility of the Greek, with all its treasures of poetry, philosophy, oratory and history, and on the majestic simplicity and remarkable regularity of the Latin, in which the dignified conquerors of the world, leaving the palm of originality and speculative subtlety to their predecessors, have embalmed so much practical wisdom, manly eloquence, entertaining narrative, and exquisite poetry. We might complacently declaim on the folly of those who will not seek these priceless treasures, lying within their reach, especially when their own languages and literature, are to so great an extent, derived from the ancient, when their scientific discoveries to this very day, almost invariably, are named from the Greek, and when they can combine with these advantages, peculiar to the Greek and Latin, all those common to the study of every foreign language. From this, the inference would be, that every other part of education must be sacrificed to this one thing needful, a profound and familiar acquaintance with classic lore.

We might as easily fall in with those who regard the study of the ancient languages, as a humbug, which must soon be exploded, and who consider all time devoted to their study, as worse than wasted, and those who spend years in acquiring and teaching them as dull pedants utterly unfit for the practical business of life.

By pursuing either of these courses, we should follow the natural tendency of mankind to ultraism, and find it much easier to indulge in sweeping denunciation or measured laudation, than to confine ourselves to a cool, dispassionate examination of the subject, and the comparatively cold, plain language of common sense. We maintain, that in this subject of education, as well as in all others, social, political, or religious, the human mind, like a pendulum, is always swinging backwards and forwards between extremes, and is never stationary at that middle point where truth is usually found. In this matter, as well as others, some would cut us off entirely from the past, and persuade us to act, speak and think, without any light from those who have preceded us, while others come to a conclusion diametrically opposite, that every thing which has been is best, and, like the Bourbons, neither learn nor unlearn any thing from experience. No rational man will, in the abstract, deny the folly and danger of this ultraism; but to resist his own practical tendency towards one of these two extremes, *hic labor, hoc opus est.* In attempting, therefore, to attain to what appears to us the golden mean, we are fully aware that we shall not only displease both of the opposite parties, but in all probability prove the truth of our theory, by running into some ultraism of our own.

But before defining our position, and coming directly to the point which we have most at heart, we wish to say a word about the triteness of the subject.

It seems to us a matter so eminently practical and the decision of which is so highly important, that every man in the community is fully warranted in forming opinions, and giving utterance to them, in a spirit of patriotism and philanthropy, not of arrogant dogmatism. Many indeed may entertain the false idea, that this is a matter of mere speculation, in which none but a few closet men have any interest. There is nothing which comes more emphatically "home to the business and bosoms of all men," who entertain for themselves or their offspring the hope of

a liberal education. Those who receive what is usually called a *thorough* education, commonly spend five or six years mainly, if not entirely, in the study of the ancient languages. Can the manner in which so large a portion of human life is spent, and that in the plastic season of youth, and by that class which commonly takes the lead in society, be a matter of indifference, or even of small concern, to any patriot, philanthropist or Christian? It must have a powerful effect, not only on the intellectual and moral character of those who are thus educated, but on those who are affected by their legislation, and by the public and private influence of those belonging to the liberal professions, and in all the points in which educated men are brought into contact with society.

If it can be shown that this study is in itself useless or pernicious, or that it prevents those devoted to it from acquiring other knowledge which is more useful, it ought surely to be abandoned, or its pursuit so modified as no longer to interfere with the great, practical purposes of education. If, on the contrary, it can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of all, that it gives, in a very eminent degree, that intellectual discipline afforded by the study of all language, that it is well-nigh indispensable to the thorough mastery of our own tongue, as well as those of several other nations with which we have most intercourse, and that we cannot conveniently substitute other studies for it, the objections to it ought to be abandoned, and attention earnestly directed to the improvement of the prevalent systems of instruction.

But we cannot expect unanimity in the admission of either of these opposite conclusions. The truth is, that men's minds ought not to stand still on the great questions which concern the intellectual and moral improvement of society. Our position is very different from that of those who lived immediately after the revival of letters. Then the Greek and Latin writers were almost the only sources of information on all subjects, as well as the great models of taste; now the knowledge once exclusively contained in them, has been transferred to other languages, and has been swelled by vast additions, made since those languages ceased to be living. Indeed there is no small disposition to depreciate the classics, and at the same time to sound the praises of many ideas as modern discoveries, while those very ideas were in reality stolen from ancient authors. *Then*, and long afterwards, all compositions which were expected to possess permanent interest, were written in Latin, regarded as common to the whole republic of letters. Now, the practice of writing even the notes to classical authors in Latin is fast becoming obsolete, and Latin composition is little and rarely at all cultivated. The editions of classical authors, now so frequently issued from the American press, prove at once the increased devotion of a few scholars to the classics, and the demand for editions, which will make the classical course easier and shorter. It is an undeniable truth that a very large portion, we believe a majority, of those who have their children educated, set very little value on Greek and Latin, and have them taught those languages rather against their own judgment, either merely because other boys learn them, or because the collegiate institutions to which they send them, make the classics a compulsory portion of their course. It is notorious that students participate largely in this undervaluation of the ancient languages, usually indeed carrying it to a much higher degree than their parents, and that very few pursue the study with real interest. *Practically* they may neglect the mathematics and other branches of science, or the modern languages; but *theoretically* they admit their utility, and if they have any industry or ambition at all, are much apter to give them earnest and cordial attention.

One of our most eminent collegiate presidents, who has devoted much time and study to the condition of our higher seminaries, seems to be fully apprized of the existence of this feeling which we have been describing. He says: "If we except the *ancient languages*, there are but few of the studies now pursued in college, which, if well taught, would not be attractive to young men preparing for any of the active departments of life." He thinks the decline in the proportional number attending our colleges, is to be traced to the compulsion under which our collegiate system places students, to pursue a particular course of study, of which ancient languages, in their estimation, form too prominent a part, and proposes what may be called the voluntary system, adopted by the Virginia University from its commencement, as the most effectual remedy for the evil. We do not intend at present to consider this question, one of the most important and difficult connected with the whole subject of education, but merely mention Wayland's opinion, based on an extensive observation of facts, to show the peculiar difficulties growing out of public sentiment in teaching the ancient languages in the United States, difficulties which, if we are to credit Sidney Smith, have been long known and felt in England. Public sentiment is certainly against the long continued study of the classics, except in that very limited class, which has usually had the control of our higher seminaries, and nothing but a sort of reluctance to break through long-established custom, or the necessity of submitting, in order to get any edu-

cation, makes most fathers and sons submit to what they consider the useless drudgery. Nine-tenths of those who frequent colleges, backed by the opinion of their parents, who are anxious to be rid of the expense too often greatly swelled by the reckless extravagance of their sons, desire to pass with rail-road speed over what is called education, to active and lucrative employment. Much as the votaries of literature and science may lament this hot haste to be rich, which renders mature scholarship almost impossible, this impatience is and is likely to remain a fixed fact, which every friend of education must look in the face, and by which he must modify his abstract theories. The advice of enlightened men may, in some instances, convince parents and pupils that economy and industry may and ought to give them more leisure for laying this best foundation of future usefulness and eminence. But if the adviser be a teacher, his advice will be much more frequently rejected from the suspicion that he is merely endeavoring to promote his own interest, and that of his class, by prolonging the period of tuition; and even if he be no teacher, he will still be regarded as an unsafe counsellor, because he will be thought to set undue value on the advantages which he has himself enjoyed. A very large proportion of society will present a solid and impenetrable surface to all the weapons of persuasion.

To acknowledge the truth, the reasoning of these objectors, while leading to extravagant conclusions, is not altogether unwarranted by the facts of the case. As before mentioned, and as universally admitted by all men not absolutely blinded by antiquarian tastes, while the *absolute* importance of the ancient languages, as a branch of study, has not diminished since the revival of letters, their *relative* value has *certainly* been greatly lessened. Not only have the fine thoughts of the masters of ancient literature percolated, as it were, into the derivative tongues, not only can we find models of composition in the modern languages that may well compare with any in the ancient, but the number of subjects now taught in collegiate institutions has so greatly increased, that very little time comparatively is left for the classics, which formerly engrossed it all, or divided it with the mathematics. Let us see the subjects which Dr. Wayland proposes should be taught in Brown University when remodeled, and which it is certainly desirable should be taught in every complete collegiate instruction, in addition to the languages and mathematics. They are Chemistry, Geology, Physiology, English Language, Rhetoric, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Political Economy, History, Science of Teaching, Principles of Agriculture, Application of Chemistry to the Arts, Application of Science to the Arts, Science of Law. Of this long list, which after all is perhaps not complete, the greater portion has either been introduced, or has greatly advanced in consequence, since the revival of letters, and it is undeniable, that in the opinion of great numbers, this is far the more important portion of education. Is it not then perfectly obvious, that the ancient languages are less important in relation to other studies, and to the pursuits of active life? Men have been always educated in Europe, and were formerly educated in this country, exclusively to prepare them for the learned professions; now our citizens desire education to fit them for all occupations, and a large majority believe, rightly or wrongly, that that fitness can be attained without studying ancient language. However unwilling the lovers of the olden time, *laudatores temporis acti*, may be to admit the fact, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, both in regard to the constitutions of States and Colleges.

Since then their relative value has diminished, since in a large and respectable portion of society, there is a fixed opposition to the study of the classics, and since there is another and no small division of the community who study them rather from fashion or necessity than conviction, let us see what course, in the premises, is dictated by practical wisdom.

The wild innovator, with the same spirit which animates him in politics, would bid us fling away at once this rubbish of the past, shake off this incubus which retards the progress of the human mind, and the onward march of society. The ultra conservative, living in a world of his own, in which, like the fish said to be found in the Mammoth Cave, he has no eyes for the outer and active world around him, would have us resist the irresistible current of human affairs and public sentiment,

> "nor bate one jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward,"

in upholding the time-honored study of the classics. We humbly opine, that we must try to find the golden mean of true wisdom between these two extremes.

On the one hand, we believe that there are manifold advantages, not so easily or completely secured in any other way, which can be derived from the study of the ancient languages. They are vehicles of thought, used and perfected by nations, who, if they did not absolutely lead the van in civilization, are most immediately connected with our own forms of civilization and literature. They constitute, to a great extent, the basis of our language, both in its established words and phrases, and in these which scientific

discoveries are constantly introducing. From their many inflexions, which adapt them better to purposes of brevity, harmony and rhetorical effect, and afford the best opportunity of studying the general principles of grammar, they deserve to be studied by all who wish to understand the comparative anatomy of language, and fully to appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of their own.

The fact that they differ so widely from the English and other modern tongues, is a peculiar recommendation to Latin and Greek. As a man who travels in the East, where tyranny has prevailed from time immemorial, and the social institutions are so opposite to ours, will best understand from contrast the defects of our own political and social organization, so shall we best understand the peculiarities of our own idiom, by comparing it with others of opposite character. It is unfortunate, indeed, that most annotators are engrossed with pointing out the beauties of their author, and the superiority of the language in which he writes, forgetting entirely the actual faults and relative inferiority in some points of both the writer and his tongue. This is every way injudicious, because it tends to prevent the exercise of judgment and taste, and either produces false impressions of admiration, or disgusts the student by blind idolatry, and leads him to suspect that all laudation of the ancients is a mere humbug.

The benefits derived from a cultivation of the classics, already mentioned, are common to all who desire to enlarge, liberalize, and refine their intellects, whatever may be their profession or occupation.

Among professional men, as they are usually called, to none is the study of ancient languages so important as to students of divinity. An acquaintance with the tongues in which the oracles of God were communicated to man, seems almost indispensable to a teacher of revealed religion. In connexion with this it may be remarked, that it might be unsafe to abandon this study entirely to the clergy. Clergymen, in the United States, are usually enlightened, pious, and useful men, and the emulation and vigilance of the rival sects, operate powerfully in preventing corruption. But all history proves, that it is unsafe to allow a branch of knowledge, which is of practical importance, to be engrossed by a class under temptation to its abuse.

The Roman patricians, that wonderful order which astonished the world by their valor, genius, wisdom and exploits, thus abused the pretended science of augury and their acquaintance with the forms of civil action, which, for their own purposes, they concealed from the commonalty. The Roman Catholic priesthood, when they had all European science and literature in their hands, imposed, in the grossest manner, on the laity of all classes, and still impose on the ignorant and degraded. The same leaven of corruption remains in human nature, in spite of the reformation, and that religious freedom of which we are so justly proud. Much as we boast in this country of freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, even the Protestant pastor is commonly the standard of opinion to the majority of his flock, who do not usually investigate, but swallow his doctrines whole, without any attempt at digestion. There are many, indeed, who are individual exceptions of independence, exceptions by no means confined to the learned; but it is plain that this number would be greatly and dangerously lessened, if ancient learning were left as a monopoly in clerical hands.

Students of Law and Medicine, the two other professions which have appropriated to themselves the name of *liberal*, will also derive some peculiar benefits, in addition to those which are common to all proficients in the classics. They will both find it much easier to understand and recollect the technical terms, the nomenclature of their professions, while the lawyer will find his acuteness greatly sharpened, and his skill in the interpretation of language greatly improved, from the habits formed in the acquisition of classic lore. We doubt not, that merchants, farmers and men of all occupations, will find their faculties sharpened, enlarged, and every way improved by this study.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that a portion of the benefits, derived from the knowledge of the ancient languages, may be realized from an acquaintance with the modern, which are of more immediate utility to those who mix with the world at home and abroad. They make us acquainted with a living and breathing and not a dead civilization, and afford sufficient contrast with our own language, to aid us very much in perfecting the knowledge of it. One unacquainted with Latin and Greek, may certainly write English remarkably well, although we can scarcely go so far, as to ascribe the perfection of the Greek language to the exclusive devotion of those who employed it, and who looked on foreign nations and languages with equal contempt. General Washington and others, entirely ignorant of Latin, are certainly among our best writers.

Again we find not a few ministers, who either never knew, or have completely forgotten Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and yet are exercising an influence far more salutary and commanding than many others who have devoted years to their acquisition. We have already shown, that we are far from considering them of no value

but that value is certainly much exaggerated, when they are represented as absolutely indispensable.

We also have not a few politicians, lawyers and physicians, who are useful and eminent, and yet are either entirely ignorant of, or certainly never had their minds trained and moulded by the study of the classics. This study might have made them more accomplished as men, and more distinguished as citizens; but it is sheer nonsense to deny that a very high, even the highest point of greatness may be attained without this advantage. The truth is, that too much consequence is often attached to distinction in academical studies, as an evidence of probable success in active life. Eminence in any, or even in all the objects of collegiate pursuit, is not unfrequently the only eminence which a man ever reaches. On the other hand, those who, with all their efforts, attain but a moderate knowledge of the different branches of science, and literature, often develop a very high degree of energy and practical talent.

Having before endeavored to show, that the ancient languages ought not to be abandoned, and yet that the mode of studying them must be changed to suit the circumstances and prevailing sentiment of the times, we proceed to consider the manner in which this modification ought to be effected.

And first we must protest against the idea, entertained by some, that the ancient languages, if taught at all, must be taught slightly and superficially. Dr. Wayland has, in our opinion, shown his wisdom by avoiding this, which seems a natural conclusion, at the first blush of the facts which he has presented.

It may be laid down, as a general principle, that superficial teaching is a positive injury to *education*. The object of education, as evinced by the derivation of the term, is to lead out the faculties of the mind, train and direct them in their proper channel. And here we desire to distinguish between *education* and the mere *acquisition of knowledge*, which may be made after the training of the mind and formation of the character have been long completed. We shall not be so absurd, as to contend that all *knowledge* which is not complete, is therefore injurious, that every one who cannot climb to the topmost branch of mathematical science, does better to remain upon the ground, that every one who has not mastered every principle, idiom, and word in the Latin, is worse off than if he had remained ignorant of the declension of nouns, that every one who is not acquainted with the most recent discoveries, and most abstruse theories of chemistry, ought to forget the simple principle that heat expands. All knowledge, however slight, is power, when directed by a well-trained mind. But we contend that superficial learning, as a part of education, can never thus fit and prepare the mind, but, on the contrary, unfits it, and gives it a wrong direction.

A man who has thoroughly mastered one branch of mathematics, Algebra for instance, so as fully to comprehend how the science ought to be studied, and his intellect trained by it, will not be injured by a *slight* knowledge of some other branch, provided he understand the extent of his own ignorance, and do not substitute a habit of slight for one of thorough investigation. A man who has studied Chemistry, so as not only to have learned some of its facts, but to see the nature and excellence of inductive reasoning, as applied to natural science, will receive no mortal injury from a smattering of Geology, provided he do not relax into habitual superficiality. In the same way, he who has really learned some one language beside his own, not so indeed as to know all its words and idioms, for that work, even in our mother tongue, cannot be completed in a life-time, but so as to comprehend, in all its length and breadth, what learning a language is, and how it ought to be effected, and so, as actually to master what he attempts, will not be intellectually injured by picking up some knowledge of another tongue. In that case, he will know how to use and how to estimate that acquaintance. But when he never learns any language well, when, as is but too often the case, he learns the inflexions and syntax of a language mechanically and imperfectly, and can translate flippantly with a vague, inaccurate notion of the meaning of the original, and none whatever of its idiom, never even attempting to form a sentence in it, and is then taught to believe that he understands it, we maintain that he has received an intellectual injury. It is true that fluency, in his own language, acquired and improved in that or in any other way, is useful, and that he may occasionally comprehend, or even quote some passage from the classics, with "a mouth as rounded," and a manner as imposing, as the maturest scholar. But this is clearly *knowledge*, which may or may not be useful, according to the capacity or habits of the individual: it is not *education*.

Such a sciolist, if inclined to be conceited, will imagine himself a scholar, and sit down contented; if disposed to reflection, he will perceive that he has not realized the advantages supposed to be derived from the study of language, and rashly and falsely conclude that they are imaginary; he will carry into the study of every other tongue the same incurable habit of carelessness and superficiality. He finds that his faculties are undisciplined, and that he is unprepared for

learning to write or speak any language dead or living; in short, he encounters difficulties entirely unknown to one who has been judiciously directed in his early studies, and feels that his habits impede instead of promoting his real improvement.

If he be a young man, his parents, themselves perhaps uneducated, being unable to discover any improvement, derived from this source, are confirmed in their prejudices against the study of the ancient languages. Even his memory, by many falsely imagined to be the only faculty exercised in this department, is little practised, and always ill-directed. He is totally unaccustomed to make nice discrimination between the meanings of words and phrases, to study and appreciate that comparative anatomy of languages, which we have before mentioned, and which, in its place, is as useful as the comparative anatomy of animals. It would be hard to say, whether this *superficial*, or what may be considered the *pedantic* or *idolatrous* mode of studying the ancient languages has done more to create a prejudice against them.

The problem to be solved then is simply this, viz: to find a mode of teaching language thoroughly, in the comparatively short time now allowed by circumstances. It is indeed a requisite in all branches of learning. As the number of departments has increased, the time devoted to any one of them has proportionately diminished. The difficulty has indeed been partly obviated by simplification of statement and arrangement. Immediately after scientific discoveries are made, they are usually presented by the discoverers in a somewhat cumbrous form; afterwards men utterly incapable of discoveries themselves, reduce those already made to a more simple and intelligible shape. Very considerable advances have been made in the application of the principles of mathematics, if not in the discovery of principles themselves; yet there can be no doubt that a knowledge of the science can be obtained sooner now than it could have been one hundred years ago. Let any one compare the edition of Euclid by Simpson, in which the very texts of the propositions often present a formidable difficulty to the beginner, with Legendre's Geometry, and he will at once see how much has been done to simplify and facilitate the study.

So in regard to natural science. While the facts, established by induction, have been indefinitely multiplied, they have been constantly reduced to fewer and simpler principles.

The same thing, to a less extent, has taken place with language, we of course mean ancient. Fewer now quote long passages, and write and speak Latin than in former ages, when scholars were given up to a sort of blind admiration of antiquity. But many able men have directed a more searching and philosophical analysis to the languages and their antiquities, and have criticised their authors with more boldness and independence. This searching spirit, the exhumation of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the examination of inscriptions or monuments, coins, and medals, with other circumstances that might be mentioned, have placed the philological knowledge of the present day greatly in advance of what it was at a period, when it seemed to be more exclusively cultivated. Yet we believe that this increased knowledge may be more easily attained, because the system on which text books of Grammar and Antiquities, and of the classics themselves, are prepared, have been greatly improved, although yet far from perfection.

Several different plans have been proposed and adopted for teaching the Ancient languages. The oldest and most common mode in this country, is that according to which a pupil is required to get by heart, not only the inflections of the declinable words, but also the rules of syntax, before using any of them in translation and analysis. This method has been usually found tedious and disgusting, and is usually far from effectual in giving a clear comprehension of principles. Even mature minds are often puzzled to understand principles, in an abstract form, until they have been illustrated by a variety of examples, and we know that the abstractions, contained in grammar rules, are often far from being easy of comprehension. Yet on this plan, boys, with minds unaccustomed to generalization, are required to commit many such abstractions to memory, before they are made clear in the only possible way—by frequent application. It seems about as reasonable, as to require the student to commit to memory Algebraic formulas, without any idea of the mathematical principles by which they are obtained. Both the formulas and the rules may be applied to practice mechanically, but obviously without any mental improvement. It is contended, indeed, that this process strengthens the verbal memory, and treasures up the verbal expression of principles, which can be subsequently understood and applied. It is true these advantages are to some extent secured, but, as we conceive, at too great an expense. A great deal of time is, we do not say entirely wasted, but less usefully employed than it might be, a consideration of great importance in this age, when time is money and knowledge and power.

On the other hand, we believe that the frequent repetition of the words of a rule not understood, is an actual impediment to its future

comprehension. It is much harder to induce one to think about what he has been long compelled to repeat like a parrot, than what is newly presented to his mind. The experience of teachers will bear us out in the assertion, that nothing can be more difficult than to command the attention, and rouse the thinking powers of a boy, long trained to recite without understanding the rules of grammar. We question not the value of verbal memory, but think it can be more agreeably and usefully exercised, than in the uninviting drudgery which we have just mentioned. We may either treasure up select passages of the classics, or of our own language, or employ the memory far more profitably in the mode which we shall hereafter describe and recommend.

A second mode of teaching language is by requiring whole phrases, with their translation, to be committed to memory. This method is deficient, because the principle of concretion, if we may so express ourselves, is carried to excess, i. e., no abstract general principles are taught, except so far as they may be inferred from an observation of examples, and the pupil learns the meaning not of separate words, but of words in combination. It is of course impossible thus to acquire either an accurate or scientific knowledge of language, although it may aid us in writing, and especially in conversation.

Some have mentioned another method, viz: that of requiring the meanings of individual words to be committed to memory. This is evidently only part of a method, because one word has often a variety of significations, and the knowledge of one, although it may be the primary meaning, will aid us but little in ascertaining the others, and even if each word had only one unvaried sense, when taken separately, this mode would leave the pupil entirely ignorant of its meaning in combination. It is therefore an useful auxiliary to other exercises, but in itself utterly insufficient.

The Hamiltonian mode, once so highly eulogized in England by Sidney Smith and others, although now apparently forgotten, is liable to the same objection. This method, which is suggested by Mr. Locke in his famous treatise on education, and has been actually employed by the Jesuits, consists in using an exact, literal word for word translation. If strictly adhered to, it leaves the pupil ignorant of rules and of the force of words when combined in phrases, and is moreover apt to lead him into a habit of using very bad English, a habit which it requires caution and industry, in both scholar and teacher, to avoid forming, whatever system may be pursued.

There is still another scheme, that, when properly *managed*, may secure all the advantages of the *others* combined, together with some peculiar to itself. It has been generally called the Oral System, although it would be more proper to call it a combination of the Oral and the Written. Although far from original in its general principle, it has some appearance of novelty in the shape in which it is now presented. The principle is, that we should endeavor to learn another language, as nearly as possible, in the same way in which we have learned our own. Formerly, at many of the schools of Europe, Latin was habitually employed, just as we now use English in the intercourse between teacher and pupil, and perhaps in some it may still be kept up. We formerly regarded this practice as very absurd, because it seemed to require an amount of time which ought not to be devoted to a dead language. We are now convinced of our error, not because we think writing and speaking Latin in the present state of the world, an acquisition of much practical value, but because it gives us an insight into Latin and the general principles of language which can be best attained, and soonest attained in that way. But while we doubt not that this system was most effectual and useful, we are equally convinced that some things, combined with that old practice, e. g. the use of long grammars in Latin, and the compulsory composition of many Latin verses, ought not to be made at this day a part of a general system of education.

Mr. Locke, in the treatise to which we have before referred, says that to have a man constantly with a boy who will allow him to speak nothing else but Latin, aiding him at every step, and correcting every mistake, is the shortest, easiest, and most effectual mode of teaching him the language. We have no doubt that it is a far less irksome method, than one in which written exercises are employed, and more efficient too, provided the teacher be a thorough scholar. But, as such a scholar is a *rara avis* in the United States, and even when found could not be expected to devote himself to the instruction of so small a number, as can be taught on this plan, we must resort to some other, which is practicable, and approximates, although it does not equal this.

This system, which we now recommend for the ancient languages, was, so far as we are informed, first applied to the modern by Manesca, a French teacher in New York, who published a book on the subject. This book has been imitated, and abridged, but not improved by Ollendorf, who seems to be carrying off all the credit, and has prepared German, Italian, and Spanish grammars, if grammars they can be called, on the same plan.

In his introductory address, Manesca, who is

evidently a man of talents, uses the following language.

"If I have not spoken of the advantages to be derived from this mode of teaching, applied to dead languages, it is not because I entertain the smallest doubt of its efficacy in that particular; for on the contrary, I am confident that many years of toilsome, tedious and almost fruitless labors, would be saved by the adoption of such a method for these languages."

And again. "Such a consideration well deserves the attention of the *few* scholars competent for a task, which would prove so beneficial to the present and future generations of collegiate students. The present various modes of teaching the dead languages are sadly defective. It is high time that a rational, uniform system should be adopted."

Dr. Thomas Kerchever Arnold, Kuhner, Mc Clintock and others have attempted to supply the desideratum.

The peculiar features of this system are its progressiveness, constant repetition, and appeal to the principle of imitation. The pupil, as in conversation, learns only the meanings of such words and phrases. and such general principles, as are necessary for the occasion. A thorough comprehension of these, and an entire familiarity with them, is immediately secured by requiring the formation of many sentences like those which are given as models. Those sentences are to be both spoken and written, and Latin sentences may be given for translation by reading them aloud, without permitting the pupil to see them. By these means are secured two things comparatively rare in the United States, viz: accuracy in writing the lauguage, and the power of comprehending it by the ear only. In regard to the former, we must say that we consider the want of it as the great deficiency in our education. Facility, rapidity, flippancy, show, are the great objects of desire; thorough accuracy is rarely sought, and still more rarely attained.

The operation of the plan which we have been recommending, may be illustrated by reference to the manner in which men throwing dirt out of an excavation, become gradually enabled to throw it to a greater height, until they at length can do what seemed at the outset, and actually was, impossible. This is of course done more or less in all instruction. but it is the beauty of this system that it carries the principle out completely, and in the very manner which nature dictates. The meanings of some individual words, and their forms, if they be declinable, in some particular case, gender, number, voice, person, mood, or tense, the significations of a few phrases or classes of phrases, and the general principles on which they may be explained, are first given, and the understanding and memory thoroughly imbued with them before others are introduced. We acquire the meanings of separate words, and of words in combination, and the principles regulating their combination, in precisely the same manner in which those meanings, combinations and principles are originally established, viz: by use.

When boys are required to commit page after page of abstractions, to them unintelligible, and of which the only semblance of an explanation given, is a single example puzzling the memory, but not carrying one ray of light to the understanding, they are apt to become disgusted with the language before they have in fact learned any thing of it. When they begin to read and parse, in the ordinary manner, although they now begin to get some insight into the language, they are liable to be confused and dismayed by the infinite variety of particulars which require attention.

Manesca justly remarks: "Let a style of writing be ever so plain and easy, it will nevertheless comprehend all the main conditions of the language, and this in every minute section of a book, nay in every one of its pages; insomuch that every line will offer to the eye a rapid succession of divers accidents, terms, rules and combinations, without allowing the mind any time for repose, or the memory any time for associations."

Each abstraction must be made clear to the young by *many* examples and *much* explanation, and of course they should not be overwhelmed by a multitude together. On this plan, one or two only are introduced at a time, and by frequent application made, as it were, tangible and practical.

In the use of the old books of Latin exercises, such as Mair's Introduction, in which the English is given in one column, and bad Latin in another, and nothing is required but the correction of the errors in the Latin, something may be learned, but little in comparison. The result will be the same, as we often see in those who have been long drilled mechanically, in correcting bad English, but have not been compelled to practise making good English in writing and conversation. They may correct with ease, and give the rules for it with readiness; but they show that they do not practically understand English, by making the very blunders in writing and speaking, which they have corrected.

According to the plan of which we speak, the language will be taught by speaking and writing it, beginning with the simplest elements and sentences, and gradually proceeding to those more complicated. The learner will be, to some extent, in the condition of a man in a foreign coun-

try, where he is obliged constantly to write and speak the language, under the constant supervision and direction of one perfectly acquainted with all its idioms. Writing will give him accuracy, and speaking readiness, and he will learn to distinguish words by the ear, as well as by the eye, which latter circumstance will not only perfect him in the pronunciation of the ancient, as far as that pronunciation is now ascertained, but prepare him for readily speaking the modern tongues.

It may be asked, why learn to speak and write dead languages? *Cui bono?* The answer is easy. It is the shortest and most efficient means of attaining an object, that is usually secured very imperfectly, and with great difficulty, viz: a knowledge of the inflexions, principles and idioms. Some years ago, Cleaveland, a teacher in Boston, published a small volume, in which he advocated this very system, when, so far as we know, there was no book prepared for carrying it out. Spence's republication of Arnold's Exercises, and other publications, on the same general plan, show that it has been gaining on the public mind.

We propose now to set forth more distinctly the advantages which we believe will result from its adoption.

First, as we have already said, it is the shortest and most thorough mode of acquiring both the individual words and peculiar combinations of the language. Presented separately and gradually, they will be more clearly apprehended, and immediately and frequently used in the formation of sentences, they will not only be indelibly impressed, but realized, as practical truths, not dreamy, half-understood abstractions. Every one who was taught on the old plan, and will make a fair experiment of the new, will soon discover that he is entering on a new world, lying indeed within his reach, but hitherto unseen, and that he can learn more of what we may call the *pith* of the language, in two years, by this, than he could in twenty on the old-fashioned system.

Secondly, the intellectual faculties will be better trained and more developed. It may appear at the first blush that the verbal memory is less improved, because it is not so much strained in committing rules and inflexions. But it will be certainly more pleasantly and judiciously exercised. The pupil must first recollect the meaning of separate words, next the sense of words combined into phrases; he must then form new sentences, and remember not only the words employed, but the order in which they are arranged. When, in the progress of the system, the sentences to be formed, as well as those already formed, and to be translated by the pupil from simply hearing them read, attain considerable length, the task becomes severe enough to satisfy the warmest advocates of memory exercises. If the scholar have any judgment, he will discover too that every effort which he makes is really useful, by familiarizing him with the idioms, the arrangement, and the rules of the language, to an extent which the flippant reciters of the last have no conception. It is still clearer, that the power of discrimination will be greatly strengthened, because it is an essential part of the plan to discriminate carefully between synonymous words and phrases, if the epithet can be properly applied to the latter. The reason too must be constantly satisfied of the practical utility of the rules, which are often, on the old plan, applied mechanically, and almost without thought. Far more accuracy in translation also will be secured, because the attention is systematically and constantly directed to the different modes of expressing the same ideas in the languages compared. Accuracy does not require that the translation should be literal, as some foolishly imagine, but that the words and phrases in one tongue should be precisely equivalent to those in the other, to effect which we must often completely change the expressi ns and arrangement, leaving no word in one language corresponding exactly with any in the other. None but those who have made the trial, can conceive how much this process will improve the mastery of our own tongue, which is certainly one of the prime objects of education. The order of words too, in both languages, will be habitually observed and compared from the outset, a thing which is completely disregarded in the ordinary process of correcting bad Latin.

The great latitude which the inflexions of the ancient languages allow, enables the student to appreciate more fully the rhetorical power of arrangement, than he could do, by confining his attention to the modern, in which the situation of words is much more fixed. It is therefore an admirable rhetorical exercise, and an excellent preparation for the cultivation of that portion of style in our vernacular.

Thirdly, one who has thus studied the dead languages, will have much greater facility in thoroughly acquiring the modern. As merchants, travellers, ambassadors, consuls, and other agents of government, and last, although not least, as missionaries, our citizens will have occasion to learn the living tongues. Those who have pursued this course will have infinite advantage over others, because they will have acquired the skill and the habit of striking, as it were, at the very vitals of a language.

A knowledge of the ancient, however superficial, will of course aid in learning those tongues which are derivative. But we have no doubt,

that habits of inaccuracy, in many cases, fully counterbalance any benefits accruing from derivation.

Fourthly, a teacher can, in this way, best secure the attention of his pupils. All experienced teachers know that their greatest practical difficulty is inability to command the undivided attention of their scholars. While one is reading a passage from a classical author, the minds of the others will often be completely listless and wandering. No severity of discipline can entirely prevent this; there is need of some mode, by which a sort of animation may be imparted to the recitation, and each one be required to take a part in what is going on, at short intervals. We do not assert that nothing can be done towards this object on other plans; but we know, from experience, that much can be easily effected on this. Let a large black board, one of the greatest inventions of modern times, and equally adapted to teaching language as science, be used; let each member of the class be required, at the same time, to convert an English sentence, given orally by the teacher, into Latin on the black-board, and, when all have finished, let those sentences be corrected by the teacher in the presence of the whole class. Or, if the black-board be too small to admit the whole class at once, let those who remain at their seats, correct the sentences written by the others. Let an oral examination be added, so conducted, by constantly passing from one to another, as effectually to preclude inattention. This will give a liveliness and animation, utterly unknown to any recitation on the ordinary system.

Fifthly, the plan we advocate makes a student conscious of *progress*. None who have had opportunities of observation, can fail to have remarked, that boys, or young men, who have for years been pursuing the ancient languages on the old system, no matter how rigidly enforced, seem to feel, as if *agentes acta*, going perpetually over the same things, and, in fact, not advancing in their knowledge of the principles of the languages. As stated in the passage, quoted from Manesca, reading and analyzing a few pages of any standard author will give them a knowledge, such as can be thus attained, of all the leading principles. By reading more, they become more familiar with them, and acquire greater fluency in translation, but soon begin to imagine and indeed to realize, that they are learning nothing additional, in regard to principles and idioms

This want of progress, to some extent unavoidable, is increased by the too common practice of ceasing to make a student parse, after his preliminary drilling. As comparatively few are interested in the narratives, discussions, or beauties of the classical writers, the larger portion naturally become very weary of doing what is tedious, if not difficult, without apparently advancing one step in the career of knowledge. But the other system is eminently progressive, and all young men of capacity and ambition, will be reconciled to the labor which it involves, by a consciousness of advancement, which may be continued *ad infinitum*. None who have been properly trained on this plan will ever use those absurd, but not unfrequent expressions, "reading through Latin, finishing Latin." Their vanity will always be checked by the reflection, that they have a boundless field before them, of which they can cultivate a part, proportioned to their capacity, leisure, and inclinations.

Sixthly, it not only renders the *student* conscious of progress, but it compels the *teacher* to *make progress*. We have heard it absurdly urged against instructors, that they are in the habit of preparing their lessons beforehand. When it proceeds from absolute ignorance, or from never having learned the general principles of the subject properly, it is a well-founded objection. But when it is intended to refresh and extend their knowledge before ample, and to fit them better for communicating an active impulse to the minds of their pupils, it is a positive recommendation. None is so well prepared to impart information, as one ardently and actively engaged in enlarging his own stock. If, having learned all that he thinks it practicable or desirable to give his pupils, he lays aside the subject, his mind ceases to act in regard to it, and he cannot of course impart to others an interest which he does not feel himself. It would be just as reasonable to expect a stagnant pool to set machinery in motion.

Now, if an instructor combine with the exercises actually set down in the book, others consisting in the reconversion of translations from the classics into Latin, and then carefully compare the Latin of his pupils with that of the original, he may find sufficient occupation for a lifetime. He must also aid the pupil in combining the scattered fragments of information which he finds in the book into one whole, by judicious questions, adapted to point out the connexion between the isolated parts. This is a duty little attended to, but rendered indispensable by the necessary deficiency of all text books. If these ideas be carried out, teachers will be required who will give themselves to the work, not reluctantly and temporarily, but heartily and permanently. At the same time, every instructor of real intelligence, and proper sense of duty, will feel happier, when actively occupied, and seeing his pupils always sensibly progressing, than he possibly can do in the wearisome tread-mill of the ordinary drilling.

But it may be asked, if all this time be given

to exercises, how much will be left for reading classical authors? We frankly confess, that it must be greatly abridged, and cannot deny that much translation is necessary to complete our knowledge. But where one portion of instruction must be given up for want of time, we must of course sacrifice that which is less essential. Where particular boys have leisure, or where young men have inclination and opportunity, it will be very well for them to engage in an extensive course of reading, but it is useless to deny the fact, that as a general thing, it cannot be done. An extensive familiarity with classical authors has already become less common, and is certainly less important. The practice of writing the notes to the classical authors in English enables the scholar to get on much more rapidly than he could in our younger days, when the Latin notes were often more difficult than the text. Indeed we fear that some annotators have rendered the text too easy by given a free translation of almost every passage indiscriminately. Where this is the case, the learner will do little more than commit to memory these translations, which will often lead him far astray from the structure of the original. Notes should give full information on every point necessary to elucidate the original, but should, as much as possible, leave the scholar to make his own translation, an operation which is peculiarly useful and improving.

To understand Greek and Latin thoroughly, some knowledge of the manners, history and antiquities of the nations which used them, is indispensable. Information on these topics has been greatly extended, and the text-books much improved. The study of them is a recreation both agreeable and useful, as being intimately connected with the philosophy of history.

We therefore maintain that the foundation should be laid deep and strong, and each individual allowed to erect such superstructure on it, as may suit his own taste and convenience; we are utterly against raising the superstructure first. It is plain that the time devoted to the classics must perforce be shortened, to satisfy American impatience, and make room for something considered more practical; but we deny that the evil ought to be *aggravated* by encouraging a habit of superficial study. We think that the Oral mode, combined, as it always is, and must be with constant writing, soonest familiarizes us with the great principles of the language, best trains the mental powers, and fits the learner for acquiring other languages. We therefore recommend it to teachers, as that which, if it does not *lessen*, will greatly *lighten* their labor, by making them feel that it is far more useful and honorable.

G. E. D.

Geo. E. Dabney

NORMAN MAURICE;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," &C.

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ACT III.—SCENE I.

A chamber in the dwelling of Harry Matthews, in —— street, St. Louis. Robert Warren and Richard Osborne discovered.

Osborne. I warn'd you of the peril.
Warren. Yet your wisdom
Had scarcely fancied that his glance could fathom
Disguise so good as mine!
Osborne. I said his eye
Was like an eagle's. It were hard to say,
What, with his mind once roused into suspicion,
It could not penetrate!
Warren. 'Twould better please me,
If one, that should be in my service only,
Could find my foe less perfect.
Osborne. And, to do so,
Should prove himself less true.
Warren. Oh! your truth,
Were better shown in service than opinion!
My habit was good; and I had been secure,
But that, to sound him, I unseal'd myself;
And, like a witling, answered all his questions,
Of persons that we once had known together.
Osborne. Be sure, he first suspected ere he question'd.
Warren. 'Tis like enough! At all events he floor'd me;—
Disgraced me as he still has done before
In peaceful strife. The mask is thrown aside,
He knows me, here, his enemy; and now—
The open conflict!
Osborne. What is now the game?
The open conflict he would never shrink from!
Why, when his hand was fix'd upon your throat,
Did you forbear the weapon?
Warren. Ask me rather,
Why one is still superior to his fellow;
Why one is brave; another impotent;
Why I am feeble just where he is strong;—
And why with will to compass his destruction,
My heart still fails me in the final effort!
Such still hath been the sequel of our issues;
He still hath mastered me with such a will,
My spirit droops before him, and I shudder,
To feel, that with a hate so fixed and fearful,
I lack the heart to drive the weapon home!—
But I shall do it yet!
Osborne. And why the conflict,
Thus ever urged with fate also much peril'd?

Now, while you may forbear, and pause in safety,
Forego the struggle which hath still been hopeless;
Give him repose, and leave yourself at peace.
Warren. Peace! with these passions!
Osborne. They will wreck your own!
A something tells me such must be the issue,
In any strife with Maurice.
Warren. You counsel vainly—
I cannot leave the conflict!
Osborne. Why?
Warren. *Will* not do so!
While still my hate must go unsatisfied,
My pride,—to say no more of other passions.
Osborne. This woman—
Warren. Not a word of her!
Osborne. Smiled she then,
That still you prosecute this doubtful struggle?
Warren. She may, perchance, when she is duly tutor'd,
That on my whisper hangs her husband's honor.
Osborne. This is your purpose then?
Warren. You do not like it?
Osborne. I am your slave,—the creature of your mood,
More at your mercy far than Norman Maurice,
Since he is innocent and I am guilty,—
What matter what I like?
Warren. Why, that's well said!—
Enough for you I must pursue my victim,
While hate conceives a hell for him, or passion
Dreams still of heaven in her! This day, when Maurice
Leaves for the city, I shall seek his dwelling.
Osborne Again! untaught by late experience!
You seek his wife then?
Warren. Why, not exactly,—
Perhaps you do not know that Mrs. Jervas
Arrived last night at midnight.
Osborne. How can she
Assist you in this mad pursuit? You tell me
That Maurice still suspects her.
Warren. Never matter—
She is my ally:—but, here's Harry Matthews:
He comes to take me to the secret council,
Where other plans mature against our foeman.
Osborne. You will not breathe this secret to these people?
Warren. I will *but* breathe it.
Osborne. And withhold the proof?
Warren. As suits my purpose. It is very likely,
I shall not call on you till the last hour,
When all is ready for his overthrow!
Of this be sure, Dick Osborne, I will pamper
My several passions as I can, and stint them
In nothing that may gratify their rage.

[*Enter Harry Matthews.*

Matthews. Art ready, Warren?
Warren. Will be in a moment!
Matthews, [*to Osborne.*] You'll go with us.
Osborne. Excuse me.
Warren, [*aside to Osborne.*] And why not?
Osborne. [*aside to W.*] Sufficient, as they tell us, for the day,
Its evil; when I can no longer 'scape it,
I'll mix in this conspiracy;—till then,
Let me go idle.
Warren, [*aside to Osborne.*] Hark you, Richard Osborne,
No faltering when the moment comes to speak;
The rod that does not yield to me, I break!

[*Exit Matthews and Warren.*

Osborne. And no escape! I dare not run on ruin,
And face the shame with which he threatens me,
Yet, with a tyranny so terrible,
That plies me with its torture day by day,
'Twere better throw increase of weight on conscience,
And, by embrace with deeds of deadlier aspect,
At least secure escape from sway like this!
Had I the heart for it! Could I find the courage!
'Twere but a blow!—a blow! I'll ponder it.

[*Exit Osborne.*

—

SCENE II.

An apartment in the house of Col. Ferguson. Ferguson, Blasinghame, Matthews, Warren, and other persons discovered.

Blasinghame. The matter then resolves itself to this—
We know for certain now that this man Maurice,
Will be the opposition candidate:—
Ben Ferguson is ours.
Ferguson. And why not you?
Blasinghame. For the best reasons. No! my private business
Needs careful nursing now. This woman, Pressley,
Is like to give me trouble.
Matthews. Her new lawyer,
Is stubborn then?
Blasinghame. He seems to be a man;
And we shall suffer him to prove his manhood!
I wrote him of the merits of my case,
Concluding, with a civil exhortation;
As he was young, and but a stranger here,
That he should spare his teeth, nor peril them,
On nuts too hard to crack.
Matthews. What said he then?
Blasinghame. Oh! with an answer bold enough, I warrant.
Matthews. He did not know his customer, I fancy.
Blasinghame. I think not; and to lesson him a little,
One of my lambs was sent to him this morning,
Joe Savage!
Ferguson. Joe's a rough teacher, Colonel.
Blasinghame. As God has made him, Joe. He'll do our business
As tenderly as if it were his own.
Ferguson. But was there not some whisper of a secret
Touching this Norman Maurice, which if true,
Would render any messages of honor,
Impossible to him!
Blasinghame. I did not hear!
Unfold your budget.
Ferguson. Harry Matthews, there,
Speaks of a secret in his friend's possession,
That's fatal to this man!
Blasinghame. Ha! out with it!
'Twill save a monstrous trouble in our wigwam,
For, to say truth, this man is popular,
Grows every day in strength in the assembly,
And I confess to you I have my fears,
Touching the play before us. Our new members,
Are not what I would have them; and old Mercer,
Catesby and Brooks, gain daily influence,
Under the cunning counsel of this Maurice.
If we can crush this fellow, who has talents,
And shows more stubbornness than I could relish,
'Twere better done before we lose our headway.
This man disposed of, they can find no other
To take the field with Ferguson.
Matthews. Speak, Warren!

Warren. There *is* a secret, gentlemen; a dark one;
Which told, *were* fatal to this Norman Maurice;
I will *not* tell it *now;* but wait the moment,
When, over all, conspicuous most, he stands,
With triumph in his prospect, and his spirit,
Exulting in the state he deems secure!
Then will I come between his hope and prospect,
Then show the guilty secret that degrades him,
Confound him with the proofs which now are ready,
And hurl him down to ruin, the more fatal,
For that I suffer'd him to rise so high.
Blasinghame. But why not now? The man is high enough!
Warren. The secret's mine, sir. When I'm done with it,
I'll bury it as did the Phrygian Barber,
Where every reed that whistles in the wind
Shall make it into music for his ear.
Be sure of this, I'll yield it you in season,
Ere Maurice sits a Senator in Congress!
Matthews. Well—that's sufficient!
Blasinghame. Yes! Let him do that!
Meanwhile, there is a way to save himself,
This Maurice has my message—
Matthews. He'll not fight!
Blasinghame. If he would—
Matthews. His honor would be rescued by his death?
Warren. Scarcely; since 'tis for me to keep the secret,
Or free it if I please! But let me tell you,
That Maurice will not shrink from any combat:
I know him well. He is mine enemy,
But let me do him justice. He will fight,
Though all the devils of hell stood up against him.
Look to it, sir, [*to Blasing.*,] your reputation's great,
But Maurice is no common opponent;
And you will need your utmost excellence,
To conquer him when once he takes the field!
Blasinghame. Well, that's good news! My lamb is with him now;
Will hear from him by noon.
Ferguson. Before we part,—
'Tis understood we put our troops in motion;
The strife will be a close one! Blasinghame,
Has truly spoken of this new assembly;—
It puzzles me to fathom it. This Maurice,
Is, questionless, a man of wondrous power;
And, though I much prefer that we should beat him
In a fair wrestle, with the usual agents;
Yet this is not so certainly our prospect,
As that we should forego this fatal secret,
That makes our game secure.
Warren. You shall have it.
Blasinghame. We meet to-night at Baylor's.
Matthews, [*to Warren.*] You'll be with us?
It may be that your fruit will then be ripe.
Blasinghame. Ay, come, sir, with your friend.
Warren, [*to Matthews.*] Perhaps! We'll see;—
There may be other fruits upon that tree.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

—

SCENE III.

An apartment in the house of Norman Maurice. He appears seated at a table with books and papers before him. After a pause, he closes his book, folds and ties the papers in a bundle, pushes them from before him and rises.

Maurice, [*solus.*] It is the curse of insecurity!
That cruel doubt that hangs upon possession;
Glides with the midnight to the sleepless pillow;
And, with the laurel wreath that crowns the triumph,
Sows thick the thorns that make the brow to ache!
Did the emolument not imply the service;
Were we not each enjoin'd with a commission;
The task decreed, the struggle thrust upon us;
Making it manhood to comply with duty;
How better far the treasure in our keeping,
Love at our bosom—peace upon our threshold,—
When bliss can never hope increase of rapture,
And fear begins to dream of unknown danger,—
To fly the world—the conflict,—nay, the triumph!
And bearing off the trophy we have won,
Hush the ambitious spirit in our hearts
That whispers, "Life has more!" Have I won nothing,
That I should toil, as unrequited labor
Still hoping yet to win? Am I a beggar,
Who perilling nothing in each fearful venture,
Stakes all his hopes on change? With goods so precious,
Should I still venture in the common market,
Where malice stands, with gibe of cruel slander,
And envy lurks in readiness to steal,
When still the shelter of the wilderness,
The depth of shadow, the great solitudes,
Beckon the heart with promise of their own,
Still singing, "here is refuge!"
Wretched folly!—
As if the serpent could not find the garden;
As if the malicious hate, by hell engendered,
Had not an equal instinct how to fathom
The secret haunt where rapture hopes to hide!
Hate bears a will as resolute as love,
A wing as swift, an eye as vigilant,
An instinct that, as still they keep it sleepless,
Prompt the keen search, when rapture stops for rest!
A sad presentiment of coming evil
Stifles each generous impulse at my heart,
That ever spoke in confidence. This Warren,
Is here for mischief; with what hope to prosper—
That single proof destroy'd—I now divine not.
This woman, coming close upon his footsteps,
Confirms my apprehensions. They are allies—
She false as he, but feeble—his mere creature—
To beat the bush, while he secures the game!
Well! I must watch them with a vigilance,
Due to the precious treasure in my trust,
And swift as justice in avenging mission,
With the first show of evil in their purpose,
Crush them to earth, and———Well?

[*Enter servant.*

Servant. Major Savage, sir.
Maurice. Show him in.

[*Enter Savage.*

Savage. Your name is Maurice?
Maurice. 'Tis, sir. Yours?
Savage. Mine is Joe Savage,—Major of militia.
You got a letter, sir, a week ago,
From Colonel Blasinghame.
Maurice. And answer'd it!
Savage. That answer did not please him, Blasinghame.
Maurice. I'm sorry for it sir; but you'll believe me,
When I assure you, that in penning it,
I never once conceived it necessary
To ask what were his tastes.
Savage. Eh, sir: you did not!
Well, let me tell you, those who know him better,
Are something curious never to offend him.
But you, sir, were a stranger;—did not know him
So well as others, born here in Missouri;
And so, he sends me to enlighten you.
Maurice. I thank him.

Savage. You have need to do so;
He does not use such courtesy in common,
But usually the blow before the word!
Maurice. I'm lucky in his newborn courtesy.
Savage. You are, sir! He's a rough colt, Blasinghame.
Maurice. Kicks, does he?
Savage. Kicks, sir! Why do you say kicks?
Maurice. Surely, no act more proper to a colt.
Savage. You are something literal, sir. I'm glad of it,
Since 'twill be easier to be understood!
Well, sir, I come to you from Blasinghame.
You know not, sir, in taking up this case
Of mother Pressley's sir, that you were doing
That which, until your coming, not a lawyer
Had done here in Missouri.
Maurice. More shame on them.
Savage. Shame, say you? Wherefore, when the right of it
Was all with Blasinghame!
Maurice. Or with his cudgel!
Savage, [*laughs.*] Something in that too: Well, sir—I say!—
Maurice. Well, sir!
Savage. Now, as you something seem to know already
Of my friend's mode of managing his case,
I need not dwell upon the policy
Of stopping all proceedings ere the trial,—
In which event I'm authorized to tell you
That Blasinghame forgives your insolent letter,
And spares you as a stranger.
Maurice. Merciful,
As he is powerful! But what if, having
No such afflicting terror of this person,
So terrible to his neighbors, in mine eyes,
I do reject this liberal grant of mercy.
Savage. Then, sir, I bear his peremptory challenge—
Which leaves you, sir, without alternatives,
Takes no apology, no explanation,
And only seeks atonement in your blood. [*giving challenge.*
Maurice. Or his!
Savage. Or his! But that's no easy matter, sir,
He's fought some thirty duels in his time,
Wing'd nineteen combatants, and slew the rest,
Nor had a scratch himself.
Maurice. Why he may say,
As Thumb in the great tragedy—"Enter Thumb,
And slays them all!"
Savage. You mock, sir!—
Maurice Not a bit, sir!
I marvel only, after hearing you,
That still I have the courage to resist.
Savage. You will not, sir.
Maurice. I fear me that I shall!
Savage. What! you accept the challenge then?
Maurice. I'll keep it, sir, until this trial's over;—
Savage. Beware, sir, of evasion.
Maurice. You in turn, sir,
Beware of insolence. You have my answer;
When I have gain'd this suit of Widow Pressley,
I'll see to that of Colonel Blasinghame.
Savage. I must have your answer now, or—
Maurice. The door, sir,—
Unless, indeed, you should prefer the window.
Savage. Well! You're a man, that's certain! Give us your hand.
I'm a rough beast, and like you not the less,
Because you keep a muzzle for the bear;—
I *feel* that you will meet with Blasinghame,
And I shall see it. [*Shakes hands.*
Maurice. Very like, you will! [*Exit Savage.*
The game becomes of interest! [*tap within.*
Clarice! [*Opens to her, she enters.*
Clarice. Art busy, Norman?
Maurice. Have been. But,—this lady?—
Clarice. Will you not see her?
Maurice. Not if I can help it.
Clarice. She is my only kinswoman, my husband—
You will not drive her from me?
Maurice. Your only!—
You are *my* only, Clarice—I *your* only,
Until her coming! *Only* to each other,
Was the o'erprecious bond that most endear'd you
To my affections, wife. I cannot suffer
That she should pass between your heart and mine.
She who loves neither.
Clarice. Nay, Norman!
Maurice. Nay, Clarice!
This cold, coarse, selfish, this dishonest woman,
Who strove to keep us separate—
Clarice. Her error,—
She pleads, was but in a mistaken fondness
To find a suitor, for her favorite niece,
With better hope of fortune than yourself.
Maurice. Who broke the sacred seal upon our letters,
Mine read,—yours hurried to the flames, unsent,
And would have sold you to this Robert Warren,
My enemy—
Clarice. She confesses all, and weeps!
Maurice. Tears of the crocodile! Believe them not.
Plead for her nothing more! I tell you, Clarice,
I cannot hold my table sure and sacred,
With one so false beside me at the board;
I cannot yield my home, now pure and peaceful,
To such a treacherous heart as still she carries.
My home is not my home, when doubts of safety
Haunt still my thoughts by day, my dreams by night.
She must go hence!
Clarice. Oh! husband, pardon her!
She urges abject poverty!
Maurice. More falsehood still!
But we'll provide her;—she shall never suffer,
From cold, or thirst, or hunger, my Clarice.
I will to-day seek lodgings in St. Louis;
To-morrow—
Clarice. But, should her pride?—
Maurice. She has no right
To nurse her pride at peril of our peace!
No more! I will not mock her poverty,
Offend her pride, reproach her evil doing—
Will speak her kindly, and will care for her,
So long as I have strength for any care;—
But will not suffer for a single moment,
Her shadow on the sunshine of my house.
Come in! [*Knock without.*

Enter Cols. Mercer and Brooks.

Friends welcome!
[*Clarice curtsies as they bow, and is about to retire.*
Mercer. If we be welcome,
Your lady need not leave us.
Brooks. That which brings us,
Is business of your own, no less than ours,—
A grateful business still, we trust to you,
Which, doing honor to your worth and virtue,
It may be grateful to your wife to hear.
Clarice. If such its burden, I were glad to linger.
Maurice. Do so, Clarice!—we, gentlemen, are one!
Marriage, with us, fulfils its ample mission,
Making a mutual need for both our hearts,
Whose sweet dependence knows no other refuge,
Than that which each bestows. It is our fortune

To have no kindred which may pass between us,
To take from either heart the sweet possession
We hold in one another. But be seated
Mercer. Court now in session, sir,—your time is precious,
And this great case of yours, 'gainst Blasinghame,
Comes on to-day?
Maurice. It does.
Mercer A moment then!
Our friends, sir, conscious of your great endowment.
Assured of your just principles, and conduct,
Your sense of public trust and public duty,
Have, with unanimous voice, in a full caucus,
Deputed us to bear you their request,
That you will be our candidate for Senator,
In the next Congress.
Brooks. And we now entreat you,
Suffer this nomination.
Maurice. Friends, believe me,
I feel, with proper sense, this compliment;
And if my own desire, my young ambition,
Were the sole arbiter to shape my conduct,
Then would I say to you with hearty frankness,
My wing and eye are set upon the station,
To which your accents now implore my flight.
But though 'twould give me pride to serve our people,
In any station where their rights are vested,
I have some scruples—
Mercer. Pray, deliver them.
Maurice. To be a Candidate in common usage,
To take the field and canvas with the voter,
To use or sanction fraud—to buy with money
Or other bribe the suffrage of the people,
Is to dishonor them – degrade myself!
Brooks. We ask not this.
Mercer. It needs not.
Maurice. Hear me, sirs.
Our liberties are in the popular vote,
Their best security, the popular heart,
Their noblest triumph in the popular will,—
And this can never be expressed with justice,
Until the unbiass'd voice of public judgment,
Flinging aside each intermediate agent,
Rises with proper knowledge of its person,
And cries—"Behold our man!"
Mercer. You are our man!—
Such is already what is spoken loudly
By thousands in Missouri.
Maurice. I'll not deny it.
If I had one ambition o'er another,
One passion, prompting still a search for pow'r,
'Twas for a station, such as this you show me,
Where, standing on the platform of the nation,
I might stand up for man! And so, my studies,
The books I read, the maxims I examined,—
The laws I conn'd—the models set before me,—
All had some eminence like this in view,
That with my training, should the occasion offer,
I might be ready still! But in my progress,—
The better knowledge I have learn'd from men,
My doubts increase, my scruples grow—and now,
A sense of duty prompts me to disclose,
Though each fond idol of the ambitious nature,
Be, from its pedestal forever thrown,
I will not seek for office on conditions
Adverse to right and manhood. I will never
Become the creature of a selfish party—
Never use wealth or fraud to rise to pow'r,—
Never use power itself to keep in power,
Nor see in him, who favor'd my ascent,
A virtue not his own! Nor can I offer
One tribute to the vulgar vanity!
I will not bow, nor smile, nor deference yield,
Where justice still withholds acknowledgment.
Mercer. We feel the justice of your sentiments.
Brooks. They're needful to us now, when all's corruption,
Oh! could we but inform the popular mind.
Maurice. This can be done where virtue is the teacher.
No students learn so quickly as the people.
They have no cliques to foster—no professions
Whose narrow boundaries, and scholastic rules,
Frown on each novel truth and principle,
And where they can still hunt them down to ruin.
They take a truth in secret to their hearts,
And nurse it till it rises to a law,
Thenceforth to live forever!
Brooks. We are agreed—
The people must be taught—what should we teach them?
Maurice. In politics, to know the proper value
Of the high trusts, the sacred privileges,
They do confide their statesmen. Show to them,
On these depend their liberties and lives;—
The safety of their children, and the future!
To yield such trusts to smiling sycophants,
Who flatter still the voter's vanity,
At the expense of his most precious fortunes,
Is to betray the land's security,
To sell the wealth most precious in our keeping,
And for the thing most worthless, yield to fortune,
What fortune cannot furnish. We must teach,
That he who cringes merely for the station,
Will meanly hold in the nation's eye;
That he who buys the vote will sell his own;—
That he, alone, is worthy of the trust,
Who, with the faculty to use it nobly,
Will never sacrifice his manhood for it.
If with these principles and these resolves,
Thus freely shown you, and invincible,
Our people, through their representatives,
Demand my poor abilities,—'twill glad me,
To yield me at their summons. This implies not
One effort of my own. You, sirs, may make me
A Senator, but not a Candidate.
Mercer. This suits us well. On your own terms, we take you;
We feel, with you a stern necessity
To check the abuse of the Elective Franchise!
Brooks. But should we call a meeting, to enlighten
The people in respect to public measures,
You'll not refuse to meet them?
Maurice. No, sir, surely!
I still have done so, upon all occasions,
Whene'er a novel principle demanded
Discussion.
Mercer. Thanks, sir! There will be to-morrow,
A general meeting at the Capitol,
Without respect to party.
Maurice. I will be there!
Brooks. Our quest is satisfied to our desire.
Mercer. We will no longer trespass. Farewell madam,
Farewell sir. We shall meet again at Court.
[*Exit Mercer and Brooks.*
Clarice. [*embracing him.*] Husband, you triumph! There should be no care,
Upon your forehead now! Last night, you slept not.
Maurice. And now you dream! But clouds *will* come, Clarice,
Still with the morrow! Care that flies the forehead,
Still finds a secret shelter in the heart!—
That timid knock! [*Knock without.*

Clarice. It is the widow Pressley.
Maurice. [*opening.*] Come in, Madam!
[*Enter Widow Pressley and Kate.*
Widow. Oh! sir, the day has come!
Maurice. That brings you back your property, I trust.
Widow. Alas! sir! You encourage me to hope,—
And yet I fear!
Mercer. It is that we are liable to fear,
That we must hope. If justice be not erring
No less than justice, madam, mine's a hope
That grows the bolder with each hour of thought.
Be of good heart, dear madam: Check these sorrows,
That wear such needless furrows in your cheeks.
Widow. They're old ones, sir, plough'd twenty years ago.
Maurice. Renew them not!
Widow. And yet if what I hear!—
Oh, sir! they tell me that this cruel man
Has sworn a horrible oath against your life,
If he should lose his case.
Maurice. Ah! swears he then!
That looks as if he felt some cause of fear!
Widow. Do not make light of it, I do entreat you!
He's a most desperate ruffian when he's thwarted,
And has the blood of many on his hands,
'Twas said he left the army for his murders,
And in his duels—
Maurice. Let me see,—"of thirty,
Wing'd nineteen combatants, and slew the rest!"
Clarice. Oh! horrible! How can you jest upon it.
Maurice. I jest!
Clarice. In truth you smile not!
Maurice. Do not fear!
I do not think that he will murder me.
Clarice. Yet be not rash, my husband; take precautions,
This weapon— [*hands him a small dagger.*
Maurice. What! your dagger, my Clarice,
This pretty Turkish trifle from your bodice,
The blade mosaic—handle wrought in pearl—
The sheath of exquisite morocco, dropp'd
In gold and green! This ornament for damsels,
Were a frail weapon for a man's defence!
Nay, keep your dagger, child, I shall not need it.
Clarice. Be not so confident.
Maurice. Be not so timid!
Who looks for danger surely happens on it!
My papers there! You go with me, dear Madame.
[*To widow.*
Widow. Thanks, sir!
There was a time I kept my carriage!
Maurice Be hopeful: you shall keep it once again!
[*Aside to Clarice.*] I feed this hapless woman with a promise,
Such as it glads me to indulge myself,—
Yet should I err in judgment!
Clarice. [*aside.*] Oh! should you fail!
'Twould break her heart.
Maurice. 'Twere something worse than death!
[*Aside to Widow.*]
But we'll not fail! [*aloud.*] The courage born of virtue
Has still a holy sanction for its hope;
And he who strives with justice on his side,
May boldly challenge fortune for success!
If he be true himself!—*We will not fail!*
The carriage there! Come madam, to the Court House!
[*Exeunt.*

[END OF ACT III.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

I passed an hour lately in examining various substances through a powerful microscope, with a man of science at my elbow, to expound their use and relations. It was astonishing what revelations of wonder and beauty in common things were thus attained in a brief period. The eye aptly directed, the attention wisely given and the minute in nature enlarged and unfolded to the vision, a new sense of life and its marvels seemed created. What appeared but a slightly rough surface proved variegated iris-hued crystals; a dot on a leaf became a moth's nest with its symmetrical eggs and their hairy pent house; the cold passive oyster displayed heart and lungs in vital activity; the unfolding wings grew visible upon the seed-vessels of the ferns; beetles looked like gorgeously emblazoned shields; and the internal economy of the nauseous cock-roach, in its high and delicate organism, showed a remarkable affinity between insect and animal life. What the scientific use of lenses—the telescope and the microscope—does for us in relation to the external universe, the psychological writer achieves in regard to our own nature. He reveals its wonder and beauty, unfolds its complex laws and makes us suddenly aware of the mysteries within and around individual life. In the guise of attractive fiction and sometimes of the most airy sketches, Hawthorne thus deals with his reader. His appeal is to consciousness and he must, therefore, be met in a sympathetic relation; he shadows forth,—hints,—makes signs,—whispers,—muses aloud,—gives the key-note of melody—puts us on a track;—in a word, addresses us as nature does—that is unostentatiously, and with a significance not to be realized without reverent silence and gentle feeling—a sequestration from bustle and material care, and somewhat of the meditative insight and latent sensibility in which his themes are conceived and wrought out. Sometimes they are purely descriptive, bits of Flemish painting—so exact and arrayed in such mellow colors, that we unconsciously take them in as objects of sensitive rather than imaginative observation; the "Old Manse" and the "Custom House"—those quaint portals to his fairy-land, as peculiar and rich in contrast in their way, as Boccacio's sombre introduction to his gay stories—are memorable instances of this fidelity in the details of local and personal portraiture; and that chaste yet deep tone of colouring which secure an harmonious whole. Even in allegory, Hawthorne imparts this sympathetic unity to his conception;

"Fire Worship," "The Celestial Railroad," "Monsieur du Miroir," "Earth's Holocaust," and others in the same vein, while they emphatically indicate great moral truth, have none of the abstract and cold grace of allegorical writing; besides the ingenuity they exhibit, and the charm they have for the fancy, a human interest warms and gives them meaning to the heart. On the other hand, the imaginative grace which they chiefly display, lends itself quite as aptly to redeem and glorify homely fact in the plastic hands of the author. "Drowne's Wooden Image," "The Intelligence Office," and other tales derived from common-place material, are thus moulded into artistic beauty and suggestiveness. Hawthorne, therefore, is a prose-poet. He brings together scattered beauties, evokes truth from apparent confusion, and embodies the tragic or humorous element of a tradition or an event in lyric music—not, indeed, to be sung by the lips, but to live, like melodious echoes, in the memory. We are constantly struck with the felicity of his invention. What happy ideas are embodied in "A Virtuoso's Collection," and "The Artist of the Beautiful"—independent of the grace of their execution! There is a certain uniformity in Hawthorne's style and manner, but a remarkable versatility in his subjects; and each as distinctly carries with it the monotone of a special feeling or fancy, as one of Miss Baillie's plays:—and this is the perfection of pyscholo-gical art.

There are two distinct kinds of fiction, or narrative literature, which for want of more apt terms, we may call the melo-dramatic and the meditative; the former is in a great degree mechanical, and deals chiefly with incidents and adventure; a few types of character, an approved scenic material and what are called effective situations, make up the story; the other species, on the contrary, is modelled upon no external pattern, but seems evolved from the author's mind, and tinged with his idiosyncracy; the circumstances related are often of secondary interest—while the sentiment they unfold, the picturesque or poetic light in which they are placed, throw an enchantment over them. We feel the glow of individual consciousness even in the most technical description; we recognize a significance beyond the apparent, in each character; and the effect of the whole is that of life rather than history: we inhale an atmosphere as well as gaze upon a landscape; the picture offered to the mental vision has not outline and grouping, but color and expression, evincing an intimate and sympathetic relation between the moral experience of the author and his work, so that, as we read, not only scenes but sensations, not only fancies but experience seem borne in from the entrancing page.

There is a charm also essential to all works of genius which for want of a more definite term we are content to call the ineffable. It is a quality that seems to be infused through the design of the artist after its mechanical finish—as life entered the statue at the prayer of the Grecian sculptor. It is a secret, indescribable grace, a vital principle, a superhuman element imparting the distinctive and magnetic character to literature, art and society, which gives them individual life; it is what the soul is to the body, luminous vapour to the landscape, wind to sound, and light to color. No analysis explains the phenomenon; it is recognized by consciousness rather than through direct intellectual perception; and seems to appeal to a union of sensibility and insight which belongs, in the highest degree, only to appreciative minds. Its mysterious, endearing and conservative influence, hallows all works universally acknowledged as those of genius in the absolute significance of the word; and it gives to inanimate forms, the written page, the composer's harmony and the lyric or dramatic personation, a certain pervading interest which we instantly feel disarming criticism and attesting the presence of what is allied to our deepest instincts. It touches the heart with tender awe before a Madonna of Raphael; it thrilled the nerves and evoked the passions in the elocution of Kean; it lives in the expression of the Apollo, in the characters of Shakespeare, and the atmospheres of Claude; and those once thus initiated by experience, know spontaneously the invisible line of demarkation which separates talent, skill and knowledge from genius by the affinity of impression invariably produced:—a distinction as clearly felt and as difficult to portray as that between the emotions of friendship and love. It would appear as if there was a provision in the minds of the highly gifted similar to that of nature in her latent resources; whereby they keep in reserve a world of passion, sentiment and ideas, unhackneyed by casual use and unprofaned by reckless display—which is secretly lavished upon their mental emanations:—hence their moral life, intense personality, and sympathetic charm. Such a process and result is obviously independent of will and intelligence; what they achieve is thus crowned with light and endowed with vitality by a grace above their sphere; the Ineffable, then, is a primary distinction and absolute token of genius; like the halo that marks a saintly head. Results like these are only derived from the union of keen observation with moral sensibility; they blend like form and color, perspective and outline, tone and composition in art. They differ from merely clever stories in what may be called

flavor. There is a peculiar zest about them which proves a vital origin; and this is the distinction of Hawthorne's tales. They almost invariably possess the reality of tone which perpetuates imaginative literature;—the same that endears to all time De Foe, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and the old dramatists. We find in pictorial art that the conservative principle is either absolute fidelity to detail as in the Flemish, or earnest moral beauty as in the Italian school; the painters who yet live in human estimation were thoroughly loyal either to the real or the ideal—to perception or to feeling, to the eye or the heart. And, in literature, the same thing is evident. Robinson Crusoe is objectively, and Pilgrim's Progress spiritually, true to nature; the Vicar of Wakefield emanated from a mind overflowing with humanity; and it is the genuine reproduction of passion in the old English plays that makes them still awaken echoes in the soul.

It may be regarded as a proof of absolute genius to create a mood; to inform, amuse, or even interest is only the test of superficial powers sagaciously directed; but to infuse a new state of feeling, to change the frame of mind and, as it were, alter the consciousness—this is the triumph of all art. It is that mysterious influence which beauty, wit, character, nature and peculiar scenes and objects exert, which we call fascination, a charm, an inspiration or a glamour, according as it is good or evil. It may safely be asserted that by virtue of his individuality every author and artist of genius creates a peculiar mood, differing somewhat according to the character of the recipient, yet essentially the same. If we were obliged to designate that of Hawthorne in a single word, we should call it metaphysical, or perhaps soulful. He always takes us below the surface and beyond the material; his most inartificial stories are eminently suggestive; he makes us breathe the air of contemplation, and turns our eyes inward. It is as if we went forth, in a dream, into the stillness of an autumnal wood, or stood alone in a vast gallery of old pictures, or moved slowly, with muffled tread, over a wide plain, amid a gentle fall of snow, or mused on a ship's deck, at sea, by moonlight; the appeal is to the retrospective, the introspective to what is thoughtful and profoundly conscious in our nature and whereby it communes with the mysteries of life and the occult intimations of nature. And yet there is no painful extravagance, no transcendental vagaries in Hawthorne; his imagination is as human as his heart; if he touches the horizon of the infinite, it is with reverence; if he deals with the anomalies of sentiment, it is with intelligence and tenderness. His utterance too is singularly clear and simple; his style only rises above the colloquial in the sustained order of its flow; the terms are apt, natural and fitly chosen. Indeed, a careless reader is liable continually to lose sight of his meaning and beauty, from the entire absence of pretension in his style. It is requisite to bear in mind the universal truth, that all great and true things are remarkable for simplicity; the direct method is the pledge of sincerity, avoidance of the conventional, an instinct of richly-endowed minds; and the perfection of art never dazzles or overpowers, but gradually wins and warms us to an enduring and noble love. The style of Hawthorne is wholly evasive; he resorts to no tricks of rhetoric or verbal ingenuity; language is to him a crystal medium through which to let us see the play of his humor, the glow of his sympathy, and the truth of his observation.

Although he seldom transcends the limited sphere in which he so efficiently concentrates his genius, the variety of tone, like different airs on the same instrument, gives him an imaginative scope rarely obtained in elaborate narrative. Thus he deals with the tragic element, wisely and with vivid originality, in such pieces as "Roger Malvern's Burial" and "Young Goodman Browne;" with the comic in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe," "A Select Party," and "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," and with the purely fanciful in "David Swan," "The Vision of the Fountain," and "Fancy's Show Box." Nor is he less remarkable for sympathetic observation of nature than for profound interest in humanity; witness such limning as the sketches entitled "Buds and Bird Voices," and "Snow-Flakes"—genuine descriptive poems, though not cast in the mould of verse, as graphic, true and feeling as the happiest scenes of Bryant or Crabbe. With equal tact and tenderness he approaches the dry record of the past, imparting life to its cold details, and reality to its abstract forms. The early history of New England has found no such genial and vivid illustration as his pages afford. Thus, at all points, his genius touches the interests of human life, now overflowing with a love of external nature, as gentle as that of Thomson, now intent upon the quaint or characteristic in life with a humor as zestful as that of Lamb, now developing the horrible or pathetic with something of Webster's dramatic terror, and again buoyant with a fantasy as aerial as Shelley's conceptions. And, in each instance, the staple of charming invention is adorned with the purest graces of style. This is Hawthorne's distinction. We have writers who possess in an eminent degree, each of these two great requisites of literary success, but no one who more impressively unites them; cheerfulness as if caught from the sea-breeze or the green-fields, solemnity as if imbibed from the twilight, like colors on a palette,

seem transferable at his will, to any legend or locality he chooses for a frame-work whereon to rear his artistic creation; and this he does with so dainty a touch and so fine a disposition of light and shade, that the result is like an immortal cabinet picture—the epitome of a phase of art and the miniature reflection of a glorious mind. Boccaccio in Italy, Marmontel in France, Hoffman and others in Germany, and Andersen in Denmark, have made the tale or brief story classical in their several countries; and Hawthorne has achieved the same triumph here. He has performed for New England life and manners. the same high and sweet service which Wilson has for Scotland—caught and permanently embodied their "lights and shadows."

Brevity is as truly the soul of romance as of wit; the light that warms is always concentrated, and expression and finish, in literature as in painting, are not dependent upon space. Accordingly the choicest gems of writing are often the most terse; and as a perfect lyric or sonnet outweighs in value a mediocre epic or tragedy, so a carefully worked and richly conceived sketch, tale or essay is worth scores of diffuse novels and ponderous treatises. It is a characteristic of standard literature, both ancient and modern, thus to condense the elements of thought and style. Like the compact and well-knit frame, vivacity, efficiency and grace result from this bringing the rays of fancy and reflection to a focus. It gives us the essence, the flower, the vital spirit of mental enterprise; it is a wise economy of resources and often secures permanent renown by distinctness of impression unattained in efforts of great range. We, therefore, deem one of Hawthorne's great merits a sententious habit, a concentrated style. He makes each picture complete and does not waste an inch of canvas. Indeed the unambitious length of his tales is apt to blind careless readers to their artistic unity and suggestiveness; he abjures quantity, while he refines upon quality.

A rare and most attractive quality of Hawthorne, as we have already suggested, is the artistic use of familiar materials. The imagination is a wayward faculty, and writers largely endowed with it, have acknowledged that they could expatiate with confidence only upon themes hallowed by distance. It seems to us less marvellous that Shakespeare peopled a newly discovered and half-traditional island with such new types of character as Ariel and Caliban; we can easily reconcile ourselves to the enchanting impossibilities of Arabian fiction; and the superstitious fantasies of northern romance have a dream-like reality to the natives of the temperate zone. To clothe a familiar scene with ideal interest, and exalt things to which our senses are daily accustomed, into the region of imaginative beauty and genuine sentiment, requires an extraordinary power of abstraction and concentrative thought. Authors in the old world have the benefit of antiquated memorials which give to the modern cities a mysterious though often disregarded charm; and the very names of Notre Dame, the Rialto, London Bridge, and other time-hallowed localities, take the reader's fancy captive and prepares him to accede to any grotesque or thrilling narrative that may be associated with them. It is otherwise in a new and entirely practical country; the immediate encroaches too steadily on our attention; we can scarcely obtain a perspective:

> Life treads on life and heart on heart—
> We press too close in church and mart,
> To keep a dream or grave apart.

Yet with a calm gaze, a serenity and fixedness of musing that no outward bustle can disturb and no power of custom render hackneyed, Hawthorne takes his stand, like a foreign artist in one of the old Italian cities,—before a relic of the past or a picturesque glimpse of nature, and loses all consciousness of himself and the present, in transferring its features and atmosphere to canvass. In our view the most remarkable trait in his writings is this harmonious blending of the common and familiar in the outward world, with the mellow and vivid tints of his own imagination. It is with difficulty that his maturity of conception and his finish and geniality of style links itself, in our minds, with the streets of Boston and Salem, the Province House and even the White Mountains; and we congratulate every New Englander with a particle of romance, that in his native literature, "a local habitation and a name," has thus been given to historical incidents and localities;—that art has enshrined what of tradition hangs over her brief career—as characteristic and as desirable thus to consecrate, as any legend or spot, German or Scottish genius has redeemed from oblivion. The "Wedding Knell," the "Gentle Boy," the "White Old Maid," the "Ambitious Guest," the "Shaker Bridal," and other New England subjects, as embodied and glorified by the truthful, yet imaginative and graceful art of Hawthorne, adequately represent in literature, native traits, and this will ensure their ultimate appreciation. But the most elaborate effort of this kind, and the only one, in fact, which seems to have introduced Hawthorne to the whole range of American readers, is "the Scarlet Letter." With all the care in point of style and authenticity which mark his lighter sketches, this genuine and unique romance, may be considered as an artistic exposition of Puritanism as modified by

New England colonial life. In truth to costume, local manners and scenic features, the Scarlet Letter is as reliable as the best of Scott's novels; in the anatomy of human passion and consciousness it resembles the most effective of Balzac's illustrations of Parisian or provincial life, while in developing bravely and justly the sentiment of the life it depicts, it is as true to humanity as Dickens. Beneath its picturesque details and intense characterization, there lurks a profound satire. The want of soul, the absence of sweet humanity, the predominance of judgment over mercy, the tyranny of public opinion, the look of genuine charity, the asceticism of the Puritan theology,—the absence of all recognition of natural laws, and the fanatic substitution of the letter for the spirit—which darken and harden the spirit of the pilgrims to the soul of a poet—are shadowed forth with a keen, stern and eloquent, yet indirect emphasis, that haunts us like "the cry of the human." Herein is evident and palpable the latent power which we have described as the most remarkable trait of Hawthorne's genius;—the impression grows more significant as we dwell upon the story; the states of mind of the poor clergymen, Hester, Chillingworth and Penil, being as it were transferred to our bosoms through the intense sympathy their vivid delineation excites;—they seem to conflict, and glow and deepen and blend in our hearts, and finally work out a great moral problem. It is as if we were baptized into the consciousness of Puritan life, of New England character in its elemental state; and knew, by experience, all its frigidity, its gloom, its intellectual enthusiasm and its religious aspiration. "The House of the Seven Gables" is a more elaborate and harmonious realization of these characteristics. The scenery, tone and personages of the story are imbued with a local authenticity which is not, for an instant, impaired by the imaginative charm of romance. We seem to breathe, as we read, the air and be surrounded by the familiar objects of a New England town. The interior of the House, each article described within it, from the quaint table to the miniature by Malbone;—every product of the old garden, the street-scenes that beguile the eyes of poor Clifford, as he looks out of the arched window, the noble elm and the gingerbread figures at the little shop window—all have the significance that belong to reality when seized upon by art. In these details we have the truth, simplicity and exact imitation of the Flemish painters. So life-like in the minutiæ and so picturesque in general effect are these sketches of still-life, that they are daguerreotyped in the reader's mind, and form a distinct and changeless background, the light and shade of which give admirable effect to the action of the story: occasional touches of humor, introduced with exquisite tact, relieve the grave undertone of the narrative and form vivacious and quaint images which might readily be transferred to canvass—so effectively are they drawn in words; take, for instance, the street-musician and the Pyncheon fowls, the judge balked of his kiss over the counter, Phœbe reading to Clifford in the garden, or the old maid, in her lonely chamber, gazing on the sweet lineaments of her unfortunate brother. Nor is Hawthorne less successful in those pictures that are drawn exclusively for the mind's eye and are obvious to sensation rather than the actual vision. Were a New England Sunday, breakfast, old mansion, easterly storm, or the morning after it clears, ever so well described? The skill in atmosphere we have noted in his lighter sketches, is also as apparent: around and within the principal scene of this romance, there hovers an alternating melancholy and brightness which is born of genuine moral life; no contrasts can be imagined of this kind, more eloquent to a sympathetic mind, than that between the inward consciousness and external appearance of Hepzibah or Phœbe and Clifford, or the Judge. They respectively symbolize the poles of human existence; and are fine studies for the psychologist. Yet this attraction is subservient to fidelity to local characteristics. Clifford represents, though in its most tragic imaginable phase, the man of fine organization and true sentiments environed by the material realities of New England life; his plausible uncle is the type of New England selfishness, glorified by respectable conformity and wealth; Phœbe is the ideal of genuine, efficient, yet loving female character in the same latitude; Uncle Venner, we regard as one of the most fresh, yet familiar portraits in the book; all denizens of our eastern provincial towns must have known such a philosopher; and Holgrave embodies Yankee acuteness and hardihood redeemed by integrity and enthusiasm. The contact of these most judiciously selected and highly characteristic elements, brings out not only many beautiful revelations of nature, but elucidates interesting truth; magnetism and socialism are admirably introduced; family tyranny in its most revolting form, is powerfully exemplified; the distinction between a mental and a heartfelt interest in another, clearly unfolded; and the tenacious and heriditary nature of moral evil impressively shadowed forth. The natural refinements of the human heart, the holiness of a ministry of disinterested affection, the gracefulness of the homeliest services when irradiated by cheerfulness and benevolence, are illustrated with singular beauty. "He," says our author, speaking of Clifford, "had no right to be a mar-

tyr; and, beholding him so fit to be happy, and so feeble for all other purposes, a generous, strong and noble spirit would, methinks, have been ready to sacrifice what little enjoyment it might have planned for itself,—*it would have flung down the hopes so paltry in its regard—if thereby the wintry blasts of our rude sphere might come tempered to such a man:*" and elsewhere: "Phœbe's presence made a home about her,—that very sphere which the outcast, the prisoner, the potentate, the wretch beneath mankind, the wretch aside from it, or the wretch above it, instinctively pines after—a home. She was real! Holding her hand, you felt something; a tender something; a substance and a warm one: *and so long as you could feel its grasp, soft as it was, you might be certain that your place was good in the whole sympathetic chain of human nature.* The world was no longer a delusion."

Thus narrowly, yet with reverence, does Hawthorne analyze the delicate traits of human sentiment and character; and open vistas into that beautiful and unexplored world of love and thought, that exists in every human being, though overshadowed by material circumstance and technical duty. This, as we have before said, is his great service; digressing every now and then, from the main drift of his story, he takes evident delight in expatiating on phases of character and general traits of life, or in bringing into strong relief the more latent facts of consciousness. Perhaps the union of the philosophic tendency with the poetic instinct is the great charm of his genius. It is common for American critics to estimate the interest of all writings by their comparative glow, vivacity and rapidity of action: somewhat of the restless temperament and enterprising life of the nation infects its taste: such terms as 'quiet,' 'gentle' and 'tasteful,' are equivocal when applied in this country, to a book; and yet they may envelope the rarest energy of thought and depth of insight as well as earnestness of feeling; these qualities, in reflective minds, are too real to find melo-dramatic development; they move as calmly as summer waves, or glow as noiselessly as the firmament; but not the less grand and mighty is their essence; to realize it, the spirit of contemplation, and the recipient mood of sympathy, must be evoked, for it is not external but moral excitement that is proposed; and we deem one of Hawthorne's most felicitous merits—that of so patiently educing artistic beauty and moral interest from life and nature, without the least sacrifice of intellectual dignity.

The healthy spring of life is typified in Phœbe so freshly as to magnetize the feelings as well as engage the perceptions of the reader; its intellectual phase finds expression in Holgrave, while the state of Clifford, when relieved of the nightmare that oppressed his sensitive temperament, the author justly compares to an Indian-summer of the soul. Across the path of these beings of genuine flesh and blood, who constantly appeal to our most humane sympathies, or rather around their consciousness and history, flits the pale, mystic figure of Alice—whose invisible music and legendary fate overflow with a graceful and attractive superstition—yielding an Ariel-like melody to the more solemn and cheery strains of the whole composition. Among the apt though incidental touches of the picture, the idea of making the music-grinder's monkey an epitome of avarice, the daguerreotype a test of latent character, and the love of the reformer Holgrave for the genially practical Phœbe, win him to conservatism, strike us as remarkably natural yet quite as ingenuous and charming as philosophical. We may add that the same pure, even, unexaggerated and perspicuous style of diction that we have recognized in his previous writing, is maintained in this.

As earth and sky appear to blend at the horizon though we cannot define the point of contact, things seen and unseen, the actual and the spiritual, mind and matter, what is within and what is without our consciousness, have a line of union, and, like the colour of the iris, are lost in each other. About this equator of life the genius of Hawthorne delights to hover as its appropriate sphere; whether indulging a vein of Spenserian allegory, Hogarth sketching, Goldsmith domesticity, or Godwin metaphysics, it is around the boundary of the possible that he most freely expatiates; the realities and the mysteries of life to his vision are scarcely ever apart; they act and re-act as to yield dramatic hints or vistas of sentiment. Time broods with touching solemnity over his imagination; the function of conscience awes while it occupies his mind; the delicate and the profound in love, and the awful beauty of death transfuse his meditation; and these supernal he loves to link with terrestial influences — to hallow a graphic description by a sacred association or to brighten a commonplace occasion with the scintillations of humour—thus vivifying or chastening the "light of common day."

PRAYERS FOR RAIN.—Other nations pray for rain, as we do. In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Schiraz in procession, to pray for rain. A stranger asked whither they were going? The tutor told him, and said, he doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children. "My honest friend," said the traveller, "if that were the case, I fear there would be no schoolmasters left alive.—*Life for the Lazy.*

THE BRIGHT NEW-ENGLAND BRIDE.

1.

Fresh as the water in the fountain,
  Fair as the lily by its side;
Pure as the snow upon the mountain,
  Was Mary, my bright New-England bride.

Chorus—Mary was an angel—
  Last night she died:
  Toll the bell, a funeral knell,
  For my bright New-England bride.

2.

Day after day, she grew fairer,
  As I gazed on her, blooming in her pride;
No gem of the ocean could be rarer,
  Than Mary, my bright New-England bride.

Chorus—Mary was an angel, &c.

3.

One morning as we strolled among the flowers,
  I told her of my passion, and I sighed:
Said the maiden, "Do not weep amid these bowers,
  And I'll be your bright New England bride!"

Chorus—Mary was an angel, &c.

4.

Years rolled away, all unheeded,
  For Love has no landmark on its tide;
No grief of my bosom ever pleaded
  In vain, to my bright New-England bride.

Chorus—Mary was an angel, &c.

5.

Now I am dreary in my sorrow—
  Her step never echoes at my side;
No Hope cheers the coming of to-morrow;—
  Farewell, my bright New-England bride!

Chorus—Mary was an angel, &c.

6.

Near where the Albemarle is rolling
  The wave of its sorrow-laden tide;
There ever on the air is heard tolling
  The knell of my lost New-England bride!

Chorus—Mary was an angel—
  Last night she died:
  Toll the bell, a funeral knell,
  For my bright New-England bride.

COLLECTANEA.

Among some Revolutionary MSS. I found a poetical fragment of which a copy is subjoined. Who was the author of these satirical verses I know not.

"A government with both hands bound,
A council timid, weak, unsound;
A legislature—fools and knaves
Devoutly wishing to be slaves;
A few excepted, order fled,
And Anarchy reigns in her stead;
Laws made one day, repealed the next,
Few understand the doubtful text;
The hydra faction stalks abroad,
Sedition sounds her trump unawed;
Her balance Justice throws aside,
And hurries down Corruption's tide;
An army naked and unpaid,
The publick lean on foreign aid;
Neglected by a thankless state,
The captive veteran mourns his fate;
The patriot flame that lately fired,
Each glowing bosom, now expired;
Ambition and the public weal
Before the shrine of av'rice kneel,
See millions thronging to her fane
Each striving first the Port to gain,
Quick fly the oar and spread the sail,
Corruption wings the tainted gale;
Priests from their temple join the cry,
And hail the new divinity.
Physick forgets her drop and pill,
And vile attorneys damn the quill,
Virtue and Washington in vain
To glory call this prostrate train,
Who deaf to every nobler call,
Forget their country, God and all.
With lavish hand the demon sheds
Her paper blessing o'er their heads;
Each eager vot'ry hugs his reams
And hoards his millions in his dreams.
Ruin with giant strides approaches,
And quarter-masters loll in coaches,
And folly blushing owns aghast
The shoemaker beyond his last."

DRAWING LOTS.—In an old deed preserved at Flower de Hundred I find the following. "Two paper lotts made and framed. In one of which was written these words, viz:—'the uppermost part' in the other was written 'the lowermost part' and being so made and framed were put into the crowne of a hatt and be it further remembered that the said Robert Lucy and Sarah his wife and the said Philip Limbny and Elizabeth his wife did then and there for themselves and their heirs mutually agree and consent each to the other that the said lotts so put into the crowne of a hatt as aforesaid should one after the other be drawn by a young child then present and given by the said child one lott to the said Lucy and his wife and the other to the said Limbny and his wife," &c. &c.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.—This celebrated Boston patriot made a tour in 1773 through some parts of the Carolinas, Virginia, &c. The following is extracted from his journal: "April 6th,—Lodged at Suffolk. April 7th, Dined at Smithfield, two considerable towns in Virginia. As I verge northward the lands and the culture of them have gradually changed for the better. Excellent farms and large cleared tracts of land well fenced and tilled are all around me. Peach trees seem to be of spontaneous growth in these provinces and I saw them all along in the finest bloom. Whole fields of them looked beautiful. I saw about six acres all in high bloom and very

regularly planted every other row being trees of the apple and pear kind not yet in blossom. An extent of about twelve or fifteen acres of peach trees, regularly set in equi-distant rows, intermixed all about with many small pine trees of exquisite verdure, formed a prospect to the eye most delightful and charming. April 9th.—I arrived this morning at about ten o'clock at Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia. It is a place of no trade and its importance depends altogether on its being the seat of government and the place of the college. I have just been taking a view of the whole town. It is inferior to my expectations. Nothing of the population of the North, or of the splendour and magnificence of the South. The College makes a very agreeable appearance and the large garden before it is of ornament and of use. There are but two private buildings of note—the Governor's and the Attorney General's. The College is in a very declining state. The State-house is more commodious inside than ornamental without. The Council chamber is furnished with a large, well-chosen valuable collection of books chiefly of law. The Court of Justice is ill contrived."

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The following revolutionary reminiscence I gathered some years ago from Jack Fox, an old negro belonging to the Pampetyke estate, in King William. Jack Fox was born at North Wales in Hanover, and he remembers "when he was a boy in the time of the revolutionary war, that a little man named Ellis (as he said) came thar; he took a horse out of the stable; come without his arms—with nothing but a long butcher knife; come up to the gate whirlin the knife over his head. He was a desarter from the British. Well the British light-horse come through the river at the long lane. The yard was covered with them outside and in. Shine so Jack did'nt know what it was. Day met Ellis right smack at the house. One of 'em say to him, 'Ellis, what you doin here widdout your arms?' Don't know how many round him in little time; dat time Day got dar Day jump off de hosses quick as hares and took him. When de great man come up he say 'you shall suffer' den he told 'em git a rope and some saft soap and grease; den Day got a bed cord off one of de beds in the house, and greased it wid de saft soap of grease to make it slippery, and made a runnin noose of it, and put it round his neck and hang him up to a mulberry tree right thar in de yard. De man beg, de great man say 'don't pray to me, pray to your God.' Den de great man took out he watch and say 'pull him up.' Two or three on'em had hold on de rope; stood bout thar thick as bees;—you couldn't pass. When de time was out de great man say 'let him down;'—great man he give de work and hold de watch. When day let him down great man call for gourd of water and pour down his throat; den Day took de rope off and de blood came spoutin out of him just like come out of a hog when you stick him—when he cold. De great man—he talk—de rest Day did'nt talk none. Hear him say, "Car him to White Chimbleys, and give him nine and thirty wid de cat and nine tails and if he don't conduct right bring his head to me." Den Day took him off under guard. Jack was holdin a hoss; de hoss fight so, couldn't hold him; fight better den dog; Jack bleeged to keep stick in he hand constant; hoss want to bite. De British bring every thing out of de house; made black people break up de furniture. De black people axed em for some of dem; Day give em some; Day got some beds; de rest was cut open. Den de British rode off and Jack never see'em arterwards."

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In King William I met with a negro named Simon, 80 years old. He "remembered the great snow; it was up to the eaves of the house. Bleeged to break open door with an axe; the door opened outside. This happened the same year that Cat-tail church was built; snow so deep the cows couldn't git out of the shelter; a good many died. Simon was born where the Cat-tail church is now. In the old war he saw a great crowd of people and horses and Indians, Munkey [Pamunkey] Indians; some of 'em had hardly any clothes on. They mustered 3 days; the horses was most starved to death. Old Mrs. bleeged to car away box of meat and bury it in the ground, out in the woods. Simon helped to toat it with Rachel and Teeny, and Phillis his mother, and Brister and Daniel. Some cows were kilt for the soldiers. The Indians had bows and arrows with stone-spikes; shoot 'em at tree; de spike stick in oak tree; sometimes it break off, then they take another out of a leather wallet at their side and fasten it on with a little band. Indians carred wallet of beef on one side, canteen of water on 'tother; green flies follow 'em 'bout in great swarms. Indians hollow 'hoo-oo-oo-oo!' had drums, sat down on the ground to beat 'em. The great men of the militia rode on hosses; hoss had heap of sense; could do most anything: Simon thought oftentimes they sartainly would knock their brains out. The militia slept very thick, some in the church on benches, some on straw-beds, some on straw; many had to sleep under long arbors, kivered with pine and cedar bushes. The officers wore cocked hats—cocked three ways. Old Mordecai Abrams was thar, a captain—old 'cockfighting Mordecai,' as they called him. Every holyday at Easter and Whitsuntide, he used to come down thar cockfighting. The soldiers wore some

green coats, some blue;—some had on buckskin breeches; didn't wear gallowses dem days."

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Among some old papers that I came across some years ago, I met with two or three loose printed sheets of a poem called "The Contest." I found also some extracts from the same poem in an old file of the Virginia Gazette, I believe, of the year 1768. Of the authorship I am left only to conjecture. Whatever may be its poetical merits, the following extracts from "The Contest" may not be uninteresting to the curious reader, as throwing some light on the "form and pressure" of old times in Virginia.

THE CONTEST.

CANTO I.

Hail patriotic bard! who song sublime
From Eastern to our Western shore presents!
My gratitude to thee may I express
In humble verse and not with rhyme adorned?
And Curtius too, who from clear Chellowe's height,
Secrets deep lying in the dark recess
Of C——'s clouded brain can well explore,
Demands my thanks sincere; freed from the froth
Of Metriotes' hyperbolick style;
Of wine Bergessian potent to deceive
And to produce a vote of huge expense,
The tribute due to genius and to sense
Is yours, judicious Burke! without compeer!
The reverend priest the bayic crown presents;
Accept it then; nor Grymes of mighty bone
And fist sledge-hammer like, and grimful face
Of Ampthill's rustic chief;* nor the abuse
By him in Senatorian consult us'd
Eulogies to true merit shall prevent.
O muse, great parent of poetic fire,
Thee I invoke, inspire an infant son
With numbers equal to his bold attempt.
Amidst the pleasures of eternal peace
While Britain's sons their grateful carols sung,
To a lov'd parent always just and good;
While joys ecstatick filled each loyal breast,
And gladsome tidings from the happy isle,
To this new world had made our hope complete;
Lo the grim tyrant, death, by stroke severe,
Blended with native dust a favoured man.
Discord arising from her sable throne
With baleful head erect and horrid grin,
Beheld the sad event, and called it good.
In a famed townt (bearing great William's name,
William immortal in historick page,
The noblest of his ancient noble race,
Britain's sure friend and liberty's defence,)
A fabrick stands sacred to public use;
Where senate oft in learned debate contend,
And truth and justice in strict union dwell.
The turret rising up to middle air
The hell-born fiend in distant prospect viewed
And ventured bold the vast ascent to gain
On full stretched wings with strongest efforts us'd
At length the summit reached; she gazed around
And saw firm concord through the city reign.
At this offensive sight waxing in rage,
"Her bosom heaved, strong poison filled her mouth,"
And with malignant speech she thus begun:
"O hell what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Am I discord, daughter first-born of sin
On earth supreme? and is my power contemned?
Did I resistless reign in Britain's court,
Inflame intestine rage and peace destroy.
Did I fell faction in her councils raise,
From highest post remove her wisest son,
And at her head enslaving Grenville place?
And shall this paltry town my power defy?

* * * *

Would make harmonious concord. Swiftly
The demon to this dreary dome proceeds,
And thus in soothing speech the chief accosts—
Much valued friend, all hail respected chief,
For prowess and adventures grand renowned,
"Whose generous friendship no cold medium knows;"
A sad event sits heavy on my soul
With various cares and anxious thoughts oppressed,
Attend till I in brief the cause unfold.
A scheme was formed by wisest council planned,
With deep intent the Union to preserve,
And success give to my extensive views.
Hector who at Bacchick feasts presides,
And antic feats causing loud laugh displays
Our mirthful friend distinguished much at court,
To fill the treasury seat was first designed,
By him no opposition could be made
To raise warm contest and support my hopes,
When the grand Senate should in consult meet,
This well-formed scheme an adverse fate subverts.
Nicholas to the post is now advanced,
And Bland with Lee conjoins a fixed resolve
The Union to prevent and me exclude.
In such distress if council profit aught,
Touched with generous feelings for your friend,
On speedy measures pray employ your thoughts—
On your unfailing aid my hopes depend.
A brutal rage the chief's rough soul inflamed,
And keen revenge glowed in his savage breast,
And thus with thundering voice his passion flowed—
Presumptuous, arrogant, contentious fools.
Curst be the men whose vile attempts destroy
My friend's repose and his success prevent,
And curst be those who their damned scheme approve,
My vengeful tongue their growing pride shall crush,
Insidious war and strife I will foment,
Envy herself with all her hell-hound brood
And at my command on their good name shall feast.

* * * *

Meantime my friend declare if you succeed,
The peace you now possess you will resign,
Nomicos then will your sure friend appear,
This parasite at court a place pursues,
Which he with art and flattery tries to gain,
Adamas too a creeping, cringing chief,
With deep intrigues your interest will support,
'Till his designs are to perfection brought,
Such aids my friend will your just cause avenge,
And the detested chiefs with ease defeat.
As to myself with fell detraction armed,
(Which from my inmost soul shall in loud torrents burst,)
From house to house I'll fly, all breasts inflame,
And with malignant taunts bold scandal spread.
My friend dismiss your fear, by heaven I swear,
My firm resolves no adverse powers control,
All ways are just to blast a hated foe.
The fury pleased, inspired her champion son,
With her full self, and lowly bending, said—
Great chief accept your friend's most grateful thanks,
Then grinned a smile and from the dome withdrew.

* * * *

* Col. Carey. † Williamsburg.

Far to the east where lofty cliffs ascend,
From whence York's gentle tide slow gliding on,
An even course, in ample prospect lies
An ancient town, overspreads the sandy glebe;
The healthful site, (for air serene renowned,)
No putrid damps from oozy beach invades:
A new Montpelier, thrice happy town;
Happy for health, for commerce and for love,
Fraternal love or sacred friendship fixed:
Here first in dignity as first in wealth,
The elder N.....* lives—respected name,
His country's glory and her best support;
And now oh N.....,* would the muse proclaim
Your private goodness and your public worth,
'The patriot virtues that distend your thoughts,
Spread on your front and in your conduct glow.
But your great mind even just applause disclaims,
And every noble act your duty calls.'
Swift through this town the mighty chieftain passed,
And o'er its level field the coursers bound;
Back River's fertile plains now rise to view,
And instant flying back are left behind.
Nor could fine rural scenes, variety
Of houses, groves of corn and wheaten fields;
Of well-ranged files of trees, with fruitage hung;
Of flocks, of herds, with healthful herbage fleshed,
Detain the chieftain in his grand career.
Where once great Kicquotan's† barbaric prince,
Enthroned in state with savage grandeur ruled,
When led by lust of gain from Albion's coast,
Her sea-bred sons the wide Atlantic braved
And fixed another gem in Britain's crown.
Southampton stands, for finest oysters famed;
Delicious food—which kings might deign to eat,
Luxuriant here—dull cobler's banquets grace." &c.

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From the Virginia Gazette of 1771.

WILLIAMSBURG, Jan. 17.

"On Sunday, the 25th day of November last, Wm. Nelson, Esq., and his new married lady made their appearance in Stratton Major Church, King and Queen county, for the first time after marriage, when an excellent sermon from the 24th chapter of Genesis, verse 20th:—'And Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her,' was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dunlap. In handling the discourse, the preacher in his usual animated manner touched upon the tender passion of love as a necessary requisite in courtship and marriage, the duty of husband and wife with respect to acquiring and preserving domestic happiness, concluding with some very pertinent animadversions on the conduct of parties in regard to the disposition of children in marriage, and how far the duty between both ought to be reciprocal. The whole discourse was handled in a new and striking manner."

—

From the Virginia Gazette of 1768.

An Acrostical Valentine on Miss Frances Lewis.

Minerva's choice, Apollo's fond delight,
In whom fine sense and music's charms unite;
Sweet lovely maid, dear favorite of the Nine,
Say will you be my constant Valentine?
For you the muse expands her lapped wings,
Rears her fallen powers and strikes the trembling strings;
At thy dear feet she pays the tribute due,
Nor thinks she bends too low to wait on you;
Charmed with thy lovely form, thy music fine,
Ecstatic raptures all my heart entwine;
So my once loved Belinda touched the keys,
Lovely like you—like you was formed to please;
Early in life the fatal summons came,
Withered my joys and snatched the beauteous dame;
In you dear nymph the reparation lies,
Say you'll be kind or youthful Strephon dies.

—

GWYNN'S ISLAND.

This island lies in the Chesapeake Bay to the east of Matthews county. Tradition says that Pocahontas, in swimming across the Piankatank river, when near drowning, was rescued by one of the English, who in return received from her this island as a present. It belonged, however, not to her, but to grim old Powhatan, her father; and fond as he was of her, it is likely that he would have *vetoed* the giving away so large a slice of his domain.

Early in the revolution, Lord Dunmore, with his motley forces, quartered on Gwynn's Island. Sickness rendered his camp a horrid scene of misery, and he was driven from the island by a force under Gen. Andrew Lewis.

—

MOUNT VERNON, Fairfax County.

His Excellency, the Governor, by and with the consent of his Majesty's Council having been pleased to grant 200,000 acres of land on the great Canhawa, &c., to the officers and soldiers, who embarked in the service of this Colony agreeable to a proclamation issued the 17th of Feby. 1754, by the Hon'le Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., then Lieut. Govr. and having moreover been pleased to require that I should receive the several and respective claims of every person who engaged in the service aforesaid, before the battle of the Meadows in 1754—, I do hereby give this publick notice thereof, requesting that every officer and soldier or their representatives will exhibit their respective claims to a share of these lands, properly attested, to me, before the 10th day of October next ensuing, in order that the whole may be laid before his Lordship and Council and finally adjusted and to the intent that no unnecessary application may be made, it is hereby signified that no person who entered into the service of this Colony after the said Battle of the Meadows (which concluded the campaign of 1754) is entitled to any part of these 200,000 acres of land, as they were given to the first adventurers under the proclamation aforesaid.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

* Nelson. † Hampton.

COLONEL FERGUSON.—Dodsley's Annual Register for 1781 gives the following account of Col. Ferguson, the British Commander, killed at the battle of King's Mountain.

"He was perhaps the best marksman living, and probably brought the art of rifle-shooting to its highest point of perfection. He even invented a gun of that kind upon a new construction, which was said to far exceed in facility and execution any thing of the sort before known, and he is said to have greatly outdone even the American Indians in the adroitness and quickness of firing and loading and in the certainty of hitting the mark, by lying on the back or belly, and in every other possible position of the body. * * * It has been reported that Gen. Washington owed his life at the battle of Brandywine to this gentleman's total ignorance of his person, as he had him sufficiently within reach and view during that action for the purpose."

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GLOUCESTER. This is one of the old counties of Virginia (named no doubt after the English county of Gloucestershire) and in early times was one of the largest and most populous. Many historical occurrences which we read of as having taken place in Gloucester, did not take place in what is now known as Gloucester, but in that larger area formerly so called, and since razeed by successive loppings off. According to tradition it was settled by the Warners and the Cookes, the Warners locating the lowland, the Cookes the high. The Lewises, it is said are the only surviving descendants of the Warners. Among the seats in Gloucester are Severn Hall, Warner Hall, and Rosewell. This last was built by Col. Matthew Page, of the Council of Virginia. Governor John Page resided at Rosewell. It is a fine old building, a cube of sixty feet, flat-roofed. The front, as seen from the York river, on which it stands, is quite imposing. The Ludwells were, in Sir Wm. Berkeley's time, a family of note in Gloucester. John Clayton the botanist, was for a long time clerk of the county court of Gloucester. He attained an advanced age and was engaged in a distant botanical excursion not long before his death. His valuable MSS. were burnt in the clerk's office after his death. None of his descendants remain in Gloucester. Vestiges of his "Flower Garden" are still to be seen. A whale, sixty feet long, it is said, was once taken in the shoals of York river. A shark has been taken there. Deer are almost extinct in Gloucester.

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PITTSBURG.—Arthur Lee on his route as commissioner for effecting a treaty with the Indians in 1784, visited Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg, and spoke of it thus: "Pittsburg is inhabited almost entirely by Scotch and Irish, who live in paltry log-houses and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland or even Scotland. There is much small trade carried on; goods are brought at the vast expense of 45 per cent from Philadelphia and Baltimore. They take in the shops money, wheat, flour, and skins. They have four attornies, two doctors, and not a priest of any sect, church or chapel; so they are likely to be damned without benefit of clergy. The rivers so encroach on the town that I was told the Alleghany had in thirty years carried away one hundred yards. *The place I believe will never be considerable.*"

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OLD SWINTON.—When word was sent up from below that Arnold was coming up the James river, Charles Carter of Shirley, with his lady retired during the night to the interior of the country, leaving only two sons and Old Swinton, a Scotch schoolmaster. This old teacher had his schoolroom in the Steward's house at a little distance from the dwelling house. A few days after a party of British came over to Shirley in a boat. Old Swinton, like another Dominie Sampson retreated up stairs into his sanctum and hastily hid his watch in his hat. The redcoats immediately coming up stairs enquired where was the family. He replied "they are all gone; there is nobody left but an old schoolmaster and two foolish boys." The soldiers then plundered some of his valuables which so provoked him that he pulled out his watch from its hiding place and surrendering it, exclaimed, "as you will have the rest you may have this too."

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In the library of William and Mary College there is a book entitled "The Morning and Evening Prayer, Litany, Church Catechism and family prayers and several chapters of the Old and New Testament, translated into the Mohagne (Mokawk) Indian language—by Lawrence Claesse, Interpreter to William Andrews, Missionary to the Indians from the Honorable and Reverend the Society for the propogation of the gospel in foreign parts! Ask of me and I will give thee the Heathen for thine inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession. Psalm 2. 8. Printed by William Bradford in New York." The following is a specimen of the Mohawk.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Ra—odereanayent ne Royamer. Songy wa niha ne kawnggage tighsideron, wasagh na do geaglotine. Sanayent fera iewe tageerra eigh maway; Sin iyought karongyagough, one oghu ansiag. Niyatoweigh niserogle taggwana dara

noudaghsik nonwa: Neoni tondagh warigh wiyonghston sini ught oui jakwadadadeughunyongsteani; Neoni toghsa daghgwasarineght dewaddatdennageraghtongge nesane sedjadaquaghone kondighseroheause, ikea sayunlutsera ne naagh. Neoni ne kaeshatote, Neoni ne onweseaghsak ne sini yeheirwe. Neoni Siui yehirwe. Amen.

C. C.

Petersburg.

REMEMBRANCE.

"Flinging the dew of the morning back,
Over each image and earthly track."

Clouds athwart the stars are straying,
Moaning winds disturb the night,
Leaves unto the earth are falling,
Touched with blight.

Autumn's evening shuts around me,
Gay companions—here are none;
Silent thoughts and visions give me
Life that's gone.

Minutes seen and snatched forever—
Told in beauty! told in mirth!
How they flitted bright and noiseless
O'er the earth!

How my heart untouch'd of trials,
Bathed in sunshine, daily lay,
Reckless all of care or conflict
Far away.

Joyous hours! I glow to meet you,
Even in fitful, changeful dreams!
Pierce the shadow of my slumbers,
Vanish'd gleams!

Float ye o'er the faded garlands,
On my brow that used to be;
Sun the paths my feet have trodden,
Blithe and free!

Gem the skies my glance hath pondered,
Oft at midnight's thrilling tide;
Where the breath of waking summer
Only sigh'd.

Where my spirit so was reaping
Gentle gifts from altars high,
I could wish, amidst their fulness,
Ne'er to die.

Happier days than e'er can meet me,
To the mystic land are flown,
Days of blossom! days of blessing!
Past and gone.

Lo! the future, Winter sealeth,
Garb'd in sternness, storm and night!
Birds and flowers along the pathway;
Ta'en to flight.

Lessons from the present flowing—
Yield but dull, unwelcome lore,
All unlike the spreading pages
Traced of yore!

Let me then, the past embracing,
On her breast my vigils keep,
'Till, amidst her murmuring music,
Lull'd to sleep.

Voices of the lost beside me,
Faces of the loved shall be!
I shall quaff at older fountains,
Plenteously!

Joyous hours! I smile to greet you,
Even in fitful, changeful dreams,
Pierce the shadow of my slumbers,
Vanish'd gleams.

C. R. J.

Richmond.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER LI.

"But alas! that we should go,"
—Sang the farewell voices then—
"From the homesteads warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen."—*Hemans.*

Sadder and more sober thoughts succeeded the tumult of pleasurable emotions which had filled Arthur's heart, as Mrs. Selden and himself approached Cedar Creek estate, and he began to realize how painful was the task before him; but he gave no expression of his own feelings to his mother, as he knew how much more poignantly she felt on this occasion. The tie of affection which often subsists between master and slave is not all understood but in places where the institution of slavery exists in its mildest form; instances of the strength of this feeling, which are familiar to the observation of all who have lived in those countries, would excite a smile of derision and unbelief from almost all who make the slightest pretension to religion, philanthropy, or even common morality, whose lot providence has cast in regions where no such institution exists. How natural, how cheap, how comfortable, how exalting, in such cases, is the full enjoyment of virtuous indignation and unmitigated censure towards our brethren who are differently situated, raising ourselves just in proportion as it lowers others. Yet "facts are strange, stranger than fiction," and those who will come to the Southern States, allowing their eyes to see and their ears to hear, will find "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in their philosophy."

The Seldens were not only humane to their

slaves, but they felt the moral responsibility of holding the destinies of their fellow creatures in their hands, and had sought to promote not only their physical well being, but their moral improvement, and though their best efforts in many cases were attended with very imperfect success, yet on the whole they reigned over a happy and improving community, exercising a sort of patriarchal sway, in which the legislative, judicial, executive, and paternal functions were curiously combined, and whose practical results would have confounded all theoretical calculations.

As Mrs. Selden approached the cabins, which were situated near each other on an elevated ridge of oak and hickory wood, a spot selected for the healthiness of its situation, she looked with deep regret at the humble, but happy little homesteads around her; she marked the blue smoke rising from every chimney, and the cheerful signs of human habitation around every door, and thought with pain of the time when the fire should be quenched on every hearth, and the inmates of these houses should be dwellers in strange places.

There was already a stir perceptible amongst the people who had discovered Mrs. Selden's arrival; the mothers of families were brushing the floors of their cabins and their yards, the children combing their heads and washing their faces, all striving to make every thing around them look as clean and neat as they could, sure that they should receive from their mistress some words of reproof, exhortation, or encouragement, according to the state in which she found them.

But Mrs. Selden was in no mood now to reprove delinquencies, and her countenance wore such an unusual expression of seriousness, that old Hannah, who was always the first to meet and welcome her, saw at once with that ready instinct which is a characteristic of the race, that something had gone wrong with her mistress.

"How do you do, Hannah," said Mrs. Selden, kindly, holding out her hand to the old servant, who was looking anxiously in her face; "how is your rheumatism?"

"Better, thank God, madam; them nice flannel jackets Miss Margaret sent me, did me a power of good. How is master, and the young ladies, and Mas Charles, when you heard from him?"

"All very well, thank you, Hannah. We will go first to your cabin, I wish to have some talk with you, and will sit there awhile."

Hannah hastened to open the door of her cabin for the reception of her mistress; she dusted down a large flag-bottomed chair, and placed it in the most comfortable position by the fire, then glanced at a new yarn counterpane, dyed with madder, which she had hastily thrown on the bed when she saw the carriage approaching, hoping it would excite Mrs. Selden's admiration.

Mrs. Selden's eye followed the direction of old Hannah's, and she would not deny her the gratification of the compliment which she saw she expected. "What a nice, new counterpane you have there, Hannah—it does credit to your spinning and dyeing; and your water pail looks so clean, and your shelf of crockery so nice, it is a pleasure to look at them. It does my heart good to see every thing look so comfortable around you."

Hannah saw that Mrs. Selden looked sad and thoughtful as she said these words, which confirmed her in thinking that some trouble was impending, and her own face reflected the uneasiness expressed in the countenance of her mistress. Rumors had got abroad amongst the negroes, that there was a talk of selling the Cedar Creek estate, because Mr. Selden had a great debt to pay for somebody, and this had given rise to some uneasy surmises as to what would become of the negroes in this case, but as they are a race who almost literally "take no thought for the morrow," the apprehensions to which these rumors had given rise died away, as no signs of immediate change about to take place were visible.

Hannah was an old and privileged servant—she had been Mrs. Selden's maid before her marriage, had nursed her eldest child, and from her fidelity and attachment had always been treated in the family rather as a friend than a servant. The report that Mr. Selden would be obliged to sell this tract of land, now rushed upon Hannah's mind, and she said in rather a sorrowful tone—"Few servants have such chances for themselves as we has, madam; I often tells them all, if they a'nt comfortable, it's their own fault."

"Your master and I have indeed wished to make you all happy and comfortable, and tried to do so."

"God knows you both has," exclaimed Hannah feelingly, while she looked sadly and inquiringly into Mrs. Selden's face.

"You have probably heard, Hannah," said Mrs. Selden, clearing her throat to give steadiness to her voice, "that your master has a large debt to pay for Mr. Williams' estate, and he has no means of doing so but by selling this tract of land."

Old Hannah clasped her hands and rocked herself violently to and fro, exclaiming, "Lord have massy upon us, I never thought to see it come to this. I never thought to see master part with such a fine plantation as this, and one that has been in the family so long, and all to go to pay another man's debts, one as wa'nt the least bit of kin to him n'other. Dear me, dear me, what a pity!

And the servants, missis, what will become of them?"

"Your master preferred selling his land, much as he values it, to parting with his servants, but as the Sherwood estate cannot support you all, he will be obliged to send some of them to settle land he has in the west of Virginia; he will do every thing in his power to avoid separating families; Arthur, too, will go with the servants and remain the first year, and Mr. Thomas Selden, whom you have seen, Hannah, and who is an excellent man, and a cousin too of your master's, will settle upon the land, and I am sure he will be kind and good to the servants. I have heard too that Mrs. Thomas Selden is a very good woman, and I hope she will supply my place to them all. The old servants will remain unless they wish to go, and those who have wives and children on other plantations, can remain if they can find places they like in the neighborhood."

Old Hannah drew a deep sigh, as she said—"Ah, missis, you and master will do the best you can for us, I know, and it's a mon'sous good thing that Mr. Thomas Selden is gwine to live out there; they'd all rather be under one of the family than any one else, being as how they know the ways of the family, and I has a nephew myself as lived with Mr. Thomas Selden two or three years, and he said him and his wife were both mighty good people, and that Miss Kitty, as he called Mrs. Selden, nursed him when he had a bad fever, that she saw to every thing herself, and brought him his physic, and tea, and all such things as was proper for a sick person to have with her own hands; but for all that, missis, I don't say she could take *your* place with the servants, for I don't b'lieve nobody could do that, and as to being sold out of the family, I had rather one of my children should go to the backwoods than that should happen."

"It has distressed us all very much, Hannah, the idea of sending the servants away, but we have no choice in this matter—this is the best thing we can do, and I believe the young ones will soon get reconciled to the change, as you see young people constantly do who are obliged to leave their homes; but it grieves me to think of seeing them as much disturbed as I know they will be at first, and the thought that they will be out of my reach—that it will no longer be in my power to do any thing for them, distresses me."

Mrs. Selden's eyes were filled with tears as she said these words, and her voice and manner showed how deeply she was moved. None, whose vision has been opened to a sense of their moral and religious responsibilities, can regard the dissolution of any connexion, which has placed the destinies of others greatly within their control and influence, without a pang of regret and compunction, for who can say, on such occasions that no duties have been left unfulfilled, or most imperfectly performed. when the moment arives that there can never again be an opportunity for their exercise. Yet most persons in Mrs. Selden's situation would have looked back on their own conduct, not only with approbation, but self-complacency. for her's had been a performance not only of general, but of individual duty, towards her servants. There was not one of them past the age of infancy who might not recall instances of care for their comfort. of her consideration for their feelings, of her efforts to impart to them religious instruction. Meritorious as these outward acts were, they were easy in comparison with those inward trials of temper, patience, forbearance, perseverance under discouragements, which all have experienced who have sought faithfully to do their duty in governing any community, especially one of negroes. Yet Mrs. Selden was much more humbled now at the recollection of her omissions, than elated by the remembrance not only of her good deeds, but of her triumphs in that silent warfare within, known only to herself and her Creator.

It was Mrs. Selden's custom, whenever she visited the farm, to go around to each cabin, to drop a word of encouragement or reproof, whichever she thought most needed, and usually to read and explain some portion of the Scripture to the negroes. As she paid her accustomed visits on this day, she observed with a mingled feeling of pain and pleasure, the gradual advance of comfort and neatness among the servants, and was much touched at their obvious desire to gain a smile from her or a word of praise.

Even Kate, one of the most incorrigible amongst the women, had her floor neatly swept up, her water pail freshly scoured, her children's faces washed until they shone, and their heads combed until each particular hair stood on end. These last operations had evidently been just performed, and Kate stood with a grin of delight at her cabin door, waiting to receive her mistress.

Various little offerings were brought by the negroes, with so much apparent good will, that it would have been impossible to refuse them—one offered a mug of persimmon beer, which she said was very nice, and that she had been saving it until missis came, as she heard her say once she liked persimmon beer very much; another brought some new laid eggs to beg that she would carry them to Miss Margaret, while the children presented offerings of apples, sweet potatoes and walnuts. They all soon perceived, however, that their mistress looked sorrowful, and their manner underwent an immediate change in consequence. Negroes have a quickness of percep-

tion, of changes of feeling and of character, which would be incredible to those who are not acquainted with their characteristic peculiarities.

Mrs. Selden talked with each of the women, in the manner she thought most likely to console her for the impending change in her situation, and when Arthur, who had been walking in the fields where the men were at work, returned, he found his mother looking pale and overcome, and the traces of tears visible on her face.

He offered her his arm, saying, "Mother, you look perfectly exhausted—we had better go home now."

The servants followed them silently in groups to the carriage, as if they wished to see their mistress as long as possible, for they had perhaps never felt her full value so much as at this minute, and as she bowed her head to them, for her heart was too full to speak, more than one sob was heard from the women, and several voices exclaimed, "God bless you missis: good b'ye Mas Arthur."

Arthur strove to cheer his mother's spirits as they returned home, and she tried to seem cheered, but the effort was unsuccessful, and as if by mutual consent they at length remained silent, each absorbed in thought, until they arrived at Sherwood.

On their arrival at home, Arthur found a letter from Louis Davenport, addressed to himself, lying on the mantel-piece; Margaret said their neighbor, Mr. Gibson, had sent it over by a servant. Louis had been absent for some time from the neighborhood: he had been summoned away just before the news of Mr. Williams' death had arrived at Sherwood, to the sick bed of an old bachelor uncle, who lived at a distance of more than sixty miles from Davenport Lodge. He had been detained there by the continual sufferings and helplessness of his uncle, Mr. John Davenport, who was in a state of forlornness and desolation, which would have made it impossible for a man such as Louis Davenport to leave him.

"Let us see what Louis says for himself," said Arthur, opening the letter. "Poor fellow, I am glad to see by this token that he is still in the land of the living." The letter was as follows:

Dear Arthur,—Knowing that you have some tenderness of heart, I should be afraid of exciting your compassion too painfully, were I to give you an exact description of the life I have been leading in this horrible place for two or three months past. Yet I have more than half a mind to give you a history of my uncle's illness and symptoms, and a journal for one day, which would serve to give you an idea of all the rest, but I know you would skip it, and all my trouble would be thrown away. Suffice it to say then, that he is now exhibiting decided symptoms of convalescence, and when he recovers sufficiently to enable me to leave him with a quiet conscience, and an easy heart, (for, poor old gentleman, he was very kind to me when I was a boy, and I have always had an affection for him,) I shall leave Jacob with him, until he quite recovers his strength, and turn my longing steps homewards.

One of my greatest trials during my stay here has been the impossibility of hearing from home and from Sherwood. Robinson Crusoe might as soon have expected to receive letters on his island as I can here, for we are indeed 'out of humanity's reach;' we have no post-office nearer than thirty miles. I was just about to hire a messenger to send down and get some news from you, when Mr. Gibson, our old neighbor, you know, arrived on a visit to our next neighbor. He rode over to see my uncle, with whom he was formerly acquainted, and from him I learned all about poor Williams' sudden death, your father's liabilities, and his determination to sell the Cedar Creek estate to discharge them. I was foolish enough to feel vexed at hearing Gibson talk of purchasing it, and I write now to beg that your father will allow me to loan him a sum of money, with which he knows I had intended purchasing land, and pay off this security debt, and keep Cedar Creek himself. Try your eloquence, dear Arthur, to persuade him to do so; I hope I need not assure any of you how much it would gratify me if he would accept this proposal. Should you fail in persuading him, beg Mrs. Selden to use her influence, and if this too should prove unavailing, then ask him not to sell the land until my return, which will be in the course of a week. I am determined Gibson shall not have it if I can prevent it, and I think your father had rather see it in my possession than in his, and I had rather own it myself, than to see it belong to any one one but your own family.

I hope you are all well. Gibson could tell me nothing about you all, though he had just been at Sherwood. He said he thought he had heard something about one of the young ladies being sick, but did not know which one it was; he supposed, however, there could not be much the matter, as he saw Mrs. Selden, and she looked as cheerful as usual; his soul is no bigger than a midge's wing. I do not believe he has a thought in the world but of adding acre to acre.

My best love and kindest remembrances to all who think them worthy of their acceptance. I hear my uncle calling me to read to him: by-the-bye, the library consists of the Wonderful Magazine, a volume of farces, the Universal History, and some works on farming, which we read alternately, as the gay or grave mood predominates. Most truly yours,

L. DAVENPORT.

Arthur read this epistle aloud, and when he had finished it, exclaimed, "Talk about romance and sensibility and all that sort of stuff, commend me for real feeling to those who act most and talk least; now here is Louis Davenport with more true, delicate and tender feeling, than all the Mortimers, Orlandos and Ferdinands that could be found in the most approved novels, and all their admirers and imitators together, and yet because he never talks about it, and does every thing in such a quiet and manly way, his best friends take his kindness as a matter of course, and have no idea of the extent of his disinterestedness and self-devotion. Here he has been staying, for weeks and months, nursing a forlorn, whimsical, peevish old bachelor, and I heard him congratulate himself before he set out on the expedition, on his uncle's being head over ears in debt, so that he could not suspect him of any interested motive in his attentions, when I know he would give his eyes to be amongst us again. Now, nothing could gratify him so much as for my father to use his money—he would really consider it as a favor. Then," he added, with a smile, "how much he is moved to hear that one of the ladies is, or has been, sick, he is ready to wring poor old Gibson's neck off for not knowing which of them."

"Hoping no doubt it was poor me," said Mary, laughing.

"Quite probable, for I never could decide which Louis liked best, Margaret or my mother."

Arthur smiled, and cast a sidelong glance at Virginia as he said these words, but she blushed so much more deeply than usual at any allusion to Louis' devotion, that he drew a favorable augury from the circumstance, and wisely forbore farther raillery. He saw that Virginia was touched by the letter, though she was the only person in the room who did not respond warmly to the eulogium he had pronounced upon Louis.

CHAPTER LII.

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye have rendered moments dear;
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe.—*Burns.*

Louis Davenport arrived soon after his letter, and urged his own generous request with an earnestness that it was difficult to resist, but Mr. Selden adhered to the resolution he had first formed of struggling through his difficulties unaided by any of his friends, as it regarded pecuniary obligation, and he assured Louis that he should be quite satisfied to see the Cedar Creek estate in his hands, and hoped to ride over it again many a time with him, and advise him as to the best manner of improving it. This assurance was made with a warmth and sincerity, that could not fail to be gratifying to Louis, and with this he must perforce be content, for on the other point Mr. Selden remained inflexible.

Every day seemed more precious now as it wore away, for all the inmates of Sherwood dreaded the setting in of spring, which was the time fixed for the departure of the colony. During this period, Charles' visits were very frequent, and they contributed much to sustain the spirits of the family. Though most persons who call themselves Christians profess to believe that "all is for the best," yet few have an earnest practical belief of this great truth, as their conversation and conduct evince in any time of peculiar trial, and it is wonderful how trust is strengthened, and hope animated by intercourse with those who really possess this active sort of faith. Some one has said, that if we persevere for a long time in repeating a falsehood, we not only learn to believe it ourselves, but to persuade some others to believe it also, this is doubtless in some measure true, and then to how much greater a degree may we strengthen conviction both in ourselves and others, by steadily recognising both in word and action, our belief in any particular truth. The speculative difficulty of reconciling a belief in this great doctrine of Christianity, with that of the necessity for the utmost exertion of our power and energies for good, is practically solved by those who are convinced of the truth of the saying "that man proposes and God disposes," that it is for us to act, to strive, to plan, as if the course of events depended upon ourselves, to trust, to hope, to wait, as if they were entirely in the hand of God.

Mr. Thomas Selden arrived to concert with Arthur the final arrangements for their departure, and the bustle of preparation was some relief to all parties. All Arthur's probable and improbable wants were provided for, as far as practicable, and he laughingly declared, that if he did not set out at once, twenty wagons would not be sufficient to carry out all the comforts his mother and Margaret had provided for him, or all the tokens of remembrance Virginia would present him with; he said he could already count up at least fifty keepsakes from her, while Mary had not even given him a lock of her hair. Mary declared according to all rules of romance he ought to have asked for it long ago, and Virginia selected a glossy tress, which she promised to braid herself, while Margaret cutting off a dark brown curl from Arthur's head, offered it to Mary in exchange. Mary received it with a smile and a blush. Matters were becoming too serious for jesting now, though both Arthur and Mary were careful to avoid, as much as possible, everything

that might weaken their own hearts, or each others; indeed, they were less melancholy and sentimental, than could possibly have been expected from lovers of their age, so truly and fondly attached to each other.

The dreaded day at length dawned bright and clear, and there was not an eye in Sherwood that did not see its earliest beam. The servants were all up and stirring by light, and were already filling the lawn in groups, those who were to go, and those who were to remain talking together, many of them for the last time. No class of people love excitement of every kind more than negroes do, and in any situation calculated to excite either joy or sorrow, they delight in increasing the prevailing feeling as much as possible both in themselves and others.

Mrs. Selden and her daughters were soon amongst the servants, distributing farewell gifts, exchanging with them expressions of kindness and good will, with tearful eyes and faltering voices. Many kind remembrances crowded upon every heart in this parting hour, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd.

Mr. Selden, Charles and Reginald were also engaged in talking with the men, distributing money, tobacco, and various little gifts amongst them, while Arthur and Mary stood in the recess of one of the windows, their hands fast locked together, assuring each other that a year would soon pass away, and their present sorrow would seem like a dream, and burying in their hearts their sad misgivings as to whether fate had indeed reserved another meeting on earth for them, and their gloom at the prospect of a year, during which they could scarcely hope for any opportunity of communication. They agreed to keep a journal for each other, they exchanged rings, and made resolutions of improvement, but not one vow of constancy did they utter, for not a doubt disturbed either of their minds on that subject.

Louis Davenport arrived to breakfast, as he intended accompanying the travellers for a day's journey, and all went through the form of breakfasting, though it was scarcely more than a form.

After breakfast was over, Charles proposed assembling the family and servants together that they might once more unite in prayer; this proposal was grateful to all, and once more they all knelt and worshipped together. Sobs were heard from every part of the room, yet all felt soothed and tranquilized by the influence of heartfelt prayer suited to their situation and necessities, offered up at such a moment.

When the last farewell had been said, and they all turned to go, the negroes moved by a simultaneous impulse, raised a parting hymn, and those who were left behind, stood as if transfixed, listening to their wild and melancholy tones, until they died away in the distance.

How many familiar faces were gone and forever? And Arthur, the light, the joy of the house, what a dreary void would his absence occasion, what a sad change would the life he was about to enter on be to him!

Charles and Reginald accompanied Arthur many miles of the way, but Mr. Selden declined doing so, unwilling to submit his fortitude to any farther trial. As the last trace of the travellers disappeared, he was turning to take a solitary walk, when he caught Will Howard's eyes fixed upon him with such a wistful and sorrowful expression, that he held out his hand to him saying, "Come, my son, I should like to have you with me."

Will was by Mr. Selden's side in a minute, his hand fast clasped in his kind patron's, and he walked thus for some time without uttering a word, until encouraged to do so, by Mr. Selden's addressing some remark to him. This child was twining himself around Mr. Selden's heart, in a manner which seemed to him inexplicable.

Mrs. Selden and the girls after some time, met together in her chamber, afraid of solitude, afraid of the deserted parlor, and almost afraid of seeing the recent traces of Arthur's presence, but there was a pleasure in setting together in silence, knowing they were thinking and feeling, if not talking together.

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CHAPTER LIII.

Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting; the resolution which they had taken, brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart, when they prayed for a blessing on their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt; for love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own—a second birth—dimly, but yet in some degree resembling that which is effected by divine love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.—*Southey.*

And how had the winter passed off with Edith? The very depths of her soul had been stirred, and the earthly prop on which she had leaned had been removed, but her soul had risen purified and exalted from the abyss of affliction. There were times when an inexpressible sense of loneliness, a bitter feeling of bereavement would come over her, but at such hours when faith was weak, and hope was low, she looked around on the great field "white for harvest," whose boundaries are continually enlarging, to those who are willing to go forth in it as a laborer, and found relief in doing good. It is a great law of our being, as beneficent as wise, that action should strengthen faith.

It was not Edith's wont to seek consolation or sympathy, she seldom alluded to her own sorrows or trials, and bore them with a noble, though no longer a proud, self-reliance, yet, though she lived in almost a solitary world of thought and feeling, no one felt higher pleasure than herself in communion with such natures as were congenial to her own, no one was capable of reposing more unreserved and unlimited confidence in those whom she loved, and perceived to be capable of entering into her feelings.

Edith had now no friend but Mrs. Mason, whose attachment for her continually increased, with whom she could hold intimate intercourse, but even with her, there was a large class of thoughts and feelings to which she never gave utterance, it was only in conversing with Charles Selden that they were drawn out unconsciously, involuntarily. No hand but his could strike the chords of her soul, which discoursed the sweetest music, and she was often surprised herself in recalling her conversations with Charles, to remember how sentiments which she had cherished in secret as too visionary or too exalted for sympathy, and thoughts which she had hidden in her heart, had flowed forth almost spontaneously. Though it was true that their views and opinions differed on many subjects, these differences only heightened the interest with which they conversed upon them.

Meanwhile Charles found his interest in Edith daily increase, and he was too much accustomed to self examination to be long in discovering that his pleasure in her society would prove a dangerous one to his peace, if no reciprocal feeling had been awakened in Edith's heart. He was sure that she felt a high regard and esteem for him, for he knew that the confidence with which she treated him, was a sure indication of such sentiments from a character such as hers; he had indeed sometimes thought that she felt for him a still tenderer sentiment, but the evidences of this were so slight, transient, and easily attributable to other causes, that they produced nothing amounting to belief in his mind, nor would he have wished Edith to depart from the dignity and becoming reserve of her sex and character, that his doubts might be removed. As soon as he was fully aware of the state of his own affections, and a doubt had been awakened in his mind, as to whether Edith might not entertain similar feelings towards himself, actuated by the same pure, single-hearted, and generous motives which influenced his whole course of conduct, he resolved to make an avowal of his love.

It may appear strange to many to call that a generous motive which impelled a young man of moderate fortunes, and still more moderate expectations, to declare his love to one so richly endowed with the gifts of nature and fortune as Edith Fitzgerald. There is one sort of disinterestedness, it is true, which would shrink from seeking such an alliance, under such circumstances, but in this, there is either an alloy of cowardice, in fearing to brave the misconstruction of the world, or of distrust in the generosity of the loved one. But there is a higher, purer, nobler sort of generosity, rising above such considerations, which we seldom meet with but in those who have been accustomed from infancy not only to hear generous sentiments habitually expressed, but to see them acted upon daily, naturally, and almost unconsciously. In such a school as this Charles Selden had been taught from his infancy, for Mr. and Mrs. Selden were eminently generous both in thought and action, and it was not in his nature to suppose one whom he loved so truly, and esteemed so highly as he did Edith, capable of the meanness of suspecting him of mercenary motives, after so long and intimate an acquaintance. He knew that it would be impossible were their circumstances reversed, that he could have attributed Edith's acceptance of his addresses to any such motive, and he certainly did not estimate her generosity less highly than he did his own. Should such a state of mind appear incredible to any in our money-loving age, let him assist his imagination by the thought that the Seldens of Sherwood lived more than fifty years ago.

Charles Selden knew mankind too well not to be fully aware that a step such as he meditated, would be misinterpreted and censured by many, and he regretted this circumstance, because he greatly valued his influence over the minds of men, as a means of promoting their spiritual welfare, but he had too much moral courage and wisdom to be deterred by such a motive, in a matter which so much concerned his own happiness, and it might be, that of another unspeakably dear. He knew too, that however the balance of public opinion may waver for a time, from temporary causes, it will at last find its just equilibrium, except in some extraordinary circumstances, and that a consistent course of conduct steadily pursued by any individual, must necessarily be understood at last, by any community of which he is a member.

Had Charles been a hero of romance, instead of a mere mortal, his doubts as to the state of Edith's affections would have been speedily removed, but as it was, no horse would run away with him, no boat would upset him, no ruffian would assail him, to elicit from Edith some such sudden and uncontrollable exhibition of emotion, as should betray her love to all spectators, and almost compel an avowal of his own. And

Edith seemed born to an equally common-place destiny, for no fiery steed would rush to the brink of a precipice with her, that Charles might arrest it; no wild bull attack, that he might defend her; no fire wrap her dwelling in flames that he might bear her safely through them, at the imminent risk of his own life; so that he was left to act from the light of his own observation, and the dictates of his own heart.

He soon found the opportunity he sought of declaring his sentiments to Edith, and was rewarded by a frank, yet dignified avowal from her that his love was returned. Long and earnestly did they converse, while time flew by unheeded, not only on tender and pleasing, but on high and grave themes; they saw life before them with its trials and conflicts, its joys and sorrows, as a great battle-field, in which prizes for eternity were to be won, victories were to be gained, trials were to be borne, but there was strength and sweetness in the thought, that their path through life would be the same, whether it led through pleasant places, or up steep and rugged ascents.

During their long conversation not one thought of the inequality of their fortunes occurred to Edith, but when Charles spoke to her of his own family, told her how much he had talked of her to his mother, described the various characters of the individuals of his family, and said he was sure they would all love her tenderly, she felt painfully that she had no such treasures of affection and domestic happiness to offer him in return. She had no very dear friend but Gerald, and he would love Charles for Margaret's sake, without any additional tie. How poor she felt in comparison with him!

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CHAPTER LIV.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darkened eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine;
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.
Beattie.

Four years of the discipline of life had been passed through ere we see the Seldens again, yet not one was missing of their number,—what family may not think with trembling gratitude, after the recurrence of such a period, that not one loved voice has been silenced in death, not one fond heart has forever ceased its throbbings. Again all the members of the family are assembled around the fire side at Sherwood, a place which they would not have exchanged for an spot upon earth, and which they still call home, pe *excellence*, though most of them have now home of their own. But before we indulge ourselve with a parting look at our old friends, we mu take a retrospective glance to discover wha time's doings have been since last we met, and see the fortunes of the various personages, who destinies were in any degree interwoven wi those of the Seldens, reflected in the magic mi ror of the Past.

Augustus Vernon, once so fondly loved by th fair and gentle Virginia, (could she see him no she would blush more deeply than she has ev done before, at the remembrance of her ow folly!) had passed through many stages of vic and degradation, and had now sunk into the co tempt and neglect which he had long merite First, his beauty, his chief glory and happines underwent a sort of mysterious transformatio which neither himself nor his observers coul comprehend, or trace to any satisfactory cause his form, his features, his complexion were th same, but his spiritual deformity was beginnin to manifest itself by indescribable, but unmistake ble indications, in the whole expression of hi face—expression, that mysterious charm, whic is to the face what the soul is to the body. H tried new lotions and cosmetics, changed his tai lor, studied the becoming more closely, but i vain—he no longer beheld his own image in th mirror, with the delight which it had once give him, and the praises of his personal attractions which were once so common, that they wer considered the mere repetition of an acknowl edged fact, had now become so much less fre quent that he treasured them up in his memory Other, and brighter stars rose upon the horizo of fashion, and his mortification and rage at be ing eclipsed in his own line kept him in a stat of constant irritation and unhappiness.

Augustus soon had, however, other and more rational causes for misery than the loss of admiration. His father died about two years afte his marriage with Miss Gates, and Augustus re joiced in the idea that he should have large and independent resources, of which he had often felt the want painfully. But when the state of Mr. Vernon's affairs was investigated, it was dis covered to the dismay of his family, that after the debts were paid, there would be scarcely enough left to supply Mrs. Vernon and her daughters with the most ordinary comforts of life. Soon after this event, Mrs. Augustus Ver non, exasperated by the extravagance, and dis gusted by the selfishness and heartlessness of her husband, resolved on separation, but con sented on condition that he would renounce all right to their little daughter, to allow him a mod-

erate annuity from the remnant of her fortune, which was now exclusively her own. Augustus gave up his daughter without a pang, but it was bitter to live on the bounty of a proud woman, grudgingly bestowed, worse still to be obliged to deny himself the elegancies of life, no longer to shine in the world of wealth and fashion, "the observed of all observers." Augustus studied to procure from the pittance allowed him by his wife, the greatest possible amount of self-indulgence, and he sought in circles lower than those in which he had been accustomed to move, to obtain that admiration without which life was intolerable. But nothing could reconcile him to the loss of fortune and fashion, his days were passed in ennui, his nights in disgust, in bitter recollections of the past, and gloomy anticipations of the future. His aim and object in life was gone, he cursed his fortune, his wife, his father's extravagance, which had left him thus unprovided; he cursed everything, in short, but himself.

It would have been gall and wormwood to the already embittered spirit of Augustus, could the far-famed magic glass of the Arabian Tales have been presented to his eyes, and he could have beheld Virginia, whom he always remembered as the most perfect specimen of female beauty he had ever seen, and of whom he had never thought without a degree of rage and mortification, only to be alleviated by the belief that she had acted under the influence of her friends in rejecting him. It had afforded him some consolation to picture her to himself, pale, sad,—her peace irrevocably gone, the fatal seeds of consumption perhaps already hurrying her to an early grave. Could he indeed have seen Virginia, he would have beheld her lovelier than ever; a deeper rose tint glowed upon her cheek, the beautiful proportions of her graceful form were more fully and perfectly developed. A serener light shone in those celestial blue eyes, "which seemed to love whate'er they looked upon," and her countenance was richer in expression, for in the last few years the powers of her mind had been continually cultivated, while the best feelings of her heart had been constantly exercised.

Such a sight as this would have been a pang sufficiently severe to Augustus, but it would have been light to the pain of seeing Louis Davenport approach Virginia, with a look of happiness, of confiding affection, which at once declared him an accepted lover. And how kindly, how sweetly Virginia looks at him, though her color scarcely rises, as he seats himself beside her, and no marks of agitation or discomposure, such as were always visible in her manner in the presence of Augustus, are apparent. Perfect confidence, gratitude, esteem, friendship which had existed from the first dawn of recollection, associations with the fairy days of childhood, the bright ones of early youth—all these feelings had become so gradually and insensibly blended with a still tenderer sentiment, in the heart of Virginia for Louis, that she could not herself have told when she began to love him.

And even after this change had taken place in Virginia's feelings, Louis had hoped, and feared, and doubted; he perceived that her manner was no longer the same, but his feelings were so deeply interested, that he could not trust his own judgment, he feared the change proceeded from gratitude, rather than love, and went on hesitating, hoping, fearing, until urged by Gerald Devereux, who had been married more than a year to Margaret, and whose terms of intimacy with Virginia enabled him to understand the workings of her guileless heart, to declare his love. His whole life indeed, had been so strong and unequivocal a declaration of love, that but few words were necessary to express his sentiments. The emotion with which Virginia listened to him, encouraged him to proceed, and her timid assurances of reciprocal affection, were listened to by him with rapture, such as he had never hoped for. It was impossible to look at Virginia, and doubt the sincerity of any sentiment she expressed.

With what pain and shame at that moment, did Virginia recall the feelings she had once entertained towards Augustus! With the ingenuousness that was natural to her character, she was beginning, however, with cheeks dyed with crimson, and in a faltering voice, to expose her former unworthy attachment, but Louis would not allow her to proceed with a confusion so painful to them both; he assured her that he had been too deeply an interested observer of all that concerned her, not to have been aware of it at the time it existed, that he regarded it only as a childish delusion, from which he was but too thankful she had been awakened in time, and he besought her never to allow herself to dwell upon it for a moment again.

Virginia's happiness was greatly increased by knowing not only that all her friends approved her choice, but that they already felt towards Louis as a cherished member of the family, and then living so near home as she should do at Davenport Lodge, she said would far outweigh any worldly advantage that could be offered to her. The calm, good sense of Louis, his manly tenderness of character, so utterly opposed to everything like sentimentality, his efficient kindness towards his friends, his minute and delicate consideration for her feelings, in everything, not only commanded Virginia's respect, but continually worked upon her affec-

tion. and exercised a salutary influence over her character.

Mrs. Davenport was greatly delighted at the intended marriage; she was much attached to the Seldens, admired Virginia's beauty, and loved her gentleness exceedingly; she should be proud, she said, of such a daughter, and she rejoiced greatly in Louis' happiness. It was agreed that the young people should reside with Mrs. Davenport after their marriage, an arrangement highly satisfactory to Virginia, for she felt no desire for a house of her own, or for that sort of importance which arises from such a circumstance; she was far better pleased to be without the responsibility, and at liberty to step over to Sherwood, whenever she felt like doing so, without neglecting any home duty. Virginia's sweet, quiet, and unambitious turn of mind formed the most endearing of all characters to a woman of Mrs. Davenport's worldly feelings, active habits, and kindness of heart. She would not like a rival in a daughter-in-law, but would be delighted to have a helper, and a pet.

Charlotte Wilson was the only person amongst the mutual friends, who was not quite pleased with the marriage of Louis and Virginia. The course of life had not run smoothly with her, though it had apparently pursued an even and prosperous tenor; her household arrangements were universally commended, her dinners were pronounced excellent, Mr. Wilson was generally considered an exemplary husband, and his prudence, economy and attention to his affairs, had met with their usual and appropriate reward—a steady increase of wealth. Everything around her wore an air of prosperity, yet Charlotte could not help acknowledging in her secret soul, that she had been far happier as Charlotte Davenport, than she had ever been as Mrs. Wilson. The series of petty annoyances to which she was daily subjected, continually reminded her of the little cords with which the Lilliputians tied Gulliver, scarcely thicker than threads, yet so numerous as to bind him securely to the earth. She was now the mother of two children, but they increased her cares and vexations; though not destitute of natural affection, she had never been fond of children, and all the requisite cares for their welfare were often extremely worrying, nor could she find compensation in that enjoyment which all mothers naturally fond of children feel, in watching developments of mind which appear to them miraculous, or in admiring some charm of beauty or sweetness, apparent, perhaps, to no eye but their own, yet to them unequalled. Charlotte saw her childen as they really were, yet the strength of natural affection might have made them a source of enjoyment to her, if Mr. Wilson had not insisted on regulating her nursery arrangements, and continually endeavored in his own precise and arbitrary manner to impress her with his idea of the high and sacred duties of a wife and mother. He deprived acts of affection of all their sweetness, by converting them into acts of duty, and seemed always to prefer that Charlotte should act rather from a sense of obligation and obedience to his authority, than from any spontaneous exercise of affection, or good feeling.

Then she found her conduct continually watched. The first Mrs. Wilson's relations kept up visiting terms with her for the sake of poor Mary's children, as they said, and they were continually on the look out, to see that Charlotte made no unjust difference between her own and her step-children. Jessie and Mary were infected with the same suspicions, and Charlotte was also subjected to the mortification of receiving admonitory hints from Mr. Wilson on the same subject. Then what a dreary bondage she endured in having these two girls continually with her, attending to their education, their dress, their manners, their health, bearing with the thousand provocations which arise from the care of children in whom one feels no particular interest. Indeed, there was no peculiar attraction about the children to awaken affection, but Charlotte tried, though in bitterness of spirit, to perform the outward duties, which she owed them. Love she had not to bestow, but she could give a counterfeit, which she thought would answer all necessary purposes.

Yet all these domestic annoyances, grievous as they were, would not have weighed so heavily on Charlotte's spirits, or irritated her temper so much, could she have found relief in the indulgence of her social propensities, which were naturally very strong. But Mr. Wilson did not like any company, except that of a few select friends, amongst whom Charlotte never could decide which was the dullest, nor was he willing that she should visit without his knowledge and approbation. He did not like to take any of his meals alone, a good wife and mother, he said, should find her pleasures at home, and could never be in want of useful, and what ought to be agreeable employment. Charlotte listened with disgust and irritation, which she could with difficulty disguise, but she seldom replied, as she had learned by sad experience, that it was best never to argue a point with Mr. Wilson, as opposition only made him tenfold more obstinate.

Yet Charlotte's pride was not subdued by her trials; she was resolved at least to *appear* happy and prosperous, to utter no complaint even to her nearest friends, though she was sometimes almost tempted by the frankness and kindness of Margaret's manner to relieve herself by confe-

sion. But, whenever this temptation arose, it was always conquered by the recollection of Margaret's advice previous to her marriage. Charlotte piqued herself particularly upon her own practical good sense, and correct judgment in the common affairs of life, could she then acknowledge what an egregious error she had committed in the most important step of her being, how much better Margaret's judgment had been as to what would promote her happiness, than her own, or if Margaret was generous enough not to triumph internally at her confession, could she bear the humiliation of even Margaret's pity? No, she would never be guilty of such weakness, and she strengthened herself to bear up in silence, but as this resolve proceeded from pride and not principle, she found no comfort in acting upon it.

Charlotte was still attached to the Seldens, but her feeling towards them became mixed in its character, and the sight of their domestic happiness was often painful and irritating to her—and now to see Virginia taking her own place at Davenport Lodge, her mother petting and indulging her as she had never done any one before, and Louis's attachment which she had always ridiculed as unwise, undignified, and hopeless, rewarded with such happiness—often filled her with bitterness. She could not help insinuating to Louis, how agreeable and advantageous an alliance with him would be *now* to the Seldens, how pleasing to Mr. Selden to get his patrimonial acres, upon which he placed so high a value, back again into his family.

A flush of indignation passed over Louis's face at this insinuation, but he made no reply, and Charlotte repented immediately of a speech, which she felt to be ungenerous and unjust, even while she was uttering it, though she was too proud to retract. Louis understood and forgave the feeling which prompted her speech, he felt sure that she was unhappy, and sincerely regretted the misery that she had created for herself.

The western colony which Mr. Selden had sent out was more flourishing than even the most sanguine had anticipated. During the time of Arthur's abode at the new settlement, he had been indefatigable in assisting Mr. Thomas Selden in having a considerable portion of the land cleared, and brought under cultivation, providing comfortable cabins for the settlers, and giving life and activity to the negroes by his own exertions and good humor. The extraordinary fertility of the land seemed likely to return a rich reward for the labour bestowed upon it, and was even now beginning to yield profitable returns. After deducting Mr. Thomas Selden's share of the profits, Mr. Selden insisted that the remaining income arising from these lands should be Arthur's until his (Mr. Selden's) death. Arthur would not consent to such an arrangement beyond a limited period of years, for, he said, if these lands proved as valuable as he believed they would do, he could not agree to appropriate so large a portion of the family resources, and he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing his father spend some of the money arising from them himself.

Arthur returned from his life in the wild woods a wiser, though not a sadder man. He had worked more, and thought more, than he had ever done in all his life before, and read to more purpose. He had carried out with him a small collection of well-chosen books, and now that he had no prospect of social enjoyment or amusement, he read them with undivided attention and deep interest, and the faculties of his mind continually improved from their vigorous exercise, yet his spirits were as elastic as ever, and they became almost uncontrollable when he first returned to Sherwood, and all the happy friends assembled there. He declared that the pleasure of such a reunion more than recompensed him for a year's absence; then he had so many things to tell, to ask, and so many of Mary's letters to read to his sisters, so playful, so natural and affectionate, so much like herself, in short, he said, which was the highest compliment he could bestow upon them, that he felt as if he saw, and heard her, when he was reading them.

Arthur found some important changes had taken place in the family circle during his absence. Margaret had been married to Gerald Devereux about two months previous to his arrival, but as it was agreed that they were to live at Sherwood until a house could be built for their reception, this marriage had produced no other present change than to add a member to the family, whose fine qualities of the head and heart added to the general happiness. Gerald had returned from Ireland with a considerable accession of fortune—enough for easy independence, though not for affluence; but he surprised Mr. Selden by saying, that as he had neither taste nor genius for farming, and was fond of his profession, he should continue to pursue it. Mr. Selden thought it very strange that any rational man who had funds to invest in land should not prefer farming to any other mode of life, but he was content to let him be happy in his own way, which is an exceedingly amiable trait in any one, especially in an old gentleman who has always been accustomed to have his wants and wishes consulted in every thing. A happy thought suggested itself to Mr. Selden with regard to Gerald, after hearing his determination; there was a corner of the Sherwood estate, where a sufficient quantity of land could be cut off conveniently for Gerald's

purposes; there was a beautiful site for a house upon it—indeed, he had heard that his great grandfather had thought of building upon this identical spot, and he persuaded Gerald so earnestly to build upon it, that he could not but yield to his solicitations, especially when he saw with how much delight Margaret caught at the idea. Virginia was much comforted by this arrangement, and though Mr. Selden had promised to assist Gerald in building, and meant to keep his promise in good faith, he was certainly pleased at the prospect of the unavoidable delays which must arise in the completion of the undertaking.

Charles and Edith had already been married many months when Arthur returned home, and all the comments and remarks, both favorable and unfavorable, to which marriages always give rise in the community, had been made and forgotten. There is a certain sort of calm, moral courage, which disregards without defying gossip and malicious insinuation, which as effectually destroys their power, as wet blankets smother a rising fire, and of this species of courage both Charles and Edith possessed an unusual share. Happy in their mutual love and esteem, sincerely desirous of doing good to all around them, without expecting any certain return of gratitude, it did not signify much either to Charles or Edith that Mrs. Jones said, "Miss Fitzgerald's fortune had been the most weighty of her attractions in Mr. Selden's estimation," or that Mrs. Smith pronounced Edith to be much too proud and lofty for a minister's wife. How, forsooth, said some, will she ever bow that lofty head of her's, which she carries as if she thought herself a queen, to enter the cabins of the poor, to nurse the sick, and to make herself agreeable, as she ought to do, to all her parishioners! It is a truth, which must be apparent to all observing people, that those who perform the fewest duties themselves, are much the strictest in their requirements as to the amount of good works which should and could be performed by ministers and their families. The labors of Oberlin, or Felix Neff, would appear to such persons as something less than they might or ought to have been. But however some may cavil at, and others misinterpret any possible course of human action, "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid," neither can the mustard seed when it has become "a great tree and the fowls of the air lodge in the branches of it," escape observation.

Every form of woe or vice, however degraded or repulsive in its aspect, awakened in Charles' heart not only compassion, but an earnest desire to heal the sorrow, or eradicate the vice, under which his fellow-creature was laboring. Every child of suffering and sinning humanity was to him a brother. A heart so filled with love and compassion, a mind so clear and discriminating, such quickness of observation, and so unusual a degree of that peculiar kind of good sense, called tact, as Charles possessed, could not fail to gain him at length the universal respect, and almost universal good will of his parishioners; he was warmly loved by many, and idolized by some.

Indeed there is so strong a bias in human nature towards Popery, that Charles often found his utmost efforts scarcely sufficient to repress the disposition, which many of his flock manifested, to establish his claims to infallibility. With genuine sincerity and humility, he endeavored to lead his flock to seek truth at the very fountain of truth, and would protest against their saving themselves the trouble of thought, and reference to Scripture, by receiving his assertions implicitly, or by quoting his example as one to be followed blindly in conduct. Like a good shepherd, he led the lambs of his flock gently into the ways of righteousness and peace; children seemed attracted towards him as to a true friend, by a sort of natural instinct; and he took pains, in whatever house he went, to endeavor to gain their hearts. A kind word, a look, a smile, some short observation on sacred subjects, simply, yet kindly expressed, often produces an effect upon the heart of a child which would not be credited by those who have forgotten their own feelings at that impressible age. And only those who retain some recollection of their childhood can ever speak with effect to the hearts of children; if these reminiscences have vanished, they have lost the "Open Sesame," without which no entrance can be obtained to the cave of hidden treasures and wonders, closed by a rock to all unacquainted with the magic spell.

It could not be denied, even by those least disposed to do her justice, that Edith did not shrink from any office however lowly, that was necessary for the relief of human suffering. Indeed, Edith had never possessed a particle of that sort of pride which shrinks from ministering to poverty or sickness; and since she had drank so deeply of the cup of sorrow herself, her sympathy for human suffering had been more strongly called forth. Animated too by the example of Charles, she seemed to breathe a moral atmosphere of a higher, purer region than she had ever done before, and her views of duty became insensibly more exalted and more practical; he suggested new plans for usefulness, and assisted her in executing them, and while his own standard of moral and religious excellence was so high, that the timid and cold-hearted would have shrunk from endeavoring to approach it, he never offended Edith's pride by any assumption of superiority, or wounded her tenderness by any word of harshness.

He opened up to her mind continually higher and brighter views of man's mission upon earth, and the glorious destiny which awaited him were that mission faithfully performed, which, to a character like Edith's, at once stimulated to action and produced humility, as she saw the horizon which bounded the harvest field, wherein we are called to labor for a day, continually extending, and thought how great the work before her, how small the portion she could possibly accomplish.

Edith, with true delicacy, and generous feeling, seemed completely to identify Mrs. Mason's feelings with her own, and to wish to mingle their pursuits as much as possible; she was so anxious to promote the happiness and amusement of the boys, that the changes produced by her dominion added greatly to Mrs. Mason's enjoyment. Charles had insisted on settling a large portion of Edith's fortune on herself previous to their marriage, and though Edith had consented to it with reluctance, she often found pleasure in being able to indulge her generous feelings without restraint, particularly towards her husband's relations. How delightful was Edith's first visit to Sherwood, the pride and affection with which Mr. Selden evidently regarded her, the maternal sympathy so new, so sweet to Edith, of Mrs. Selden, and the just appreciation which she showed of her character, Margaret's manner and sisterly kindness, Virginia's engaging fondness, and what was perhaps most flattering of all, the evident interest which Reginald felt in conversing with her, and the unwonted pains he took to please her. But even these pleasures were not so great as that of seeing Charles in his own family; Edith felt that she had never before so thoroughly appreciated his character, for there are minute beauties of mind and heart which are only visible in the most intimate family intercourse.

But a tear often filled Edith's eyes, even while the smile was upon her lips; the image of her father was enshrined in her heart, and when she witnessed touching proofs of family affection, the recollection of his tenderness would often melt her to tears. Yet this feeling was not all sadness; it was sweet to look back at so many years of unbroken confidence and love, during which they had walked side by side and hand in hand; sweet to think that they should be eternally reunited, and even now she felt that some mysterious tie still bound them together, for it is impossible to realize, that those who are so vividly remembered, so fondly cherished, and by whom we were once so dearly beloved, can be wholly separated from us even by death.

Anna Maria Travers had relinquished all hope of captivating Charles sometime before he declared his love to Edith, so she bore the event with becoming indifference; indeed so great a revolution had taken place in her sentiments, that she sometimes expressed her surprise that any woman should be willing to become a minister's wife. This alteration in her views became still greater during a visit which she paid to one of her aunts in a neighboring county, at whose house she became acquainted with a Mr. Graham, a gentleman the very reverse in all respects of Charles Selden. One advantage, however, he possessed over him, which outweighed all others in Anna Maria's estimation—he evidently admired *her*; and meeting with sufficient encouragement to embolden him to make a confession, "he said he loved." No particular objection could be made to Mr. Graham; he possessed a moderate fortune, fair character, and average abilities, so that Mr. Travers could not refuse his consent to the marriage, which was hastily concluded. Anna Maria soon afterwards abandoned all pretensions to sentimentality, and all claims to extraordinary piety, and set up a character for being a practical woman, ridiculed over-much righteousness, laid aside romance and poetry, and took to patch-work and her cookery book.

Juliana amused herself very much at the change that had taken place in Anna Maria, and frequently expressed her surprise that she should have been married before herself. She however soon followed her example, and married a Mr. Ainslie, a young man who had recently inherited an estate near Travers Lodge. Her husband was a man of good sense, and good temper, and Juliana's character improved not only from the exercise of domestic duties, and from the effect produced on her conduct by her husband, but from the increasing influence which Charles and Edith had gained over her mind, to whom Mr. Ainslie also became much attached. Juliana often rattles nonsense as volubly as ever, but as she is called on to feel, to act, and to think more, her good feelings are strengthened, and the powers of her mind so much improved, as to excite the surprise of her best friends.

Mrs. Travers often laments the dispersion of her family, and regrets that Anna Maria lives at more than forty miles distance from Travers Lodge, and that her visits are so few and far between, her letters so short and so seldom; she thinks it strange that Anna Maria would write sheets, before she was married, to girls that she had not spent more than a few weeks with in her life, and finds so little to say now to her father and mother, but generally concludes with a sigh that poor Anna Maria has a great deal to do, and cannot find time for writing. It is a great consolation to Mrs. Travers that she sees

Juliana and Edith so often, and that Juliana is much more respectful and affectionate in her manner towards her than she used to be. George has promised, too, that he will continue to live with his parents, even after his marriage, an event that he expects to take place soon after he decides which of the three girls he likes best, he shall honor by his addresses; and he still further comforts his mother by the assurance that she shall make his shirts, and continue to exercise a general supervision of his wardrobe even after that event.

It was not long after Arthur's return home, before his marriage took place with Mary Lennox, with her mother's entire approbation. Mrs. Lennox would have been greatly pleased to locate the young couple near herself, but she saw that Arthur looked so blank at a distant intimation of this wish, that she resolved heroically to sacrifice her own inclinations to the general happiness; she advanced ten thousand pounds as Mary's marriage portion, and advised Arthur to invest it in a Virginia farm, as she knew he could not be quite happy any where but in Virginia. Arthur was truly grateful for this advice, which not only increased his affection for her tenfold, but raised his estimation of her good sense and disinterestedness of character.

Louisa Lennox was married on the same day with Mary, to a Mr. Charlton, a gentleman who had passed his first youth, possessing large landed property, of good family, moderate talents highly cultivated, very polished manners, and unexceptionably correct habits. All the world said Louisa had made an excellent match, and there appeared to exist between her bridegroom and herself, just that reasonable and moderate degree of attachment which Mrs. Lennox's judgment approved, and yet, if the truth must be said, Mrs. Lennox looked with more interest and pleasure upon Arthur and Mary, than upon Louisa and Mr. Charlton, which was very unjust, as she had formed Louisa's character after her own heart.

Cecilia had refused several excellent offers, and Mrs. Lennox had made no effort to influence her on these occasions, as she said she knew Cecilia would find no difficulty in establishing herself suitably, whenever she wished to do so, and she was in no hurry to part with all her daughters at once; moreover, she added, she was not anxious about her marrying at all, unless she received an extremely eligible offer, as she thought a woman with good fortune and well-regulated and cultivated mind, might marry, or remain single, as she preferred, without sinking into insignificance unless by her own fault.

Reginald had passed this interval of four years in a sedulous cultivation of his mental powers, and a steady pursuit of those aims in life which he had from his earliest youth selected as the most desirable, but the feverishness and restlessness of spirit, the concentration of mind, that prevent the exercise of affection, the free and natural play of thought, so necessary not only to happiness, but to the full and healthful development of those fair proportion of man's moral and intellectual nature, which appear in the first order of human character, were passing away. The mists of ambition were dispelling as the light of purer and loftier truth, than any which unassisted reason or worldly wisdom can teach, dawned upon his soul. He had found Charles' views insensibly gaining influence over his mind, and recurring to his recollection with increased favor, and the consistency of his conduct impressed him with a conviction that there must be truth in principles which had such power in all moods of feeling on a mind so unprejudiced, so strong, so calm, as that of his brother. A sense of the shortness of life, the rapid and irrevocable flight of time no longer impressed Reginald with those feelings of unutterable sadness which have at times filled every human breast, in viewing this mortal existence in the fragmentary state in which it appears, when faith is too weak and hope too low to enable us to connect it with that life, of which this is only the commencement.

Reginald had served in the Legislature of his own State for two years, and was now a member of Congress, while he also maintained a very high standing for legal attainments and eloquence at the bar. Men turned their eyes towards him as to one of those gifted beings who are destined by nature to gain a proud pre-eminence over their fellow men, but his success, so far from elating Reginald, seemed only to increase his humility, for his attainments were always greatly below his own lofty standard of excellence.

We must not omit to acquaint our readers with the destiny of Henry Grattan and his mother. They had found in England a home of love, of peace and elegance, well suited to their gentle and sensitive natures and refined tastes. Henry found, as Edith had hoped, that new sources of enjoyment were opened to him in the literary treasures of the Old World, in the society of men of kindred tastes and pursuits, in the successful exercise of his own powers, and the gratifying sense that they were appreciated by competent judges. To a character such as Henry's, timid, sensitive, filled with visions of ideal beauty, but wanting in those self-balancing powers which are necessary to enable the mind to act independently of public opinion, praise was necessary to confirm his estimate of his own capabilities, to convince him that he had not mistaken his own vocation. It was fortunate for Henry, that previous to leaving his own country, Edith had eradi-

cated every hope that she could ever love him otherwise than as a sister; of this he was so thoroughly convinced, that he heard with more composure than he had once believed it possible for him to feel, in such an event, of Edith's marriage with Charles Selden. He found a solace for his sorrow in that inward world, which was continually displaying to his search hidden treasures, and the hopeless love which he had once madly cherished for Edith gradually assumed a different character. She was always in his memory "a bright particular star," but he thought of her now rather as the sister of his heart, the companion of his childhood, who would hear of his triumph and his welfare, with genuine sympathy and delight, than as the object of an almost idolatrous love. As the delusions of passion wore away, he saw and acknowledged the noble and generous sincerity of Edith's conduct as it merited, she was still his standard of beauty and excellence, but he was beginning to acknowledge there might be a very attractive sort of beauty in another style, and a very loveable sort of character of a quite different order from hers, and his mother watched with delight his growing, though yet unacknowledged fondness for the gentle, golden-haired, fairy-like Lilias Ruthven, who evidently looked up to him as the first of mortals.

Edith's heart throbbed with affectionate and generous delight when she received a volume of Henry's poems, dedicated to the sister of his childhood, together with a long letter from him, and one from Mrs. Grattan, both filled with genuine outpourings of affection and grateful remembrance. This alone would have convinced Edith that the wound of Henry's heart was rapidly healing, but she read with increased pleasure Mrs. Grattan's description of Lilias Ruthven, and the hope she expressed, that Henry might yet find the domestic happiness so well suited to his nature.

But let us now take a last look at Sherwood, since our readers are acquainted with what has befallen the *dramatis personæ* of this narrative, during the interval of four years, and we shall behold around that dear old fireside, not only those who had budded, bloomed, and grown there, like fair young plants by the water side, but other faces as bright, as happy, and so harmoniously and naturally blended in the family group, that but for the resemblance, that to the eye of a stranger always distinguishes the members of the same family, no one could have pointed out the foreign branches that had been grafted on the native stock. What a beautiful gradation of shades in the various stages of human life, would have here presented itself to the eye of the painter, the poet, or the moralist.

As the eye glanced upon Mrs. Selden and Mrs. Mason drawing from the treasures of hope and memory, things new and old, as they conversed together, occasionally casting looks of affectionate pleasure and sympathy on all around, thoughts would have suggested themselves to the beholder of the calm evening of life falling gradually, tempering with a touching and serene softness the light and heat of day, and opening up the founts of tenderness in the hearts of those who gaze on its mild splendor, from the knowledge that this softened light must ere long fade and be succeeded by darkness. Ah, how unspeakably dear and beautiful is the fading of that light which has shone upon our paths from the dawn of existence, when we think that it must soon recede and vanish! But to those who weave the immortal flower of heavenly hope with the evanescent bloom of earth's perishing garlands, the sadness of such thoughts is mingled with lofty and spiritual aspirations, which purify and elevate the heart, and accustom the mind to the idea of a reunion in that home where there is no more parting.

Yet those who love not even a passing touch of sadness, may pause and linger with delight on the freshness, bloom, vigor and enjoyment of the younger members of the family, engaged in various employments. Edith and Reginald, who were strongly attracted to each other by the earnestness of their natures, their lofty and high-toned views, and the commanding force of their intellects, were conversing together in an under tone, on grave things it is true, but with an apparent depth of interest, which Charles observed with silent gratification, whilst engaged himself in an animated discussion with Gerald and Margaret on a wide range of improving and entertaining subjects, too numerous to be mentioned in a hasty sketch. Two or three little prattlers stood near Arthur, who somehow attracted the children to himself, while he danced aloft an infant of such extreme beauty, and so strikingly like Virginia, that no one could have looked on them both without knowing at once the relation that subsisted between them.

Louis was seated by Mr. Selden engaged in a very sensible discourse on the rotation of crops, but it must be acknowledged that his attention wandered more than once, as his eye dwelt with delight on Virginia and his little daughter.

"Go Mary Margaret Edith Sarah Selden back to your mother, and I vote that all the cherubs be forthwith consigned to the nursery."

"Don't be so absurd, Arthur," said Virginia, giving the baby a kiss as she took it from his arms, "I never really thought of such a name for the child."

"Indeed! Now, I understand that nothing but the weakness of Charles' memory prevented

its receiving all those appellations: What was it named then after all?"

"You know," said Virginia, "that Louis' mother would not let it be called Sarah after her, because she said it was too plain a name, and that mamma and Louis insisted that it should be called Virginia Selden, though I had so much rather it should have been c lled"—

"'Mary Margaret Edith Selden,' confess, and tell me too if you have not seen this baby look very much like every one you love in the world at different times; sometimes too it reminds you of rosebuds, violets, the evening star, Titania"—

Virginia smiled. but did not deny the charge, for she had indeed seen wonders of beauty and sweetness in the blue depths of those innocent eyes as they smiled up into hers, which could not have been expressed adequately by words. But hers was not a selfish or an engrossing love, even for this precious child, in whom she found a new world of marvels and delights; she likewise saw beauties in her little nephews and neices, which even their parents. and stranger still. their grandparents could not discern; indeed, she entered so completely into their joys and sorrows, and their childish fancies, that she seemed to live over the blissful days of her childhood with these bright young creatures again. Fancy could scarcely have painted a fairer image than that of Virginia. as her eye sparkled with rapture at some gleam of intelligence, or melted with tenderness at the offered caress of some of her little darlings, or as she joined in their plays with movements and attitudes graceful and unstudied as their own.

Gustavus, Frank, and Will Howard sat together around a table, each with a book before him, evidently rather for show than use, for their kindling eyes and eager though subdued tones, proved that they were engaged in some very interesting theme of conversation. They had just reached

> "the age 'twixt boy and youth,
> When thought is speech, and speech is truth,"

and three fine looking striplings they were, giving fair promise of fulfilling the hopes which their friends had formed of them. Will Howard was now completely identified with the family at Sherwood—no word or look ever reminded him that he was not one of themselves, and their kindness was repaid by a depth of gratitude and affection, which manifested itself in every other way but by words. Mr. Selden was often deeply touched by the proofs he received of Will's devotion, and he reciprocated his affection most warmly; there was indeed a natural congeniality in their dispositions, which, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, formed a close bond of union between them, closer indeed than that of benefits conferred and received. Will was, in truth, a younger son to Mr. Selden, always ready to fulfil and even anticipate his wishes, with that sort of genuine heart-service, which showed that no crushing sense of dependence, no idea of payment for a debt of gratitude, mingled with it.

Yet Will never forgot that he had been taken in as a houseless, friendless orphan, without any claim of kindred, penuiless, untutored, with all his faults and follies upon his head; that he had been fed, taught, cherished, taken to the hearts of all in this home of love, and he vowed in his heart of hearts, if God granted him life and strength, to requite the kindness he had received so far as in him lay; and his idea of the best mode of requital, was in accordance with the generosity of his own feelings, and his due appreciation of the character of his benefactors. He resolved to attempt to become all they wished him to be. Nature had gifted him not only with talents, but with energies, and he felt conscious that he possessed capabilities of achieving much, and whatever he won of wealth, of fame, of honor, should be laid at their feet; he would become worthy of such friends, and devote his powers to those who had developed them.

Arthur glanced with a look of interest towards the table where the boys sat, and smiled as he said, turning to Margaret.

"How I wish that I could build just such castles in the air again, as I know those boys are doing now. and as you may remember, Margaret, just seven years ago I was rearing myself. Do you not recollect the night we were making wishes for our future destiny?"

"Oh, yes. I remember it well, and now with the experience of seven years, whose wish do you think was the wisest?"

Arthur laughed. "I never like to say what is expected of me. but I will admit that I am more than reconciled to Charles' choice, which seven years ago I thought it impossible I ever should be?

Mrs. Selden cast a quick, appealing glance at her husband, which he answered with a smile. and he said—

"Arthur's answer expresses my own sentiments so exactly, that I can only say ditto.

It was the first time Mr. Selden had ever made such an avowal, and Charles listened to it with evident gratification; he had long and closely watched, with unspeakable interest and thankfulness, the changes that had gradually taken place in Mr. Selden's opinions and views on religious subjects, but he was not aware that his prejudice with regard to his sacred calling had been so far overcome.

Charles involuntarily extended his hand to his

father. as if in thankfulness for this assurance of his approbation.

Mr. Selden grasped it cordially as he replied, "It is hard to conquer prejudice, my son, but time and you have vanquished it at last. I am well satisfied with all my children, I will not say and my children-in-law, for I look upon them all as my own children, and with my grand children too, and can safely leave you all now, but my youngest boy Will, to your own desires. I have but one more command to give to any of the others, and that is to Reginald, to provide himself with a good wife, before the return of this anniversary."

Reginald shrugged his shoulders, and said—"You will, I am sure, sir, absolve me from that necessity. as you belong to the old school and think love necessary to marriage, when you consider the impossibility of my falling in love; my head is so full of other matters at present, and my heart is not likely to be blighted for want of objects on which to lavish my affection." He added, with a bright smile, as he looked around on the happy circle, bound together in the ties of family love, "Remember too, what Bacon says on the superiority of single over married men in many very important respects, and the necessity for their existence in every community."

"Poh, poh. I care not a fig what Bacon says, common sense and experience say that nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, an old bachelor's life is a forlorn, miserable sort of existence. You do not fear its idle desolation now, that the halls of old Sherwood are filled with smiling, happy faces, and every eye looks kindly on you, and every heart sympathises in your feelings. but all earthly things must end, my son. this happy circle must be dispersed, and the day will come when you will want a cheerful home, and fireside of your own."

There was something in this speech which struck sadly on the hearts of all, and the more so, because Mr. Selden scarcely ever made allusions of this nature, and Reginald said, "Nay, if you talk so seriously about the matter, father, I must commission Edith to find some one as nearly resembling herself as possible, and then, perhaps, if the lady can be found without too much trouble, I may submit to become a Benedict. But Arthur, to return to the subject of our wishes seven years ago, we have accomplished but a small part of the destinies we wished to fulfil."

"Of course, as yours was so lofty and unattainable, you could only be expected to shadow it forth, and are in a fair way of accomplishing as much of it as was reasonable. As for my failure, Mary must be responsible, she has spoiled one of the most daring navigators, one of the most adventurous travellers that ever existed, and now has the presumption to endeavor to persuade me that I am happier than I could be in the interior of Africa, or sailing in unknown latitudes, and planting my foot where man never trod before. But I have quietly submitted to my destiny of plowing, sowing, mowing. and performing in the most exemplary manner, all the duties of a father of a family. Yet yours, Virginia, was even a sadder falling off than mine; instead of the beautiful island shut out from the cold world with none but the loved and lovely, where birds of brilliant plumage and melodious notes should hover on every spray, and flowers of marvellous beauty and fragrance should spring up beneath one's feet, change the scene, and behold you now, married to a man who has not the slightest pretensions to the character of a hero, even of the most indifferent romance, 'whose talk is of bullocks,' and you playmate-general to all the babies in the family, yet presuming occasionally to have an opinion of your own on the subject of teething, some ideas on puddings, some knowledge of the newest and most approved manner of making shirts. What a change from the Virginia of seven years ago, dreaming sweet dreams over 'The Tempest,' to the Virginia of to-night, deeply engaged in making some useful little garment."

"Seven years have not improved you, Arthur," said Virginia with a smile, "and I must confess that I am not very fond of being teased even now, though I have improved so much in wisdom; but I have finished Charlie's frock, isn't it pretty, mamma, and made almost as neatly as Margaret herself could have done it?

Mrs. Selden nodded assent with a smile as she examined the work.

"And Mary I suppose is returning the kind office. and making that cap for the fair, petite Virginia. for it is much too pretty for our Charlie. I think no one but Virginia has ever said any thing more in commendation of his beauty, than that he was a fine looking boy, which generally means a healthy, ugly little fellow."

Mary smiled, "You cannot touch me there, for I am not at all sensitive on that subject, as I am quite sure that Charlie will be as handsome as his father. But if you can stop talking nonsense for awhile, I will beg Margaret to sing us some sweet old song. I really should like to indulge a little sentiment, sometimes, if you would allow me."

The request was warmly seconded by several voices, and all was hushed as the sweet, clear, rich notes of Margaret's voice filled the room with melody. No foreign singer, aided by all the accompaniments of art, and the adventitious circumstances of splendor, can so touch the in-

most chords of the heart, as those old, familiar airs such as Gramachree, whose very origin cannot be traced, but which will live while man has an ear to hear, or a heart to feel, sung too by one of our own loved friends, who has a voice to give full expression to their sweetness, and the charm heightened by hearing such strains surrounded by those who are dear to us. What a sweet, what a spiritual bond of union does that music form, when the heart and voice unite to give expression to feelings too deep and subtle for words, and yet with this sweetness, sadness is strangely mingled, and there were tears in many eyes, and in every heart, as they listened to Margaret's glorious voice, for the thought rose to each mind, that these pleasant days must pass away, these bright links be broken on earth, but with this thought blended the belief that true love can never die, and the hope that as each dear form was removed from earth, their spirits would pass to a better land, and all again be gathered together as a family there!

Farewell to thy pleasant shades, and happy walls, Old Sherwood! It is well for the last look to rest on a cherished spot, when the light falls on it brightly, when glad eyes are beaming there, and sweet voices are heard in its halls. We, "poor sons of a day," can ask no more than this, for the days of darkness must extinguish all earthly brightness, but we may take comfort and courage by gazing beyond these vanishing scenes "through golden vistas into Heaven."

F******.

TO ——

I.

I passed within the sacred place,
Where thou did'st stand—a bride—
And meekly bend thy maiden face
By thy Belovéd's side.
Whose holiest faith is pledged thine own,
Till Life departs and Love hath flown.

II.

The soft veil, fluttering o'er thy breast,
Each tremulous tone that fell—
Thy white hand faltering on its rest,
All seemed to speak—farewell,—
Farewell to some, whose smiles and tears,
Mingled with thine through by-gone years.

III.

Thou goest to grace another's hearth—
Thou goest to charm another's heart—
And like all friendships formed on earth,
Who met in bliss, in pain must part,
Yet it seems sad to lose the flowers,
Whose incense filled our happiest hours.

IV.

A bird that sweetly singeth near,
Our lattice-pane in morning light—
Pouring her fresh notes, wild and clear,
Flies to her nest, when falls the night—
An innocent joy seems passed away—
We miss the bird, we mourn the lay.

V.

May rosy Eros gently flit,
'Round thy bright pathway to its goal,
And household hopes and graces set
Beside thy hearth and in thy soul—
Till from *earth*'s love, faith, ties released—
Thou stand'st by the Great High Priest.

Scenes beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON "THE PRAIRIE."

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

Oh reader! "gentle" or not,—I care not a whit,—so you are honest—I will tell you a secret. I write not to be read, and I swear never even to transcribe for your benefit unless I change my mind. All I want is a good listener; I want to converse with you; and if you are absolutely dumb, why I will sometimes answer for you.

Hundreds go and come at my word; none are my "equals," so none are my *social* friends. I have much to do; very much;—if I nod at my post, some one, or some interest suffers,—nevertheless, the race of hermits is extinct, and man requires companionship; there are some moments unoccupied, sometimes even hours, and you shall be my Imaginary Friend, and I will talk to you.

How dreary must be a great Commodore,
Alone in the cabin of a seventy-four.

Be not alarmed! I make a rhyme but once a year; the idea came in that shape, and you must take it as it comes.

Oh, wide and flat,—shall I say "stale and unprofitable"—prairies! I have traversed thy loveliest and thy most desolate wilds for three lustres; and I am not weary of *you*, but of the terribly monotonous jingle of the rusty accoutrements of Mars! Here Venus never smiles; nor Bacchus grins; nor beams the intelligence of Mercury. Oh gentle Herald that I could fly with thee!——Well!—a pretty salamagundi I shall have of it! Amid my flights—they shall be our chit-chat, not "light reading"—I shall often be sober, serious, if not sublime. We will talk on all subjects, from the shape of a horse-shoe to that of the slipper of the last favorite—say the

'divine Fanny," from great battles, or Napier's splendid pictures of such, down to the obscurest point of the squad drill—from buffalo bulls to elfin sprites.

"So," said he, "so there is not a bandit on the road; we are going for nothing,—to wait on these ragged-rascal greasers. It will ruin the regiment! there has been expense enough for the trip already to break it down. I had rather be in the infantry." At that moment I was in a small prairie "Island," "reposing from the noontide sultriness," reclining in that choice part of the shadow of a fine oak that the boll casts; had been reading about the hot red rays of the sun not being reflected by the moon;—gazing listlessly through the gently rustling leaves into the sparkling depths of ether, and wondering why the sun himself could not dispense with some of these same red rays in such very hot weather. "Suffering for country" thus in the easiest possible attitude, I could not grow weary; and the very idea of talking, *then*, was heating; so I only thought. "Friend," thought I, "to obey orders is duty; and it is honorable to do duty. I would not undertake to think for my superiors, if it distressed me so much. Doubtless there is expense, and if you, and some others ** had your way, you would try the experiment of feeding the regiment on a straw a day and gazing complacently on the skeleton. I doubt not you would expect praise or promotion for your services. I can even imagine you addressing twenty millions of people (who all eat meat three times a day) as follows: 'Behold how faithful a servant am I; how much expense I have spared in this terrible regiment of dragoons!' And the 'Sovereigns' would growl out, 'You had plenty of money; why did you spare anything to make them fat and efficient; we want to be well served; if we had noticed at all we would have had several more regiments.'"

Oh! ye hypocrites,—demagogues,—who swallow a million squandered on a fraudulent contract, or an Eastern palace, and strain at a cent for the protection and peace of the simple border states!

I received a letter from the old General, who said "if in the discharge of this duty you should find rough and perilous work, the meritorious services of your officers and your men, and yourself, shall be affectionately remembered by every true hearted soldier and statesman of our country; and more especially of those great and growing States of the valley of the Mississippi, and more especially by your General and friend." I read this to another:—"Meritorious services" said he, "to toy after these negro Mexicans, what falsehood, what folly!" I was struck all aback. "Have you no merit in doing your duty?" "No, none!" Oh Truth! thought I, how often wilt thou forsake the mighty, and chase companionship with folly! Surely a man will seldom estimate his own value too low.

Where were we? Did I not tell you, my precious friend, we should talk "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" Do not be frightened at the latinity (I hope it is right). I seldom offend in that way,—I am like the "General" in this, and was never very deep beyond Cæsar. "General," said he, "you forgot the Latin;" the General took off his hat, made another bow to the multitude, "E pluribus unum, sine qua non,"—"that will do, General,"—so much for Major Downing. "Beyond Cæsar!" What a singular school-boy phrase for a soldier! I took Cæsar for my model in dealing with savages—*seriously*, *he* was the greatest warrior that ever lived—up to the period when Alexander Hamilton is reported to have said, "the greatest man that ever lived was Julius Cæsar." "Where were we?" "Where *are* we? We are on a pretty hill near the spring and grove of a nameless tributary which meanders the beautiful valley of the Kansas river;—a hundred miles from any place; and it is in the dog days of 1843, and there have been three of the hottest I have felt; the unusually light breeze has been right behind, and only felt in bringing with us our dust. "Dog days." Oh Sirius, thou brightest and nearest sun;—the centre,—it may be of many a more happy planet, "more social and bright" than this;—how, bright star, didst thou get thy name?

Talking of the Dog Star, on the Santa Fe road, reminds me of a general, who, a longer time ago than I would care to tell a lady, sent an express out to a command here, that I belonged to; and when an old woman at Leavenworth remonstrated at the danger, (the man *was* killed) replied: "No! every Indian from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains shall tremble at my name." On hearing this I made the following impromptu (the only one in my life):

> Immortal man, brave General ——
> The dark'ling dog-star at thy birth
> And comet glowed—portents of fame
> Gave warning that thy awful name,
> Uttered in wrath in valley, plain
> In echo should the mountains gain,
> To teach each man of Indian race
> From river bank to mountain base
> To TREMBLE.

***

The idea of *publishing* a book is terrible; no military reputation could stand it; we, who of all things seek distinction, should be most careful how we mingle with the vulgar herd of—book makers! But if some kind friend should ever introduce thus my unamended scribblings to

the world, I warn him not to trust them only to letter press; let one art help out another; not one one in a thousand can *venture* in the guise of the "cheap literature" of the day; unless indeed, it be a newspaper extra (subscribed for in advance). There is virtue in fair wide margins, and pictorial embellishment. Truly the Republic of Letters has become a rank Democracy; in the olden time when literature was more exclusive, none wrote who felt not the call, and the inspiration strong upon them, and whatever is very difficult, and rouses the energies to accomplish it is better done. Compare Eastern agriculture with that of the Great Valley! Compare the flower gardens of Nashville (city of elegance and hospitality!) which is built on a rock, with those of any city on a r ck soil!

Imaginary Friend. "But you were talking of books."

"True, but I have none—Macaulay's Miscellanies, Stevens' new book, pshaw! even my Manual, Napier, were forgotten and left; so, it is necessary to *make* one; that is, fill up with our conversations this blank bound 'book.'"

After all, it would be ridiculous to publish Irving in the cheap form. in the brown paper style, (won't the time come when a salesman will wrap up a parcel—say a pound of tea—in a new novel, thrown into the bargain?) They have spared Irving, his writings, flowing through broad margins of letter press; to what can we compare them, but to a crystal streamlet purling through flowery savannahs and sweet shady groves; and anon delving into cave-like clefts,—romantic recesses, where, of old, the fairies sought shelter from the glare of day. "And the smooth surface of the Bay presented a polished mirror in which Nature saw herself and smiled." Were I an eastern monarch,—who had stuffed the mouths of poets with sugar and gold—how *could* I have rewarded such a writer?

Could all the private wealth of England,—could all the hands of Birmingham and Manchester multiply the "Last of the Barons," for instance as in the days of the polished and literary Greeks,—in manuscript—to equal one week's supply! Published in London—and in two months a wanderer in the Rocky Mountains will pass the sultry noon, poring over its pages! Oh! Steam!—

Imaginary Friend.—"Let us take a walk."

"With all my heart."

Behold! the prairie, which late I saw in its fresh and budding, yet immature, beauties, has now put on a golden garniture; and its green velvet is decked as with precious stones; the fair rose,—like virgin blushes—has faded from its cheek, but here are its pink apples, that look like the cherry lips of beauty. Look at these magnetic weeds; from their young green leaves have sprung stout stalks as high as your head; and they have put forth other leaves which point, or *edge*, more truly to the poles than the first; they have a yellow flower. See these beautiful red blossoms—but here is the queen of flowers! a sensitive plant, its leaves are as beautiful as diminutive; and its tall stem is full of sweet flowers of the most delicate yellow; it is the type of modest Beauty! even its slender, smooth, translucent stem is pretty.

Imaginary Friend.—What is this, so like the locust, but which seems a bush or shrub?

"—I am convinced that it is the Mezquite; which is not known to exist in our prairies; their frequenters have no name for it that I have heard, except perhaps, "bastard locust." Here is the milkweed, with its small white blossom;—and here the "red-root;" it makes a good tea; soldiers all over the far west know and use it. Yonder the prairie is golden with tall but miniature sun-flowers—how rough the dark green leaves; turpentine is oozing from them, and from the stalk; the polar plant is full of it too—it may be a species. At the joint here, you see a collection apparently of white spots, remove it, and there is an embryo fly;—yes! the true, troublesome horsefly; look, it is no longer an egg, but the little wretch has motion. Whence this moisture, and its mysterious continuance for days in the hot sun? Was the plant punctured that it might flow out for the protection of the egg? This turpentine seems necessary to produce horseflies; the triangular looking *earfly* is hatched on young pines.

"Botany—like all knowledge ennobling, what a treasure were it here! But how many are there who penetrate the pedantic surface? I care not for a little more or less. I know that 'male and female created He' also the flowers and plants; and I have seen some admirable hybrids. Ah! if I could go forth with Zanoni, and could penetrate the hidden virtues and the vital mysteries of a single square foot of the boundless waste around, then could I rejoice above all other men!"

Imaginary Friend.—"You are wandering again! What could have caused that strange circle in the grass there?—it is forty feet across, and sure enough it is of the rank sun-flower."

"Why, my friend, if you were imaginative you could people it with the fairies which have been frightened from the old continent by the clink of gold, and have here found refuge—pretty far two from the sound of dollars.

Imaginary Friend.—But seriously—it cannot be accident; in fact there are many of them; could they have been caused by the circular

dances of the Indian! The desert here is scarce a refuge for them."

"True!—you remind me though how *one* might have been caused if that weed is fond of Indian-trod ground. When the Cholera, girding the unhappy earth, reached Council Bluffs, a friend of mine was there and some Indians whom he knew;—Big Elk the distinguished chief of the Omahawa, and his party fled from the houses, where they saw it, to their native prairies, and fell upon this plan to puzzle the fiend, to throw him off their trail. They trotted around a circle of about this size, uttering songs and incantations, until they wore a path; then, as agreed, one flew off with a wide leap in a tangent and with steps as "few and far between" as possible disappeared; soon after another at a different point made his eccentric exit; and so another and another—all—the brave and sagacious Chief, the last fled howling over the far hill tops—the pestilence fiend was baffled and never found their trail."

Imaginary Friend.—"But was I right? Are these supposed to be memorials of the poor Indians?"

"No;—of their friends, the buffalo; when the wolves audacious from famine, threaten the calves, their mothers huddle them, and circle round on the defensive; and thus stirring up the ground with their hoofs, excite the growth of particular weeds; of this there is little doubt. So much for travelling for knowledge!

"But I am sure here is buffalo grass!—it is indeed;—quite a patch of it;—but close to the road where it may be *trodden:* which seems a condition, I mean a proviso of *its* growth. I thought there was none so far to the East;—but look into my 'journal' for that subject; which I fear you may find more interesting than my conversation. The dew is falling fast—let us eat some of these fine plumbs; and so,—good night!

TO PORTHOS.

"Too heavy!" Porthos were thy latest words
At Lomaria when Aramis tore
His jewel'd fingers on the rock which bore
Thy form to earth; no chronicle affords
Thy like O Porthos! Mighty, gentle, kind,
A child's soft heart locked in a mighty form,
With thews such as, aforetime, braved the storm
Of Jove's great wrath; and when the hand consigned—
With trembling traces on the rustling page—
To death thy memory; and allowed to sleep
The giant heart beside the giant deep
Where lay the sunshine, or awoke the rage
Of storms; Dumas (I know well what I say)
Retired in tears to Villers Cotteret!

SOME RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY R. B. H.

"I do not know what I may appear to the world," said Sir Isaac Newton, towards the close of life, "but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

"We are but buds of Life"—we have not blown
Into the great Eternal blossoms yet.
The germ immortal in our bosoms sown
Has on it, still, the seal unbroken set.

So lightly poised upon our little Earth,
Itself an atom in the realms of space.
A point of light, which never since its birth,
Has reached unto the Centre's distant place.

And standing thus—*we* dare to feel exalted!
And cry out we are great, and grand, and free,
That this one into mystery has vaulted,
And that one—what a mighty man is he!

Oh—knowledge, fettered by mortality,
Still clinging to its little circling ball,
And onward rolling to Eternity,
Shall reach his limit, and shall downward fall.

Thus—so far shalt thou go—presumptuous man,
And learn all it is good for thee to know,
Traverse with feeble glass, thy little span,
And so far up, and so far downward go.

All knowledge faileth, and all power is vain,
Still sure and true, Creation's laws go on.
And even now—the scientific brain
Cannot unravel why we all were born.

The solemn orb suspended amid space,
The Comet wheeling swiftly through the skies
Has each, like us, its own appointed place;
And all our boasted knowledge still defies.

Instinctive spirit claims affinity
With him who all these wonders still controls,
And Earth, all burdened with mortality
Obeys him—so the greatest sun that rolls.

The bubble bursting as it gaily sails,
The gorgeous west, the harbinger of night,
The Intellectual brightness, ere it pales,
Are lessons plain, if we but read them right.

Our spirits yearning for the Father land,
Here pining for their dim remembered Home,
Shall all be gathered in the mighty band,
And mount up Heavenward when the voice says Come!

May. 1851.

DOMESTIC TOURISM.*

For years past, annually on the increase with the improved facilities of locomotion, setting in about the middle of the leafy month of June and reaching its flood in the dog-days, there has flowed northward a continuous stream of travel from the sunny region of the cotton-plant and the sugar-cane. This stream is swollen, at various points, as are the natural rivers of the country, by tributary rills and accidental accessions, though it sometimes reverses the order of nature in this—that it goes up to the mountains, while the torrents of the *Pluvii Hyades* descend always to the sea. Planters, with their families, flying from the malaria of their lowland estates to the breezy hillsides of a cooler latitude—professional men snatching a brief respite from their toilsome duties—merchants in quest of their regular supplies from the great cities—college boys larking in vacation—such are the classes, yet all wearing a generic resemblance as Southerners, which form the bulk of this tide of travel. The fairer portion of the throng—those dark-eyed daughters of a generous clime whom we used to to see for a moment, *in transitu*, as they passed onward to Saratoga or the White Hills of New Hampshire,—we may well represent as the gleaming sparkles that dance upon the crest of the wave.

Time was when this yearly migration, so far as it was connected with the seekers of pleasure at the watering places, was done, for the most part, in private vehicles. We can recollect the day, perfectly well, when the proprietor of Congress Hall strained his eyes wistfully at evening down the long vista of the Albany Road for the four-in-hand turn-out of the Carolina gentleman, and when the rumbling of the wheels of one of of these equipages created a sensation through every corridor of the building. The whistle of the locomotive had not yet been heard amid those quiet woods, nor had the cockneys monopolized the trout of Saratoga Lake. No internecine struggles for supremacy in Japonica-dom, between the Browns and Smiths and Joneses, had ever interrupted the gaieties of the season. Fashion had not then erected her booths, along the quiet street of the village, nor imposed her laws upon the internal economy of the hotel. At that time, the Southern gentleman might take with him his dark body-servant Sam, without fear of having him stolen by the philanthropists of the North, and Cæsar, the carriage-driver, might handle his ribbons unassailed by any pious attempts to dethrone him from his exalted station. The conservative, looking back to this happy period and contrasting it with the present condition of affairs, will perhaps say, in the true spirit of the *laudator temporis acti*, that the old time was decidedly the better.

But *nous avons changé tout cela*. We manage these things, in some respects, much more sensibly than our fathers. The private travelling carriage, at least beyond the line of Mason and Dixon, has had its day. The very expression of "slow coach" has become aphoristic, and we now whirl along after a steam engine which puffs its smoke into the most sacred haunts of muse and dryad, having for our fellow-passengers five hundred people "of all ages, sexes and conditions." With the introduction of the rail into the non-slaveholding States, have also been brought forward more enlarged views of the rights of man, by reason of which the old family servants of the South are invariably stolen should the Southern gentleman be imprudent enough to take them along, so that they must be left at home if a Northern watering-place is the point of destination. This little drawback upon the comfort of Southern families travelling in the Northern States, together with the chance of getting a seat in the car, for your wife or your daughter, next to a runaway negro, and the certainty of insult from abolition agitators has, in a great measure, checked the Southern travel in that direction, and turned the attention of our people to the long-neglected charms of their own upland section, the music of its waterfalls, the wild magnificence of its sierras, and the unequalled virtues of its perennial springs. There seems to be a growing determination to encourage domestic scenery and to bestow patronage upon home mountain atmospheres. In our judgment, this is eminently wise, and we shall endeavor to give briefly our reasons for this opinion. If these reasons should, now and then, be dashed with rhyme, if we find ourselves giving the rein to fancy in going over ground where we were once too happy to linger, we have no apologies to offer, and the critical reader may snub us as much as he likes.

*1. THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA: *With remarks on their Use, the Diseases to which they are applicable, and in which they are Contra-Indicated.* Accompanied by a Map of Routes and Distances. A new work. By WILLIAM BURKE, M.D. Richmond, Va. Published by Morris & Brother. 1851.

2. APPLETON'S SOUTHERN AND WESTERN TRAVELLER'S GUIDE: With new and authentic Maps, etc. Forming a complete Guide to the *Falls of St. Anthony; Mammoth Cave; Virginia Springs*, &c. With Distances, Fares, &c. By W. WILLIAMS. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 200 Broadway. 1851.

3. "SUMMER TRAVEL IN THE SOUTH." Southern Quarterly Review for September, 1850. Art. II.

4. THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE. With an Essay on Thunder and Small-Beer. By *Michael Angelo Titmarsh*. New York: Stringer & Townsend, 1851.

And here let us ask for what purpose it is that the more sensible portion of our summer ramblers leave their homes, when the mercury mounts up to ninety degrees in the thermometer? The answer is ready—for health and relaxation, that relaxation which is afforded by social intercourse with well-informed and well-behaved people, by pleasant variety of new sights and scenes, by communion with nature and entire freedom from the restraints of cities and the fashionable world. If we can show that these objects are more certainly attained in the mountain region of the Southern States, we shall establish our position that it is better to go there than to regions farther removed.

No one who is at all familiar with the daily routine of life at Newport or Saratoga can have failed to recognize the fact that it is but a dreary repetition of the dissipations of winter in the metropolis,—with this difference to its disadvantage—that there one sees all the petty coteries of "society" brought together upon a theatre disagreeably narrow, each striving to outshine the other in dress and display. The languishing young gentlemen who creep out upon the colonnade of the Ocean House, at eleven in the morning, belong to the same regiment of invincibles that has done such execution upon female hearts the previous season, in the glittering circles "above Bleecker"—are habited in the same coats and wear the same monotonous expression of weariness. The "fine looking women" are the same exquisite creachaws that held undisputed sway in "*our* set," and practise the same arts to catch moneyed husbands—showing off the steps of Saracco in the schottische but with a freedom of their own, and talking 'an infinite deal of nothing' which is, if possible, more insipid than the small gossip of the dead parties of the winter gone by. The match-making mammas are brought into a contact that exhibits to great effect their bickerings and their diplomacy, and if a young foreigner with moustache and title should by chance be passing a few days at the hotel, their plots and counterplots to entrap him are infinitely amusing. If Madame Greatdasher of Fourteenth Street has gotten up a pic-nic at the Lake, which has found its appropriate column in the New York Herald, Mrs. Grand Splurge of Union Park must give a *fête champêtre* to cause the laurels of Greatdasher to wither and perish. Over these symposia, as indeed over all the arrangements of the place, fashion sits supreme and with her iron rule makes the whole season extremely uncomfortable. None of her unhappy votaries may venture to throw off the discipline—

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were: still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade;
But when of the first sight you've had your fill,
It palls—at least it did so upon me
This paradise of pleasure and ennui.

The fact is these people go not to their watering-places for enjoyment or health, they go to make a sensation—and accordingly are careful to have their movements chronicled, in the daily papers, which obligingly inform us where the A—'s have gone, and what a magnificent figure the B—'s are cutting at such a place, and how much Miss C—'s ankle is admired somewhere else, with other items of intelligence, equally important, of the remaining one and twenty letters of the alphabet. And when a fancy ball is given, happy fellow, indeed, the reporter! upon whom fall the sweetest smiles of two hundred young ladies, each anxious to secure the modicum of incense which is due to her charms, in the Spring's Correspondence of the next day's paper.

Some of our readers may suppose that our remarks bear with undue severity upon Northern watering-place society. In the absence of authority on this subject derived from books, we might make our appeal to the individual experience of every Southern gentleman who has been a summer lounger at either of the more fashionable places of resort for the *beau monde* of the Northern cities. For ourselves, we must say that whenever we have attended church service at Newport or Saratoga, during our loiterings there, we have felt (perhaps wickedly) inclined, after witnessing a week's exhibition of heartlessness and folly, to throw an unusual emphasis into that supplication of the Liturgy—"From pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred and malice, and from all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us."

Fortunately, however, we are not left without the acute observations of a very great traveller to fortify us. And we are gratified to be afforded an occasion to render our poor tribute of praise to his labors in general, in quoting such of his remarks as refer to the 'goings on' at the Springs of the North. Our writer is he of the Lorgnette, hight John Timon, since whose relinquishment of the pen satirical, flunkeyism has been more rampant than ever. He thus speaks of a sojourn at the great Elysium of the fashionables—

"Christian, journeying to Beulah, passed through the town of Vanity Fair; so John Timon, in the course of his pilgrimage, finds himself on this August day, in the town of Saratoga.

"I do not mean to flatter myself at the expense of Saratoga; and still less is it a part of my intention to flatter the town at my own cost. I should hate of all things to be recognized as a Christian pilgrim, in such a place; it would be a

dull chance, if it did not fare as hard with me as with Faithful, in the allegory; and I have no kind of doubt, (and may safely challenge Dr. Cheever's opinion in confirmation,) but that there are as many Pick-thanks, and Love-lusts, and Carnal-delights, and Lord Hate-goods in this town of Saratoga, as ever regaled themselves in the stark-mad city which lay on the road to Bunyan's Beulah.

"As I wished to see all that was to be seen, I have taken rooms at the United States Hotel, and have entered my name as John Stubbs, of Stubbston. This semi-titular device, at once practical and innocent, gives me a little dignity with the bar-tenders and newspaper men; and has served me, I frankly believe, in way of retainer, for a better room than I could otherwise have hoped to secure. At the same time, being unknown to almost all the company, I can enjoy my cigar quietly under the trees or upon the corridor, without any fear of remark or of disturbance."

* * * * *

"But my observations are by no means confined to the hotel where I find myself lodged. If Lords Lechery, and Hate-good, are the patrons of the United States, I should think it ill reckoned, if the Dowager Love-Money, and the wench Live-loose, did not sometimes thrive at the Union, or at Congress Hall. It is true there is a colder air in that quarter; and there hardly seems to grow upon the frequenters that easy warmth, which is so captivating in the wives and middle-aged gentlemen of the west end."*

We might draw further upon our friend Timon, who has been in his day an observer of society at the Wells of Cheltenham and the Brunnens of Nassau, but we have quoted enough to satisfy the reader that social enjoyment at the Northern Springs is a humbug—a mere chimera, and that he who resorts thither for such relaxation of his powers, might as well go to one of their hotel clerks for civility, or step into the furnace of the Novelty Works to get cool.

Happily in the South it is different. At our summer retreats, we have neither the ostentation nor the toadyism, the jewels nor the jealousies, the vice nor the velvet, that deform and bespangle and set off the characters and the persons of the Northern notabilities. It is not our purpose to inquire into the causes of this difference; it may be, and most probably *is* owing to the institution of slavery, but the process of making this apparent is roundabout, and we care not now to pursue it. We thank Heaven that the fact is so. We rejoice that it has never been our ill fortune. in going to the White Sulphur, to fall in with any Lady Kicklebury such as Thackeray has drawn for us on the Rhine. Above all, we are thankful exceedingly that public sentiment among us does not sanction that prurient taste for newspaper celebrity which causes a young girl satisfaction in having her charms paragraphed as are the good points of a favorite race-horse. Our people do not care to inform the world how they eat and sleep and drive, and their daughters shrink yet from daily bulletins of their changes of toilette, with remarks on the comparative advantage of varying styles in displaying a fine bust or arm. Their amusements are, perhaps, primitive, and the New Yorker, who has accidentally wandered so far out of his orbit as to find himself in the mountain region of Virginia, declares the springs very stupid, laments the ignorance of the company in the last fancy dances which he has seen at the *Salle Valentino* in Paris, and goes back, wondering by what evil destiny, he had come among a people in whose horrid society the Reporter of the Herald could no longer take cognizance of his movements.

But to dispense with any further remarks on this branch of our subject, we come now to assure the reader, who has not journeyed much in the highlands of the Southern States, that they contain some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery that ever inspired poet; spots, sequestered from the busy routine of commercial life, where the spirit may find repose and revel in a satisfied sense of the grandeur and loveliness of Nature; valleys of surpassing richness and slopes of the most refreshing verdure—all of which might have been rendered familiar to us by description, had our people sooner discovered their attractions. Many, who have heretofore made annual excursions to New England, and who, for the first time last year, had their steps turned by the abolition agitation to Southern retreats, were startled to find themselves entering an almost enchanted region of which they had never before heard, and to see on every hand landscapes rivalling those of Milton's L'Allegro,

> Russet lawns and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
> Mountains on whose barren breast
> The laboring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trim with daisies pied;
> Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;

and at they advanced further into the unsettled portion to come suddenly, and with a sensation of delicious coolness, upon coverts as shady as any described in the Penseroso,

> arched walks of twilight groves,
> And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
> Of pine, or monumental oak,
> Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,
> Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
> Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

It is not at all necessary that we should institute any comparisons between the natural features of the Northern and Southern States, as we set out to play cicerone to the reader through

* The Lorgnette, second series. pp. 180, 191.

the latter. We believe we have rambled more extensively over the lake country, from Erie to Quebec, and over the undulating surface of New England, than nine-tenths of the Northern pleasure-seekers who frequent the Springs. We have lingered spell-bound above the stupendous cataract of Niagara; we have pulled up a five pounder from the blue depths of Lake George; we have watched the sea break over the craggy promontory of Nahant and loitered for days along the banks of the Hudson, so that we could very well undertake to draw the parallel, but we repeat that it is not necessary to do so. Even were we disposed to concede, as we are not, that Nature has been more lavish of her beauties in the Northern States, we should still contend that one can better enjoy scenery in the South, for here one's meditations upon a prospect of unusual sublimity are not interrupted by the intrusion of a crowd of vulgar people just arrived in the last train, who insist upon his hearing their own opinions of it. One's appreciation of the Horse Shoe Fall is marred by the "How sublime" of a cockney standing at his elbow, and the train of reflection, reaching back to Isis and Osiris, at the Pyramids, is rudely broken off by the appearance of one of those "young ladies with pink parasols," of whom Mr. Thomas Moore has given us an account.

We have this side of the Potomac no great waterfall like Niagara, nor have we heights as elevated as the White Mountains. But isolated objects however grand do not impart interest to a whole section of country, nor is it among the loftiest elevations that nature most directly appeals to the affections. We think it was Lady Mary Wortley Montague, (at least Sir Walter Scott, in the Fair Maid of Perth, says it was, and when we get our quotations at second-hand we like to acknowledge the fact,) who first expressed the opinion that the most interesting district of every country, and that which exhibits the varied charms of natural scenery in greatest perfection, is that where the mountain spurs melt into the champaign or more level land. The views, perhaps, are not so extended as elsewhere, but the constant changes of surface lend a pleasing variety, which is obtained neither upon the plains nor amid the dizzy and awful altitudes of an Alpine range. This variety is seen to greatest advantage in our own portion of the Union, for as the traveller comes South, he finds the Apalachian chain becoming less and less lofty until it sinks down into the flat surface in Alabama. Here then we may look for the picturesque and the affecting in scenery, for those kaleidoscopic mutations of landscape at every turn, which astonish and delight, while they do not overpower us.

Virginia, the noble old commonwealth of our love, where we first drew breath and to which we owe allegiance, is traversed, as the reader knows, throughout its whole extent by the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and the geographer, in speaking of her, may adopt Cæsar's description of Gaul in the opening of his Commentaries. *Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes.* The three sections of Virginia are the Cismontane, the Valley, and the Transmontane. It is in the latter two that will be found the favoured resorts of the summer traveller, and it is there that we propose to take the reader for a jaunt of two or three pages, before leaving the State for others farther South.

But where shall we first loiter on the road? or what road, indeed, shall we travel? Mr. Burke, (or rather *Dr.* Burke, for after many years passed in the avocations of the scholar, he has recently, late in life, become a Doctor of Medicine,) must relieve us from the perplexity of choosing. We therefore adopt his arrangement and direct our attention first to the great caravanserai of all—the White Sulphur Springs of Greenbrier. In doing so, we are conscious of leaving out of view many remarkable places on the road, to some of which we shall presently return, and some very wild spots where we must catch a hurried glimpse of horizons worth the looking at.

The White Sulphur Springs, though not so subjected to the tyranny of fashion as any of the haunts of the Northern circles, has been nevertheless, for many years, the gathering point of the most refined and cultivated people of our section of the Union. The very difficulties of getting there have had the happy effect of rendering the society more exclusive, and though the 'pomps and vanities' do often manifest their influence over its *habitués*, yet mere pretension finds itself wofully out of place on Virginia or Alabama Row. The mode of living in cottages which obtains there, adds vastly to the comfort of visiters, and is far better than herding people together by the hundred under one roof. To the family circle it is like carrying their own vine and fig tree with them. They may be as secluded, or as much in the daily whirl of amusement as they please. And there are no more agreeable receptions any where than those impromptu little assemblages at nightfall, on the cottage porticoes, particularly when the moon lights up the whole lawn, and half reveals through the trees the white buildings that surround it. The ball room is not near enough to annoy with its din such as are not attracted by its fascinations, and the evening air of this healthful locality brings no poison on its wings. From the first of July until the frost-rime whitens the neighboring hill-tops, the observer will here see enough of character to en-

gage him. if he is fond of the study, for character here, like the waters, is capable of analysis, while on every side, he has at ready command sources of recreation the most salutary and exhilarating. In the inviting umbrage of the trees around the spring, a spot which seems designed, in the fitness of things, for the consumption of cigars, he may puff the morning away in friendly chit-chat with judges, divines, M. C.'s, and other eminent individuals, and for the afternoon there are drives about the vicinage where he may dash with his curricle, or practise quadrupedal bexameters on horseback. Parties, too, are frequently made up for a deer-hunt, and those who engage in the sport have the advantage of witnessing the novel phenomena of day-break and sun-rise under the most favorable circumstances. The East seems streaked in that highland section with rosier dyes, as if Aurora wished to reward such as are not accustomed to look upon her advent, with an exhibition of peculiar splendour. We like deer-hunts. Not that we are anything of a shot, for whenever we have engaged in them, we have killed nothing but time, but there is a certain degree of luxury in being able to button up a warm shooting-jacket over your person in August, which, added to the auricular delight of the chorus of dogs, and the quiet self-assurance of your ability to have dropped the buck in his tracks, if he had only passed by *your* stand, make such expeditions in the highest degree pleasurable. We will not deny that we enjoy, too, the venison at dinner, for it is seldom that a party come back venisonless.

Such as this is life at the other springs of Virginia. After describing the social aspect of the White Sulphur we need say nothing of the rest. Dr. Burke has given us some animated sketches of White Sulphur society that we might profitably quote, and he has hinted, most judiciously, at reforms in the *cuisine*, but we have neither space to make the extracts, nor to enlarge upon the desired improvements. We must hurry along, or we may lose altogether some views that we proposed taking of the country.

From the White Sulphur to the Sweet Springs the road pursues a narrow valley, between adjoining mountains, through which runs a streamlet musically over its pebbly bed, wetting the feet of the horses at innumerable points of crossing. The ride of 17 miles is usually accomplished in three hours and a half, and, as you approach the Sweet Springs, becomes more and more interesting. For here the valley is one of singular beauty, presenting an ampler width and deeper tinge of green carpeting, and would be worthy habitation for the Muses themselves. Dr. Burke fitly calls it the Tempe of Virginia. When you go there, gentle reader, be not content with passing through it in the stage-coach. Take your gun, as we did, and climb the acclivity on either side; the excitement of pheasant shooting will sustain you till you reach the summit, rocky and tangled though you will find the path, and then, our word for it, you will feel amply compensated for all the toils of the ascent. Is it not the vale of Rasselas that Dr. Johnson has pictured? If the time should be sunrise, you will, perhaps, see in the distance the semblance of old ocean in the mist which hangs suspended between the ridges; if it should be sunset, *tant mieux*, for the brown shadows of that exquisite hour will dapple the plain, and make it like some wonderful embroidery. Or, get up a party of agreeable companions and ride to the cascade of Beaver Dam, some three miles or so from the Sweet Springs Hotel. You diverge a short distance from the main road, and enter a copse of wild-wood tangled with undergrowth, concealed within which a limpid stream rushes over a precipice of 50 or 60 feet, forming a *salto* of the most striking character. All along the banks are to be found curious petrifactions of the dams built aforetime by the beavers—the aboriginal inhabitants of the spot. Below the waterfall, are the queerest little caves in the world, to be entered only with a light, but filled with all manner of stalactites and flashing as we might suppose the interior of some great minster would flash, if all the tracery and fret-work of its wondrous ceiling were of crystal. We once rode to Beaver Dam with a large company of gallant cavaliers and fair ladyes, and spent some hours in examining these things. The day was charming, the cascade made a blithe music in the air, and we thought that with such companions we might turn Troglodyte and live there forever.

In the prettiest part of this valley, at the distance of a mile from each other, are situated the two establishments of the Sweet, and the Red Sweet Springs. Their attractions are equal, with perhaps the exception of better fare at the latter, and some difference in the waters which Dr. Burke gives in scientific terms. We shall not inquire into these matters, but we had made up our mind to sonnetize the Sweet Springs bath, when our eye rested on Dr. Burke's description which saves us the trouble. It is both humorous and poetic;

"Let me now approach the noble fountain—second only, if second, in volume of water to the Warm Springs. The stream which supplies the drinking water rises from the earth, and is confined in an oblong octagon reservoir about seven feet deep. The surplus water discharges itself into the gentlemen's bath, and forms a magnificent spout, under which the bathers place themselves and enjoy indescribable luxury. The tem-

perature of the Spring is about 74½°, and that of the Baths 73½°.

"The *Baths* are two in number, of equal dimensions about 20 feet square—with dressing rooms and fire-places. They are under the same roof, but separated by a brick wall such as might defy *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, and having entrances on opposite sides of the building.

"If a German Doctor had such fountains as these to describe, his enthusiasm would carry him to the third heaven. He would imagine his body was immersed in celestial ether, and his head resting on the bosom of an angel. From the bottom of the pool, as also at the Warm Springs, arise innumerable bubbles of the size of a pea. They emerge from the pebbles with a whiz, and rise in myriads to the surface if they meet with no impediment. They seem to be chasing each other from their fairy world, as if in merry sport, and laughing at their own antics. When the bather places himself among them they strike him all over his body—pat, pat, pat. It is said that these sounds are so distinct that an Irishman, once immersed in their midst, thought they were calling him away to the land of spirits, and, filled with terror, rushed from the pool. I, however, think my countrymen too gallant to exhibit any such timidity, and do not believe one word of the story, although told by one of themselves. Another version, and one more probable is, that he fancied the "good people" were hitting him with young potatoes—an operation at which he was vastly amused.

"And thou, Sir Francis Head! I would fain invoke a few corruscations from thy genius, to tell my readers how the old may become young, and the young become *Narcissuses*, or *Dëiopeias*, by bathing in these pellucid waters, but there is too little poetry in my composition for such an attempt."

We are, of course, reminded by this of the luxurious bath at the Warm Springs, and, by association of the comfortable hotel there, and the magnificent panorama which the visiter obtains from the top of the neighboring mountain. We need only say of the house that it is, in all respects, admirable, and that any one who visits it, for the first time, will find in Dr. Brockenbrough, the proprietor, a character that he will not soon forget as a "gentleman of the old school." The view from the Warm Spring Mountain is unquestionably one of the finest we have ever seen. The "azure hue" in which distance clothes the peaks within the range of vision, so often cited from Campbell's hackneyed lines, causes the surrounding region to wear the appearance of the sea; not that resemblance, which we catch from any far-off horizon of moorland, to the ocean in a calm, but as it is seen in tempest with the huge billows careering in their might. You look down from your "stand-point" upon such a waste, as if each mountain were a billow and had been suddenly fixed in its present position, and these giant waves extend as far as eye can reach in monotonous grandeur. Nearer by are vallies flecked with spots of cultivation, and a mile and a half distant is the cluster of buildings forming the Springs' Establishment, yet looking so near at hand that you would think them within easy rifle-shot.

And so we might go on to dilate upon the Mineral Springs and the romantic views scattered all through the mountain section of Virginia. In the Northern part towards the Potomac there is Harper's Ferry so well known in Jefferson's Notes, and the lovely valley of the Shenandoah, where lived our lamented friend Cooke and which he delighted to celebrate in his verse, and the ice-mountain of Hampshire, and the Fort-Mountain of late spoken of by our correspondent "L. I. L." in his "Recollections of Sully." There, too, are charming watering places, such as Jordan's Springs and the Shannondale, and one recently established—The Capon—of which we hear great accounts and which we threaten to visit. The Monumental City, so famous for the beauty of its daughters, is largely represented at the "Capon," and the other attractions of the place are said to justify all the poetry of its advertisement. Perhaps we shall go and see. In other portions of the State are caves, among which are Weyer's and the Blowing Cave, of great reputation, and Cyclopean Towers and the Hawk's Nest, to which Mr. Appleton's Guide book will put you in the way of going. The Natural Bridge will, of course, draw you aside for a day, and we might endeavor here to set down our impressions of it, but that other pens have repeatedly sung its praises in our magazine. The Peaks of Otter also demand the tourist's attention and let him not withhold it. We shall never forget the May morning we once whiled away on the highest rock of the Sharp Peak, intoxicated with the exceeding loveliness of the lowland landscape and inspired by the sublimity of the mountain view. Far away below us the champaign country lay extended like a garden, with trim parterres and mazes of forest, while on the other hand, the eye looked down with delight into the rejoicing vallies, half in sunshine, half in shadow, that lay between the mountain ridges. Around us there arose, surging through the wooded gorge beneath, a wind that uttered tones such as might issue from an organ more grand than ever yet came from the hand of builder; louder and louder it grew, and the volume of sound went up to Heaven as an anthem—it was the *Miserere* of the pines. De Quincey has described such a wind, blowing at noon, in midsummer, into the chamber where lay his dead sister. "Many times since," says he, "upon a summer day when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and utter-

ing the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one sole *audible* symbol of eternity." But our wind on top of the Peaks did sometimes become more tumultuous, as if it were the pibroch note to some battle of Titans, and we could not but recall the fine lines of Wordsworth who speaks of this mountain utterance, as inspiring the sentiment of Freedom—

> Two voices are there; one is of the Sea,
> One of the mountains, each a mighty voice:
> In both from age to age thou did'st rejoice,
> These were thy chosen music, Liberty!

As we descended to the plain the wind became less noisy, afterward it subsided into a mere whisper, a *susurrus*, and then died away.

But distinctly as the view from above is impressed upon our memory, the last glimpse we caught of the Peaks is, perhaps, still more vividly before us. It was at sunset. We were distant from it fifteen miles. The god of day went down just behind the loftier of the two mountains. At first its effect was but to encircle the summit with an aureola of light. Then there was a suffusion of all gorgeous hues, a sort of chaos of tints along the sky, which presented no distinct image to the imagination. But soon the drifting vapours began to assume the appearance of pleasure barks, gaily painted, sailing upon rosy seas, and anon as the colours deepened upon the pile of cloud beyond, a city splendid above all earthly language to describe, with palaces of jasper and long burnished colonades, and spires and domes of gold, 'rose like an exhalation.' Vitruvius nor Palladio never designed such architectural wonders as these. Soon the city took fire, and, one by one, its temples and capitols blazed with the flames of a vast conflagration. We looked again, and the city had been destroyed; our ærial fancies were dissipated; and the Peaks stood, with a gray and sombre appearance, in relief against the twilight sky.

"All this is mere rhapsody," we hear the reader exclaiming. Perhaps so. But we gave fair notice of our design to rhapsodize whenever we pleased, and if you tire of our immethodical sketches, have the goodness to lay down the number, or turn to some other article. If not, we will jump from the mountains to the sea-side together, and glance for a moment at the bathing resort of Old Point Comfort.

We do not know how the fagged and jaded inhabitant of Baltimore, Richmond or Petersburg can obtain as sudden a transition from a hot to a cool atmosphere, as by taking the steamboat in June or July for Old Point. A few hours time will place him upon the beach where he may catch at evening the invigorating breeze that comes in from the Atlantic, and feel like a new man. There is indeed nothing to see at Old Point, apart from the extensive fortifications, but the waste of waters as it stretches out between Capes Charles and Henry, yet that "rapture by the lonely shore," which Lord Byron has sung in his immortal Spenserian verse, is a delight that does not pall. Often have we strolled for miles along the beach, playing with the advancing surge in very childishness, and drinking in the "music of its roar." And as the ships went by, or appeared as white specks upon the distant outline of the sea, we have loved to speculate upon their probable missions—how this one might have come from the far east and was laden with all precious merchandise, or that might be destined to plough the sunny main of the Marquesas, and what perils of the deep the one had safely passed through and the other was fated to encounter. Such idle fantasies as these are best suited to the solitary walk, but for the social promenade with a fair companion, what *trottoir* at all comparable to the ramparts of the Fortress? Here you may walk a mile and a half in making the circuit, and for the greater part of the distance the ocean is before you. If the single gentleman should try this by moonlight, while the Military Band plays its inspiring airs within the Fort, and if he should chance to have as fascinating a partner as we have had there, he must be very little of an enthusiast if he does not "bless his stars and call it luxury."

But if it be worth while to look upon the sea, at the quiet hour of the gloaming, alone, or when, with a pretty woman for companion, you catch the shimmer of the moonbeam upon its placid surface, how much better to see it lashed in fury by the storm! Softly, good reader; we are not going to try our hand at a description of this phenomenon; we wish merely to say that perhaps there is no place upon the Atlantic coast where the exciting play of wind and tempest may be seen to such advantage as at Old Point. The long, frantic procession of billows dashes into the Chesapeake with a fury that is indescribable. During the last summer we happened to witness, from this spot, the full energy of a violent North-easter (the same which drove the bark Elizabeth upon Fire Island) and it was a sight to remember! The scuds of rain that you could see approaching with a rapidity beyond the flight of swiftest bird, the flakes of foam upon the beach, the sudden darkness that occasionally came athwart the sky, the Titanic violence of the waves, combined to form a scene at once of beauty and of terror. At such a time it is not desirable to go out in a sail-boat. Indeed, we passed across Hampton Roads in a small steamer, during the fiercest of this gale, and though we

had a capital opportunity to observe the wild magnificence of the angry element, we were very much of opinion with the Englishman who got wet at Niagara, that "certainly it was very well in its way, but that, on the whole he preferred looking at an hengraving of it in the 'ouse."

The Hotel building at Old Point is elegant and commodious, and has been recently transferred to new proprietors who have made, we learn, every arrangement for the comfort of guests during the current season.

But we fancy our readers crying out again, 'let us have, oh worthy tourist, some account of scenery in the other Southern States. *Quousque tandem abutere, Nuncius, patientia nostra!*' How long will you detain us, Mr, Messenger, in Virginia?' Not a moment more. We turn now to the next state in geographical order. And, here, let us say that we shall be compelled to avail ourselves fully to the end of this paper, of the labours of our friend in the Southern Quarterly Review, whose pleasant and gracefully-written article we have read with great satisfaction. This worthy gentleman, whom we take to be none other than the editor, has journeyed extensively in the higher regions of North and South Carolina, as we have not, and he has depicted the beauties of those regions with a freedom and graphic power of pencil beyond our humble attainment, even if we had.

The chief difficulty under which North Carolina labours in respect of her highland country, is the want of lines of improvement by which it might be made accessible. She presents almost as wide a field to the summer traveller as Virginia; her ridges are as healthful, her springs are perhaps less efficacious and generally known but will be found of great virtue, and there are points of view as remarkable within her limits as any we have glanced at. The proper way to visit this section, at present, the Quarterly Reviewer suggests, is on horseback. A pedestrian excursion, from the nearest town, of half-a-dozen good fellows, with conveyance for baggage and ammunition (and much may be embraced in this latter substantive) would not be a bad notion. The advantage of this mode of travel is its entire independence. No compulsion to rise at a particular hour for the stage-coach cuts short your morning nap, you are not annoyed with those self-important fellow-passengers who are constantly reminding the driver that he carries Cæsar and his fortunes, but are free to move at your own hours and to halt when you come upon a suitable resting-place,—to pitch your tent where'er you please and there to make your home.

The Quarterly Reviewer, in following Mr. Lanman (*apropos* of his *Letters from the Alleghany Mountains*) from Trail Mountain in Georgia, along the Hiwassee, a tributary of the Tennessee, into North Carolina across the spurs of the Nantihala, says

"Pursuing his course in this region, the traveller gets glimpses of Bald and Whiteside Moutain—the latter otherwise called the Devil's Court House—a granite cliff, smooth-faced for half a mile, and twelve hundred feet high.—the very sight from which makes the head swim and the heart sink. By passing over a span of rock, but two feet in width, which overhangs the precipice, you may reach a cave in the summit of this mountain; an enterprise of so much peril, so well calculated to inspire awe and trepidation, that but one man was ever known to undertake it. His perils, on the occasion, did not arise merely from the narrowness of his bridge—one which reminds us of Al Sirat, the Muslim bridge to Paradise. When approaching the mouth of the cave, our explorer encountered a huge bear just making from it. Fortunately, the surprise of the bear was quite as great as his own; the animal being so startled at such unusual invasion, that he leapt the precipice and was dashed to pieces; but the man was so much terrified at the danger he had escaped, as to be compelled to remain some hours before he could so quiet his nerves as to venture his return."

The passage of the French Broad or Tselica River through the mountains is thus poetically described by the Reviewer.

"We shall never forget, though we should be quite unable to describe the effect made upon ourselves, the first sights and sounds of this sublime passage. We travelled by night from Asheville, on the route to the Warm Springs. We reached the river, along whose margin thence the road proceeds, about the dawn of day. In the vague and misty twilight, the first flashings of the foaming torrent rose in sight, and as the opposite shores could not be distinguished at that early hour, and in consequence of the heavy mist which overhung them, the illusion was perfect which persuaded us that we were once more on the borders of the great Atlantic Sea. These curling, flashing, white billows, reeking up and rolling over, and wallowing one after another, upon the shore, were the combing surfs upon our sandy islets along the eastern coast. The illusion was wonderfully aided by the deep and solemn roar of the perpetually chiding billows. They were the identical voices of the sea that we heard—as if these themselves were not properly natives of the deep, but mountain voices, torn away from their proper homes, and perpetually wailing their exode in a chaunt which is mournful enough to be that of exile. It was only in the full breadth of day that we could scan the boundaries beyond, and justly appreciate the wild grandeur of the route along which we sped. Our road, an excellent one for the mountains, is cut out along the very margin of the river. Occasionally, there is no ledge to protect you from the steep. The track does not often admit of two carriages abreast; and huge, immovable

boulders sometimes contract, to the narrowest measures, the pathway for the single one. You wind along the precipice with a perpetual sense of danger, which increases the sublimity of the scene. The river, meanwhile, boils, and bounds, and rages at your feet, tossing in strong writhings over the fractured masses of the rock, plunging headlong, with a groan, into great cavities between, now fretting over a long line of barrier masses, now leaping, with a surging hiss, down sudden steppes, which it approaches unprepared. Beyond you note the perpendicular heights, stern, dark, jagged, impending, a thousand feet in air. You find yourself suddenly in a cavernous avenue; look up, and behold an enormous boulder, thrust out from the mountain sides, hanging completely over you like a mighty atlantean roof, but such a roof as threatens momently to topple down in storm and thunder on your head. And thus, with a sense keenly alive to the startling aspects in the forms around you, the superior grandeur of the heights, the proof which they everywhere present that the volcano and the torrent have but recently done their work of convulsion and revolution, you hurry on for miles, relieved occasionally by scenes of a strangely sweet beauty in the stream;—when the waters subside to calm; when they no longer hiss, and boil, and rage, and roar, in conflict with the masses whose bonds they have broken; and when, leaping away into an even and unruffled flow, they seem to sleep in lakes whose edges bear fringes of flowery vines, and the loveliest floral tangles, from which you may pluck at seasons the purplest berries, drooping to the very lips of the waters. Sometimes, these seeming lakes gather about the prettiest islets, such as prompt you to fancy abodes such as the English fairies delighted to explore, and where, indeed, the Cherokee has placed a class of spirits, with strange mysterious powers, who were acknowledged to maintain a singular influence over the red man's destinies. A landscape painter, of real talent. would find along the two great stems of the French Broad, or Tselica, a thousand pictures, far superior to any thing which Yankee manufacture has ever yet gathered from the banks of the Hudson, or the groups of the Catskill."

Changing his ground into South Carolina, where his foot rests on its native hills, the Reviewer pleasantly continues to point out the natural charms of the country. We shall quote at length his glowing account of what may be seen there.

"We speed to Greenville, Spartanburg or Pendleton, points from which you may diverge to a thousand spots of a scenery not surpassed in any of the sister States. On your route you pause at Glenn's Springs, one of the most fashionable of the watering places of South-Carolina. These Springs belong to the same family, the members of which are scattered throughout all the South, in parallel regions, from Virginia to Mississippi. They possess the same general characteristics, and are probably equally medicinal, being impregnated more or less with sulphur, magnesia and salts. At Glenn's Springs you will make the acquaintance of the gentry of the middle and upper country generally, with a slight sprinkling of others from the sea-board. The former are here in considerable numbers throughout the season. You will find them equally courteous, intelligent and frank; easy in their manners, and prompt and graceful in their hospitalities. From this point the transition is easy to Spartanburg, a region of perfect health throughout, lying beautifully for farming, and remarkably well settled. Here you find other medicinal waters, the Cedar, the Pacolet, Limestone and Sulphur Springs, each of which has its advocates, though their visitors are much less numerous than those of Glenn's. The Pacolet, and other falls and rapids, are objects of great curiosity; and the famous battle-field of the Cowpens affords a point of great attraction to him who loves to seek out the memorials of the Revolution. But, if the object be mountain scenery, the traveller will speed for Greenville, which lies adjoining, to the north and west. The village of this name is a beauty among villages, and its cascade of Reedy River, which skirts the settlement, affords numerous subjects for the painter. In the northeast angle of the district, however, you find bolder pictures, where the beautiful blends with the sublime, and informs the imagination with images at once of the stupendous and the sweet. The Hogback Mountain, a cragged and perilous ascent, that might find a more suitable name, is the first of a lordly brotherhood of heights, which enshrine a thousand scenes of the terrible and lovely. Adjoining it you have the Glassy Mountain, so named because of the glazed beauty of its rocky sides, trickling with perpetual water, in the sunlight. The waters which flow from these mountains form the sources of the Tyger and the Pacolet. Here, also, you have the Saluda and Panther Mountains, and, above all, the wonderful rocky cliff and precipice of Cæsar's Head—a name given to it from a remarkable profile, which, at one view, the crag presents, of a human, which might be a Roman, face. Sachem's Head would be much more appropriate to the aboriginal locality, as the profile is quite as proper to the Indian as the Roman type of face. As the name of the Indian priest in the Southern States was Iawa, this title would seem a not inappropriate one to the stern, prophet-like image which this rock affords. The mountain itself is an entire mass of granite, rising abruptly from the valley, through which a turbulent river hurries upon its way. From the precipice, on this quarter, you have one of the most magnificent prospects that the world can show. Standing upon the edge of the cliff, your eye courses, without impediment, to the full extent of its vision, leaving still regions beyond, which the fancy spreads out illimitably beneath your feet. Apart from the sublime emotions of such a scene, from such a spot, the sense of danger is enlivened when you discover that the mountain rises from a base seemingly quite too slender for its support, while an awful fissure divides the mass from top to bottom, detaching an immense mass, that threatens momently to go down in thunder upon the unconscious valley. The Head of Cæsar, or the

Iawa, is in some peril of serious abrasion, if not demolition, in the progress of events.

But, Pendleton is the district of South-Carolina most affluent in curiosities of this description. The Table Rock is one of the Apalachian range. It rears its colossal front of granite—an isolated mass, perpendicular as a wall—more than eleven hundred feet in height, with a naked face of more than six hundred feet. The precipice is on the eastern side. It is ascended, on this side, by means of a ladder or steps of wood, fastened with iron clamps to the stone, and with several stagings compassing the perpendicular height. You literally hang in air. You look down, with a shudder, upon the awful chasm a thousand feet below. Your ladder shakes—its steps are in decay—occasionally one has disappeared—and your heart sinks momentarily, rendering necessary the encouragement of you guide. The great black wall glistens with the descending streams, which the sun coins into brilliants as fast as they scatter into spray. Go below—look up—and your soul rises with the majesty of prayer. On the western side, a stream darts away, headlong, with great speed—as a doe pursued by the hunters, whom you may fancy you see in the five cascades which bound off, from as many quarters, on a like course, all striving equally for the Oolenoe, one of the tributaries of the Saluda, in which they are all finally lost. But, the chase is continued daily. There is still a doe to fly, and still as many hunters to pursue. The mountain, on this side, is well wooded, and is thus in remarkable contrast with the naked wall of rock in the opposite quarter. You gain the top of the rock, and find a rude square or platform. The wonders increase around you. Here is another rock, which is the giant's stool, as the mountain is his table. You may fancy a dinner party of Gog and Magog, and, if you sleep and dream, may conjure up images of a feast, where your chance is to be eaten last, unless, like Ulysses, you can succeed in couching the eye of your feeder. Your fancies will be greatly helped by the proofs around you of unknown races. You are shown the tracks of gigantic feet, beasts, birds and men, which may be those of elephant or tortoise—both are insisted upon—or the result of the natural attrition of water in the rock, which you may find it quite as pleasant to believe. Passing to the verge of the precipice, you feel, with Natty Bumppo, that you see creation. A cedar tree, for years, was the terminus, beyond which no foot was set. It grew in a crevice of the rock, and overhung the precipice. It was the ordinary trial of the adventurer's courage to clasp this tree in his embrace, and swing over the chasm. But, the tree perished, finally, and the feat is performed no longer. You sit and gaze; but it will require some time before the eye opens fully upon its possessions. To the north and east, your view is bounded by the Alleghanies, of which the rock upon which you recline is one of the barrier mountains. On all other sides, Nature seems happily to repose in the embrace of Beauty. Vale and field, and river and cascade, and lonely peaks of kindred granite, employ and persuade the satisfied glance from side to side. Your eye communes with the Glassy and Hogback Mountains, in Greenville; sweeping over Spartansburg, to the east, it rests on King's Mountain, famous for the defeat of Ferguson, in the Revolution; next, in quick succession, you range from the Saluda Mountains to the Panther, Cæsar's Head, the Dismal, the Estato and Oolenoe; and with the eye thus travelling west, you grasp the castellated heights of the Currahee, in Georgia."

We regret that our limits will allow us to make but one other quotation, the more so as this is all we can give of the mountain region of Georgia, a sister state that abounds in romantic and picturesque objects. The passage refers to the famous cataracts so highly eulogized by all who have visited them.

"Tuccoah is, indeed, a mountain beauty of rare loveliness. The cascade falls in a sheet most like a thin gauzy veil, through which sparkles a galaxy of little brilliants. It is the emblem of equal purity and beauty. Its adjuncts are all of the same character. Beauty, rather than grandeur, is the word by which to describe it, though the latter element is not wanting to its charms. It is only held in subjection to the superior sweetness of its fascination. Tuccoah is a lyric to the eye. It is a single outgushing of fond musical notes, with a sudden and sparkling overflow—wildly quick, but rarely temperate; eager and full of impulse, yet chastened by the exquisite method of a grace and tenderness which prevail throughout the picture.

"A few miles from Tuccoah is another scene, in rich and absolute contrast with it. If Tuccoah is the beautiful, Tallulah is the terrible!

* * * * *

"If Tuccoah is the lyric of water-falls, Tallulah is the grand five act drama, the sublime and awful tragedy, scene upon scene, accumulating with new interest, until the repose of death overspreads the catastrophe. It so happens that Tallulah is a series of cascades, five in number, with a pause between each, in which the waters, exhausted apparently by previous conflict, rest themselves before resuming their fearful progress to new struggles. These rests afford you glimpses of the sweetest repose. The stream seems momently to sleep, and, in such lovely lakelets, that you almost look to see the naiad Princess emerging from the surrounding caves, with loosened tresses, preparing for the bath. The next progress increases the action and the interest of the scene, until, at the close, you see only the convulsive forms below you, writhing as if in death, and hear the deep groans of their panting agony, sent up to you in an appeal that seems to ask for sympathy and vengeance."

And now we ask if there is not enough of beautiful and grand scenery in the South to enlist the attention of Southern tourists? Has not nature arrayed herself here, in a garb sufficiently attractive to the eye that loves her, that it must wander off annually to districts in no degree more picturesque in search of glad sights?

To such as design visiting Virginia during the hot months of 1851, we cannot too highly commend Dr. Burke's Volume. The invalid will find it an invaluable *vade mecum*, and it will be useful to the strong man in guarding him against an improper use of the waters and furnishing him with practical hints as to the enjoyment of the bath. The season will soon open, and those fortunate people who have three months to be idle, will commence idleness for three months. To one and all we offer a Virginia welcome. For the sick who visit the Springs for health and strength, we invoke the choicest benisons of Hygeia. For those whose pursuit is relaxation of spirits we ask the most gracious patronage of that

goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne.

We have endeavored to give them some foreshadowing of what they may expect in coming. And now they have only to lay the map before them, and mark out the route that each one shall prefer. The State is all before them where to choose their place of rest, and Dr. Burke their guide.

A SONG OF IRELAND.

A health to the Isle that, though trampled in scorn
By the merciless minions of power,
May rise from the dust with a grandeur new-born.
And shatter her chains in an hour:
A voice from the graves that the Tyrant hath filled
Cannot always be pleading unheard;
And the whirlwind of wrath, though for centuries stilled,
May burst from repose at a word.

'Mid the tempest of strife and the tumult of wrong,
How many bright names gild the gloom,
The monarchs of speech and the masters of song,
A halo of life, 'round the tomb;
These names cannot die, for the nation's great heart;
Hath enshrined them, the deepest in ill—
Let the last blow be struck and the last hope depart—
She will cling to them faithfully still.

O! Erin! the world has been cold to thy doom!
Few flowers have been strewn on thy bier—
And the pride of thy glory and blush of thy bloom
Have passed, without blessing or prayer:
Yet across the wild waves may the desolate son
Of thy blighted dominions find rest,
And a haven of peace for the Exile be won,
In the fetterless homes of the West.

O! still we will trust, a New Era may rise,
On the fair Isle of Emmett and Moore,
When a true light shall burn in her long-clouded skies,
And the night of her mourning be o'er:
A health to her now, and a health to her then—
And death to oppression's stern sway—
The West hath the hearts of a million of men,
That will pray for her triumph that day.

P. H. H.

Editor's Table.

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We think it a note-worthy fact that on the fifth day of May, a date memorable as the anniversary of the death of Napoleon, we had a fall of snow as far South as our own city. The old figure of the poet, so frequently quoted, of winter chilling the lap of May, has thus received another illustration. Indeed, during many years past, a change has been observed in the temperature of our winters, that, if continued, may induce some change in the nomenclature of the months. If the fantastic folly of the French, which gave epithets by way of title to these divisions of time, should ever again prevail, they certainly could not call May *Floreal*. It might be better designated as *Brumaire*. The long season in May, known among the Germans as the season of the Severe Masters, has always been one of rain and cold, but rarely of frost. A story yet survives, however, of Frederick the Great, that one sunny, leafy, genial May-day, he ordered the exotics of his conservatory to be brought out into the open air, despite the advice of his head-gardener, who warned him of the Severe Masters, Saints Mammertus, Germanus and Servatius, (supposed to preside over the 11th, 12th and 13th days of the month); by which the whole orangery of Potsdam, one of the finest in Europe, was cut off.

Our correspondent X. Y. Z., whose account of a ghostly meeting in the African Church of our city, we published last month, writes us as follows—

Mr. Thompson,

I observe in a late number of the Richmond Republican a card from the "Reporter to the Convention," who takes me to task good-humoredly for a passage in the speech of the spectral orator, whom I chanced to hear, a few weeks since, addressing an assembly of goblins in the African Church. The Reporter conceives that the orator or myself has done him injustice in the use of the terms "new-fangled" and "villainous" as applied to the Fonetic system of reporting. I might demur to this by submitting that while injustice may have been done to the *system itself* by the use of these epithets, none could by possibility have been done the *reporter*. But as the latter adjective is capable of an interpretation that would reflect discredit upon him, (as he who follows a 'villainous' calling, in the offensive sense of the word, can hardly be a proper man,) I will raise no such distinction.

First, then as to '*new-fangled*.' "*Verbatim* reporting" says he, "so far from being 'new-fangled,' I had supposed to be almost as ancient as the gift of oratory itself." Now I was, indeed, aware that the art of writing in short-hand was as old as the Greeks and Romans, as allusions to the

notarii or stenographers are plentifully sprinkled through the writings of those pleasant old fellows, Pliny, Martial, and Quintilian, but I was certainly under the impression that the Fonetic system (to which the objectionable phrase was applied by the spirit) was of very recent date and that its proficients claimed for it the credit of being the only system by which a strictly *verbatim* report of a speech could be made.

Secondly, as to '*villainous*.' I have no hesitation whatever in saying that this word was not designed to impute to the Reporter any wickedness or depravity by virtue of his exercising the craft so branded. It was used simply in its Shaksperean sense as 'mischievous,' and as such it may not be difficult to defend the application. The Reporter says that the new system seeks to present a *fac simile* of the speaker. Sir, is this desirable? Are we to be deluged with the nonsense of every Orator Pop in the land even down to the fatal absurdity of his commas? And if the old system made speeches decent, before they were put in the newspaper to take away our appetites for breakfast, is it not better to go back to it at once? And yet the Reporter, even while claiming for the Fonetic system that it alone, of all modes of reporting, makes an exact transcript of a speaker's remarks, says that *verbatim reporting* is as old as the gift of oratory itself.

I am glad to see, Mr. Thompson, that the Reporter disclaims any affiliation with the Vandals of the "*Fonetic Nuz*." I have not the pleasure of the Reporter's personal acquaintance but I have taken a liking to him from the galleries. He has borne the protracted and acute agonies of the Debate upon the Basis with a fortitude so heroic and uncomplaining that I confess I look upon him as I would have looked upon Silvio Pellico when he came out from the Austrian dungeon to the light of day, or as one might regard any other illustrious person who has submitted unmurmuringly to the cruelties of despotic power. The whole convention has been his Emperor Francis and his sufferings have been indeed very fearful. Feeling this interest in him, I rejoice that he agrees with the orator in repudiating the Fonetic orthography. It is gratifying to know that he would not spell *effects*, FX., or *seedy*, CD.

I have written this explanation, because I consider myself responsible, in the silence of the eloquent ghost, for anything contained in my report of his harangue. If I have made myself understood, very well; if not, I must sign myself, (with compliments to the Reporter), what the Fonetic gentlemen would make me, an

EX-WISE-HEAD.
(X. Y. Z.)

Our friend Richards of the *Southern Literary Gazette* refers, in a recent number of his paper, to an article in the Evening News, drawn forth by some unfavorable comments, made in our "Notes of a Southern Excursion," upon the Charleston Hotel. We regret that we did not see the News containing the article in question. The editor thinks, and Mr. Richards endorses the opinion, that we fared so badly, in consequence of our desolate and miserable condition of bachelorhood. We consider this very probable. But are bachelors placed so far out of the pale of humanity by our Charleston friends, as not to deserve any consideration at all? Or are hotels built only with reference to the comfort of those happy people who rejoice in the holy estate of matrimony? We are willing to believe that the arrangements for married guests at the Charleston Hotel are all that could be desired, but so far as we were concerned, that department of the establishment might have been in Calcutta or at the North Pole. It was *terra incognita* to us. As to the rooms, there is in every large hotel a district to us of most mysterious character. It lies on the 2nd and 3rd floors in front. We see windows from the outside and doors opening upon the passage within, indications that induce us to suppose that in this region there may be commodious and airy rooms, (such as are spoken of in the advertisements,) but we could not make affidavit of the fact, and we are inclined on the whole to doubt it. Perhaps one of these days we may learn more about this unexplored territory. But now, whenever we present ourselves for entertainment at the office of a "first class hotel," we are considered merely as candidates for the attic and for the chance-medley of the Gentleman's Ordinary. It was so at the Charleston Hotel. Of course it is of the smallest possible consequence to the public, how we—a poor devil of an editor—fared at any particular place or time, but we stand up for the rights of bachelors. They are a much-abused, though a large and important fraternity, and the system of 'snubbing' them at the hotels, in Charleston or elsewhere, needs reform. It was from this conviction alone that we felt it our duty to speak out with regard to our experience at this much lauded 'hostelrie,' for which the News takes up the cudgels.

We derive very constant amusement from our files of the California newspapers. There is a freshness in the advertisements and the "items of news" that we like very much. It is curious to observe, also, how the usages and customs of older communities are gradually introduced into this new country, which has been peopled with a rapidity so unexampled. They have the Italian Opera, already, at San Francisco, and Norma and Ernani are advertised among the representations. It is strange indeed that such a 'fast' population have not had the latest European dance. Pray, what dance is it, that is referred to, in the following card?

☞ DANCERS WANTED.—It is supposed that among the many Europeans who have landed on our shores within the last few months, some of them must be acquainted with that very exciting, beautiful, and truly pleasing dance, which has attracted so much the public mind in the North of Europe for a year past, and which has not as yet ever been introduced into this country. Should there be any such persons in the city, eight or ten

of them can find employment by applying to EDMUND COLE, proprietor of the California Exchange, who is endeavoring to get up this popular dance.

Another 'want' advertised, strikes us as being 'uncommon'—

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A Lady to attend an Oyster and Refreshment Saloon. Address A. G. O, at this office.

We are greatly pleased with the *naïveté* of the following announcement—

☞ NOTICE.—Dr. WM. RABE has, for the first time, after two years residence in San Francisco, *nothing to do*. He intends to take part in the ensuing municipal election, and has picked out as a worthy adversary, the Recorder.

He therefore announces himself as a candidate for the office of Recorder of the city of San Francisco, to discharge the duties of the office, assisted by his knowledge of German, French and Spanish, to the satisfaction of himself and every body else, subject, however to the nomination of the great Whig Reform Party.

The Literature of the swell-mob seems to have have made its way to the Pacific, as we may infer from the only book advertisement that we notice;

NOISY CARRIER'S PUBLISHING HALL, Washington Block, up Stairs, Central Wharf.

The subscriber has for sale at the above place, a great variety of useful, thrilling, interesting and amusing works, among which are the Sea Lark, the Dark Sybil, the Turkish Slave, or the Mahometan and his Harem, the Black Knight, the Haunted Bride, Red Rupert, Lucy Marline, Hugh Capet or Count of Paris, the Child of Sierra, or the Gipsey Brigand, Alphonso or the Mystic Riders of the Agu Hessan, Zuleika, or the Castilian Captive, the Bell of Madrid, or the Unknown Mask, Bel Isabel, or the Conspirators of Cuba, the Prophet of the Bohman Wald, Big Thunder, or the Chief of the Anti-renters, the Rover of the Reef, the Golden Eagle, or Privateer of '76, Wharton the Whale Killer, Leopold the Avenger, which will be sold very cheap.

The worthy bibliopole, who offers for sale these choice publications, appends to the list some counteracting agents which we should conceive to be, in the highest degree, necessary.

ALSO, for sale, 90 doz. of Dr. Harpy's Bitters, used by most of the bars in the Eastern States, and Curtis & Perkins' Pain Killer.

A bit of a wag who thinks of coming home holds out a tempting inducement to the capitalist—

"NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.—A gentleman who has been in California two years, desiring to return to the "white settlements" on the Atlantic, offers to sell his chances in California, for the moderate sum of $20,000. Appreciating his great prospect of making a pile soon, and his past experience in viewing the Elephant, nothing would induce him to make such a sacrifice except the most liberal disposition. The advertiser will receive Moffat & Co.'s coin and ingots at par value.

G. S."

Works of art, or of the imagination are rarely improved by reconstruction. Poems, least of all, are ever made the better by after touches. If the poet, in the present glow of his fancy, does not express his thought as he could wish, it is in the last degree improbable that he will be able to do so in the cold seclusion of his closet. And, if, having wreathed it, as he may suppose afterwards, with a redundancy of ornament, he shall undertake, when the poetic fury has passed away, to prune it down, the chances are ten to one that he will mutilate and deform it. We have been forcibly struck with this in reading a poem by Stoddard, "The Faun over his Goblet," re-written for the May number of the International, which was originally published in the Messenger for June, 1849, and then entitled "The Broken Goblet." No one can read the two versions without being struck with the infelicity of the changes. We give a few parallel passages italicising some lines in the original that have been omitted in the second version, to the injury, as it seems to us, of the general effect.

Original.

Alas, my goblet,—
Pan was engraven on it, rural Pan,
And all the story of his nymph transformed;—
He stood in horror, in a marshy place,
Clasping a bending reed; he thought to clasp
Syrinx, but clasped a reed and nothing more.
There was another picture 'graved below it;—
Pan, after he had learned to play the flute:—
He learned it by the wind among the reeds,
Solemnly sighing o'er the vanished maid:—
He sat at noon within a shady bower
With all his herds around him, and he piped;—
(I thought at times I saw his fingers move,
And caught his music, but I must have dreamed!)

Version of "The International."

My goblet was exceeding beautiful,
For Pan was 'graven on it, rural Pan;
He stood in horror in a marshy place,
Clasping a bending reed; he thought to clasp
Syrinx, but clasped a reed, and nothing more.
There was another picture of the god,
When he had learned to play upon the flute;
He sat at noon within a shady bower
Piping, with all his listening herd around;
(I thought at times I saw his fingers move,
And caught his music: did I dream or not?)

Original.

Alas! my goblet!
And Jove was pictured on it—Jove himself,
Transformèd for the nonce into a bull,
Bearing forlorn Europa through the waves,
Leaving behind a track of ruffled foam;
A-mort with fear, she held him by the horns,
Her golden tresses streaming in the winds:
And Cupids sported round on wingèd dolphins,
And sea-gods peeped from out their weedy caves,
(*The deep was full of wonder-startled faces*)

And on the shore were maids with waving scarfs,
And hinds a-coming to the rescue—late!
Alack! I shall not see the like again,
Since I have broken my delightful cup
And cast its precious fragments in the dust!

Version of "The International."

My goblet was exceeding beautiful.
For Jove was there transformed into the Bull
Bearing forlorn Europa through the waves,
Leaving behind a trace of muffled foam,
Powerless with fear she held him by the horns.
Her golden tresses streaming on the winds;
In curved shells, young Cupids sported near
While sea-gods glanced from out their weedy caves.
And on the shore were maids with waving scarfs,
And hinds a-coming to the rescue—late!
But I have broken my divinest cup
And trod its fragments in the dust of Earth.

Original.

But all is vanished, lost, forever lost!
Weil! Ai! Ai!—my divinest cup,
Earth's paragon, is shivered at my feet.
Ruined and trampled in the worthless dust!

Version of the International.

But all is vanished, lost, forever lost!
For I have broken my divinest cup,
And trod its fragments in the dust of earth!

Besides these and many other omissions in the Faun's lament, there are left out in the new poem both the introduction and the conclusion of the original, which tell the story how the shepherds found the faun, in Arcady of old, asleep beneath an oak, and bound him to the tree with strings of grape vine, and made his song the condition of his liberation. The conclusion is so beautiful that we quote it here, referring the reader to Vol. 15 of the Messenger, page 349, for the whole poem.

The swains unbound the faun, delighted with him;—
He gathered up the fragments of his cup
And gave them each a piece and went his way.
—This is the Idyll of the Broken Goblet—
I told you of, when we were wandering
To seek our straying flocks: I've marred it some,
I own, in singing—I am like the faun,
And cannot sing as I was wont to do—
I have been sleeping—drunken with the wine,
The enchanted and voluptuous wine of Love,
And in my slumber I have dropped my flute
And broken the bright cup of Poesy.
Alas, and I have broken the rich cup
Unwittingly, and trampled under foot
The golden fragments in the dust of Earth!

The original is said to be "From the German," but as the author has omitted this heading also, we suppose it was merely a *ruse*. *Apropos* of Stoddard, we learn with delight that Ticknor, Reed & Fields have in press an edition of his collected Poems.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the date of May 1st contains a long and interesting review of Alton Locke. The writer thinks that Socialism can never make any alarming progress in England because of the antagonism of the English character, and the religion and institutions of the country. John Bull is altogether too reserved and unsocial an animal to become gregarious or fraternizing. He says "One may say of the English nation that it is composed of a multitude of Englands in miniature, (*de petites Angleterres*) that each individual is himself a little island, having his own original products and his peculiar resources." The reviewer is of opinion that the tendency of Alton Locke is so far from socialistic, that the reverse is the fact.

We observe, in the last number of the Southern Quarterly Review, among other attractive articles, a noble recognition of Northern Literary excellence. It is a discriminating and well-considered essay on Mr. Everett's Orations and Speeches, in which the high merits of that eminent orator are warmly acknowledged. We happen to know, but doubt whether we are at liberty to mention the name of the author. He is a distinguished resident of Charleston. When may we expect such praise of anything Southern from that parochial observer, the *North American?*

Professor Sylvester, who, some years since, occupied the Chair of Mathematics in our State University, has been directing his attention to M. Foucault's experiment of making visible the diurnal revolution of the earth. Professor Sylvester has written a letter to the *London Times*, in which he concedes the entire success of the demonstration, but says it is absurd for people who are unacquainted with mechanical and geometrical science to attempt it. It is well that the experiment does not require a small portion of common sense, or Professor Sylvester himself could not have made any progress in it at all.

The New York Correspondent of the Washington Republic, speaking of the retirement of Mr. Raymond from the editorial department of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, says,

"As a newspaper writer, Mr. Raymond has great fluency and facility, rather than great power; and *if the merit of writing were to be measured by a yard-stick*, he would be justly entitled to the appellation of the greatest prose writer we have produced. He has an admirable talent at filling up a column, and can spread an idea, or the shadow of one, over an inconceivable space."

This estimation of merit by the yard-stick is certainly a novel idea.

A new edition of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, translated by Sir George Head, is among the latest literary novelties of London. It comes from the press of the Longmans. The critics speak favorably of the work of the translator.

Notices of New Works.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW; OR THE ISLE OF RAYS. A Tale. *By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth*, author of "Retribution, or the Vale of Shadows;" "Shannondale;" "The Deserted Wife;" etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, 64 Chestnut Street. 1851.

This is the "latest and newest" work from the pen of Mrs. Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth—a lady who has of late, through the agency of the enterprising firm of Appleton & Co., been flooding the United States with the "Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," and other volumes of questionable or rather wholly unquestionable morality.

It is almost impossible to convey a distinct idea of the nature of the immorality we refer to; for with one or two exceptions (a scene for example on a steamboat in "The Deserted Wife,") there are no positively immoral *passages* in Mrs. Southworth's writings. It is rather in the tone, the coloring, the general moulding of character and feeling that this lady's strong, unfeminine, thoroughly *French* organization betrays itself. We hope she will pardon us if we are in error, but having just run over this her latest and *strongest* work, we have come to the conclusion that the authoress of "The Mother-in-Law" is a diligent and admiring reader of the more exceptionable productions of the present French School of Romance writers. The fault lies not in indelicate *scenes*, but in highly indelicate allusions and incidents of the plot—such as a careful perusal could only make evident.

God forbid, however, that "The Deserted Wife," etc., should be bought and read to verify our remarks! There could be few greater evils in our estimation, than the introduction of these warm, highly-colored, "artist" productions, (as Mrs. Southworth no doubt would characterize them,) into a Virginia family of young girls and boys. We cannot, and we do not pretend to, deny Mrs. Southworth much talent. Her style though at times altogether too ambitious and diffuse, and in many passages highly Frenchified, is ready and flowing—her characters, if they betray no deep insight into the human heart are well conceived—and her plots are generally, with the exception of the last half of every volume, good. The plot of the "Mother-in-Law," the best to be found in any of her works, with a little more care might have been made very striking.

Mrs. Southworth has of late turned her attention to a subject which we advise her, with all respect, to abandon at once. We mean the description of what she conceives to be Virginia Society.

We cannot go into particulars, but will state in a few words our private opinion, "which," as Mr. Poe says, "we now take the liberty of making public," that balder, more exaggerated, more utterly *truthless* representations of the outer or inner life of Virginians, were never thrust upon a bamboozled community. These things will not be regarded here in any other light than as very good jokes, but we do protest with all our strength against the works of Mrs. Southworth being received beyond the borders of Virginia, as truthful delineations in any one particular of life and society in this state.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

MOUNT HOPE; or, *Philip, King of the Wampanoags*: An Historical Romance. By G. H. HOLLISTER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The romantic history of the fugitive regicides, Goffe and Whalley, who dodged the officers of the second Charles through New England, from the Restoration to to the day of their death, is one of the most interesting episodes of our colonial history. We wonder that Cooper never acted upon the suggestion, thrown out by Sir Walter Scott in a well-known note to Peveril of the Peak, to bring these remarkable men before the reader and to embody in the form of romance the many poetic traditions that survive of their character and personal qualities. Mr. Hollister has attempted to do this, and the result has not been such as might have been expected from the author of the Spy. Still his book has decided merit. The title in itself is enough to attract the reader's notice, as it is connected with the fate and fortunes of the most striking figure that stands out upon the canvass of those troublous days, when the red-man was roused to a fearful revenge by the fraud and injustice of the white race. Out of such materials, the iron judges and the iron chief, Mr. Hollister must, indeed, have deplorably failed, if his book did not possess a certain degree of interest. A book was published some years since, in New Haven, which presented, in very graceful narrative, the legend of the "White Lady of the Mist" who was supposed to have some supernatural agency in supporting the regicides, in their concealment, within the Cave of West Rock. The name of the author was not given, but we recollect to have read the volume with great pleasure. The tombs of Goffe and Whalley are yet pointed out to the stranger, in New Haven, and of late years a handsome monument has been erected to their compatriot, Dixwell, who was also the object of kingly persecution. The flight of these men, as a subject for fiction, offers an inviting theme to the novelist, despite all that has been written concerning it, by various hands. We should like to see it properly worked up.

Mr. Hollister has reason to congratulate himself on the handsome appearance of his volume. The clear print, and presentable form of the book will induce many to read it, who would have been deterred from its perusal in the small type and double columns of the ordinary novels.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

THE DANGERS AND DUTIES OF THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION. *An Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at its Thirtieth Anniversary*, Nov. 13, 1850. By GEORGE S. HILLARD. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.

We should be at no loss whatever in setting Mr. Hillard down as a Bostonian, from the title page of this little publication. And merely because it affords no clue, but the name of the publishers, to the *locus in quo*. Observe. It is "An Address delivered before *the* Mercantile Library Association." Where this excellent body carries on its laudable pursuits, we are not informed. It may be in Detroit, or in Galveston, for aught that we are told to the contrary. The explanation is extremely simple, and

eminently characteristic of Mr. Hillard's place of residence. Of course there is but one "Mercantile Library Association" in the world, and that is in Boston, and when he says "*the* Mercantile Library Association," we should be blockheads if we did not understand it.

Barring the assumption of the title, we find Mr. Hillard's address not only unexceptionable, but, in all respects praiseworthy. It is written in a pure and nervous style, and embodies many excellent suggestions to the class of merchants. One hint, we think well worth quoting:

"To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time, for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle."

Our thanks are due to G. M. West & Brother, the Richmond agents, for the International Monthly Magazine for May.

We have received from the same house the last number of the Boston Edition (Phillips, Sampson & Company) of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. It contains the tragedy of Othello. The plate of Desdemona has been unavoidably delayed, but will be furnished in the first number of an edition of Shakspeare's Poems which the publishers, encouraged by the success of their edition of the Plays, design to bring out, in uniform style.

THE CROCK OF GOLD, *and other Tales.* By *Martin Farquhar Tupper, D. C. L., F. R. S.* Author of "Proverbial Philosophy," etc., etc. Authorized Edition. Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1851.

AN AUTHOR'S MIND, *Miscellaneous Essays, Probabilities.* Same author and publishers.

Upon our word, two very brave volumes, beautifully gotten up. As for their contents, perhaps the less said the better. But no, we recant that. 'The Crock of Gold' we have always thought a very pretty story, and there may be good things that we have not stumbled upon, in the "Miscellaneous Essays." It is something in their favor, certainly, that they are not written in poetry, for whenever Tupper poetizes we like to be out of the way. He talks verse, as the elder Mr. Weller says, like "a beadle on a boxing day, or Warren's blacking, or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows." But we will do him the justice to say that in prose he is at times very felicitous, and the aforesaid 'Crock of Gold' will bear us out in the opinion. The present volumes are stated to be the first two of a complete series of the works of the author. He writes for one of them a particularly silly preface dated at Philadelphia, which is enough to make any sensible man lay it down forever, and is guilty also of the *niaiserie* of dedicating the series to the American People, who are expected to pay for the compliment by buying immense editions of it.

J. W. Randolph has these volumes for sale.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. *A Romance.* By *Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1851.

Our valued contributor, Mr. Tuckerman, has so fully and satisfactorily discussed the merits of Hawthorne and of the present—his latest—work, in preceding pages of this number of our magazine, that we deem it quite out of place to unfold its plot, or remark upon its excellences here, as we might otherwise have done. The book is really charming, not, perhaps, as strongly marked as "The Scarlet Letter," but full to overflowing of rare and peculiar beauties. There is, we think, error in the author's predisposition to represent wealth as always vicious and poverty always virtuous, which is not the case, but his genial, receptive, loving spirit is attuned to all that is good and beautiful in man and nature.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY AND MEMORIALS OF CAPTAIN OBADIAH CONGAR; for fifty years mariner and ship master from the port of New York. *By* REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER, author of the "Island World of the Pacific, etc. New York. Harper & Brothers. 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

This seems to be a very excellent little work judging from the very cursory perusal which more important engagements have forced us to content ourselves with.

Capt. Congar was a veteran sailor and ship-master of New York, who, unsupported and alone, determined, at an early period of his life, rigidly to preserve the sanctity of the sabbath, and persisted in his resolution to the end of his days. He would never set sail on the sabbath, or on that day permit his men to engage in any labor but those "works of necessity" imperative on board a ship. On one of these occasions he refused to order all sail to be set, when a most favorable breeze had sprung up and several of his passengers were very anxious to be sped on their voyage.

The Rev. Mr. Cheever says of his auto-biography

"The character it gradually developes is the real one of a humble, conscientious, active and practical Christian mariner. * * It is a character the groundwork of which is altogether natural and common, being neither much above nor any below the ordinary level of human abilities, but so ribbed-braced and undergirded by strong moral principle and the fear of God that it was far more than ordinarily effective for good in its day and generation."

We commend the work to the careful perusal of all; but more especially will every Christian who reads it be filled with admiration of this sturdy-hearted mariner who buffeted the storms of an originally vicious character as successfully as the surges of the Atlantic during his fifty years of service.

WILHELM MEISTER'S *Apprenticeship and Travels*. From the German of Goethe. In Two Volumes. A New Edition, Revised. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, 1851.

This is by far the most beautiful edition we have ever seen of the Wilhelm Meister; a work which is scarcely less remarkable than the Faust of its great author. The translation is by Carlyle, and the first volume contains a preface written in pure and vigorous English. It is fair to say that this preface was written as far back as 1824. No one, we feel certain, whose opinion of Carlyle has been made up from the grotesque productions which have of late years come from his pen, would ever suppose that so intelligible an Essay on the peculiar merits of Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels was written by him. Concerning the work itself, we have our own opinions which differ very widely from the general estimation of it. Perhaps, if occasion offers, we may lay them before the public for what they are worth; but it would require a much greater space than we have now at command even to state them fully, and to fortify ourselves in the position we should take, would protract our remarks much beyond that. The work, at all events, is one of the most striking that the Century has brought forth.

We have received these volumes from Morris & Brother.

THE ALHAMBRA. By WASHINGTON IRVING. *Author's Revised Edition*. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 155 Broadway. 1851.

The finest compliment ever paid to Washington Irving was by Dickens, in one of those dinner speeches which he delivered during his visit to the United States, when our people were making asses of themselves in lionizing him. He said that Irving had "peopled the Alhambra, and made eloquent its shadows." We rejoice to be reminded of the author's delightful labours in so attractive a field. Perhaps no one of Irving's works affords a more universal pleasure than this guide-book through the deserted corridors and magnificent ruins of the old Moorish palace. As we go along, the past revives; the crumbling pillars of the delicate Morisco architecture are restored, with their entablatures of porcelain and lapis-lazuli; the fountains play freshly in the morning sunlight, and we may almost fancy we hear the lutes again sounding through the shady courts and gardens of the enchanted place. It is, indeed, a charming volume and cheats the imagination in the pleasantest manner possible.

The new and elegant edition of Irving's Complete Works is now finished, so far as the author's previous writings are concerned. We believe some volumes are to follow which have never yet been in print. The fifteen already out are, in the highest degree creditable, in style and appearance, to the publisher, Mr. Putnam.

Nash & Woodhouse have them for sale.

THE TWO ADMIRALS: A Tale. By the Author of the "Pilot," "Red Rover," etc., etc. New York. George P. Putnam. 155 Broadway, 1851.

It has never been settled whether the proper home of Cooper is upon the ocean, or in the native forest of the Indian. The graphic and stirring portraitures of sea-life given in the present volume, are likely to add perplexity to the question. The story is drawn out to a greater length than any of the author's previous romances, but no one will be likely to complain of it, on that account. The typography of the volume is exceedingly good and the series of Cooper's works in the new edition, which is nearly completed, makes a handsome appearance on the library shelves.

The Two Admirals may be obtained of Nash & Woodhouse.

THE FRUIT, FLOWER, AND KITCHEN GARDEN. *By* PATRICK NEILL, LL. D., F. R. S. E. Adapted to the United States. From the Fourth Edition. Revised and Improved by the Author. Philadelphia. Henry Carey Baird: Successor to E. L. Carey. 1851.

An excellent work, very seasonably published. It pertains to all kinds of plants, vegetables and fruits that can adorn our parlors or set off our dinner-tables, and ought to be in the hands of every lady in the land who has a garden wherein to act upon its suggestions. For ourselves, confined to the bricks and mortar of a city, we are not able to appreciate the contents of the volume, but we have sent our copy to a lady in the country whose elegant taste in such matters will enable her to use it to great advantage.

We have received the book through Morris & Brother.

ROMANCE DUST *from the Historic Placer*. *By* WILLIAM STARBUCK MAYO, M. D. Author of "Kaloolah," &c., &c. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

This new adventure of Dr. Mayo in the fields of literature, is made up of short and pleasant sketches of personal incident and historical reminiscence, and is a very acceptable volume for the steamboat or the rail-car. One of the subjects "Washington's First Battle, or Braddock's Defeat" is treated in verse after the manner of Macaulay's lyrics. The lines are smooth and sometimes vigorous, though scarcely equal to the Englishman's.

Nash & Woodhouse have sent us the volume.

THE CÆSARS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*," etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1851.

This volume is a gallery of historical portraits and pictures, all of which are painted in words with the singular power and brilliant coloring of the writer as exhibited in his previous works. We cannot say more for it than that it is worthy of the author of the "Confessions of an Opium Eater."

It may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

HARMONY OF PROPHECY; *Or Scriptural Illustrations of the Apocalypse*. By the REV. ALEX. KEITH, Author of the "Evidence of Prophecy." New York: Harper & Brothers: 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

Keith has been long acknowledged as one of the highest authorities on Prophecy. The present volume is a review of the Revelations, as compared with, and illustrated by, other passages of Scripture. It has evidently been a work of great labour and research and will be a most acceptable companion to the diligent student of the divine word.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII. RICHMOND, JULY, 1851. NO. 7.

SLAVERY AS A MORAL RELATION.*

The first of the publications at the head of this review, contains a correspondence between two of the most distinguished members of the Baptist clergy, on the great question which finally resulted in the disruption of the ties that bound the Baptist Churches of the North and South into one association for missionary operations in foreign parts. The occasion of the controversy grew out of the fierce and denunciatory attitude taken by the Northern members of a Convention, which met in Philadelphia during the year preceding the discussion before us. The ultra doctrines broached upon the floor of that body, drew forth a letter from Dr. Fuller, of South Carolina, a clergyman of ability and distinction, in which he alluded to the views of slavery expressed by the President of Brown University, in his treatise on the elements of Moral Science. Dr. Wayland addressed him a reply, and this was the beginning of a controversy of a very remarkable character in more than one respect. It is conducted with marked ability on both sides, in a clear and frequently vigorous style, and with a gentleness, a courtesy, a kind and Christian temper, that really make it a model of polemical discussion, and reflect a higher credit upon the good sense and Christian principle of the parties, than even the very able display of logical precision and address, exhibited by each of them, reflects upon their powers of intellect. We close this rapid sketch of the general features of the contest, with remarking upon a peculiarity which could not fail to strike the most superficial observer; we refer to the incessant appeal of Wayland to the abstract maxims of morality as modified and explained in the disquisitions of philosophy; and the equally obstinate and pertinacious retreat of his opponent from the mazes of metaphysics to the plain and palpable concretions of the Bible; a happy illustration of the nature of the entire contest between the slavery theories of the North and South.

The sermon which we have placed in connection with this debate, was delivered by Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina College, on the occasion alluded to in the title of the publication. Dr. Thornwell is one of the finest intellects of this age; and the State and College of South Carolina may well congratulate themselves on the possession of a man, whose acute and able intellect, whose power of expression, and vigor of address shine so conspicuously in this noble discourse. In the dense and masterly logic, the subtle discrimination, and the powerful introversions and antithesis of the sermon before us, we find what we do not hesitate to term the ablest and soundest defence of the relation between master and servant we ever remember to have seen. The sermon is not faultless; and the deficiency consists principally in the excess of intensity, in the style, and in the artificial character of the sentences: formed upon a model of surpassing but artificial excellence, the style of the author partakes of the brilliant sins of Junius and Johnson, and lacks the easy and graceful transposition, the flowing and flexile alternation from the gay to the grave, from the easy to the intense, from the plain and familiar to those brilliant and lightning-like flashes of excited intellect, condensed and animated by passion—which compose the delightful variety of a perfect style.

We have selected these publications not for the purpose of entering into an elaborate analysis of the merits of the works and the plan of their argument; but simply as guides and assistants in examining the moral character of the relation of master and servant. The spirit of activity and investigation which has marked the last century of the history of the world, has thrust its shrewd and meddling inquisitiveness into almost every department of human life. Fired by unexampled success in the examination of physical science, the pride of human intellect has refused to acknowledge any limit to its powers, aspires to the mastery of every subject of inquiry, and too frequently rejects every mystery as synonymous with a trick. Reasoning with bold and confident plausibility, from certain abstract maxims of political science, without any disposition to

* DOMESTIC SLAVERY, *Considered as a Scriptural Institution in a Correspondence*, between the Rev. Richard Fuller of Beaufort, S. C., and the Rev. Francis Wayland of Providence, R. I. Revised and corrected by the authors. New York: Published by Lewis Colby, 122 Nassau street. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1845. pp. 254.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MASTERS. A Sermon preached at the dedication of a church erected in Charleston, S. C., for the benefit and instruction of the colored population. By Rev. J. H. Thornwell, D. D. Charleston, S. C. Steam-power press of Walker & James. 1850. pp. 51.

submit theory to fact, or the deductions of reason to the limitations of revelation, men have attacked the institution of slavery with a vehemence of abuse and a keenness of denunciation unequalled in the history of warfare upon the anomalies of society. Those vague and general ideas of the injustice of despotic power and political oppression, which universally prevail in the moral sentiment of men. have been condensed and concentrated upon the relation of slavery as a crime *per se*, as a sin of appalling magnitude, and the essence of all possible violations of the decalogue. On the other hand, these charges have led the holders of slaves to enter more thoroughly into the structure of society, to re-examine the principles of government, to apply the testing tap of investigation to ideas long admitted to be axioms in political science, and by a more profound scrutiny of the fundamental principles of human association, to ascertain the duties of the ruler, and the rights of the ruled.

The moral relation between the master and the slave has become one of the prominent topics of the times; and a thorough understanding of the true moral complexion of the relationship has become a commanding necessity in the political history of the country. The fate of the nation seems to have been suspended by universal consent on the execution of the Constitutional provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves; and upon this it ought to be suspended; the spirit of liberty will be extinguished by a vicious love of peace in the minds of the Southern people, if they tamely submit to the open nullification of the fundamental law. The destiny of this noble republic, the realization of many earnest and passionate hopes, is suspended upon the question, whether it be a crime to hold a man as a slave, or to restore a fugitive to a state, said to be one of absolute and unqualified iniquity. The defence of the personal honor, the Christian character and the republican consistency of every slaveholder in the Southern States, demands the investigation and settlement of this question. Moreover, the sacred and venerable precincts of the Christian faith are involved in the confusion; for bold and blasphemous voices denounce it as false, because it is immoral; and reject it with bitter vituperation, because it countenances the existence of slavery. Such are some of the grave and imposing reasons which urge us to the discussion of slavery in its moral aspects and relations. As the friends of the Union, as the champions of insulted states, branded by the wholesale as pirates and villains, and as defenders of the sacred citadel of the Christian faith, we approach the question, is slavery a sin in itself, or is the relation between master and servant essentially immoral.

The subject is involved in difficulty; no one who is acquainted with the principles involved in it, will hesitate to admit the fact; but still the difficulty is not insurmountable. That all men are by nature free and equal; that no one has an inherent right to exercise control over others; that each one is endowed with certain rights of nature, are propositions so plain and obvious when properly understood, that it is not easy to conceive how any one can successfully impeach them. But these maxims are susceptible of an easy and fearful abuse; and it is especially important that their *meaning* and their *use* should be clearly defined. But to draw the necessary distinctions between the true and false interpretations of the theory of freedom, to discriminate in the application of them to actual events, to trace the consequences which issue from a sound or unsound combination of these maxims, is really no easy task; or in other words, to follow the attenuated distinction which marks the boundary between what is just in one sense and unjust in another, and to exhibit the effect of a disturbing cause upon the equities of abstract equality require a degree of attention not easily maintained.

Some have attempted to escape from the force of the moral argument against slavery, by denying that the negro is a man, and asserting him to be an elevated species of ourang-outang—a connecting link between the human and the brute creation; unable to perceive any circumstance which would defend the propriety of depriving the slave of his liberty, if all men are admitted to be equal in right, these theorists tell us, if we allow the negro to be a man, we surrender the whole ground to the abolitionists, and stand convicted of "the worst crime of the age." But this argument is really only a single remove from unmitigated folly. It is based upon the assumption of the point in dispute, allows the socialist principle in all its extent, and admits that creatures absolutely equal by nature cannot be subjected to inequalities in social life without an invasion of justice; an idea fatal to exclusive rights of every description. The very point in debate is whether creatures equal by nature, can be lawfully placed upon a footing of inequality; and the plea in review assumes the negative, and then proves its truth by its own deposition. The fundamental idea of the socialist creed is the injustice of subjecting equals by nature, to inequalities in society; and this is the idea which underlies the rejection of the negro from the family of man. Besides; we really have no respect for the understanding of a man, who denies that the negro is a human creature; if he cannot credit the evidences of his senses, it is impossible to effect his opinion: it is impossible to

simplify ideas enough to prove a proposition asserted in vain by the senses themselves. If the variations in the races of men are permitted to overbalance the thick and clustering mass of resemblances in body, mind and conscience, then it is impossible to classify any two things unless they are absolutely identical. Nor will it better the case to assert that the negro is really a man, but not the equal of the white race; this is equally futile. If he be a man at all, he has all the rights of a man; nor can the physical superiority of the white race at all justify them in reducing the black into servitude. In the effort to escape from the charges of moral delinquency, urged by the abolitionist from the theory of freedom, this opinion rushes from Scylla to a worse Charybdis, and justifies a complete prostration of the rights of an inferior race, purely on the ground of physical superiority in the enslavers. If the institutions of the South cannot be defended on higher reasoning than that, the sooner the attempt at defence is abandoned, the better it will be. In addition to all this, to say that the negro is *not a man*, but an improved species of chimpanze or monkey, is to assert an exploded dogma of ethnological science, already abandoned for a new position, by the opponents of the unity of the human family. It assumes the refuted absurdity of the diversity of the *human species;* an idea admitted to be untenable by the recent alteration of the contest from the *diversity of the species*, to the *diversity of the races* of men. We regard this position of the defenders of slavery in the South as surrendering the whole question of right, and admitting that the institution is not susceptible of defence on the laws of morality; while it attempts to justify it upon a supposition of as questionable a morality as the slave trade itself. We protest we are unable to perceive any reason for the holy horror expressed at the common defences of slavery, by those who justify it purely on the physical superiority of the dominant race.

On the other side some seek to escape the difficulties of the moral argument, by denying the theory of freedom, and the fundamental maxims of republican government. It is denied that men are free and equal by nature, in any sense of the terms, and they seek to confound the great maxims of civil liberty with the worst dogmas of the socialist and agrarian. Nay, some have gone a degree farther from the theories of our government, and assert that slavery is essential to freedom, and a class of serfs, a necessary ingredient in a republican population; a paradox as detestable as it is mysterious. This view has been of immense injury to the cause of the South, in the great contest upon the subject of slavery. It may suit the ease or incapacity of those who are either too indolent to examine, or too feeble to comprehend the great principles involved in the premises, to cut through all difficulty by denying some troublesome truth involved in the argument; but such treachery to truth always recoils with a larger ruin upon the cause so fatally defended; the general mind refuses to submit to the paradoxes on which the defence of slavery is rested, and immediately concludes that a cause which can only be supported by the denial of obvious and acknowledged truths, must be essentially unsound. A cause must suffer or prosper according to the strength and honesty of its defences.

Now we do not indulge the remotest idea of surrendering the great theories which lie at the foundation of American institutions; nor do we mean to admit that we must be the enemies of republicanism in order to make a successful defence of the moral character of slavery. We have been charged with treachery to republican principles, not less than with treason against God; and the ear of the world has been stunned with proclamations of the identity between the abolition party and the friends of civil and religious freedom. Indeed the sentiment has been deeply fixed already, that no slave-holder can be a real friend to the liberties of man, and is by the necessity of the case an advocate of arbitrary power in the guise of a modern republican. But it is time to arrest the progress of an opinion so injurious to us, and so entirely misapplied to our antagonists in the controversy. Nothing can more triumphantly display the difference between the friends of freedom and the abolitionists of the North, than the unquestionable fact that the latter are imperrilling the interest of freedom to an extent inconceivably great by threatening the existence of this great republic rather than execute a law which they conceive to be an offence to the laws of God and the rights of man.

There is a most oracular degree of mystery in the idea that it is necessary to be an idfidel, to be a friend to humanity, and that a rejection of Christianity is an essential preparation for a consistent adherence to the principles of freedom. The attempt has been frequently made to establish a necessary sympathy between the principles of infidelity and the maxims of freedom; but the attempt has always failed. It is not true that infidelity has a natural affinity for freedom; on the contrary, the whole system leans in its tendencies to the establishment and exercise of arbitrary power. The license and irresponsibility it introduces are the worst foes to the virtue and intelligence, and consequently to the liberties and contentment of the race. The small account which infidelity makes of the nature and responsibilities of man, naturally di-

minishes the value of human life; renders violence less objectionable, and whispers that a prompt interference of arbitrary power is a safer and speedier way to suppress and reduce the heats and eruptions of the political body than a tedious appeal to laws and evidence. To Hume the shedding of blood was but the diversion of a little colored fluid from one channel to another; and this atrocious sentiment is nothing more than the legitimate result of his skeptical opinions. On the contrary, Christianity, by elevating the dignity of man and opening the august scenery of immortality, adds value to human life, invests man with an importance only surpassed by the superiority of angels, and clothes his most insignificant interests with a meaning and significancy equal to a cause which may exert an abiding effect on the fate of an immortal being; it thus gives an importance to the protection and welfare of man, which, when applied to politics, finally developes itself in the theories of freedom. Besides, Christianity constantly appeals to the personal responsibility of the individual; it carefully separates each person from the mass of mankind; it teaches one to feel an individuality of relation between himself and his God, which naturally creates the sentiment of personal independence of other men, and thus prepares the way for the assertion of the right of self-government. Certainly if each one is to answer for himself, he must be free to select his own modes of meeting his responsibilities; the fact that a personal accountability is strictly fastened upon each individual necessarily implies the absence of restraint upon all the powers requisite to the discharge of his duties. These are some of the general maxims of the gospel, of which Wayland has attempted to avail himself in his argument with Fuller; nor can we refrain from expressing our surprise that a man of as acute and practised an intellect as the President of Brown University, should have made so bungling a misapplication of them to the subject in debate. He argues from the responsibility of the slave and the implied absence of restraint, that the relation which subjects him to the command of another, destroys his responsibility and assaults the very nature of his moral constitution. But the subjection of a slave to the orders of a master no more strips him of a proper responsibility, than the subjection of a child to the authority of a parent destroys the moral nature of the child; and if the destruction of moral character in the one case proves the relation to be a sin then the same cause will prove the other relation to be equally criminal. Slavery no more interferes with the proper responsibility of the slave, than an agency interferes with the general responsibility of an agent; the principal or the master can only be held responsible for such acts of the agent or the servant as are performed in pursuance of their personal directions; while the agent and the servant, so far from being freed from responsibility because they act under the direction of another, are fully bound by the law of morality to discharge their duties faithfully to the full. Wayland's interpretation of the maxims of the gospel respecting the responsibility of the individual would make responsibility inconsistent with law, and demands that an agent be not merely not hindered in his obedience to law, but actually be free to determine whether the law shall be binding upon his obedience or not. All that the gospel means is that the agent must be free from actual restraints; and how the right of one man to the service of another, can destroy the accountability of the slave, in any sense whatever, it is not easy to conceive; so far from diminishing his responsibility, it actually presents a new occasion for its exercise in discharging the new obligation which has devolved upon him. Such is the aspect of the question presented by the Apostle where he defines the services of slaves as *duties to God*, which they are to render in obedience to all the lawful orders of their masters, *not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.** The whole argument from these maxims of moral responsibility is based upon the assumption, that slavery is inconsistent with moral law, and utterly confounds the distiuction between a relation and the law which controls it. According to this view a man to be free from responsibility, has only to form some relation with another, and the mutual dependence of the parties strips each of all accountability. The simple rule of the gospel is that moral law embraces each relation between men lawful in itself, and that the responsibility of men, instead of being diminished by the new combination, is actually increased by the presentation of a new object within the compass of the law. The responsibility of man is to the law which governs the relation; the existence of the relation does not destroy the law. The law always exists, because moral law is unchangeable, and therefore the responsibilities of master and slave instead of being destroyed by the relation are consequently in force, while the relation itself has actually enlarged the accountability of both by a new arrangement of affairs.

But to make a brief return to the influence of the gospel upon the principles of civil liberty we remark that the doctrines of revelation are favorable to the theories of republican government, from the general tendency of its rejection of all distinction of persons. It is one of the most re-

*Ephesians iv. 5—9.

markable peculiarities of the Christian system, that it levels all distinctions compatible with the nature of things, it brings all men upon a level, and launches its shafts indiscriminately at peasant and prince, and at the same time allows no distinction of bond or free, wise or foolish, round the cross and the table of Christ. It is easy to perceive that the gradual influence and tendency of these peculiarities, is to reduce all men to the consideration of their common brotherhood and equality. In a word, the connection between infidelity and freedom, the Bill of Rights and the blasphemies of Tom Paine is not as legitimate as the connection between the brilliancy of a diamond, and the soil in which it was originally imbedded. The theory of freedom is nothing more than *the law of love applied* to politics; and the impression that there is a real relation in the nature of things between infidelity and republicanism, is only one more sample of a successful depredation upon the principles of the gospel converted by the ingenious malice of the thief into a weapon of offence to the system that produced it. Facts establish the correctness of these conclusions. Hume, the greatest of the skeptics, was the apologist of the Stuarts, and not less than Bolingbroke, the friend of arbitrary power; while the great historian fully acknowledges that England was indebted for the maintenance of her ancient liberties to the party of the Puritans; a party which stood on the most distant and direct antithesis to the religious opinions of their reluctant eulogist. Indeed the connection between the love of freedom and the most rigid of all systems of Christian doctrine has been so uniform and consistent, as to attract the notice and invite the remark of the finest historian of modern times.* The reason consists in the stern and inflexible disregard of all distinctions among men, and the rigid adherence of the Calvanistic theology to its fundamental idea that all men are under sentence of condemnation, and therefore no injustice is done, if one is taken and another left,

The great argument of Wayland against the morality of slavery is drawn from these general tendencies of the gospel, and the capital mistake which he makes is the assumption without a shadow of evidence, that these indefinite influences of the gospel are so diametrically opposed to the relation of slavery, as necessarily to mark it as essentially opposed to moral law. This palpable begging of the question penetrates the entire disquisition of our author, and he seems entirely unconscious of the existence of the sophism. The question would be forever settled in the minds of those who credit the Christian Scriptures as a revelation from God, if it could be proved beyond a doubt that slavery was essentially and necessarily opposed to the spirit and precepts of the gospel. When therefore Wayland is successful in establishing the general tendency of the gospel to promote the civil and political freedom of mankind, he is by no means at liberty to draw his conclusions until he has made a separate attempt to prove the essential opposition of slavery to these general and indefinite influences. This is the true issue in the controversy, and as such we shall meet it.

The clear and overwhelming testimony which proves that these tendencies of the universal maxims of the gospel are not proof of the sinfulness of slavery, is found in the fact that slavery is expressly and repeatedly recognized as a lawful relation in the positive precepts and examples of the sacred record. The relation was originally instituted by God himself, to punish the sin of Ham and reward the filial fidelity of Japhet and Shem.* From that early period in the history of the world, down through the reign of the patriarch to the formation of the Jewish theocracy, slavery was fully incorporated with the social life of the followers of the true religion. Abraham was the master of a large number of slaves, some born in his house and some bought with his money,† God expressed his favor towards the Fathers of the Faithful, by large grants of gold and silver, *men servants and maid servants*,‡ Job, the great prince of Idumea, owned large multitudes of slaves.‖ When the holders of the true religion were formed into a regular political association, slavery was incorporated with every form of Jewish society; slaves waited in the palace, served in camp, watched the flocks in the field, and ministered to the priests in the temples of God.§ All the prominent saints of the Old Testament without any distinguishable exception, were owners of slaves or implicated in slavery. The laws of Moses provided the most minute and specific regulations to govern the purchase and manumission of slaves, to define their duties, and to enforce their rights.¶ These facts are totally irreconcilable with the doctrine that slavery is a sin, *per se*, and "a sin of appalling magnitude;" to use the fearful language of the author of the moral science. The idea is essentially infidel; no man can hold to the inspiration of the Old Testament and denounce slavery as a sin in itself, without an inconsistency as palpable to the intellect as its blasphemy is abhorrent to the heart. On the supposition that slavery is a sin *per se*, it

* Macaulay's History of England. Vol. 2, p. 320.

* Genesis ix. 25—27.
† Genesis xvii. 12.
‡ Genesis xxiv. 35.
‖ Job xxxi. 13.
§ Lev, xxv. 44—46. Ex. xxi—26. Eccle. ii. 7.
¶ Ex. xxi. 26—27.

is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the word of God has legalized crime and reduced it to a code; that a crime surpassing adultery or murder in turpitude, was allowed in the lives and social relations of the patriarchs and saints of old; and that the favor of God was expressed to Abraham by placing him in a relation which made him a criminal of the deepest dye. It is not easy to conceive the difference between the most open and loud-mouthed blasphemy, and an opinion which thus compromises the glory of the holiness of God. The evasion by which Wayland attempts to evade the force of the argument from the slave laws of the Jewish theocracy, can be fitly described by no other terms than to say it is contemptible. The argument is not that "what God sanctioned among the Hebrews, he sanctioned for all men, at all times, he sanctioned slavery among the Hebrews; and therefore sanctions slavery among all men and for all times."* The argument as Fuller urged with triumphant success is that God would not have sanctioned a crime among Hebrews, nor any other people; and therefore slavery is not a crime. His attempt to draw a distinction between the ways in which God sanctioned or permitted slavery† is totally unavailing. It is one thing to refuse to oppose the wilful perpetration of wrong by another; but it is a very different thing to make a formal grant of permission to sin by actual legislation for the purpose, and especially by making rules for the regulation of a criminal relation. When God tells the Jewish people that "their bond-men and bond-maids shall be of the heathen round about them, and that they should take them as an inheritance for their children after them,"‡ when he enters into detailed description of the laws which should control this property, if he does not mean to *sanction* the relationship in the full sense of the term, as applied to the relationships of a fallen race, then it is absurd to expect language or action to convey a picture of sentiment or opinion. The Old Testament is full of keen and pregnant warnings to the worshippers of Jehovah, to avoid contact with the vices and idolatries of the heathen around them; but if slavery be a sin then we find the avenger of idolatry and irreligion deliberately allowing the "worst crime of the decalogue, and actually deluding the people into an extensive practice of it, by granting them express permission to indulge it to the utmost, and by guarding it with a series of minute and specific laws created for no other purpose. The man, who is able to reconcile such opinions with a credit of the claims of the Bible, will be a prodigy of acuteness and ingenuity.

Before we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we must call special attention to what appears to us the most conclusive of all the overwhelming truths presented in the Old Testament Scripture, upon the morality of slavery. We allude to the fact that the *morality of slavery is recognized as lawful in the very letter of the moral law.* The tenth commandment is expressed as follows, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."* Now the very same reasoning which would infer from this passage the lawfulness of marriage or the morality of property in houses or cattle, will equally establish the lawfulness of slavery. It is absolutely amazing how this question can admit of debate when the affirmative glares broadly in the very face and type of the moral law; where we may well ask is the reverence once felt by the Christian Church for the laws of its head? Or are we to be confounded by the spectacle of a revolt in the kingdom itself, and with the astounding mystery of the Church of Christ heading the column of the infidels in its advance against the cross and the covenant? If an explicit recognition, in the very letter of the decalogue is not allowed to settle this controversy, it is useless to pursue it.

But the universal outcry of Christendom warns us to neglect no means of defence in our reach; and we proceed to examine the deposition of the New Testament writers. Their testimony is equally unequivocal. The whole of Jewish and Pagan society at the coming of Christ was thoroughly identified with the institutions of slavery. One of the most bloody and barbarous codes that ever disgraced the statutes of a great people, regulated the relation of slavery in the Roman Empire. If therefore slavery is the enormity it is represented to be by modern speculators in morals, the Apostles of Christ were bound by their commissions as apostles, by their honesty as men, by their consistency of principle and character, to denounce it as an outrage against man and an insult to God, and to threaten the retributive vengeance of divine justice upon any who hesitated to abandon it even for a moment. If then the New Testament had been totally silent on the subject, that silence would have afforded an irresistible argument, to prove that they did not consider slavery sufficiently criminal to demand a public notice and disapproval. But slavery is expressly mentioned; and so far from being denounced as a crime, it is regulated by repeated and explicit rules, and its duties en-

* Fuller and Wayland, p. 62.

† Fuller and Wayland, pp. 54 or 60.

‡ Lev. xxv. 44—46.

* Ex. xxv. 17.

forced by solemn injunctions and appeals to the authority and power of God. Masters are ordered to give unto their servants that which is just and equal; and servants are commanded to obey in all things, their masters, according to the flesh, nor with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart fearing God.* These injunctions were repeated over and over, and are invariably enforced by the will and authority of God. The inference moves with stern precision from such premises to the conclusion that slavery is not a crime or anything that approaches it. But the argument is prodigiously strengthened by the fact that the apostles, while demanding the surrender of all things for the sake of Christ, and declaring that without holiness no man should see God, yet admitted slave-holding Jews and Gentiles in crowds to the rite of baptism and the full privilege of communism in the Church, styled them brethren faithful and beloved, admitted them to their entire confidence, and by the whole course of their policy confirmed the existing order of society in relation to slavery. Yet modern churches have cast out of the synagogue and delivered over to the polite and tender attentions of the devil, those whom Paul and his coadjutors would have received to the full confidence of Christian affection. Is it possible to desire a more convincing proof that the spirit which animates the moderns is a very different spirit from the guide of the ancient church? Now sum up the substance of this argument, and consider it at a glance. At the time of the early rise of Christianity slavery universally prevailed in the world; yet the Apostles of Christ went forth denouncing every form of vice, waging extinguishable warfare upon all the popular superstitions of the times, daring the vengeance of noble and priest, magistrates and populace in unsparing assaults upon every shape and degree of sin and irreligion; and so far from denouncing this enormous and disgraceful sin of slavery, they framed laws for its regulation, gave new sanctions, drawn from the principles of religion to enforce its duties, and admitted slaveholders to all the privileges of the Church they were commissioned to erect. If slavery is a sin, *per se*, the inspiration of the New Testament is absurd.

The explanation which Wayland attempts to make of this most extraordinary procedure of the Apostle, actually increases, instead of removing the difficulty it creates on the abolition theory; he declares they failed to denounce it from *motives of expediency*,† and are not to be considered as giving their sanction to the relation. No doubt expediency may be sometimes consistent with the utmost degree of moral excellence; this is only to say that prudence and virtue are not incompatible. But the doctrine of expediency in its most liberal application can never justify a *connivance* at crime, much less an *encouragement* to commit it. This explanation of our author destroys all consistency of conduct, as well as all inflexibility of principle in the Apostles, makes them truckle to fear in a single instance, while the daily dared death in every other; and besides this, it does not affect the real difficulty in the case. If they had merely failed to denounce the sin, they would have been inexcusably recreant to their high commission; but to suppose them as not merely failing to denounce, but actually regulating by law, and enforcing it by the solemn sanctions of religion, is to imagine a degree of absurdity hardly consistent with the frailest virtue—much less with the stern integrity of the commissioned ambassadors of God. Wayland also attempts to evade the force of this plea, by stating that if the Apostles did sanction slavery in the Roman Empire they thereby sanctioned all the absurd and inhuman laws of the Roman slave code.* But this argument is of a piece with his plea against the testimony of the slave laws of Moses, to the morality of slavery. We do not argue that the Apostles sanctioned slavery and everything connected with it in the Roman laws; we assert that they sanctioned it, *even in spite* of that terrible code; nor can the most acute ingenuity torture a sanction of a thing, into a permission of any thing not essential to the original subject of the sanction. The argument simply states that the Apostles could not sanction a sin *per se*; but they *did* sanction slavery, and therefore slavery is not a sin, as the abolition theories assert it to be. The savage character of the Roman slave code adds strength to the argument from the New Testament writers; if they allowed a relation when covered with such barbarous adjuncts, much more would they approve it in a milder type. Dr. Wayland should have remembered that the Apostles were prevented by the inspiration of God from committing the blunder, which penetrates the whole of his argument with absurdity—of confounding the adjuncts of slavery with slavery itself, and blending in one undistinguishable condemnation, the relation itself and the objectionable laws that governed and controlled it.

Our anti-slavery philosopher makes a third attempt to evade the force of the argument from the mutual duties defined and enforced upon master and servant in the Epistles of Paul, by stating that the patience and meekness, the fidelity and charity required by the Apostle are obligatory upon all men, and of course upon masters;

* Col. iv. 1 and iii. 22.

† See Fuller and Wayland, pp. 63—70.

* See Fuller and Wayland, pp. 86—87.

and by inquiring whether our obligations to practise honesty and charity, and avoid purloining and eye-service, depend on the justice of the authority which the master claims over the servant.* The fatuity and confusion of this question are really amazing. The obligation to honesty and zeal in the abstract depends solely upon the authority of God; but the obligation to be diligent and faithful in discharging the duties of a particular relation, does most certainly depend upon the moral character of the relation itself. No man is under obligation to be faithful in discharging the duties of an unholy relationship; on the contrary he is under the highest obligations *not to perform them at all.* We may assert that with a propriety identical with that exhibited by our author that the law of fidelity is binding upon all, and upon adulterers among others. Surely if fidelity and zeal in the discharge of duty operate without regard to the moral nature of the relation, then the moral law becomes the warrant for the most extraordinary zeal and fidelity in carrying out the business of a thief and receiver, or of an adulterer and adulteress. The obligation to fidelity is one thing, and the relation to which it is to be applied is another; fidelity in the abstract is moral; but fidelity in discharging the duties of a sinful relation is only faithfulness in crime, of which the most treacherous desertion is the only virtue. The duty to be faithful in discharging a relation necessarily sanctions the relation itself; it is impossible to make a moral application of the obligations of virtue to a sinful or criminal relation; such a supposition is to say in effect that it is duty to be faithful in crime, and the more faithful and consistent is the criminal career, the more completely are the claims of duty fulfilled; a paradox in which it is impossible to distinguish between the superior claims of folly and wickedness. When the President of Brown University informs us that Christ is honored by the obedience of the slave,† but that the right of the master is not recognized by the law which enforces his rights to the services of the slave, he is utterly unconscious that he is really uttering a most detestable insinuation against the Saviour. The assertion that Christ is honored by the discharge of the duties of a positively sinful relation, is an insult to his honor; it is the same as to say he is honored by the performance of what is wrong in itself, and is all the more honored as the wrong is more consistently and perseveringly committed. It is a simple and absolute impossibility to distinguish in point of morality between a relation, and the offices which are necessary and peculiar to it. We regard this admission of Wayland's that Christ is honored by the obedience of the slave and the humanity of the master, not only as fatal to his cause, but as affording a most triumphant vindication of the morality of the slavery relation. If God will be honored by the discharge of its duties, then those duties must be worthy of his approval; nor can any ingenuity separate the connection between his smile of approval, and the worthiness of its object.

One of the most common and popular arguments against slavery consists in the charge that it reduces the slave from a man to a brute, from a person to a thing, and divests him of all the essential characteristics of humanity at the same time that it arms the master with unlimited power over the body, mind, soul, and every right of the slave. This plea has not only been the universal reliance of the multitude, but what is surpassing strange it has imposed upon some of the finest thinkers of the country and forms a standing proof of the absurdities into which even high intellect may be seduced by preconceived prejudice and opinion. We must permit Dr. Thornwell to assist us in replying to this folly:

"If this be a just description of slavery, the wonder is, not that the civilized world is now indignant at its outrages and wrongs, but that it has been so slow in detecting its enormities, that mankind, for so many centuries, acquiesced in a system which contradicted every impulse of nature, every whisper of conscience, every dictate of religion—a system as monstrously unnatural as a general effort to walk upon the head or think with the feet. I have however no hesitation in saying, that whatever may be the technical language of the law, in relation to certain aspects in which slavery is contemplated, the ideas of personal rights and personal responsibility pervade the whole system. It is a relation of man to man—a form of civil society of which persons are the only elements, and not a relation of man to things. Under the Roman code, in which more offensive language than that employed by ourselves was used in reference to the subject, the Apostles did not regard the personality of the slave as lost or swallowed up in the propriety of the master. They treat him as a man possessed of certain rights, which it is injustice to disregard, and made it the office of Christianity to protect these rights by the solemn sanctions of religion—to enforce upon masters the moral necessity, the moral obligation, of rendering to their bondmen that which is just and equal. Paul treats the services of slaves as *duties*—not like the toil of the ox or the ass—a labor extracted by the stringency of discipline—but a moral debt in the payment of which they were rendering a homage to God. He considered slavery as a social and political economy, in which relations subsisted betwixt moral, intelligent, responsible beings, involving reciprocal rights and reciprocal obligations. There was a right to command on one hand—an obligation to obey on the other. Both parties might be guilty of injustice and of wrong—the master might prostitute his power by tyranny, cruelty, and iniquitous exactions—

* Fuller and Wayland, pp. 81—82.

† See Fuller and Wayland, p. 81.

the servant might evade his duty from indolence, treachery, or obstinate self-will. Religion held the scales of justice between them and enforced fidelity upon each by the awful sanctions of eternity. This was clearly the aspect in which the Apostle contemplated the subject."*

In addition to this it may be said that the idea of slavery making a brute of a man, and changing him from a person to a thing, is an absolute absurdity; there is no meaning or sense whatever in the expression; the absurdity is so monstrous as to set all comprehension at defiance. How can a man be reduced into any other nature than the human; how can he be metamorphosed from a *person* into a *thing?* No circumstances can alter the essential nature of a particular form of existence. It is mere folly of the most transparent description to say that the subjection of the slave to the will of his master, so changes the nature of things as to make his obedience of the identical nature of the obedience of a tool to the hand of a workman, or the obedience of a horse to the rein and spur of the rider. Dr. Thornwell very properly remarks, that "*obedience*, except as a figured term, can never be applied to any, but rational, intelligent, responsible agents."† If the action of one man under the direction of another essentially changes the very nature of the agent, we should witness the most extraordinary demissions of humanity every time an agent acted for a principal; and every time a lawyer yielded to the suggestions of a client he would immediately become a very curious specimen of legal machinery, in which motions and demurrers moved with the precision of a cog-wheel, and clattered with all the noisy vehemence of a cotton-gin. We have already seen in this review that while slavery might share responsibility in one sense between the master and the slave, yet in another, it not only preserved, but enlarged the just accountability of both for the proper observance of the mutual duties growing out of their new relation. It would be as much as any man's reputation for sense or sanity was worth, to say that the acting of one man under the direction of another, changed the essential nature of the agent; yet men have been allowed to assert this very absurdity in relation to slavery with entire impunity. But the most triumphant refutation of this celebrated argument is to be found in the proper character of slavery; to this we would now solicit the attention of our readers.

Slavery is the property right of one man to the services of another; or it is such a relation between two individuals, as forms the basis for a just claim of one to the perpetual services of the other. It is a contradiction in terms to say that slavery is not a relation of property. The property character of slavery is fully recognized in those passages where slaves are numbered with other articles of property, and where they are said to be a *possession* taken as an *inheritance* for children.* There is a peculiar effrontery in the denunciation of *chattel* slavery as an offence against God, when the tenth commandment forbids one man to covet the servants of his neighbor, on the very ground that they are *property*. Should it be said that the prohibition to covet the man-servant or the maid-servant, no more proves them to be articles of property, than the prohibition to covet the *wife* of our neighbor, proves a wife to be a proper article of property—it will be enough to reply that the question whether the servants are to be properly classed with the wife or with the houses and cattle is fully settled by interpreting the passage, in the light of those passages which expressly number slaves with oxen and sheep, and those which define slaves to be *possessions* liable to inheritance and devise. But the effrontery in the denunciation of *chattel* slavery is surpassed by its absurdity; there is but one kind of slavery, and if the property character of the relation is destroyed, the relation itself is annihilated. All the complaints and invectives urged against slavery as involving a right of property, are drawn from a definition of slavery and a definition of property, which are marvels of inaccuracy and want of precision. Slavery is commonly defined to be *a property in man*, and when Wayland defines property to be *the right to use something as one chooses*, provided the use of it does not interfere with the rights of his neighbor,† it is immediately perceived that a *property in man gives the master a right to do as he chooses with the slave*. When this portentous conclusion is thus inevitably fastened upon the institution of slavery, heaven and earth are called to witness against a relation which gives such unprecedented power to one man over another. Hence we are informed with a gravity and earnestness that strip the absurdity of ridicule and convert it into a fearful fanaticism, that slavery gives a man a right to blind the mind, debauch the morals, destroy the life or ruin the soul of his servant, or whatever else his caprice or passion may dictate. Hence it is said that slavery changes the nature of the slave, and works that incomprehensible mystery of changing a person into a thing. This contemptible sophistry has imposed upon some of the first philosophical writers of the

* Thornwell's Discourse, pp. 19—20—21.

† Sermon p. 20. See previous remarks.

* Lev. xxv. 44—46. Gen. xx. 14.

† Elements of Moral Science. p. 229.

BIBLIOTHECA RHODE ISLAND

Northern States; Channing, Whewell, and Wayland have all fallen into the blunder, and when we see the philosophical and discriminating minds of the country run wild on an absurdity so preposterous, we cease to wonder at the rage and hatred with which the masses of the Northern people are taught to regard the institutions of the South. If such a conception of slavery were just, the only wonder is that the opposition to it has been confined to political and moral weapons; the sword of indignant humanity should sweep the curse from the earth.

But the horrible conclusions, which we have just reviewed, cannot be escaped if the premises of the argument are admitted to be true. If property is the right to do as one chooses with the article of property, and slavery be a property in man, we are not able to perceive what it is that the master may not do with the slave, whether it be to use him for service, or torture him at the stake, or cook him for the fox hound. The conclusions are inevitable from the premises, and if the premises contain the essential and necessary elements of slavery, the conclusions they produce prove beyond all doubt that slavery is the most atrocious of all possible relations among men. It is absolutely marvellous that the enormity of these conclusions did not throw suspicion upon the soundness of the premises.

Wayland's definition of *property* is exceedingly defective; he declares it to be *the right to do as one chooses with the article of property, unless it interfere with the rights of his neighbor.** This is inaccurate and untrue in every particular. The rights of men do not pertain to things themselves, but to the use of them; men are simply stewards, not absolute proprietors; even the right to life is vested in the use of it, and by no means allows a man to destroy it when he pleases. It is therefore false to say that it gives the owner the right *to do as he chooses* with the article of property, although it may not interfere with the rights of any other man. *Property is a right to use the article of property according to the nature of the article itself.* A man has no right to set fire to his house, to destroy his money or kill his cattle in wanton butchery, even though no one else should be injured but himself. A man has no right to use an animal in the same manner in which he may use a piece of inanimate property; nor has a man the right to use a man in a way which would be pardonable towards a brute. Property gives no man a right to destroy it with wanton or unreasonable usage; the only right it confers is a *right to use according to the nature of the article itself.* So then, even admitting that there is any sense or meaning in the definition of slavery as *a property in man*, the very nature of property forbids that the right of slavery should extend farther than the mere use of the man according to his nature, or his employment in agreement with the rational and just way of making his labor subservient to the interest of the master. This simple conception of the nature of property cuts through the whole of those pathetic declamations of Wayland and his abolition coadjutors over the power of slavery to change the nature of a man, and make *a person a thing*. It is really a pity that people will not condescend to understand what they mean themselves, before they undertake to become the teachers of the public. The finishing clause of Wayland's definition gives the finishing stroke to its precision and correctness; it is not true in every case that property essentially implies non-interference with the rights of others. For instance, a parent may disinherit his children and convey his estate to an indifferent party; the title of the legatee would be valid, although the real rights of the children were utterly exploded; he forgets that there are rights of different kinds and that the right of one may successfully oppose a different and less forcible right of his neighbor.

But this is not all the folly comprehended in that sententious logic by which *a property in man* gives one man such tremendous power over the fate and fortunes of another. Admitting the definition of Wayland to be correct, the term *property in man*, which is sufficiently precise for ordinary purposes of allusion and remark on the subject of slavery, will never answer as a term of debate; for when subjected to the rigid analysis necessary to the success of abstract discussion, it is discovered to present no tangible idea to the most eager and minute attempt at comprehension. In what does the property claim of a *right in man* actually consist,—is it located in the mind, the body, or the moral nature of the slave; where can it be lodged in the servant so as to become tangible to the owner? A right must be something tangible to the possessor; if it is even a purely speculative or metaphysical right, it must at least be tangible to the understanding; where then can a property right *in man* be located upon him. If it exist in the body of the slave, then it gives license to cannibalism; if it exist in the mind, the master may reduce the intellect to idiocy; if it exist in the moral nature, then the master may lawfully debauch the morals and and ruin the soul of his servant. Such is the definition of slavery and such the results which have kindled such fierce enthusiasm against it. The utter incomprehensibility of the phrase *property in man*, and the disastrous consequences that flowed necessarily from it, induced those writers upon moral and metaphysical science, who have been chiefly instrumental in producing

* See Wayland's Elements of Moral Science, p. 229.

the existing sentiment on the subject of slavery, to brand the relation as founded upon a negation of reason, as an absurdity too monstrous to admit of comprehension at all, and as only surpassed in its natural outrage of reason, by the infamous crimes it made lawful and right. It is useless to argue in proof that this representation is as pure a fiction of a distempered imagination as ever infested the reveries of a maniac. It is true that this definition contains no manner of meaning; it is is true it conveys no intelligible idea to the mind; but the man who confounds it with slavery itself, and infers from it that slavery is the bloody and stupid absurdity it is proved to be by such a definition, has reason to fear lest his own brain is becoming as stupid as slavery itself, when he is not able immediately to perceive that the conclusions which grow out of the definition are themselves incontestable evidence that the definition is false.

Although the notion of a property in man is so mysterious and incomprehensible, yet the idea of *a right to the services* of a man, or a property claim upon his producing energies, is level to the apprehension of a child; and this is all of the property character of slavery. It is one thing to have an absolute right to use a man as one chooses, and a very different thing to have a right to use his services according to his nature, in obedience to the rules of reason, and the dictates of moral law. The one right would give the master liberty to abuse his slave to any extent to which his passions might hurry him; the other not merely confines the right of the master to the services of the slave, but commands him to use those services in accordance with the nature of man, forbids him to confound the service owed by a man, as of the same character with the service of a brute; and in every possible way guards strictly the rights of the slave as well the rights of the master. The property right of slavery rests directly in the claim to service, and collaterally in every thing necessary to secure that claim. Slavery secures to the slave all the rights of other men, except the right to control his services and appropriate the proceeds, and the main evils connected with slavery, the injustice and oppression for which slavery is so frequently held responsible are by no means necessary to the relation itself, arise from a neglect of this great distinction and from a trespass upon those rights of the slave, of which his relation to the master has not properly deprived him. We said the right of property vested directly in the claim to service, and collaterally in everything necessary to secure that right. If therefore the relation be undisturbed the property right of the master rests simply and alone in the service of the slave, but if this right be endangered, then it is the right of the master to use precautionary measures to guard his just and lawful claim, just in proportion to the nature and force of the cause that endangers it. These measures of precaution and defence based upon the collateral rights of the master must necessarily be controlled by circumstances, and are to be continued not one whit longer than is absolutely necessary. Thus the agitation of the slavery question in all its aspects by the meddlers of the North has endangered the property of the Southern slave-holder, and made it necessary to deprive the slaves of many a privilege which their relation to their masters did not necessarily forbid, and which their owners would have had neither the right nor the inclination to forbid, except under the pressure of necessity. For instance, slavery is charged with giving the master an absolute right to control the mental nature of the slave, and consign him to perpetual ignorance and imbecility; but this does not form a part of the relation itself; if it exist at all, it exists in the collateral rights of the master. But the movements of the abolition party have made it a measure of police essential to the tranquillity, nay to *the existence* of Southern society, to prevent the general instruction of the negroes in the arts of reading and writing. While therefore the necessity of the case demands the withdrawal of this mode of instruction, it does not remove the right of the servant to claim or the obligation of the master to afford such instruction by oral communication, as will at least form the negro to honesty and conscientiousness in this world and fit him for eternity. The suppression of one claim of the slave, by the stern hand of social necessity, does not necessarily extinguish all others or all forms even of the claim suppressed, and the sermon of Dr. Thornwell gives a pleasing testimony to the accuracy with which the good people of Charleston discriminate between the effect of circumstances upon the rights of their slaves, and affords an instance of self-possession and resolute devotion to duty, amid the tremendous storm of execration and invective that thunders from every civilized quarter of the globe, against the States of the South,—which fully merits the modest self-gratulation with which Dr. Thornwell alludes to it.* The citizens alluded to, satisfied of the impropriety of giving to their slaves the means of acquiring a knowledge of the gospel by reading the Bible for themselves. have justly decided, that a loss of the right to receive religious instruction in one way did not deprive them of the right to receive it in another,; and hence the special effort to have them orally informed of the great facts they had no right to acquire by reading for themselves. We

* Thornwell's Sermon, p. 6.

shall not enter into any discussion of the abstract propriety of educating slaves; our only purpose has been to refute the enormous lies of the abolitionist, about slavery essentially involving the right to control the mental nature of the slave even to the extent of reducing him to idiocy. It is enough to refute all such stupid and wholesale slander by showing that the right to control the intellect of the slave does not belong to the relation in itself; but exists among those collateral rights of the master, which are produced and controlled entirely by circumstances; and is only justifiable in exercise to an extent limited with perfect precision by the absolute necessity of preserving the property rights of the master. Whether the policy of keeping a servile class in entire ignorance, except under such a necessity, is any more prudent than just, may be inferred from the following sentiments of a celebrated writer. Robert Hall says

"Some have objected to the instruction of the lower classes from an apprehension that it would lift them above their sphere, make them dissatisfied with their station in life, and by impairing the habits of subordination, endanger the tranquillity of the State; an objection devoid surely of all force and validity. It is not easy to conceive in what manner instructing men in their duties can prompt them to neglect those duties, or how that enlargement of reason which enables them to comprehend the true ground of authority and the obligations to obedience, should indispose them to obey. The admirable mechanism of society, together with that subordination of ranks which is essential to its subsistence, is surely not an elaborate imposture which the exercise of reason will detect and expose. The objection we have stated implies a reflection on the social order, equally impolitic, invidious, and unjust. Nothing in reality renders legitimate governments so insecure as extreme ignorance in the people. It is this which yields them an easy prey to seduction, makes them the victims of prejudices and false alarms, and so ferocious withal that their interference in a time of public commotion is more to be dreaded than the eruption of a volcano."*

These remarks are specially true of the religious instruction of the colored population of the South; the proper inculcation of the duties made obligatory upon the slave by the New Testament enforced by the solemn sanctions of religion, will prove a better safe-guard to the South against the machinations of the abolitionists, than walls of granite and arsenals crowded with military stores. The erection of the church which formed the immediate occasion of the discourse of Professor Thornwell, is a testimony to the wisdom, not less than to the piety of the people of Charleston, and affords an example well worthy of extensive imitation.

But to return, these necessary inferences from the true nature of property, together with the explanation of the true subject of the property right of slavery, afford a triumphant refutation of the larger portion of the evils, on which the orators of fanatical philanthropy are accustomed to dilate before the gaping crowds of their credulous and conscientious dupes. These views completely explode all those abominable charges which are thrust upon slavery as the necessary and essential results of the relation, without which it would instantly perish. All the absurdity which is vented upon slavery as investing the master with unlimited control over every department of the nature of the slave, is only a proof that the ignorance of the slanderers is of a piece with the fury of their fanaticism. When Fuller had exploded all the misconceptions of his antagonist, Wayland remarks with inimitable simplicity that this was "a new view of domestic slavery and pleased him incomparably better than any he had ever seen."* Perhaps a more attentive review of the terms and definitions of the "Moral Science" would result in giving him a view of slavery still more in accordance with the doctrines of the Bible, and far less sympathetic with the principles of infidelity. If slavery did actually give the master the right to do as he chooses with his slave, it would be all that the most ultra follower of Garrison and Phillips ever asserted it to be; but if it grant only the right to use the services of the slave in accordance with his nature as a man. together with a system of collateral rights entirely produced and controlled by circumstances, then the rights of both parties are guarded with a delicacy and precision of discrimination, not easily surpassed.

It may be objected to the definition of slavery as a right to service, that it does not answer the purpose of a definition by distinguishing the thing defined from everything else of a similar kind, and that it actually makes every form of right to service to be actual slavery. But it is useless to contend about terms when things are identical; it is perfectly true that slavery is the very same in nature as a right to service obtained under contract, except in the *ground on which the right is based*; this constitutes the real difference between the slavery right to service and all other forms of such a right. Dr. Thornwell says the distinction consists merely in the service, in one case being performed in consequence of *a contract*, and in the other, in consequence of *a command*.† This is perhaps not entirely precise; an apprentice and a slave both serve *in consc-*

* Hall's Works. Vol. 1, pp. 119—120. Quoted by Thornwell, pp. 49—50.

* Fuller and Wayland, p. 234.

† Thornwell's Sermon, p. 24.

uence of a command; but the *right to issue this ommand* is founded in one case upon contract, nd in the other upon a *positive right* of the mas-er. We would therefore prefer to say in com-aring these two species of property right in ser-ice, that the *nature* of the claim in both cases is lentical as a *right to service*; while the *grounds* n which the two are based, the *degree* of per-ection in which they exist, and *the perpetuity* in vhich they continue are evidently different. The ight to service under apprenticeship is not so *erfect* a property right as that of slavery, inas-nuch as it does not admit of a transfer by sale, nd does not involve so many collateral rights to rotect the original claim. Moreover the right f the master is *perpetual*, but the obligation of he apprentice is necessarily limited by the du-ation of the contract upon which it is founded. Slavery is not so much a property claim itself, as t is the *ground or relation* upon which that right is founded.

We have thus established the fact that the re-lation between master and servant as affording a ground for the right of the one to the service of the other, is fully recognized by the Book of Revelation to be a morally lawful relation. It is also an unquestionable fact that Christianity is the enemy of all injustice and oppression, and the friend of all just schemes for the promotion of human happiness. It is fully admitted that the general tendencies of the gospel are to re-duce all the anomalies of social life, to raise the oppressed, to cheer the fallen, and lead the whole of the unhappy race of Adam back to the en-joyment of the undisturbed felicities of Eden. The grand mistake of the anti-slavery believers in the Bible, consists in the fatal supposition that these general influences and tendencies of the system necessarily brand the relation of sla-very as essentially opposed to moral law. On the other hand infidelity has laughed it to scorn because it would not yield to the correctness of its conclusions from the abstract maxims of free-dom and equality. While those who are lovers of republicanism, as well as the friends of Chris-tianity, can see the full consistency of the two apparently antagonist decisions in the deflection which the existence of society and the occur-rence of sin has produced from the line of abstract equalities; and also in the principle of common sense that what is unjust in one set of circumstan-may be entirely just in another. Christianity may be opposed to slavery considered without ref-erence to circumstances, and may yet fully recog-nize the justice of the relation when circumstan-ces are brought into view; just as it opposes the destruction of life considered simply by itself, and yet fully acquits it when done in necessary defence. In fact, paradoxical as the statement may appear, yet Dr. Thornwell is entirely right in the declaration, that—

"When the tumult shall have subsided and reason resumed her ascendancy, it will be found that the very principles upon which we have been accustomed to justify Southern slavery, are the principles of regulated liberty—that in de-fending this institution we have really been up-holding the civil interests of mankind—resisting alike the social anarchy of communism and the political anarchy of licentiousness—that we have been supporting representative, republican gov-ernment against the despotism of masses on the one hand, and the supremacy of a single will on the other. It is not the narrow question of abo-litionism or of slavery—not simply whether we shall emancipate our negroes or not; the real question is the relations of man to society—of States to the individual, and of the individual to States; a question as broad as the interests of the human race. The parties in this conflict are not merely abolitionists and slave-holders—they are atheists, socialists, communists, red republi-cans, jacobins, on the one side, and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the other. In one word, the world is the battle-ground—Chris-tianity and Atheism the combatants; and the progress of humanity the stake."*

This powerful sketching is as true in fact, as it is graphic in expression. We shall attempt to select the general principles which control the wide and agitated mass of modern reforms, ex-hibit the rules for their safe and just application to actual affairs, and thus display the consistency between the precepts of Christianity and its gen-eral tendencies upon the social welfare of man-kind.

To the proposition that *all men by nature are free and equal*, we do not hesitate to assent, when it is properly defined; but it contains a fallacy of dangerous absurdity when not properly under-stood, and is easily susceptible of a most fearful abuse. It does not mean that all are naturally equal in qualities of bodily or mental character; nor does it express the idea that men are actually born without the pale of law, or entitled by their birth to equal shares in the existing properties of society. It only asserts that men are abstractly equal in *point of right* considered simply as crea-tures; nor is this perhaps entirely precise, as it would justify complaints against the equity of the Creator in granting advantages to one which he refuses to another. The whole maxim has reference to man considered absolutely as a crea-ture, without any reference to him as a mem-ber of society, or a creature whose moral de-linquencies have justly subjected him to the deprivation of right. It means that all crea-tures have equal rights in their relations to

* Thornwell's Sermon, pp. 12—14.

each other; or that each one has as just a title to what is properly his own, as any other has to what is *his* exclusively. When we say that the maxim has reference to man simply as a *creature*, and prior to any consideration of him as a member of society, we are not to be understood to mean that these maxims are only true with reference to an imaginary state of nature existing before the formation of society; for no such a state of things has ever occurred. We mean that the proposition is *true of each successive generation in the sense in which it is true at all;* and this is in considering each generation, not as existing in society, but as creatures in an absolute sense. Men have certain rights as creatures; nor can they ever divest themselves of those rights, because they can never be any the less creatures than they are; and in this sense the rights of man are *inalienable*. But men are also members of society; society is necessarily formed by the delegation of certain rights and powers of the individual; and hence men have certain modifications of their natural rights, growing out of their relations in society.

Since the inequality of men consists simply in point of *right*, considered simply as creatures, it follows that no one has a right to control another, which the other does not equally possess over him; nor indeed has any one a right to more advantages of any sort in the enjoyment of the external gifts of nature. For instance, no one has any *natural or inherent right* to more land or more property of any sort, than another. But now imagine any occurrence to disturb this balance of natural equities; suppose that of two creatures, one has accumulated by his industry more of the bounties of nature than another; it would be an outrage upon justice to require him to yield up such portions of the honest proceeds of his labor as would suffice to restore the absolute equality of nature. Again let it be admitted that each man has a perfect natural right to his own services, and the proceeds of his own labor; and suppose that by any cause whatever, whether just or unjust, another becomes entitled to his services; it would be an outrage upon justice to apply the abstract truth that each man was entitled to his own services and thus nullify the right of the creditor to the services of the person he has employed. These instances illustrate a truth of infinite importance in human society, and the value of which is to be tested yet in the savage struggle of socialistic infidelity for the mastery of the world; and this is that *circumstances essentially alter the abstract equities* of a state of nature, and that a maxim abstractly *just and true* may be made the instrument of outrageous violence and wrong, by a vicious and unchastened application to actual affairs.

Moreover civil government itself is an illustration of the great truth that the abstract rights of nature are not the rule by which all complaints and dissatisfaction with existing affairs are to be measured with absolute and invariable certainty. As all men are free and equal, no one has any inherent right to govern others; and society is formed by the surrender of certain rights to the governing powers, in order to secure the undisturbed enjoyment of those rights reserved by the individual. Considered then as a member of society, the individual has no right to complain of injustice or oppression, unless the rights he has reserved to himself are seized by the government, or otherwise wrested from his possession; his right to complain is measured *by the rights he has reserved, and not by his rights in the abstract*. Yet the abstract rights of the individual have not been annihilated; they appertain to him as a creature, and as long as he is so these rights are *inalienable;* but they exist as simple abstractions entirely controlled by his position as a member of society. Considering man as a member of society his rights are *alienable;* the right to life may be forfeited by crime, to happiness by ill-desert, to liberty by various sorts of causes. The reason of this consists in the fact that society is based upon a supposition of moral corruption in men, which makes the formation of safeguards against outrage and violence absolutely indispensable. Government is a necessary evil growing out of the defective character of man; and the only defence of that curtailment of natural right implied in the existence of civil laws, is to be found in the absolute necessity of the case. This necessity not only defends the interruption of abstract equity alluded to; but makes it absolutely just that the curtailment of right should take place. Hence we perceive that in the confusion introduced by that great disturbing cause, by which civil government was made necessary, that it *may be absolutely just to disturb* the equities of absolute equality. This fact alone is enough to show that the deprivation of natural right involved in slavery *may* be absolutely just; that the absolute necessities of society may make such a curtailment absolutely just and proper. If we consider man as a creature without regard to any additional idea, it is absolutely wrong to deprive him of *any right however* insignificant; but if we regard him as a guilty and fallen being, then the deprivation of right may be a just and necessary thing. Hence slavery considered as a trespass upon the rights of creatures is a wrong; considered as a system prevailing among *sinful* creatures, *it may be a just and necessary* thing. It is enough for the defence of the consistency of the gospel and the morality of slavery to prove that

it may be just and necessary; whether any particular institution of slavery *actually is* just and right, depends upon circumstances. If, therefore, it is a possible thing that slavery may be *just* and *necessary* in one case, although it may not in another, *it is not inconsistent in the gospel to approve it in one case, and condemn it in another.* Besides, if there be such a thing as a lawful supersedure of abstract rights, by other more forcible rights growing up under the laws of society, *it is not inconsistent* in the gospel to approve the *abstract equality and justice of the rights of nature, and at the same time approve the just and lawful supersedure of them.* The existence of civil government as an instance of such a supersedure, is an irrefutable proof that there is no inconsistency between the precepts and the tendencies of the gospel; that it may approve the rights of man and the theories of republicanism, and yet under the operation of circumstances consistently approve the supersedure of natural right involved both in civil government and in slavery. Christianity may with perfect consistency give rules for the regulation of slavery, considered as a part of a general system of means in managing a revolted world; and at the same time make war upon slavery by gradually removing the causes which made it necessary and proper. This is the policy by which it will gradually drive out all forms of social and civil evil; not by an instant and revolutionary destruction of them as crimes *per se*; but by gradually renovating the general causes which rendered such violations of abstract justice, not merely *excusable*, but *just*.

The whole argument of the abolitionist, from the theory of freedom, is based upon the supposition, that the system of abstract equity has never been disturbed, and makes no sort of allowance for the fact that there has been such a dislocation of moral sentiment by the anomalous state of things in the world, as allows of a conflict between *positive and equitable right.** It is forgotten too that necessity may make that to be lawful, which otherwise would be wrong; a necessity which justifies the existence of government, the waging of defensive war, the taking of life in self-defence, and a thousand other things of a similar kind, in which stringency of circumstance completely reverses the claims of justice, and actually converts a violation of law into a requirement of justice. Thus the taking of human life, considered apart from circumstances is wrong; but in self-defence it is right; nothing but absolute necessity could justify it in society or an individual: but the undoubted existence of this necessity not only justifies, but demands it: the only contest between the advocates and opponents of capital punishment is about the existence of this necessity, and the admission of the necessity settles the question. Thus war is an outrage upon our simplest ideas of morality; yet circumstances may not only make it proper, but absolutely imperative to wage war; the jeopardy of interests high enough to overbalance the calamities of war form the necessity that demands the unfurling of the pennon. These are instances of the distinction which has obtained in the equities of abstract justice, and forms the basis for the consistency of the gospel in relation to slavery and civil liberty; a distinction created by society as an organized form of human power and right, and founded upon a derangement of moral relations by the existence of sin; while the fact of such a conflict between positive and equitable right, proves the existence of some extraordinary cause deranging the general moral system of this world, and thus testifies to the truth of the representations made in the Bible concerning the existence and effects of sin. The grand fact which we learn from this general view, is that *man may be justly deprived of the abstract rights of nature.*

To ascertain now whether this deprivation of natural right can be made *without the consent* of the individual, we have only to reflect that the absolute necessities of society demands that the mutual relations of ruler and ruled should be considered as fixed and settled. Society could not exist for a day, if every individual who conceived his rights to be violated by the acts of the legislature, should refuse to obey and hoist the standard of rebellion; the very existence of order would call for the suppression of this spirit of sedition. Hence it is that the law of inheritance protects the child in the enjoyment of the property of the parent, to the exclusion of all others; and hence all those rights and regulations which extend from generation to generation, making those distinctions by which one man is born to poverty and another to influence and wealth. That is a totally mistaken interpretation of the theory of freedom, which endangers this great fundamental law of society. Not that the stability of existing order is to preclude proper attempts at just reform, or even forbids the right of the people to revolutionize their government when it becomes an instrument of tyranny instead of a means of protection; the right of the people to alter their government is a very different thing from the right of individuals to create seditious and insurrectionary disturbances; and it is equally removed from the right of the masses to destroy all existing rights, to extinguish property, trample upon the just rights of a minority and blend all the rights and privileges of a nation into one undistinguishable ruin. It is impos-

* See Junius' Letters, vol. ii, p. 77.

sible to draw lines of fixed and definite distinction between the use and abuse of this great right of the people; but one thing is certain that government is an ordinance of God,* the management of which is committed to the people and they are therefore responsible as a nation for the proper use or abuse of their power. The atheistic idea that the people are absolute masters of government and not merely agents and stewards of one who holds them accountable—would confound all distinction between the right of revolution and the despotism of the masses, and, by removing the idea of accountability, give perfect impunity to the impulses of the hungry million, display the glittering treasure of wealth and power unguarded by any moral or physical restraint, and leave society trembling upon a foundation shaken by the subterranean thunders of a volcano more terrific than the wildest rage of Ætna or Stromboli. Such a volcano is the kindling of the Socialistic philosophy; a philosophy which is as great an outrage upon the sober sense of a rational mind, as it is upon the moral sensibilities of any but a moral maniac. It springs from an absurd and wicked interpretation of the theory of freedom, whose absurdity and wickedness strive for the palm of superiority. In truth, there are two meanings to the phrase *all men are by nature free and equal*, which are as wide as the poles apart. One regards man as a *creature* without any regard to any relation he sustains; the other considers him as a member of existing society: the one has reference to abstract right; the other to the new modifications of right growing up under the shadow of society. One is the rule by which all just efforts at social reform are justified as right in principle; the other is the great practical law to check the outbursts of extravagance, and make efforts at reform just and proper by regulating them by the existing rights of society as far as is possible. They are the centrifugal and centripetal forces of political philosophy. The errors of socialism and communism spring from a confusion of these rules, and a violent substitution of the positive by the abstract rights of man. In the maxim *all are by nature free and equal*, the term *free* does not mean that man is actually born free from any obligation to parental authority or the existing law of the land, unless he chooses to assume it. No one will contend that each individual is entitled by virtue of his natural freedom to nullify the laws of the land; no matter how much he may dislike those laws, he must not rebel and endanger the tranquillity of the State; for the peace of society is of more importance than the mere abstract rights of any individual. All that is meant by the term *free by nature*, is that considered as a creature without reference to any relation he sustains, no one has any inherent right to control him, which does not equally pertain to him to exert over the other. But the socialist interprets this part of the maxim to mean utter exemption from moral obligation to any law or authority, which the individual does not approve as good, and voluntarily admit to be valid; it even denies the authority of God, unless men choose to allow it, strips the crown from the brows of Jehovah, and blasphemes him as a kind of elective president over a democratic universe. By the term *equal*, is not meant an actual equality of title to existing properties, so that the children of my neighbor are born with as equitable a title to my property as my own; equality of right may exist with the greatest amount of diversity in the objects of possession; and the phrase *equal* simply means that each one has as good a right to what is actually his, as any *other* has to what is *his*. Nor does the phrase *by nature* signify that men are *actually born* with precisely equal rights; but that as *creatures* they have equally commanding rights to what is properly their own. But the socialist interprets the phrase *by nature equal* to mean that his children are justly entitled to an equal division in the property of all his neighbors, and that their *just rights* are trampled upon by those laws which cause the property of a parent to descend to his children, to the exclusion of all others. He has confounded the abstract right of all to equal advantages in the gifts of nature, with the positive right of property growing out of the accumulations with which the industry of some or the heritage of others has invested them. The abstract right of man as a creature, must always give way to the positive right of man as a member of society, for the very sufficient reason, that men are not living in a state of nature, but in a state of society; and therefore their rights under positive law are not only more multiplied in number, but more substantial in reality, than their rights in the abstract. The mistake of the modern abolitionist is precisely similar; he insists upon it that the negro is born to as equitable a title to his freedom as the master who owns him; we acknowledge it in one sense and deny it in another; we agree that considered simply as a creature, his abstract rights are unabated, because he can never be any thing else than a creature; but considered as a member of society his abstract right of self-control has been suspended by a peculiar operation of causes transferring the right to another, and the necessities of the case demand the continuance of this suspension to be applied to the descendants of the party concerned. The following rapid summary of the great principles

* See Epistle to Romans, xiii: 1—2.

involved, and a brief application of them, will show that the same great truths are concerned in slavery and the stability of property, and will prove that Dr. Thornwell uttered no paradox to captivate by the brilliant density of his polished and nervous antithesis, but a truth full of meaning, when he declared that it will be seen hereafter that in defending slavery in the South, we are really defending the great principles of all regulated liberty.

The discussion has informed us of the fact, that the abstract rights of a state of nature have been so disturbed by the events of life, that the inflexible application of abstract maxims is absurd in point of reason and oppressive in point of justice. Nay, so thoroughly has this disturbance taken effect, that it may become an *absolute requirement of justice* to set aside those rights of nature, which are in one sense *inalienable*. We have also seen that the peace of society and the security of life demand that some of these rights may be suspended from the control of the individual *without his consent*. It has also appeared that in the confusion of metaphysical equalities produced by the anomalous condition of this present world, rights grow up under the laws of society, conflict with the abstract rights of society to coincide with the abstract rights of nature, and supersede them, on the ground that man is not living in a state of nature, but in a state of association. This supersedure of abstract right does not *annihilate* them, but suspends them from taking a *direct and controlling* effect in practical affairs; and it is the great law of human progress to push back these positive rights of nature; while it is the perfection of civil government to effect this union with as little violence to existing rights as is possible in the case. Between these two great laws regulating the justice and security of human right, there is a vast arena for the discussion and adoption of necessary and just reforms; and it is the duty of those to whom the management of civil society has been committed by the providence of God, to keep the advance of society towards a state of ideal equity continually in motion; at the same time that it is a duty of equal solemnity to keep this advance in check by the judicious application of positive law, and prevent the movements of reform from rushing into the madness of a speculative enthusiasm, and tearing down all the institutions and rights of associated life.

It will be seen at once that the application of these general principles deal death alternately to the aims of abolition and the theories of socialism. We may fully admit the abstract right of the slave to control himself, and of the socialist to an equality in the gifts of nature, and yet this abstract right may be suspended by the positive laws of society, necessary to its own preservation, *without the consent* of the parties, so that the *slave may be born to a deprivation of his natural right* to control himself, just as others are born to a deprivation of their natural rights to equal possession in the soil and its fruits. The slaveholder is charged with violating the rights of man; and he replies with triumphant success that the rights of man in the abstract have been superseded by the rights of men as members of society; and in the case of our slaves, we *find them born to a deprivation of their abstract rights* made necessary by the exigencies of the case. It is obvious that no man has a right to seize upon a freeman and reduce him into slavery; this supposes him as in actual as well as abstract possession of his right to freedom; but suppose some disturbing cause should so subject him to the control of another, that the very existence of society and the claims of positive justice demand that this suspension of his right should be continued upon himself, and transmitted to his children. This essentially alters the case; the freeman originally enslaved would have far more right to complain than his descendants, since what he once possessed has been violently removed from him; but his descendants have been born to a deprivation of their abstract right under a law which makes it absolutely necessary to transmit that suspension which originally begun in wrong, according to our supposition. It is as unfair to charge upon slavery the inheritance of a title founded in wrong, as involving the inheritor in the guilt of the original kidnapper, as it would be to charge a child with a guilt for inheriting an estate won by the fraud of his ancestors, equal to the guilt of the first wrong-doer. This plausible, but really absurd objection, is based upon a confusion of an evil and the consequences it produces.* The original wrong can never be made right, but *wrong* may lay the foundation of relations and institutions which are lawful in themselves, or by the effect of circumstances, and are therefore to be treated with all scrupulous regard to moral law. The slave trade is as detestable to a Southern slaveholder, as it is to an abolitionist of the North; but he who confounds slavery with the slave trade, perils his reputation for discrimination in a fatal degree. The simple fact is that some forms of slavery are wrong, and others are not; and the individual or the religion which condemns one, is not inconsistent in approving another: circumstances control the moral complexion of slavery, and it is to be condemned or approved as that complexion appears. It is one thing to destroy the liberties of a freeman; but it is another and a very different thing to inherit a right to services

* Thornwell's Sermon, p. 45.

to which the right of the slave has been suspended from practical effect by the laws and necessities of society.

Such are the principles upon which the slave holders of the South are accustomed to defend the lawfulness of slavery and yet maintain the consistency of their republican principles; and the identity of these principles of defence with those necessary to the management of the socialistic theories, proves that the Southern States stand before the world as the maintainers of all just and conservative views in the political speculations of the times. In truth these States occupy a position of a peculiar and most marvellous description. The signs of the times display a degree of confusion on the agitated theatre of human affairs, unexampled in any previous period of history. The spirit of investigation, and the discoveries of science have stimulated the most unchastened activity of inquiry into every imaginable subject to which abstract theories of preconceived opinion can possibly be applied. This is the form in which infidelity is beginning to ride rampant across the best interests of man for time and his hopes for eternity; men determining beforehand what it would be proper for God to reveal, have thus completely subjected the Revelation of God to the merest whims of their caprice, and levelled its honor in the dust. The same daring and dangerous spirit has presumed to attack the rights of property, the principles of wages, the sanctity of marriage, the inviolability of duty; and unless it is checked by the operation of some large and commanding force, no imagination can conceive the epic grandeurs of that universal ruin that will surely ensue. In the prostration of private property and the ruin of public credit, in the corruption of morals, in the destruction of law, in the universal arming of individuals for personal defence, in the utter destruction of all social and civil blessings, will be seen the fatal triumph of an infidel philosophy; and in the wild and thrilling groan of a world crushed into the chaos of undistinguishable ruin will rise the song of praise, which will greet the elevation of an atheistic negation of a personal Deity to the throne of Jehovah. Appealing to the simplest teachings of an acknowledged revelation for the lawfulness of our institutions, and standing upon the broad doctrines of civil liberty taught by a reason guided by that revelation, the Southern States of the American Union stand like the ark of Noah on the heaving wilderness of waters, bearing the defence of Christianity, and the doctrines of social order, high and triumphantly through the thundering torrents of speculative madness which threaten the highest parts of all established opinion. The slaveholders of the South mean to maintain their just discrimination of their own and the rights of their slaves; and while living in the effort to do their duty to their dependants, they can front with undaunted courage the rage of the civilized world. Smiting with equal promptness those who deny the theory of freedom, and the lawfulness of slavery, hurling equal defiance to the enemies of republicanism and the foes of the gospel, and trusting with unshaken faith in the providence of Him who rules the armies of Heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, who confounds and distinguishes according to the dictates of an infinite and unerring wisdom, we shall calmly await the issue of events, convinced that our cause is identified with the truth of God, whose power and wisdom thus becomes the guarantee of our final victory.

NORMAN MAURICE;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," &c.

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ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Garden in the rear of the house of Norman Maurice. Walk through a thick shrubbery. Enter Robert Warren and Mrs. Jervas.

Warren. So! So! You heard it all then?
Mrs. J. Every syllable.
Warren. Glorious! But how did you conceal yourself?
Mrs. J. An ante-room conducts us to the hall
Where they were secretly at conference;
Thither, when she descended from my chamber,
I softly follow'd. The convenient key-hole
Gave me the means, at once, to hear and see them.
Warren. Your foresight shames my thought! And so, this Maurice
Denies that you shall harbour in his dwelling?
But this you must do! Your security
Lies in his household only! He might promise
You lodging in St. Louis,—board and clothing,
Ample provision for your state in future,
But once you free his threshold of your presence,
He whistles you down the wind. No obligation
Would bind him to the care of you hereafter!
Mrs. J. What then?
Warren. Why, to be sure! The very thing, dear madam—
Your sickness will not suffer your removal:
Fatigue of travel, grief, anxiety,

Will have their penalties; and your prostration
Is such that all the world would say 'twas monstrous
To drive you,—you, a stranger in the country,—
The home of the one kinswoman that's left you!
Your notion is a good one! Norman Maurice
Is not the man to urge the matter on you—
An invalid,—with feeble pulse,—hot fever—
Confined to bed, and somewhat wandering!
You're right! Methinks you need no counsel, madam.
Mrs. J. I see! 'Twill do!
Warren. 'Tis excellent! So Maurice
Accepts the Senatorial nomination,
Though still his pride revolts at working for it.
Well! He's not Senator yet. This widow's case
Will bring its perils too; and, at the finish,
I'll interpose to blight his growing glories,
And show him———Hark! a footstep—
Mrs. J. Here she comes!
Warren. Auspicious! Here, away; and, while you leave us,
I'll open a brief conference with her.
Meanwhile, 'tis well you put your scheme in progress;
Take to your bed, and get your nostrums ready,
Spare not your groans and sighs—a little faintness
Might well arrest you suddenly in speech!
And—but enough. The thicket! Here, away!

[*They retire behind the copse.*

Enter Clarice.

Clarice. Now all my sorrows sink into the sea,
Since Norman rises to such noble height,
The first in his desert and his desire!
Methinks, till now I doubted of his fortune,
Nor ever felt secure from sad mischance,
The gibe of envious tongues, the jeer of malice,
The snares of bitter foes, and those dark meshes,
That still the treacherous hands of Warren spread.
These do not fright me now, and though his presence,
So apt with coming hither of my aunt,
Would seem to shadow forth an evil purpose,
Yet can I not esteem it cause of fear,
Since it were vain for such as he to struggle
Against the noble fortune of my husband.
Warren, [*coming out behind her.*] Indeed! and yet the shaft that slew the lion,
Was but a reed beside the sedgy stream!
Clarice, [*seeing him and starting.*] Ah!
Warren. The little scorpion issuing from the rock,
First slew the steed whose skull he 'habited.
Clarice. Thou here again!
Warren. If but to teach in thee philosophy.
A pebble in the hand of shepherd slinger,
Smote, so we learn in Sacred History,
The proudest giant in Philistia's ranks.
Clarice. And he whose presence still offends a woman,
But little dreams what champion she may call.
Warren. I knew *your* champion absent ere I ventured.
Your highest pitch of voice, and greatest need,
Would never bring him timely to your succour.
Clarice. What means this threat?
Warren. It is no threat, Clarice.
You will not need a champion when I'm near you.
Clarice. And if I did, methinks in Robert Warren
I should be loth to seek one! Why come hither
My husband's foe, pursuing still his fortunes,
And mine, with bitter malice?
Warren. *Thee* with love!
Clarice. Who wrongs the husband cannot love the wife!
Warren. Clarice, 'twas in my passionate love for thee,
First grew the passionate hate I bear thy husband!
'Till thou, with fatal beauty, came between us,
He was the twin companion of my pleasures;—
My first associate in each boyish frolic,
We still together went, by hill and valley,
Beside the stream, and through th' untrodden forest,
Having no faith but in our youthful friendship,
No joy, but in the practice shared together.
'Twas thou that changed my kinsman to a rival—
'Twas thou that changed our friendship into hate;
We fell apart, suspecting both, and loathing,
When first our mutual hearts inclined to thee!
Clarice. He did not hate thee—had no jealousy,
But still confided to thee, even his passion,
And thou—alas! audacious that thou art,
How canst thou still forget that I too know thee,
A traitor to his trust.
Warren. Have I denied it!
I would have won thee from my dearest kinsman.
This treachery to him was truth to thee!
Clarice. And yet 'twas fruitless! Was it not enough
That thou should'st fail? Why now—
Warren. Enough!
Was every passion to be wreck'd forever,
In that which had denial in thy scorn.
With love denied, was vengeance—
Clarice. Vengeance! Ha!
Is it his life thou aim'st at now, or mine?
Warren. Neither!
Clarice. What then? We're separate forever,—
Our lots are cast apart,—our lives divided,—
Why, when no profit comes to thee—no pleasure,
To us, at this dark crossing of our footsteps—
Why art thou here?—Why vex us with thy presence,
To thy own deep defeat?
Warren. Nay, to your thought,
Look for the answer to this teeming question.
You know me well—enough of me to know,
Whate'er my vices or deficiencies,
I am no simpleton, but have a cunning
That scarce would keep me profitlessly working,
Still drawing fruitless waters in a seive.
That I should press upon your husband's footsteps,
Would prove I still had hope of my revenge!
That I should seek thee in thy secret bower,
Would show me still not hopeless of thy love!
Clarice. Oh! vain and insolent man!
Warren. Hold a little!
If hopeful still of you, 'tis through the prospect
Of vengeance on your husband.
Clarice. Face *him* then!
Warren. You but increase my eager thirst for vengeance,
When you remind me of the frequent struggle,
Which ended in my overthrow and shame.
Clarice. Is't not enough, thus baffled and defeated,—
Why thus encounter still the shame and danger?
Warren. And if my hope lay only in my fortune—
If still my vengeance waited on my strength,
And to the skill and vigor of mine arm,
I looked to win the vengeance that I covet,
I should forego the conflict, as you counsel,
And leave your world in peace, concealing mine!
Clarice. Well, sir—you pause!
Warren. I would have had your thought
Supply the words of mine; but as it does not—
Know that I look to other means of vengeance;
Not through my strength, but in his feeblenes—
Not in my virtue, but your husband's vice!
Clarice. Oh! Hence!
Warren. Hear me! at this very moment

Your husband seeks the pinnacle of power;
He stands conspicuous in the public eye;
The highest place awaits him in the State—
The highest in the nation! At a word,
I can o'erthrow him from his eminence,
Can make his name a by-word and a mock,
Degrade him from his rank; and, with a secret—
Clarice. Shallow and impotent, as base and worthless,
Hence with your secret! Me you can delude not,
Though you delude youself. I know this secret!
Warren. What! Your husband's forgery?
Clarice. *Your* forgery!
Think not to cheat me with your foul contrivance.
You prated of his skill in penmanship,
Defied it,—placed examples in his eye,
And he, confiding, dreaming not that he,
The kinsman who had shared his bed and bosom,
Could meditate a falsehood or a crime,
Wrote, at your bidding, sundry names of persons,
And with these names, without his privity,
Your hand devised the drafts which got the money,
Your hand expended what your guilt procured,
On your own pleasures, in his grievance,—
And he has paid the debt. The fatal papers,
Which might have been a proof of his undoing,
Were burn'd before mine eyes!
Warren. Your eyes deceiv'd you!
I'll not deny your story of the fraud,
But for the papers, let me whisper you—
They were not burn'd—they live for evidence;
Are now in my possession, damning proofs
For the conviction still of Norman Maurice.
Clarice. Oh, false as hell! These eyes beheld them burning.
Warren. Hark, in your ear! What you beheld delivered,
Were but the copies of originals,
The neatly written forgeries of forgeries:
The originals are mine!
Clarice. Have mercy, Heaven!
What will you do with them?
Warren. What you determine.
Clarice. What mean you?
Warren. What, can you not conjecture?
Clarice. No, as I live!
Warren. What should I do with them?
Appease my hatred, pacify my vengeance,—
Wait till this still triumphant enemy
Puts foot upon the topmost ring of the ladder,
Then cut away the lofty props that raise him,
And let him down to scorn and infamy.
Another day would make him Senator,
But that I step between, and show these papers,
And then the thousand voices in his honor,
Pursue him with their hiss!
Clarice. Hellish malice!
Oh, if there be a human nature in thee,
Forbear this vengeance.
Warren. If it pleases thee.
Clarice. How, if it pleases me?
Warren. See you not yet?
The alternative is yours to see him perish,
Or win the eminence that still he seeks.
Clarice. Tell me!
Warren. Be mine!
Clarice. [*recoiling.*] Thine!
Warren. Ay, for nothing less,
Than the sweet honeydew that lines thy lips,
The heaven that heaves in thy embracing bosom,
Will I forego this vengeance.
Clarice. God have mercy!
Yet no! I'll not believe thy cruel story;
Thou hast no papers! I must see—
Warren. Thou shalt!
Meet me, Clarice, at sunset, in yon thicket.
Clarice. I dare not. In yon thicket—
Warren. Dare you then,
To see your husband perish?
Clarice. You but mock.
Warren. Wilt have me swear?
Clarice. What oath would bind a wretch,
So profligate in sin? I will not come!
My husband's honor still defies your arts,
As mine defies your passion.
Warren. You have doomed him!
Clarice. Oh, say not so! You would not have me madden.
Warren. I swear it, what I tell you is the truth,—
I have these papers, own this fearful pow'r
Upon his fame and fortune, and *will* use it—
Clarice. And if I come? [*Looking wearily.*
Warren. And yield you to my passion,
The papers, with the fatal evidence,
Shall all be yours.
Clarice, [*aside.*] Be resolute, my soul!
Heaven help me in this strait and give me strength.
[*Aloud.*] Bring you the papers, Robert Warren; and—
Warren, [*eagerly.*] You'll come?
Clarice. If I have strength and courage, I will come.
[*Exit Clarice slowly.*
Warren. Then mine's a double triumph! Fool!—these papers
Shall serve a twofold purpose: win the treasure,
And yet confound the keeper when he wakes!
[*Exit Warren.*

SCENE II.

The porch of the Court House of St. Louis. Norman Maurice, about to enter accompanied by the Widow Pressley and Kate, is detained by Mercer upon the threshold.

Mercer. A word with you, if you please.
Maurice. Go you in, Madame,
And find yourself a seat until I come:
I'll follow soon. [*Exit widow and child within.*
Mercer. This case will keep you late,
And we this evening hold a conference,
Touching the course of the debate to-morrow;—
Were it not better you took bed with us,
And, in the meanwhile, lest your wife grows anxious,
Advise her, by a billet, of your purpose?
Maurice. Well thought of. I will do so. [*going.*
Mercer. Something farther:
Catesby here tells me—but he comes; here, Catesby.
What's this of Savage? [*Enter Catesby.*
Catesby, [*to Maurice.*] You've won the Savage heart.
It seems that Blasinghame misdoubts your courage,
And as you gave no reference on his challenge,
Inclines to violence; and has bid his lambs
Gather about him to behold the sport.
Maurice. Ah, sport!
Catesby. And this in utter scorn of Savage,
Who counselled patience till the time is over,
Fixed by you for your answer. Blasinghame
Growls sullen, and shows Savage a cold shoulder:
'Twas he himself advised that you be watchful.
Maurice. I thank him, and feel grateful to the Savage.
As for this Blasinghame, he'll have need to growl,

When we have done with him. But, farther, Catesby—
Be you convenient, and, when court is over,
Meet us at Mercer's.
Catesby. I shall stay the trial.
Maurice. Good. Let us in then.
[*Exeunt within.*

Enter Blasinghame, Savage and others.

Blasinghame. That's enough, Jo Savage.
Savage. Ay, if it answers.
Blasinghame. Answer or not, I tell you, still enough.
Savage. And, for that very reason, may be wisdom.
Blasinghame. Perhaps so, but I'm not used to sudden changes:
I will take farther counsel with myself.
Savage. Doubtless. to find the way to wise conclusions.
I wash my hands of the business.
Blasinghame. Pray do so!
But, see you Ferguson?
Savage. He follows us,
Yonder, with Matthews and the stranger, Warren.
Blasinghame. Well, if all fails to bring this Maurice down,
That fellow has a secret.
Savage. What is it?
Blasinghame. Why, something that should please you,—quite pacific—
For final overthrow of this man Maurice:
But let us in. I should be rather anxious,
Having at stake a fortune on this trial.
[*Exeunt within.*

Enter Ferguson with books and papers, accompanied by Warren.

Warren. You have it all, sir. At the public meeting
You boldly challenge him with forgery,
Call on me to produce the fatal papers,
And summon Richard Osborne to confirm them.
Ferguson. We'll crush him at a blow.
Warren. 'Till then, nothing!
The shame must be complete, beyond recovery.
Let him stretch forth his hand to gain the station,
In sight of all, then in remediless ruin,
Hurl him down headlong.
Ferguson. You are sure of him—
Your facts—your proofs, your persons?
Warren. Sure as fate!
Ferguson. You will not fail us.
Warren. Would you have me swear?
Have I been wrong'd, and do I hate this Maurice?
Will hate forego the moment of revenge?
Revenge reject the draft that quenches thirst,
And he who long has dream'd of hidden treasure,
Turn from the golden prize at last his own?
Not, if the hell that feeds this passion fiercely,
Bestow the needful resolution for it!
Ferguson. And this man, Osborne?
Warren. He has had his lesson—
He'll answer when you call him.
Ferguson. All then is true!
Warren. As true as need be for a lawyer's purpose,
As for a foe's.
Ferguson. 'Tis very pitiful—
For, though I like him not, this Norman Maurice
Is still a man of wondrous qualities;—
But for this lapse from virtue he had been
Most perfect.
Warren. It is well he is not perfect,
Or he had put humanity to the blush,
By showing, in rough contrast, to her shame,
The meaner value of the coin she carries.
Ferguson. I do not like this business, but our need
Will not permit that we discuss its merits;—
We'll see you with the morrow.
Warren. With the hour,
That hears your accusation!
Ferguson. Good! [*Exit Ferguson within.*
Warren. Ay, good!
It could not well be better for our purpose.
The mine is sprung, the victim still approaches,
Unconscious, and my hand must fire the train!
But here comes Osborne. I must speak him sternly;
He cannot silence me with womanish scruples,—
He shall not! Well, our scheme works famously.

Enter Osborne.

Osborne. *Your* scheme; not mine!
Warren. When will your wisdom, Osborne,
Conceive that scheme of mine is scheme of yours,—
Or should be. Now, then, hear our present purpose.
Ferguson brings the charge!
Osborne. What! you have told it?
Warren. Only to him; and he will keep it safely,
'Till comes the proper moment for explosion;
When our young Senator, in public meeting,
Rises to answer to the public summons,
And take the coveted laurel to his brow,
Then will we loose our thunderbolt, whose bursting
Tears him to atoms.
Osborne. What am I to do?
What wretched part must I play in this business?
Warren. A minor one, 'tis true, but quite important.
You'll be my echo. When I give the signal,
Confirm my statement and complete our proofs.
Osborne. Are you not under pledges to his wife,
To yield her up these proofs?
Warren. Ay, on conditions.
Osborne. Well!
Warren. What of that? Another means of vengeance!
See you not that I strike him through her virtue,
But not the less denounce him to the public.
I'll wheedle her with a promise to my arms,
Then mock the easy confidence that listen'd
To one she dared despise!
Osborne. Oh, Warren! Warren!
Whither would you carry me—where go yourself?
Warren. To hell, if need be, so I gain my object,—
Achieve the conquest that to me is heaven,
Comprising as it must in equal measure,
At once the joys of passion and of hate!
For you, remember Osborne, no more scruples,
You are mine—soul, body, thought and feeling, mine,
And these shall ply as still my passions counsel,
Or wo betide the rebel.
Osborne. Better slay me!
Warren. Nay, you're not fit to die yet; nor could serve me
Hereafter half so usefully as now.
At dusk, I keep the meeting with our beauty—
Go thence with Matthews to a secret meeting.
Look for me home at midnight, and to-morrow—
Remember! no evasion. Fix'd as fatal,
My will nor brooks dissuasion nor defeat.
[*Exit Warren.*

Osborne. Had I the heart to perish, 'twere less pain,
Than bend beneath this scourge and bear this chain!
Scene closes.

SCENE III.

An apartment in the dwelling of Norman Maurice. Enter Clarice reading a note.

Clarice. Not with me 'till to-morrow. 'Tis an age!
The first night separate since we were married.
Yet better thus. How could I meet my Norman,
Having this deep concealment in my heart,
Nor shudder, with a weight of shame, whose crimson
Would set my cheeks in flame! How stifle feeling,
To cling in fondness to his manly bosom,
Nor speak the terrible purpose in my heart,
That said would stifle his. 'Tis better thus!
Enough, that when I meet him—
When his dear voice is sounding in mine ears,
Full of the conscious triumphs that await him,
I then may fling myself upon his breast,
And share the dire necessity that made me
The thing I dare not name,—and plead with him,
For each prompt sacrifice of feminine feeling,
The nerve that rose above the woman weakness,
As still the tribute to his fame and safety.
He will forgive—will bless;—and if he does not:
Should he recoil from my embrace and show me,
The crimson proof of shame upon my garments,
And cry, thy hands, that once were white and spotless,
Are red with guilt:—but no—I dare not think it.
Let me not look that way. Impossible!
Shall I not, while they threaten, steel my heart,
Against this dread necessity, nor tremble,
Though on the altars of his fame and glory,
I bathe this white and innocent hand in crime!
I shudder, yet I shrink not. Give the power,
God, to this heart, against the coming hour!

Exeunt.

—

SCENE IV.

Open space before the Court House of St. Louis. Groups of Lawyers and Citizens.

1st Lawyer. Didst hear the speech of Maurice in this case?
2nd Lawyer. 'Twas terrible!
1st Lawyer. I never heard the like:
And when he did discourse of Blasinghame,—
His first wrong to the widow—his denial
Of the poor orphan's right—his violence
To those who strove to serve her interests—
The picture that he painted was so monstrous,
That every heart grew cold.
3rd Lawyer. And Blasingname,
Himself—didst note him?
2nd Lawyer. 'Twas another picture!
1st Lawyer. He sat a spectacle of ghastly fury,
That had moved pity could we have forgotten
His looks at the beginning of the case.
At first how bold he seem'd—with what defiance;
Next with what doubt: then follow'd his dismay—
And last his fury; while, with impotent rage,
And something, as it seem'd, of shame and horror,
In his own spite at what the other drew,
He crouch'd at last beneath the terrible scourging,
And half escaped from sight.
2nd Lawyer. I saw him clutching
The panel that he lean'd on, as for help,
While, beaded on his forehead, the big sweat
Still gather'd as it fell; and on his lips
The stain of red that mingled with the foam,
Show'd how he had bitten through his lips
In his great agony, and knew it not.
1st Lawyer. The Judge has charged the jury?
2nd Lawyer. He was charging
Just when I left. I could not stand it longer—
As much exhausted at the stern excitement,
As Blasinghame himself.
1st Lawyer. For Ferguson,
The up-hill work was pitiful. To follow,
With such a case, a speaker such as Maurice,
Was quite as killing to himself as client.
No body heard, or cared to hear, his pleading—
Not even the jury.
2nd Lawyer. What will be the verdict?
1st Lawyer. Why who can doubt? The insuppressible groan,
That broke from every breast—the gaze of fury
That blazed in every eye, when pointing slowly,
And shaking with such dire significance,
The hand of Maurice fix'd on Blasinghame,
As still, with holy horror in his accents,
He spoke his wonder, that with guilt so hideous,
He still could have the gaze of man and justice—
That groan and glance declared the popular judgment,
And such will be the verdict.
2nd Lawyer. Hark! that cry—
1st Lawyer. Declares it.

[*Shouts on the porch as the people rush out of the Court House.*]

1st Citizen. Hurrah for Norman Maurice!
2nd Citizen. The widow's friend!
3rd Citizen. The people's man—forever!
2nd Lawyer. There speaks the popular heart.
1st Lawyer. A glorious voice,
That makes him Senator.
2nd Lawyer. Hark! he comes forth.

Enter Maurice, with widow Pressley and Kate, followed by Mercer, Brooks, Catesby and others. Shouts.

Widow. Ah! sir. God's blessing on you,—make us happy,
And take the half of all you've got for us!
Maurice. Not for the world, dear madam! I'll not forfeit
The pure delight I feel in serving virtue
For its own sake! In lifting the down-trodden,
For sake of wrong'd humanity! No more. [*People shout.*
1st Voice. Hurrah for Norman Maurice!
2nd Voice. The widow's friend!
3rd Voice. The people's man forever!
Maurice, [*to Mercer.*] Let us get hence.
Dear madam, take my carriage,
And bear the grateful tidings to my wife;
Remain with her to-day while I am absent.
To-night, as still it's like, I shall be absent.
Rejoice her with our triumph. She expects you!
Widow. I have no thanks—no words,—my tongue is frozen.
Maurice. 'Tis that the thaw is wholly at your heart
Go hence. Escort her, Mercer, to the carriage.
[*Exit Widow, Kate and Mercer.*
Catesby, [*whispering to Maurice.*] Look to it, Maurice—here comes Blasinghame!

Enter Blasinghame with others.

Blasinghame. Where is he? Let me see! Ha, give way! [*Forces through the crowd and rushes upon Maurice, striking him with a stick.*
Villain, my blows make answer to thy speech!
Maurice. A blow—and I no weapon! But it needs none—
When with such powerful passions in my heart,

I feel my sinews petrified with strength,
To drag a thousand tigers to my feet.
Thus, monster, that has trampled on a people,
Defied their virtues—at their sufferings mock'd,
Thus with my foot upon thy stubborn neck,
I trample—I degrade thee to the dust! [*Seizes Blasinghame by the throat, thrusts him to the ground, and stands upon his neck. Shouts of the people.*

1st Citizen. Hurrah for Norman Maurice!
2nd Citizen. The people's friend!
3rd Citizen. The champion of the widow!
Your counsel's something quite unlike yourself.
Catesby, [*interposing.*] Enough, sir. Let him rise.
I'll whisper him
Where he can find us.
Maurice. Now, within the hour!
[*Catesby and Savage lift Blasinghame.*
Catesby. Colonel Blasinghame!
Blasinghame. Where is he? Give me way!
Maurice, [*confronting him.*] Here!
Savage, [*interposing.*] Enough of this!
I see! You'll be at Mercer's. [*To M.*]
Maurice. Ay, now!
Savage. No more! Come, Blasinghame.
Blasinghame. You, Joe!
Well, you are true, boy, and I did you wrong.
Forgive me! You will see to this. This man
Has had his cursèd foot upon my neck!
You saw it!—ha! You saw it!
Savage. He will meet you!
Blasinghame. Ha, Joe! Your hand. But when?
Savage. Within the hour!
Blasinghame. Good! See to it. Ha, ha. Methinks—
Savage. No more!
Away with me at once; you must not linger.
Blasinghame. Methinks I could drink blood. I'm very thirsty.
[*Exit Blasinghame and Savage.*
Catesby. Come, let us get in trim. Are you a shot?
Maurice. No!
Catesby. Ah! that's unfortunate!
Maurice. You think so?
Never you matter, Catesby: I will kill him!

[End of Act IV.]

Historical and Corographical Description of the Province of Chichas and Tarija,

IN UPPER PERU OR BOLIVIA. FROM THE MERCURIO PERUANO. 1791. By W. S. W. R.

Poverty in its influence on human affairs, is like an inverted telescope; it diminishes objects and confounds them. To this effect, which is to a certain extent inherent, dominant opinion, often superior to good sense, has added others still more perceptible. The poor man is from necessity obscure, rude, oppressed, deficient, and to crown his misfortune, he often becomes ridiculous.—*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, quam quod ridiculos homines facit.** To be virtuous is not enough to gain him the esteem of his fellows; he must be a sort of prodigy or perform miracles. This consideration, so mortifying to all those who have been neglected by fortune in the unequal distribution of her favors, is a source of pleasant meditation for the philosopher. Aware that honor, wealth and perhaps even posthumous fame, depend upon accidental circumstances whose combination and control are not within reach, he ceases to strive for their possession or to feel afflicted in their absence. Tranquil in his condition, he observes that applause and splendor, and even friends come and go with fortune. The same reasons apply to countries and exert a like influence in their history. In the days of Solomon, how many regions of the earth were happy through the wisdom of legislation, the prosperity of agriculture, or the grazing of numerous flocks and herds? Yet their positions and even their names have been forgotten, because they were poor; Ophir is remembered in admiration solely on account of the gold it produced. If the land discovered by Columbus had presented nothing beyond the introduction of the customs and creed of Europeans, the glory of that bold Genoese would have vanished with his life, or even in the enterprise itself. Ferrer-Maldonado, Quiros, Hudson, Baffin, Cook, &c., hazarded their lives a thousand times in search of unknown lands, and in fact discovered many. The poverty of those parts scarcely gained for them a place on geographical maps, while at the same time all the ignorant and many learned people spoke enthusiastically of the Grand-Paititi, of Gran-Quivira, of the country of the Cesares, and of the Amazons, on account of the gold attributed to them, although one of the best authors, (Feyjoo,) has demonstrated that the wealth of all those kingdoms is imaginary. Doctrinal zeal, the spirit of conquest, commerce, the study of antiquity or of natural history are rarely directed towards poor countries, and never remain in them. A knowledge of the *Batuecas* is limited to the centre of Spain; that is of a province which is believed, from its destitution, to have existed many centuries isolated and without social intercourse; and in America we find similarly situated the province of Chichas and Tarija in Upper Peru, a description of which we propose to submit.

Those valleys, whose fertility of soil is such as to fit them to rival the ancient Trinacria and fabulous Arcadia, have been neglected or forgotten on account of their poverty [in gold.] They are imperfectly noticed by geographers, when noticed at all.

In those calamitous times, contemporaneous with the conquest of these kingdoms, [Peru, &c.,] when the strong were always right, and the weak, though endowed with every virtue,

* Juven. Sat. 7.

were condemned, there were some among the conquerors who deserted the dominant standards of Pizarro and Almagro; and borne away by a common desire to command, and to enrich themselves and immortalize their memories, they wandered with a few followers to the most distant parts of Peru, and settled. Among these was one Francisco Tarija, (supposed to be a native of Seville,) who, after roaming for a considerable time among the craggy cordilleras, accompanied by a few Indians and adventurers, under his command, stopped in the valley which still preserves his name. Its peaceful inhabitants, who had never known the domineering yoke of the Incas, and were ignorant of the tragedies then acting in the western part of the continent, received their guests with all the veneration with which the Indian in those days regarded the European, whose superiority in every respect astonished him. Francisco Tarija enchanted by the benignity of the climate, the richness of the soil, and still more by the docility of the then happy natives, determined to go no farther; he domiciliated himself amongst them, and imitating the practice in other parts of conquered America, he laid the foundation of a village.

As the resources of his party were few, and as he could expect no aid from the coast, both on account of its distance and the turbulence of the times, he undertook no expedition; at least tradition has preserved an account of none. Nothing more is known of this man. This sketch of his arrival in the valley is derived from various papers, pertaining to the archives of the municipality of San Bernardo de Tarija, preserved by a curious gentleman in the city of Oruro to whose kindness we are indebted for a copy.

Francisco Tarija enjoyed but a short time the fruits of his labors. On the death of this prudent and active Spaniard, the Indians of the valley relapsed to their primitive course of life. They again adopted their native customs and language which had been partially laid aside; and of the little Spanish they acquired, the only word of the language they have preserved is Tarija; and that because it reminded them of a man who regarded them as brothers, and respected the sacred rights of humanity and justice. Though some other Spaniards and mestizoes subsequently aspired to be settlers of the country, the memorials of the times are so obscure that we are unable to say anything of their commencement, or of the events attendant on their settlement.

In the course of years, the fame of the wealth of Peru was spread throughout the world, exaggerated in proportion to the distance it travelled, and to the fertility of invention or imagination of those who bore the tale. A Portuguese of Paraguay, whose name deserves to be consigned to oblivion, excited by an unholy thirst for gold, brought a calamity on the vale of Tarija, equal in proportion to the circumstances, to that which the Conde Don Julian brought upon Spain when he invited the Moors to subjugate it. This avaricious man led a tribe of fierce Indians, called Chirihuanos and seized upon their mines. He entered the valley with his band of barbarians, laying waste the country wherever he went, robbing the flocks, burning fields of grain and habitations, and putting to the sword all he met—whether Spaniard, Indian, or Mestizo. But he had his reward: the Chirihuanos observing him about to depart loaded with wealth they had assisted him to obtain, assassinated him. They did not restore the plunder to the country from which it had been taken; but allured by the fertility of the land before them, they remained in the peaceful valley of Tarija, whence they constantly infested the high roads of Peru, Tucuman, and Buenos Ayres, rendering them unsafe for armed parties: consequently, travellers moved with as much precaution and preparation as the caravans of Arabia and Tartary.

The Chirihuanos, according to the most approved opinions, are not a part of the numerous Quechua nation which peopled the extensive empire of Peru when the Spaniards first entered it; their language, their dress, and the fierceness of their character lead to the belief that they belong to the nation of Tobas, who are aborigines of the provinces of Paraguay. They are not idolatrous, nor is there known amongst them any of those wild fancies, which in the absence of true religion, have been dignified with the name of worship. This independence, or rather this insubordination to a Supreme Being exerted an influence upon their temporal government, a kind of military democracy in which the aged and the chiefs were looked upon amongst them as the wise men and fathers of the country. They discussed and resolved the question of peace and war in a house appropriated solely to this purpose. They were vain of their ancient origin and despised the Spaniards whom they looked upon as a new and poor people. Valiant and frugal, and without desire of other comfort, and without the knowledge of other necessities than those of unsophisticated nature, they sometimes made war for no other object than that the young might learn beside the old men, profiting by their experience, to war advantageously, as they termed it when they were successful in robbing flocks and intimidating the Spaniards. In latter times they even defied the inhabitants of the principal towns from the neighboring heights.

The interruptions caused by these savages to the commerce and quiet of the interior of the

country, attracted the attention of Don Francisco de Toledo, at the time Viceroy of Peru. In order to end these disturbances, he determined to establish towns and villages in the valleys inhabited by them, two of which are called Chichas and Tarija. The accomplishment of this purpose was confided to Luis de Fuentes, a native of Andalusia, on whom was bestowed the title of Captain and Chief Justice, and the command of forty or fifty men. His appointment is dated at La Cuidad de la Plata, where the Viceroy was then on a general visit, on the 22nd January, 1574; and for the execution of the order he collected whatever the urgency of time permitted, for he directed that the expedition should set out on the 28th of the same month or as much earlier as possible.

Fuentes, who was justly reputed the Hernan Cortes of those parts, at once set about settling these valleys, that they might become a barrier, and render secure the roads of Peru and neighboring provinces. This man, worthy of the greatest fame and happiest end, began his enterprise in a manner that might be taken as a model by all conquerors. He occupied the principal valley; built and peopled a town which is the chief of the department, and from it made war upon the Indians. As soon as he had driven them to a proper distance, he formed other towns, as Charaja, Concepcion, &c., and thus succeeded at the same time in subduing and peopling about fifty leagues of that fertile country: and were it not for its connexion with the history of Tarija, the hated name of Chiribuano would not have been known in Peru.

So many disputes arose about the division and sharing the land and its inhabitants, which he himself had conquered, that Fuentes, either because it is the ordinary fate of conquerors, or because the fame of their deeds is deemed a sufficient reward for success, ended his days in poverty, harassed by law suits before the courts of Charcas.

When those who accompanied Fuentes in his expedition arrived in the valley, they found a wooden cross hidden, as if by design, in the most intricate place amongst the mountains. There is nothing more flattering to the vanity of the credulous than being able to participate in bearing witness to a prodigy: the devotion of those worthy conquerors was exalted by finding that sacred symbol; they at once set it down as a divine miracle, carried it in procession to the town, and placed it in the church of the convent of Saint Francis, where it is still worshipped. [1792.] It seems almost incredible that there was, at the time, no person of sufficient intelligence and influence to combat this notion. In reality there was nothing supernatural in finding this cross, because the valley had been inhabited by Christians long before the arrival of Fuentes. Nevertheless, the opinion that this discovery was a miracle is not entirely destroyed, but on the contrary, is strengthened more and more in the progress of time. The Jesuit Fathers, Antonio Ruiz and Pedro Lozano, in their respective histories of the missions in Paraguay, &c., endeavored to demonstrate that the apostle Saint Thomas had been in America. This thesis, which was then so new, required the most powerful reasons and the most incontestable documents to sustain it, even as an hypothesis, yet nothing of the kind was produced. Vain conjecture, prejudice and personal interest occupied the place of truth and criticism. The form of a human foot which appeared to them to be impressed upon a rock, and the various fables which ignorance invented at every step, were the only foundations upon which all their stories of this class were based. The history of the perigrinations of Saint Thomas from Brazil to Quito might be thought apocryphal, had not these reverend fathers represented the apostle, staff in hand with his black tunic girded round his body, and all the rest of the appurtenances which distinguished the missionaries of the company. The credit which was at first given to these stories extended to the cross of Tarija, which was regarded as that which Saint Thomas himself in person had planted on this continent.

As holy mother church has not insisted upon the miraculous nature of these things, and therefore does not require our belief in them, it has been thought proper to elucidate the point. In this and analogous cases we boldly insinuate the sentiment of a Spaniard, illustrious equally for his talent and liberality: speaking of history, he says,

> "De las cosas mas seguras
> La mas segura es dudar."*

But to return from the digression:—

Among the fifty men who accompanied Fuentes, was a Dominican priest, named Fray Francisco Sedeño, who performed the duties of chaplain to the Spaniards and endeavored, with little success however, to convert the Chirihuanos. He founded a convent of his order, and obtained for it from the conqueror a large division of lands. Religious zeal and the facilities afforded in a country naturally rich, led the several orders of St. Augustine, St. Francis, San Juan de Dios, and ultimately the Company of Jesuits to establish each its convent, endowed with extensive possessions and many pious mementos.

In the year 1574, the Viceroy Don Francisco de Toledo, provided Alcaldes, Regidores, Pro-

* Don Pedro Montezon.

curador, and Mayordomo de Cabildo for San Bernardo de Tarija, then just established; and in the same year he conferred upon the inhabitants the privilege of electing their own alcaldes, subject however to confirmation by the Chief Justice. This privilege was abrogated in 1593, and again restored in 1654. At that time the province was in a flourishing condition, and solicited from the king of Spain various favors; and amongst others that he would erect the town of Tarija to a bishopric, and attach to the province the districts of Pilaya, Lipes, and Chichas; and also the towns of Cochinoca, Casavindo, and Huamahuaca. His majesty did not think proper to grant these requests, although the petitioners set forth that the inhabitants had been without the sacrament of confirmation for more than fifty years, during which period they had not been favored by an episcopal visit.

The population of Tarija was at first small and of a low order. His majesty granted immunity from their creditors to all those who should settle there and bear arms; hence Tarija became a sanctuary for bankrupts and unworthy debtors. Afterwards, however, it grew in numbers and condition. To this end the facilities of the country, and the misfortunes of other colonies contributed much. A plague of filthy little animals, comparable to that which was sent as a special punishment upon ancient Egypt, drove the inhabitants from the village of Pilay, many of whom established themselves in Tarija, and within the limits of the province. The same happened when the famous mines of Lipes, especially that called *la mesa de plata*—the silver table—filled with water: the miners descended to the valley and sought in agriculture a maintenance, poor but more natural and less precarious.

Among the distinguished persons who settled in Tarija was Don José Moreno de Peralta, brother of the illustrious Peralta, the historian and poet, who made the discovery and early settlement of Peru the subject of a highly praised epic poem.

While the memory of Luis de Fuentes remained fresh, the province was flourishing and happy. Juan Porcel de Padilla, who succeeded to his titles, but not his virtues, proposed to the Royal Audience of La Plata, to conquer the valley of Salinas, the last within the limits of the province occupied by the Chirihuanos. At the cost of much violence he succeeded in extending somewhat the bounds of the district; but, except to render the name of Spaniard odious and his own abominable, his expedition produced no result to the nation or himself. The Chirihuanos transmitted to their posterity a memory of the tyrannies of Padilla, mingled with a desire to avenge them. Under the pretext that the Jesuits had inflicted stripes upon a descendant of their Ayllo, they entered the province in 1727 and laid it waste. The pride of some and ignorance of others prevented resort to negotiation with the Indians; they determined to "conquer a peace" at the point of the lance by exterminating their foes.

Expeditions were conducted against the Chirihuanos after the manner of the feudal governments of Europe. Each soldier went at his own expense, and for a stipulated number of days; and when his scanty supply of provisions was exhausted he returned. These troops were without order, system, discipline or subordination; incited merely by a rage for conquest, they overrun the territories of the Indians, and, if they succeeded in making captive or slaying a single individual, they returned home satisfied with their prowess. It is not surprising that such irregularly conducted military enterprises always resulted unsuccessfully, and tended to impoverish and ruin the country.

The idea of exterminating the Chirihuanos or subduing them by force of arms, has been abandoned in Tarija many years since: and experience has shown that mild measures have been more effectual in controlling a nation which had been the scourge of the valley. Tarija always had her hand raised either to defend or revenge herself. But now a grateful remembrance of those who gave them peace mingles in the songs of the Chirihuanos, in praise of their former warlike triumphs. And now too these peaceful tones are echoed back in the songs of the Pehuenches, the Wiliches and Araucanians of Chili, who acknowledge themselves grateful to the exertions of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins for the benefits of peace.

Chichas and Tarija have been thus far regarded as one, because they were under one government, and the history of one is that of the other; but topographically they are separate and distinct.

The district of Chichas is to the northeast of Potosi. From the rivulet Quiaca, emptying into the Tucuman, to Quirve, which is bounded by Porco, it extends north and south, forty-eight leagues; and one hundred east and west, that is, from Esmoraca, a curacy of Lipes, to Chuquiaca, a missionary station on the river San Juan, which divides the province.

The principal rivers of Chichas are the Toropalea and Tarija, which, swelling in their course to the Pilcomayo and Bermejo on the boundaries of the two provinces, and turning to the north, enter the territory of the Chirihuanos, and ultimately empty into the Rio de la Plata. This district is divided into nine curacies; five of them

are in la Puna, or cold mountain regions, and constitute Chichas proper, and four are in the valleys of Tarija, which supply the former with grain and lumber.

Tolina is the first curacy, and is seventy leagues from Potosi. It produces a small quantity of wheat and corn; and contains some gold mines which have been abandoned. Most of the Indians and Mestizoes here are muleteers.

Tupiza is sixty leagues from Potosi. Its soil is sterile, yielding a little corn and a few potatoes. It contains gold and silver mines. A few Spaniards are included among the inhabitants, who are mostly muleteers.

The curacy of La Gran-Chocaya has a climate similar to that of Pasco. It contains mines, but they are not worked. The soil is barren, and the inhabitants depend on the neighboring districts for supplies.

Santiago de Cotagaita is thirty-four leagues from Potosi. Most of the inhabitants are Mestizoes, and are chiefly engaged in raising coal found there, and in *arreirage*, that is, the business of transporting goods on mules.

The fifth and last curacy of La Puna is Calcha, which is twenty leagues from Potosi. The inhabitants are industrious and spend their time in agriculture and burning charcoal.

Though Esmoraca is annexed to the curacy of Santa Isabel in the district of Lipes, it has a curate residing in it, and is comprehended within the jurisdiction of Chichas. This little place and one near it produce a few marcs of very fine silver and gold.

In Vitiche, a village in the jurisdiction of Calcha, about eighteen leagues from Potosi, a considerable number of cordovan skins are made. The numerous herds of goats reared in the neighborhood constitute the chief means of subsistence to the inhabitants.

These towns produce from fifty to sixty thousand dollars in gold, all of which is exchanged for cattle, corn, lumber, &c., brought from Tarija, which is separated from the rest of this district by high mountains.

After travelling in a northerly direction from Potosi for a hundred leagues, clearing the frozen Puna and descending a range of very precipitous hills, we enter the beautiful valleys of Tarija. There grow corn, wheat, and every thing necessary for the sustenance of man: the yerba de Paraguay or Maté, [*ilex paraguensis.*] the coca, wine and flax; the last is cultivated for its seeds alone. But the fertility of this land is not equal to that of the Chiribuanos and other free Indian tribes. Those who have visited it, draw of it a picture like that represented by the first explorers to Moses when they returned from the land of promise.

Tarija is bounded on the south by the department of Juxui; on the north by the ruins of Pilaya and Pispaya; on the east by plains belonging to unconquered Indians, and on the west by a considerable river called the San Juan. It is divided into four curacies, viz: San Bernardo de Tarija, San Lorenzo, (formerly Tarija la vieja,) Concepcion and Chahuaya.

San Bernardo contains four convents, a mother church and a secular cabildo. It stands on a beautiful plain, which is well watered and therefore productive.

The whole province is fertile; it produces grain, fruits and vicuño wool, much esteemed in the manufacture of hats. Vicuño skins sell for high prices both in Potosi and Chuquisaca.

In the midst of all these advantages the inhabitants of the valleys of Tarija are poor, because they are idle. Certain that a very little labor will secure them subsistence, they pass their days in the shade of their cottages, or rather huts, in imitation of their neighbors of Tucuman. An abiding prejudice as to the nobility of their ancestors, has contributed not a little to foster their lazy habits. They pass their time in disputes about the hereditary pre-eminence which they believe has descended to them from an illustrious origin—

> Ce long amas d'aieux, que vous diffamez tous
> Sont autant de temoins qui parlent contre vous;
> Et tout ce grand eclât de leur gloire ternie
> Ne sert plus que de jour à votre ignominie.*

The women are more industrious; they are endowed with great rectitude and beauty, if we may so call robust health, a fine stature, and a carmine blush upon the cheek. Like the women of Catalonia and Galicia, they alternate the labors of the field with those of the distaff and wheel.

We have said this country is well watered. The streams are small, and all arising in different parts of the Cordilleras, join to form the two principal rivers, the Pilcomayo and Bermejo or Vermejo, both of which empty into the river Paraguay. The Bermejo was navigated to its entrance into the Paraguay, in the year 1790, by Señor Carnejo, in a small vessel with a crew of twenty-six men.

The inhabitants of this region are subject to a remarkable disease, attributed to metallic exhalations from mines of every kind which are scattered over the country. It is described as a furious mania which gives the patient so much physical strength that it is almost impossible to control him. He flies from his dwelling in spite of resistance, and gaining the first rocky height, precipitates himself into the abyss below; if he escape with life, he recovers his reason after a time, and is never again attacked by this most terrible phrensy.

* Boileau. Satir. 5.

LINES TO THE CONSTELLATION LYRA.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Stars, stars, that glisten on the brow of Night,
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.
There is no charm like your delicious light,
That meets the worship of my upraised eyes,
Stars, stars, that glisten on the brow of Night.
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

When your calm, mournful rays first downward came,
Like benedictions on the grateful earth
In olden time,—when by the sweetest name
Of Lyra ye were called, a joy had birth,
That shed its halo on the brow of Night,
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

We read a story from the quivering blaze
Of heavenly fire that burns within your spheres;
Each line of gold, sent earthward by your rays,
Comes fraught with love that moves the soul to tears,
Oh, heavenly lyre in silence musical,
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

Once with a sound triumphant on your strings,
A god drew forth your wild, enchanting tone—
But now, like wounded bird with drooping wings,
Voiceless ye are, all sleeping cold and lone,
Forsaken—there, upon the brow of Night,
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

And for your auditors, the trees stood still,
And the firm rocks of earth moved to your sound,
Fierce natures bowed at Orpheus' potent will—
But now no pulses to your music bound,
Your cadence died on the bright brow of Night,
Fair gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

Fit type of constancy; you braved the gloom
Of Hades *for your love*, your "golden shell"
Charmed bright Proserpina, and held the doom
That bound Ixion to the shades of Hell,
Oh, silent Lyre on the fair brow of Night
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

Oh, could a master hand but touch a string,
Could but the night-breeze wake a slumb'ring tone,
One sound upon the evening air would ring,
One plaintive sound, Eurydice! alone,
Oh, shining Harp mute on the brow of Night,
A gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

"Eurydice," a murmured far off plaint,
Breathed like a sigh from broken hearts the while,
Earth's broken hearts would hear the echo faint,
Earth's lonely hearts in sympathy would smile,
To hear that echo from the Harp of Night,
The gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

We *will not* ask for music's touching spell;
Enough to know the Lyre is beaming there;
Unspoken music fills the heart as well,
When in the blue arched vault we feel you near,
Oh mystic jewel on the brow of Night,
Bright gem of perfect beauty in the skies.

1851.

ADVENTURES OF A LIFE.

From the French of Leon Gozlan.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Every one who has visited Antwerp must remember the Rue de Meir, which is one of the most imposing streets in the world, in the midst of which stands the unrivalled Hotel of the Golden Lion. The street recals to my mind the glories of the family of La Moncade, those great Spanish princes, who were formerly governors of Antwerp—the Hotel reminds me that there I have eaten the finest salmon ever cooked by man. At the Golden Lion the best dinners in the world are to be obtained. One evening I had resolved to take a late dinner there—the whole of the day and the best part of the evening, had been devoted to the attentive examination of Monsieur Von Lanckser's private Gallery of Paintings, and so enraptured was I by the *chefs d'œuvres* of the Flemish school, that I had myself almost become a Fleming. It was eight o'clock, and in the month of October, which in any other city in the universe would be equal to ten o'clock, so early do the worthy burghers of Antwerp retire either to repose, or to their favorite cafés. To render the evening still more dreary, on reaching the street I found that the rain was falling furiously, and a heavy gale was blowing. The wind howled through the deserted streets, and the snow and hail did not spare me; the waters of the Scheldt dashed against the river walls and were rising so rapidly as to threaten an inundation. On reaching the Place de Meir the wind blew with increased violence, and I could barely keep my legs, which added to the blinding rain, made me particularly anxious to seek the friendly shelter of the hotel. The atmosphere had assumed a leaden appearance, just such a grey tone as Adrian Van Ostade would have delighted in to paint for his Interiors, but however much on the score of Art I admired the color of the sky, it was in other points of view most disagreeable to me, a stranger in Antwerp, tired, hungry and wet. However, having just then a profound admiration for everything Flemish, I did not complain.

At length I reached the celebrated hotel, and at once making for the coffee room, I placed myself as close as possible to the large high stove, which stood in the middle of the room. Several of the tables were occupied, and additions to the company were rapidly being made. Smoking had already commenced, and the demand for segars and pipes was general, which in Belgium and in Holland, is a clear proof that the latest hour for dinner has passed, and that Tobacco is

about to reign uncontrolled. At that moment the whole of these countries becomes a vast smoking room, and those who have not contrived to take their meals before the fatal hour. must swallow their food, impregnated with smoke.

Having ordered my dinner I placed myself at a small table near the stove, and having nothing else to engage my time, whiled away the half-hour preceding the repast, in listening to the conversation of my neighbours. From their remarks, it was evident that they belonged to the town—they discussed with much interest the various accidents which would infallibly arise from the hurricane then so fiercely raging, and of the many injuries which would be done to the various vessels then lying either in the docks or in the river—masts carried away, sails torn, and sloops dashed against the walls!

I could not relish my dinner—everything had a taste of tobacco, which however good by itself, does not form a good sauce for soups or meats; beside the fog had penetrated the room, which combined with a strong smell of escaped gas, quite turned my stomach. Making therefore a merit of necessity, I called for a bottle of wine and a segar, and again interested myself in the conversation of the burghers, many more of whom had just arrived. Most of these new comers brought intelligence of some damage done by the storm, which instead of disheartening the parties most concerned, caused but the emptying of sundry bottles of Champagne and Bordeaux. However much the raging of the elements had damped their spirits, when exposed to its influence, once within the doors of the friendly Lion, all cares were forgotten.

As ten o'clock was striking, the door of the public room was thrown open, as if it had been burst in by the violence of the hurricane. A sailor quickly entered, who looked like a half-drowned dog, and fiercely closing the door, placed himself in front of the stove.

"Well, Captain," said his friends to him, "what a terrible night."

"I am blinded by the sleet," replied he.

"Drink then."

"I will."

"Hein! what a storm."

"One of our apprentices was blown into the river," replied the Captain, or I should have been here before."

"Was he drowned?"

"Not quite; for I saved him just in time, and he has fortunately come off with a slight contusion—he has had a narrow escape!"

"By the bye, Captain, it will be impossible for you to sail to-morrow."

"How," replied he, "how impossible—believe me, unless the *Chamois* should be sunk to-night I shall sail to-morrow morning at daybreak, I am resolved."

He seconded his resolution by pouring out half a tumbler of wine, which he filled up with brandy. "I am resolved," repeated he, lighting his pipe, his prodigious puffing of which did not help to clarify the atmosphere. I had not, on his first entrance, accurately regarded his immense size, but on closer inspection found him to be not only unusually tall, but stout in proportion. By his side was now seated a young man with whom he appeared on most friendly terms. This young man evidently held a higher rank in society than the captain of the *Chamois*, and received from him great deference.

"What! you surely cannot seriously think of sailing" said he.

"There are always in life, a thousand reasons for not doing one's duty," replied the Captain, "but I know only one course to follow, and that is to do my duty. My duty is to be at Bordeaux on the 10th of next month, and be there I will, unless a shipwreck—a shipwreck," repeated he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Perhaps Captain, you will look on that as an impossibility."

"Oh no!"

"Hear what I have to say"—said another of his friends.

"Oh you," interrupted another speaker, "you are a silk merchant, what can you know of the sea? You have never been wrecked except on the Exchange of Antwerp."

"And you are only a lawyer, and have never been further than the Courts of Assizes."

"But hear *me*, then," said another.

"You!" said a former speaker, "that is good—why here is a confectioner interfering now; tush, man, you will never be drowned, except in some of your gooseberry syrups."

"Excuse me, gentlemen."

"No!"

"Yes! yes!"

At this point of the conversation the silk merchant, the lawyer, the confectioner, and half a dozen of the rest of the company, had so embroiled the discussion that when at last silence was comparatively restored, I became aware from one of the company saying "You were telling us, Captain, that when you went to Batavia in the *Galatea*," that I had lost the commencement of the recital of some interesting adventure. This was very annoying! What was the use of hearing half of a story? I determined to go away; but where should I go? The storm was, if possible increasing in violence, the beautiful theatre was closed, and there was no other resource! "Well," I said to myself, "I must

submit!" so I called to the waiter to bring me another segar.

The atmosphere of the room had now become so clouded by the smoke that I could but just discern the captain sitting by the young man before named, who I remarked, had bright blue eyes, and long moustaches. At length he resumed his narrative by saying:

"I was bound to Batavia. It is utterly impossible to describe to you, the beauties and the charms of navigation in the Indian Ocean. Since leaving Madagascar, our evenings had been enchanting. It is true that I was very young, and that all my companions were young men also; that is to at once admit that we agreed on every point, tastes, ideas, opinions and sentiments. Among us, there was only one exception—he was a young English Lieutenant, who was on his way to join his regiment at Madras, after an absence of two years in Europe, where he had been to be cured of a Liver complaint. Buxton was truly the enemy of the ideal, of religious or poetic emotions, and even of imagination; he believed only that which he saw—he was in fact an atheist, and an atheist in every thing, and to an extreme which has never been surpassed. Maréchal Sylvain, Voltaire, the Curé Mesler, Tom Paine, Delisle de Salies, were in comparison with Lieutenant Buxton profound believers. And yet strange enough, he played the flute divinely, with a grace, a sweetness, a tenderness of sentiment which touched the heart, and drew tears from the eyes. This man who denied God, attested to the truth of His existence by his flute. In place of having his soul in his heart, he had it on his lips.

"Our voyage was very favorable, and we soon crossed the Line.

"On that evening the Indian Sea reflected in its sparkling waters all the magnificent beauty of the firmament. The setting sun, the rising moon, the brilliant stars—all were reproduced in the living mass of waters.

"Well Buxton," said we, who had been long watching the beautiful scene. "What are your feelings now?"

"Why I smell the odour of the tar, and of the bilge water, and really I find in that nothing very agreeable," replied he.

"And this splendid sun which is now setting?"

"I should like to be in its place so as to sleep soundly until to-morrow morning."

"And these stars which are now rising?"

"Nonsense," said he, "the stars never rise—they always remain fixed in the same place."

"And these silvery clouds?"

"These beautiful clouds are only the forerunners of heavy weather—that is all. That pretty yellowish white cloud, promises us some hail to-night—that azure blue cloud a fall of rain—and this magnificent greenish cloud, a storm which will make our ship dance on the waves like a nut shell."

"Buxton you are really unbearable—play us something on your flute, for that is all you are fit for!"

Buxton desired his Lascar servant to bring him his flute, and in the silence of the night he trilled out one of his beautiful *morceaux*.

He well understood human nature: he knew that our passengers comprised Irish officers, German naturalists, Dutch painters, Frenchmen, Italians and Spaniards. With incredible skill he combined in one piece all our national airs and melodies, a performance which can never be effaced from the memory. and by cleverly weaving together those strains, he raised our enthusiasm to such a pitch as to distract us with joy and happiness. We first looked at each other with feelings of sadness which were succeeded by a thrill of pleasure. and seizing each other's hands we covered them with tears. At two thousand leagues from home in the middle of the Indian Ocean, we suddenly saw in our imaginations, our fields, our houses, our friends, our sisters and those whom we loved far more than even our sisters. With this flute he sang, he laughed. he spoke Spanish, Italian, he sighed, he cried, he danced, he brought before us the past and the future. He was by turns a Venetian gondolier—Catalan sailor—Irish herdsman—German soldier—he was a marvel. He could have killed us had he wished.

When he had finished playing. we had but one feeling, and made but one movement.

We all approached him, and said to him—

"Now Buxton; do you not believe in love, in a country, in God?"

"Let me alone," replied he, "and give me a segar."

"But, Buxton," replied I, "it is God who has given you the power with which to produce those beautiful sounds, with which you have just now enchanted us."

"Nothing of the sort," replied he "it is this," and unscrewing his flute, he let the saliva flow out of it.

"Depend upon my word, Buxton. that one day, you will be punished for your impiety."

At that moment the first lieutenant of the *Galatea* approached and said "The compliments of the Captain. gentlemen, and he will be much obliged for your presence at the ceremony of the baptism of his new-born son."

The Captain's wife had been confined about fifteen days, and the happy father wished to signalize the crossing of the Line, by a baptism of far more importance, and of far more seriousness,

than the customary mythological buffoonery, which is not only without sense or reason, but invariably leads to drunkenness and to excess.

The mother was already sufficiently recovered to be able to carry her child herself. She stretched it out on her arms, as if desirous of offering it to Him who rules over both the heavens and the ocean—the chaplain of the vessel followed with the book of prayer open in his hands. On the poop stood the first mate, holding the cord with which he was about to drop the pail into the sea, to draw up the water which the chaplain was first to bless, and with which he was then to baptize the child.

The colours were hoisted—a gun fired a salute—and all heads were uncovered.

What was our astonishment, when the first mate drew up the pail of water, to find a glass bottle floating in it! It is not a very rare thing, when at sea, to pick up floating bottles, which are thrown overboard by the sailors, either to test the currents of the ocean, or to announce some hitherto undiscovered danger, or to inform their brother mariners, or the owners of their vessel, of some accident which has befallen them: but it is an unusual and an extraordinary thing to draw up such a bottle when merely raising a pail of water from the sea.

The bottle was instantly placed aside to be uncorked after the baptism, and the ceremony proceeded. I will not conceal from you that the pious sentiments of this solemn act, were a little changed by the feeling of curiosity which we all experienced, to ascertain the contents of the bottle. However, the ceremony passed off with the greatest propriety, but scarcely had the holy water touched the forehead and the lips of the child, than we presented the bottle to the Captain.

"Uncork it," said he to me.

I quickly cut the string and removed the canvass with which the bottle was enveloped. I then drew the cork, and on turning the bottle down, a small piece of paper, rolled up and tied with thread, dropped into my hands. I admit that in opening this mysterious piece of paper, which had been deposited there perhaps yesterday, and perhaps a century since, my hands trembled. Three times I unrolled it before I could lay it out flat. I then discovered some lines traced on it, and written in a trembling hand. The wife of the Captain, the Captain himself, the passengers, and all the officers of the ship surrounded me, and impatiently awaited the reading of the paper; the crew stood close to the mainmast so as not to lose one word; the steersman held to the wheel, evidentl absorbed by his eagerness. I then read the following words, which had no date—

"I, Margaret Floreff, am now dying at sea. I implore the person, whoever he may be, who by Divine permission shall find this bottle and shall read this enclosure which I have placed in it, to request a minister of our faith to repeat a prayer for the repose of my soul. I was born and will die in the reformed religion. Adieu my mother—adieu! adieu! ad—"

"Poor creature!" said the Captain's wife.

The crew took very little interest in the affair: sailors are so often exposed to danger, that one death more or less, makes but little difference to them. My young companions shared my sorrow at the melancholy fate of this unknown woman—but all had, on their arrival in India, some long-standing love to rely on—all except me.

Gradually they descended to the cabin, leaving Bu on alone with me;—he touched me on the shoulder and said—

"You—you are a fool, and a fool of the very worst sort, for you are whining and melancholy. I should not be surprised to see you put on mourning for this Margaret Floreff, and to hear you praying for her soul"—

"Not the mourning—no, no, that would be too absurd:—but certainly I shall comply with her dying wishes."

"Nonsense!"

"Buxton, I swear that so soon as I reach Batavia it shall be done."

"Hear me, replied Buxton, with the greatest *sang froid*; "here is a woman who has been probably eaten up by the sharks, eighty or a hundred years ago, and yet you are about to trouble yourself about her—bah! Give me the bottle and I will throw it overboard, and let me have the paper to light my cigar with."

I just in time snatched the bottle and the paper from the grasp of Buxton, who, looking on me with pity, said—

"Unhappy fool! he believes not only in God, but in dead women!"

He soon left me alone, and spite of myself, when I had no witnesses to observe my actions, I placed the paper to my lips, murmuring Margaret Floreff. "Ah, gentlemen, I was then young," said the Captain, "very young, and you will see how strangely I acted. You can scarcely"—

On a sudden the gas in the coffee room of the Golden Lion was turned off, and we were instantly plunged in the most profound darkness.

We all simultaneously burst out into a laugh, and without further trouble commenced to take our departure.

"Gentlemen, it is midnight," said the waiter.

"A pleasant voyage, Captain, if we are not again to see you."

"Thank you, gentlemen."

"Are you determined to sail, Captain, at day-break?"

"In a few hours."

"Shall you return soon, Captain?"

There was not one of us that did not say "Captain we want the end of your story: let us have the end of it."

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CHAPTER THE SECOND.

On the following morning, Six o'clock was pealing out from the steeple of the church of St. Jacques, and I was already on foot. I had dressed myself in haste. I ran down to the river—already the docks were in a bustle. It was not one vessel alone that was sailing, but one hundred and fifty vessels hauling out—some for Copenhagen, some for Riga, and the others for Sumatra, for Rio de Janeiro, and for New Orleans. Where could I find *my* Captain among so many other Captains? Fortunately I knew the name of his ship—the Chamois—and I remembered that he had said the previous evening that he was bound for Bourdeaux. I addressed myself to one of the Custom House officers, who was walking round the basin.

"Can you tell me," said I, "whether all the vessels which are bound for Bordeaux"—

The Custom House officer did not allow me to finish my inquiry, but interrupting me, said,

"They have all sailed."

"All?"

"Every one! Ah, I forget—there is one which has not yet been hauled out."

"Do you know the Captain?" I asked.

"No: I do not."

"Is he a very tall, fine looking man."

"Who wears a paletot," replied he."

"Yes," said I.

"Well: he has not yet sailed," said the officer.

I was already running towards the vessel which he had pointed out, and which was lying at the other end of the basin, when he called me back.

"But where are you going?" cried he.

"Where you told me," said I, scarcely turning my head, so anxious was I to get to the desired place.

"It is useless going now: you will not find the Captain."

"Why not?"

"He has just gone to the Marine Hospital to remove two of his sick sailors."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I just saw him pass by, with his first mate and four of his crew, who were carrying stretchers to remove the sick man."

"I will go immediately to the hospital. Where is it?"

"Go to the end of this brick wall," said he, "as far as the tobacconist's which you see close to the lamp post: go through the town gates: pass through the opposite street; turn to the right on getting to the end of it, and inquire again."

Five minutes afterwards I was ringing at the door of the hospital.

As I had no authority, nor any real claim, to be admitted into the hospital, I was obliged to wait at least half an hour, before I was allowed to speak to the clerk who had charge of such matters.

"But, sir," said he, when I had explained the motive of my visit, "the Captain of whom you speak has left here with his sailors more than three-quarters of an hour since: you must have passed him, as probably he has taken another road to his vessel."

"In that case I will return."

"I am afraid that you will be too late," said he,; "I am very sorry."

"Oh! I am far more sorry than you," replied I, running out.

The hospital was soon left far in my rear. I followed the same road I had taken, so as to avoid any mistake in reaching the docks where I hoped to find the Captain of the Chamois. As I was passing through the town gate, I met one of the company wh was present the evening before; the young man who sat next to the Captain during the time he was relating the adventure of which I was so anxious to hear the termination. He instantly remembered me, and we looked at each other with that strange feeling of interest, which those feel whom a sympathetic magnetism draws together. I at once addressed him:

"You know the Captain," said I.

"Which Captain, sir?"

"He who last night related to us at the Golden Lion, that interesting story of the floating bottle."

The stranger looked at me with surprise, and with such pity, as showed me that he imagined that I was crazed.

"I know him slightly," said he.

"What a misfortune—is it not, sir," replied I, "that we could not know the end of such a touching and interesting narrative—what a misfortune?"

The stranger smiled mysteriously, and in a manner which I could not comprehend!

"I am looking for him.—I am looking for him," I repeated.

"Who—the Captain?"

"Yes, sir; and hope to find him, if he has not already sailed."

"For some business transaction, I presume."

"No," I said, with contempt; "business in-

deed"—for to my horror I found that I had fallen on a trader, which class were always to me a bore.

"You will excuse me, sir, I said, abruptly closing the conversation, "that I leave you, but I am obliged to have some conversation with this Captain before he goes. Adieu, sir, I shall see you again."

I am sure that my new acquaintance took me for a fool, or a madman; not exactly from the incoherence of my conversation, but for the continued change in my tone of voice, and for the movements which in my anxiety I continually made, and which must have caused him to think that I was suffering from St. Vitus' Dance.

I soon reached the quay, and on looking for the brig, found she was gone! She was no longer there! But on again searching for her, I perceived her hauled out into the stream. "There!" thought I, "there is an end of the story which I am so anxious to hear." Her sails were unfurled and she was already making way. Had it been summer, at least twenty row-boats would have been at my disposal, to have conveyed me on board, but in winter they either rot in the docks, or are hauled up into the quays. What was to be done? How could I act? Nothing! The wind was favorable, and the brig would soon be out of sight! "It is all over," said I; "the brig is going very fast, and will soon be lost to view; but what can be the matter?" Suddenly the sails are aback, and the course of the *Chamois* is stopped: a boat is let down, and is fast moving to the shore:—what can have happened? I ran down to the side of the river, and distinctly recognized the gigantic Captain. I was sure he was in the boat.

No words—no language can express the happiness and joy which I felt on seeing the boat cutting through the water;—every moment brought me nearer the realization of my anxious wishes. Never did Anthony so anxiously look for the arrival of his Cleopatra on the borders of the Cydnus, as I impatiently counted the minutes which must elapse before the boat could reach the shore. At length she touched the strand, and offering him my hand to assist him to land, I said—

"Captain, has any accident happened?"

"Yes," he said; "an accident which had it not fortunately been discovered in time, would have led to very serious results. Our hydrographer has forgotten to send us back our nautical instruments, and we should have found ourselves at sea, without either sextant or quadrant."

"Ah!" I replied, "that would have been a misfortune." This little phrase I several times repeated; revolving all the time how I could turn the conversation to the desired point.

I walked by the side of the Captain, who was now on the way to the hydrographer's.

"To be at sea without the necessary instruments," recommenced I, "is no doubt a very unfortunate thing, but to lose them on a long voyage—on such a voyage in fact, as that you made to the East Indies—would be far more serious."

"To the East Indies! To the East Indies!" repeated the Captain.

"Yes, Captain: I said to the East Indies."

"But I have never been to the East Indies."

"You have never been!" replied I.

"I repeat to you—never!"

"But surely Batavia is in India."

"Certainly it is: but what does that prove?"

"If you have been to Batavia, of course you have been to India."

"But who told you that I had ever been to Batavia?"

"You, yourself, Captain."

"I! Why you are joking," and the Captain of the Chamois looked at me with an air of pity, which was really annoying.

"Excuse me, Captain," said I; "pardon the liberty I am about to take: the questions I shall ask you will, I am quite sure, not offend you, and are of the greatest interest to me."

"Speak," replied the Captain, bluntly; "speak and I will reply to you to the best of my power."

"Well then: last night you were at the Golden Lion."

"Certainly I was."

"That then is understood."

"Certainly: that I admit."

I breathed more freely.

"You were relating," I said, "an episode in your voyage to Batavia."

"Batavia again! Now, do believe me: I swear to you, that I was never there in my life."

"Very well; we will admit that you never reached there;—but certainly on your voyage there you picked up at sea a sealed bottle"—

"I!"

"Which you subsequently uncorked"—

"I!"

"In which bottle you found a paper written by a woman."

"I! I!"

"This woman was named Margaret Floreff: you had a friend, an atheist, who played the flute"—

"I! I!"

"The infant of your Captain was baptized that afternoon: Can it be that I dreamed all this? Can I be mad?"

"You are neither mad," replied the Captain, "neither have you been dreaming," added he, profoundly astonished that I should have taken

such an interest in an affair, the discussion of which had already taken us far out of our way; "I assure you, it was not I who related to you this narrative."

"It was not you!" said I, with increased astonishment.

"I assure you upon my word of honor: and the proof of my assertion is, that I am utterly unable to give you the end of this interesting story, which was so suddenly cut short by the extinction of the gas."

"It was really not you! Then who was it?"

"It was a Dutch Captain, who was formerly commander of the garrison at Batavia."

"That young man who sat next to you, with the bright blue eyes and the long moustaches?"

"Precisely," said the Captain of the *Chamois*.

"What a misfortune: why I met him just now as I was coming through the town gate from the hospital"—

"What a fine hospital it is," interrupted he; "is it not?"

"Oh, Captain, do not talk of the hospital now; we will talk of it another time. It was really he then?"

"Certainly," said the Captain, quite amused at my earnest tone.

"Oh! what a misery," continued I: "I now understand the whole affair;—the smoke in which you were all enveloped, caused me to imagine that it was you who was relating your adventures: you are Captain, and he is Captain, of which I was ignorant; and as the narrator was always addressed as Captain, of course I surmised that it was you. I of course thought that the party must be a Sea-Captain, and therefore I thought that you were the hero in the story of the bottle and in the history of Margaret Floreff: fatal error!"

"Oh! there is no harm done," murmured the Captain—"there is no harm done. I must now leave you, as we have reached the shop of my hydrographer, and my sailors and my vessel are waiting for me. If you have any business at Bordeaux, I shall be happy to be of service to you."

The Captain was entering the store of Monsieur Molinari, the hydrographer.

"One word more, Captain," cried I.

"Make haste then, I beg of you."

"Do you know this Dutch Captain?"

"No, I do not; but one of my friends, a silk merchant, who lives in the *Place Verte*, is, I am sure, acquainted with him, since it was he who introduced us to each other, and who yesterday invited us to dine with him."

"Tell me the name of this silk merchant, Captain, and the number of his house."

"Here it is—here is his card with his address."

The Captain of the *Chamois* hastily grasped my hand, which he cordially shook, and entered the store of the hydrographer, Molinari.

I lost no time in finding out the store of the silk merchant in the *Place Verte*.

Here an introduction could not have been easier. I had come to purchase a cravat, and I was shown a pile of at least fifteen hundred.

"Where is the proprietor of this establishment?" at length I demanded of the assistants.

"Here I am, sir—what silks do you want, and of what quality?"

"You dined last evening at the Golden Lion; did you not?"

"Yes, sir! Is it Lyons silk you wish, sir—I have some of first rate quality."

"You are the friend of the Dutch Captain, who also dined there; are you not?" I impatiently exclaimed.

"Lyons silks are lower in price lately," responded he.

"Yes, sir—that is all very well—but I want to know about this Dutch Captain."

"His father was a friend of mine: his name was Van Ostal, and he is also a dealer in silks."

"A Captain in the Dutch army, sir?"

"A dealer in silks, I said, sir."

"The son?" asked I.

"Who is speaking of the son? I am not."

"I am, though, sir—and I am speaking of nobody else."

"When you interrupted me, I was telling you that the price of Lyons silks had fallen, but that St. Etienne silks were rising."

"I will take six of these cravats—but tell me about the son."

"Very well; his name is like that of his father, Van Ostal."

"Does he live in Antwerp?"

"No, sir; he does not live in Antwerp—but in Rotterdam."

"But I met him this morning near the docks, not an hour since."

"He was going down to the steamboat, which sails every morning for Rotterdam."

"Is he gone then?—and to Rotterdam?"

The only reply I received was—"Does Monsieur take these six cravats?"

"I will take a dozen, but tell me"—

"We also keep English flannels: will Monsieur examine our flannels?"

"Oblige me, sir, by replying to me. Did you not hear the interesting tale which Mr. Van Ostal was relating to us last night, with the same interest that I felt?"

"What tale?"

"About the bottle which was picked up in the open sea, when crossing the Line."

"What Line, sir?"

"The Equinoctial Line—the paper that was found in the bottle—the woman Margaret Floreff, who died at sea in such a melancholy manner—you know what I mean."

"Excuse me, sir," said the imperturbable trader, "we do not keep those things in stock, but if Monsieur wishes to see our flannels, I am sure they will please him."

Always those flannels!

Yet on the *Place Verte* stands the statue of Rubens.

I found that I had spent 100 francs in cravats, which to me were useless; but I had the satisfaction of knowing that the Dutch officer's name was Van Ostal, and that he lived at Rotterdam.

On the following morning at half-past six o'clock, I embarked on board the splendid steamer *Prince of Orange*, which plies between Antwerp and Rotterdam.

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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

When I had landed at Rotterdam, I had scarcely pronounced the name of Van Ostal, before twenty people pointed out to me his house, which was situated at the corner of a street formed by two canals, and was placed in one of those beautiful gardens, which the Dutch alone are capable of laying out. Unfortunately it was autumn, which in Holland means winter, and I had not therefore the pleasure of seeing the garden in its beauty, as I passed through to pay my respects to its master. As I was entering Mr. Van Ostal was giving directions to his servants, as to the degree of heat he wished kept up in the green house which surrounded every side of the drawing-room. On the right or on the left—before or behind—the eye was dazzled and bewildered by the richest and rarest plants—tropical fruits and flowers hung down from the roof in every direction, while roses and japonicas strove for mastery. On all sides the trees of Polynesia, of Asia, and of the Spice Islands, were displayed in profusion, and the stranger could have imagined himself under the burning skies of the tropics, instead of being in the most damp and humid climate of Europe.

Mr. Van Ostal, with the natural frankness of his nation, and with that cordiality which characterizes it, advanced to meet me as soon as he perceived me, and greeted me in the most friendly manner.

"If I had only known that you had intended to visit Holland," said he, "how happy I should have been to offer you that hospitality of which I am so pleased to see you have availed yourself of your own accord."

I thanked him for his gracious reception, and at once informed him that I did not intend to trespass on his kindness more than once, and that even the visit which I was now paying him was one of an interested nature.

"At any rate," said he, "let me avail myself of the opportunity which chance has offered me, and beg of you to breakfast with me and my family."

I accepted the kind invitation, and Monsieur Van Ostal to confirm it, poured me out a large glass of curacoa, which liquor it is customary in Holland to drink before breakfast; as when I am travelling I always "do as Rome does," I allowed him again to fill my glass, and lighted a magnificent cigar, which he presented me from a choice brand. As soon as our cigars were lighted, Mr. Van Ostal said,

"My dear friend, I am now quite at your service."

I then explained to him the exact reason I had for coming to Rotterdam, and the great anxiety I had to hear the completion of his tale.

"You will remember," said I, "that you left off just at that point where, standing alone, and without any witnesses, you raised the slip of paper to your lips, and murmured—Margaret Floreff."

"Yes, sir," replied Monsieur Van Ostal, "I remember: and we will now resume the thread of the narrative."

"Up to the hour," said he, "in which I was left alone on the deck of the *Galatea*, no occurrence had happened to disturb the calm tranquillity of the night: although the vessel glided with much rapidity through the water, the motion was scarcely perceptible. For me the delights of that evening were extreme, and I was happy in fancying to myself the figure, the age, and the character of this charming and gracious Margaret Floreff. I pictured to myself that she was charming and gracious, because I wanted her to be so. I almost imagined that I had known her. From pitying her fate I soon felt that I could love her! By the light of the lamps hanging on the poop, I again examined the writing on the paper. It was evident that only the hand of a young and delicate woman could have traced those lines, so elegant was the character of them, and so refined their formation. 'This writing' said I, to myself, still nursing my chimera, 'is not of the last century—it is recent; and this paper, made in Europe, is a proof of it. As if paper of this quality has been so long made? I am sure that some daughter of England, or of France, must have written it.' My frenzy increased, and I soon found myself muttering, 'Oh, Margaret—Margaret—were you still alive how I could love you.' I even looked over the side of the vessel,

to see if by the light of the moon I could discover in the dark abyss of waters, the body of Margaret Floreff.

It was while watching the sea, that I perceived it suddenly breaking into waves, as if some volcano had burst forth, and was endeavoring to hurl the waters to the sky. The heavens were suddenly overcast, and the moon as completely obscured as if there had been an eclipse. The stars shone out for one moment with increased brilliancy, shedding forth a blood red tint, and then instantly disappeared. The sea became dark and nearly black, and the heavens assumed the same color, the sails flapped listlessly against the masts, a sign that the wind had quite gone down—in fact the wind had so suddenly fallen that it appeared as if there was no air left to breathe. The atmosphere was suffocating and overpoweringly hot. A Malayan sailor who was passing me on his way to the cabin to call the captain, said to me, or more properly said to himself—"How terrible is this monsoon." He wished by that to explain that a tempest was at hand, in fact one of those tempests, which occur so often during the monsoon.

You are aware that the monsoon is the name which is given to the prevalence of certain winds, which in the Indian and Chinese Seas, always blow at a fixed period of the year.

A second had scarcely elapsed since the passing of the sailor, when a tornado of a dozen different winds, blowing from as many quarters of the compass, struck the *Galatea*.

Every one rushed upon deck. The first blast of the tempest swept off one half of our sails; the remaining half which no human efforts could reef, were the cause of the vessel nearly foundering. Tossed about by the fury of the winds, and overwhelmed by the towering waves, the deck was nearly under water. Ten of the crew were washed overboard, and not one of them was recovered; not even their cries were heard so fearful was the howling of the tempest. The remaining portion of the sailors, clinging to the ropes, impatiently waited the orders of the Captain.

"Down with the mizen mast!" he at length cried; "lose no time,—quick, bring the axes and the saws—clear it away."

If you are a sailor I need not tell you, that this means of saving a vessel, is resorted to only in desperate cases, and oftenest when a vessel is water logged, or being on her beam ends requires righting. The sacrifice of the mast produced no good effect—the vessel still continued unmanageable.

"We are fast sinking—there is no hope," cried a sailor who had just discovered a large leak.

"Man the pumps," roared the Captain, "man the pumps and down with the main mast."

The pumps were soon in motion, and the main mast cut away, but this latter operation instead of contributing to the safety of the vessel, only rendered the situation of affairs more critical. It was impossible to clear away the mast from the wreck, and as it had fallen over the side, and was detained by the numerous ropes, the working of the vessel was terrible. The leak rapidly increased, and the pumps were useless, for where one pailful of water was pumped out, at least twenty found their way in. On a sudden, by one of those capricious changes which occur only during the time of the monsoon, the dark black cloud which concealed the moon like a velvet mask, passed off, and revealed our position in all its terrible reality. At the same instant a heavy storm of hail fell, nearly blinding us. The vessel continued rapidly to sink, and despair was imprinted on every face. Never have I witnessed a scene so horrible. Every one was driven by the advancing waters to the poop, the only part of the vessel which was not yet covered by the sea, then began those awful scenes of anguish and despair which a shipwreck discloses. The wife of the Captain holding her infant child in her arms, ran out half-dressed, to place herself under the protection of her husband, who, alas! was unable to protect any one. He gently took her by the hand, and placed her at his feet, so that the wind should have less power over her, and with renewed zeal gave all his attention to the ship and to the welfare of the crew, of whom he was at once the protector and the father.

"Overboard with every thing moveable, and lighten the vessel as much as possible," cried he, "out with the boats; lose no time."

"We are lost," said I, "lost without hope."

The water was already up to the poop and the chaplain was reading aloud the service for shipwrecked mariners, concluding with the beautiful words "In the midst of life we are in death."

At this terrible moment I had but one thought—one idea, and I had the happiness of being able to carry it out. Spite of the rapid sinking of the vessel I had penetrated into my cabin. I siezed a sheet of paper, and with my pencil wrote a few lines, and rolling it around the slip on which Margaret Floreff had traced her last wishes and desires, I slipped the roll, together with bank notes for £1000 sterling, into the glass bottle, which I securely corked, and then sealed up with all the care and precaution that the confusion of the moment would permit me.

And what had I written on this paper?

My words were "I, Louis Van Ostal, who am now about to perish at one hundred and fifty leagues distant from the Island of Ceylon, hereby

give the one thousand pounds sterling, enclosed in this bottle to him or to those, who after having found it shall cause prayers to be said for me and for my well-beloved unknown Margaret Floreff, and who will erect one common monument to our memory."

I was in the act of committing this bottle to the deep, when the vessel spared me the trouble; it disappeared suddenly under my feet, and sunk like a stone. I instantly found myself struggling with the waves, and surrounded with the thousand fragments of our late home. Before me was the long boat filled with the sailors and the passengers, using their utmost efforts to get clear of the wreck, and a little further to the right was a small boat in which I could distinguish the Captain and his wife. Surrounding them were to be seen struggling with the waves, men and women, dogs and sheep, mixed up with trunks, boxes and the broken masts. Half-drowned by the large quantities of water I had swallowed, and weighed down by my clothes which were thoroughly soaked, I found myself, I do not know how, clinging to a large piece of timber which was floating near me—I endeavored to strengthen my hold, but my hand slipped—I tried again, but my strength was fast failing me, and I should to a certainty have been drowned, when a powerful hand grasped me by the neck, and dragged me on to the plank. I looked up—it was Buxton.

At length daylight appeared, and with the first rays of the sun, the last vestiges of the tempest disappeared. It is almost always so. The more violent the storm, the shorter is its duration. These tempests appear to have exhausted their fury, in destroying vessels, and in taking human life, merely to show by the perfect calm which succeeds them, the great contrasts there are in nature.

The sun rose in all its grandeur and illumined far and wide the Indian Ocean. Buxton and I were both seated on the large piece of timber, on which we had so miraculously found safety. It was some twenty feet in length, and four feet in width, with a proportionate thickness, and was intended to have been used in the repair of the *Galatea's* keel, on her arrival at Batavia.

"Well," said Buxton, crossing his feet in the oriental manner, and moving his head like a Chinese Mandarin, "where is now your poesy?"

"What do you mean?" replied I.

"Thy poesy; let us see whether your faith and romance will relieve us from our present position. Look at the scorching sun! in a few hours we shall be sun struck, or our very skin burnt off us—look at the sea—never in all our passages has it been more calm and beautiful than it is at this moment, yet it is very probable that it will shortly be our grave, for we have neither provisions nor water to resist hunger and thirst. I therefore maintain that thy poesy, is a weakness of intellect, a mere imbecility."

"Buxton! Buxton!" replied I. "of your opinions on my poesy as you call it, I have nothing to say, but to express yourself in this manner of the sovereign Ruler of the world, of Him whose pity we were never before so much in want of, is scandalous."

"Invoke His pity then, my friend, do so. But reflect—here is a poor little infant but just born—innocent and inoffensive—he is doomed to die, yet I, an Atheist, a really wicked man, am suffered to live."

"Doubtless He has His reasons."

"With such reasoning," replied he, "every thing can be justified; the plague—hunger—and shipwrecks."

"Wait tranquilly my friend, and above all do not blaspheme."

"What are we to wait for? Do you think that the land will come any nearer to us by waiting here, or that roast beef, beer and rum, will drop from the clouds? Look around you, as far as the eye will reach. What do you see? solitude—we are alone and helpless. To night we shall be dying of thirst, to-morrow of hunger, the day after to-morrow, or at latest in three or four days either you will strangle me, or I shall kill you, for food."

"Buxton," said I, "in the name of Heaven cease."

"The night was fast approaching and the perfect calm of the sea continuing, we had hardly moved from where we were in the morning. On the following day, a slight wind ruffled the surface of the ocean, but no sail was to be seen on the horizon.

"By the bye," said Buxton, in the middle of the day, "what have you done with the bottle, and with your pretty romance of Margaret Floreff?"

Spite of my painful sufferings from hunger and thirst, I succinctly related to Buxton the facts, that at the moment of the shipwreck, I had thrown the bottle into the sea, after having placed in it one thousand pounds sterling in bank notes, with an injunction to the finder to have prayers said for Margaret and myself, and to erect us a monument.

Although the face of Buxton was livid from the terrible thirst under which he suffered, he burst out with a laugh, which when I had related the facts to him, appeared as if it would never have ceased.

"Very well," he at length said, "some fish will swallow your bottle, and will make of his inside a tomb for you, and for your well beloved. How-

ever you have this chance, a whale may poss y swallow the fish in its turn, and the whale may one of these days be cast on the coasts of Holland or of England: the whale is cut up—is opened, and"—

"Buxton! Buxton!" cried I, interrupting him. "you will no more succeed in eradicating my love for my ideal Margaret, than you will in destroying my belief in a Supreme Being. Floreff shall be the last words which shall pass my lips before I die, and I already feel that the time will not be distant."

"Nonsense," said Buxton, fraternally pressing me to him, for he had an excellent heart, and was the best, the most devoted of friends: "Nonsense, I will not annoy you, believe all and every thing you wish—I will no more contradict you—I will even agree with you if you wish it."

He clasped my hand, and the next morning was still holding it.

Towards five o'clock of that evening I felt myself dying—my eyes were closing—my heart was growing cold.

What enchantment had suddenly recalled me to life? was I already dead, or was I still living? Harmonious sounds enthralled my soul, and seemed as if they were calling me to heaven. I opened my languishing eyes, and perceived Buxton, who a little less dying than myself, was playing on that charming flute of which I have already spoken, and which he had saved, in some way, from the wreck. I was so touched with this sentiment of goodness for me, that I forgave him from the bottom of my heart, all his blasphemies, for it was for me, that with his last breath, he was with his beautiful instrument, attaching us to life. Still the enchantment was so perfect, and my feelings were so touched, that I felt as if passing to the other world.

"My friend, my brother in affliction," he suddenly cried, lifting me from the plank and raising my head, "look! look before you!"

"A ship," said I.

"A sail," answered he, "it is!"

"A ship," repeated I, "we are saved."

"It is a ship," added he, "but my God, is it not on fire?"

"It appears to me so," was my reply.

"But do you not perceive," said he, "how the wind is rising behind us, and how rapidly we are now approaching the vessel. Courage, there is every hope that we shall now be saved. Strange and mysterious vessel, she has no sails—not one."

"Perhaps," said I, "she is a steam vessel—I had at first thought so; but no—oh! unless we reach her very soon, I am sure that I cannot hold out."

"Courage! courage!" cried Buxton, "do not despair!"

I am ignorant how much time elapsed between the moment when Buxton uttered thes words, and the time when I recovered from the fainting fit into which I had again fallen, but on opening my eyes, we were fast nearing a bark—one of those strange craft which, on my previous voyages to the Maldive Islands, I had so frequently seen. She was not on fire, as we had imagined, but in the centre, on a sort of altar, was a pyramid of aloes and sandal wood, burning as gently and as regularly as if some one was feeding the flame. This bark was of great height, but towards the middle gradually sloped down, until there were barely three feet of distance from the water. Buxton easily jumped in, and kept our plank alongside until he had time to assist me in, for I was very weak and feeble.

This bark, which I at once recognized, from its extreme length, and from the materials of which it was built, and from being without sails and without a crew, was one of those which the superstitious inhabitants of those coasts, half heathens and half Mahomedans, are accustomed to launch on the ocean when they wish to propitiate the God of Tempests. After having loaded it with perfumes and with aromatics, which they set fire to, and with provisions, destined for the invisible priests of this unknown but powerful God, they abandon it to the terrible vengeance of the monsoon. The storm in which we had been wrecked, was no doubt the reason of this propitiatory sacrifice of the Maldivians, who could never have imagined that we should profit by their piety. The bark was well filled with fresh water, cocoa-nut milk in jars, fruits, and meat dried in the sun.

We were restored to life—restored as if by a miracle. When our strength was a little recruited, we availed ourselves to invigorate our shattered frames of all the delicacies with which the vessel was so well provided. Were we far from, or were we near, the Island of Ceylon? The question was a very difficult one for us to solve, deprived as we were of every nautical instrument. However, it was not then a question of much importance to us, as we had abundance to eat and drink.

"Well," said I to Buxton, "if there were not some people who believed in a God, should we be to-day on board this ship? should we have this food? should we be saved?"

"Do not speak that to me," replied he; "let us sleep."

The following morning, at day break, when we arose from our slumbers, a thousand vessels, and that without exaggerating the number, were surrounding our bark, which they saluted with the greatest respect, as being sacred. We were n view of Columbo, the capital of the Island of

Ceylon, where we were being towed in triumph for as soon as it was known to the sailors how providentially we had been saved, they regarded us as being under the protection of the God of Tempests, and those whom the Gods protect are indeed blessed.

Monsieur Louis Van Ostal was proceeding with his narrative, when a young lady entered, but suddenly stopped on the threshold.

"Ah! excuse me," said she, "I was not aware that Monsieur"—

"Monsieur is our guest, and consequently our friend," replied Monsieur Van Ostal, introducing me to his wife.

"My wife has come to inform us that breakfast is ready; let us descend:" and seeing my indecision, he took my arm and smiled, for I had remained in my place, regarding Mrs. Van Ostal with a curiosity, an attention, and an interest, which could not have escaped them, "Let us to breakfast," again repeated he.

THE DEATH OF SIWARD.

Siward, the conqueror of Macbeth, when he found death approaching ordered himself to be clothed in complete armor, and sitting erect on a couch with a spear in his hand, said, "In this posture, the only one worthy of a warrior, I will meet the tyrant. If I cannot conquer, I can at least face the combat."—*Russell's Europe.*

The hero oft had met the foe,
Upon the bloody field,
Oft on the battle plain, his breast
Had been his country's shield.

His banner waved above the host,
Which smote fierce Macbeth down.
Who slew his kingly guest in sleep,
That he might wear his crown.

He had been first to press his way,
Where darts flew thick and fast,
The first to lead to victory,
When forced to fly, the last.

For oh! he loved the battle's din,
More than the mirthful song,
War's stern delights, more than the joys
Found in the festal throng.

Though age had chilled his fiery blood,
And blanched his raven hair,
Unstrung the vigor of his arm;
The spirit still was there.

That spirit which had never known
Fear, in the battle field,
When death was nigh, was fearless still,
And could not brook to yield.

But rising on his couch of pain,
He bade his page to bear
His corslet, and his gleaming helm,
His pennon and his spear.

"Clothe me," he cried, "in burnished steel,
And gird upon my side
My falchion, which has often turned
The battle's bloody tide.

"Oh place my well tried spear in rest,
And raise my battle cry,
Advance my pennon that I may
Seem in the strife to die.

"Thus, would I meet the tyrant Death,
Not as the timid slave;
But with a calm, unshrinking eye,
As best becomes the brave.

"I must be vanquished in this field,
The last to which I go;
But spear in hand, I would await,
The coming of the foe.

"Thus ever was I wont to stand;
And now, I will not fly
But boldly meet thee, mighty death,
And in my armor die."

The page raised up his dying chief,
Put on his warlike vest,
Flung out his pennon to the breeze,
And laid his spear in rest.

Then flashed the dying chieftain's eye,
And with his failing breath,
He strove to raise his battle shout,
And yielded but to death.

ASIM.

GOETHE'S WILHELM MEISTER.*

It is not of course our intention in this notice of Meister's Travels and Apprenticeship, either to open up the much-disputed question of Goethe's true literary position and merits, or to attempt a solution of his hitherto inexplicable mystery of religion and morals as developed in the book which lies before us. The one has been debated both in Europe and America with learning, zeal and enthusiasm, with the reverence of disciples and the indifference of scorners, but without producing conviction or effecting any general result so far as the public mind is concerned. As to the second, even the boundless faith and devotion of Mr. Carlyle take refuge in words like these—"for us, at all events, it seemed unadvisable to meddle with it further at present."† But some outline of a work, so much studied and read as Meister, which to some has been, and to others is still, a species of Pantheistical Bible, a

* WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS. *From the German of* GOETHE. *A new Edition. Revised.* Two Volumes. Boston. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

† Preface to 2nd Edition, 1839.

guide book of social relations and duties, a treatise on man's self-education and discipline, will not perhaps be unacceptable. Before giving this, however, it may be well briefly to recal so much of the author's history as will serve to show "the stand-point," (to borrow an expression of his own) from which it was written.

That Goethe was born in Frankfort-on-the-Mayne in 1749—that he died in Weimar in 1832, are facts of which no one requires to be reminded. Nor perhaps is it necessary to do more than allude to his early domestic position and education. The stern exterior and rigid household rule of the Imperial Councillor, who thus sought to conceal and repress a paternal fondness whose weakness he feared; the mild and winning devotion of Frau von Goethe, as she endeavored secretly to mitigate the severity of her husband's notions of parental duty and discipline, or played with child-like freedom and equality with her offspring from whom she was not far removed by years; the good sense of the sister, painfully conscious of her deficiency in personal attractions, yet finding in this another reason for drawing more closely in heart to her brother; "the first love" for Margaret which, despite its unhappy termination, yet lived within his memory,

> Gleich einer alten, halbverklungnen sage
> Kommt erste Lieb*

and gave pathos to his "latest songs;" the taste for pictures and the drama, fostered by the young French lieutenant, developed at Leipsic and the University of Strasbourg, when he should have been devoting himself to the study of the law—barely to allude to these is sufficient, for with all of them, Goethe has himself familiarized us in his "Dichtung und Wahrheit," the Fact and Fiction of his own life. But of his materialism, his Pantheism, it is proper to say something more.

The human mind, like the pendulum, oscillates ever to and fro. For centuries it had been hampered by priestly authority and ecclesiastical dogmas. Gradually it had begun to react, to reassert its right of investigation and free inquiry. Huss and Wicliffe were the prelude, so to speak, to the energetic protest of Luther and Calvin, of Melancthon and Zuingluis, against a creed which was in fact mere acquiesence in the decrees of self-constituted authority. But the intellect of the age, thus freed from its trammels and permitted to seek for a faith, which had its foundations in Reason though its superstructure were a "building not made with hands," was not likely to rest content with a partial emancipation. Spirits bolder than the rest, minds more inquiring than others, would naturally seek to penetrate into the deepest recesses of the temple of Religion, to subject every part of the sacred edifice to the most rigid scrutiny. Amongst these was Des Cartes. To learn the truth, he believed it to be necessary to begin in universal skepticism, and thence proceed, step by step, *more geometrico*,* carefully and cautiously to inquire into the nature and character of fundamental truths, accepting nothing, however, as such, unless proven by incontrovertible demonstration. Or as Spinoza has clearly and briefly stated it—"Des Cartes, (says he.) endeavored

1. To put aside all prejudices.
2. To find the foundations upon which the superstructure may be built.
3. To lay bare the cause of error.
4. To understand all things clearly and distinctly:

and as a preliminary step, he proceeded to question all things, not indeed as a sceptic, who proposes no other end than mere doubt to himself, but that he might liberate his mind from all prejudice, and thereby better fit himself to ascertain the firm and immutable principles of knowledge."† The first fact, indisputable in its character was self-existence. "*Dubito, cogito, ergo sum.*"‡ "I doubt, I think, therefore I exist." Self annihilation was impossible, for he, the Doubter, the Sceptic, the Inquirer stood there interrogating himself, investigating the works of creation, reflecting on the nature of Deity. But, whilst self-existence was thus proven, further consideration disclosed it to be finite, imperfect, unhappy. Yet the ideas, the very existence of Finitude, Imperfection, Unhappiness, involved that of their correlatives, the complementary ideas of Infinitude, Perfection, Happiness; and the Being, in whose nature they were collected, must be Him, whom we call God.

Such is a brief outline of the metaphysical system promulged by Des Cartes; such his logical demonstration of the existence of a Deity; such the fallacy by which he sought to renew his faith in man and in God. It did, and will, suffice for many a mind. It did not satisfy the stern, rigorous Thinker, to whom the master's fame subsequently owed so much. That Disciple was Spinoza.

* "Like an old half-expiring legend
Comes first love."—*Dedication to Faust.*

* Spinoza's title to his abstract of the Cartesian Philosophy, 1. Spinoza 21.

It may be as well to mention here that the edition of Spinoza, used and cited as above, is the Leipsic Ed. of 1843. Benedicti de Spinoza, Opera quae supersunt omnia. Ex. editionibus, &c., Carolus Hermanus Bruder. 3 vols. Tauchnitz Press.

† 1. Spinoza, 21—22.

The Student, familiar with Spinoza, will see at once that we have not given a *verbatim et literatim* translation; but we trust that he will find the sense and purport of the original carefully rendered.

‡ 1. Spinoza, 24.

Born at Amsterdam, on the 24th of November, 1632, of Jewish parents, who had fled from Portugal to avoid the persecutions which seem to have followed "the chosen people" ever since that memorable invocation uttered before Pontius Pilate, the young Baruch, for so was he called, was handed over to the Rabbins to be instructed in all the learning and ceremonies, necessary for his admission to the priesthood. Gifted by nature with a mind, acquisitive, astute, reflecting, and discriminating, the boy assiduously availed himself of his opportunities, and frequently puzzled his preceptors, amongst whom was Moses Morteira, by the ingenuity and profundity of his questions. Indeed to use the words of Dr. Bruder's Praefation—"etiam in angustias adduxit"—he led them even in difficulties. He pored over the precepts of the Talmud with intense sincerity and was driven, by the honest convictions of his heart, to confess to himself that he doubted their alleged divine origin. Just then the writings of Des Cartes fell into his hands. Of course nothing but unbelief was the result to the young Israelite, comparatively ignorant of the Prophets, though familiar with their commentators; wholly ignorant doubtless, of the Apostles, or knowing them only through the verbal triflings of the Schoolmen, with their *gratia gratians*, and *gratia gratiata*, and other equally vapid and patristic quibbles. Conscientious to an extreme, if such a thing be possible, Spinoza did not hesitate in announcing the conclusion at which he had arrived, and was speedily met with the usual arguments of bigotry and intolerance. Reconciliation with the Priests, and relief from further persecution were offered him, together with an annuity of one thousand florins, upon the condition of keeping silence. The pure-hearted, honest truth-seeker disdained to accept affluence and repose as the reward of smothering his convictions. The Rabbins threatened him with excommunication. He replied by asking where, in the writings of Moses, was to be found declared the immortality of the soul. So young, yet so fearless a spirit was not to be tolerated by the Synagogue. Returning from the theatre one night he was assailed. Fortunately the dagger of the assassin was ill-directed. It glanced from his chest, rending only his cloak. This torn garment was to him long a memento for meditation. "Per tempus conservavit togam pugionis ictu perforatam," says his biographer—he long preserved the cloak pierced by the stroke of the poniard. This was in 1660. Excommunicated, with all the fearful curses and imposing ceremonies of Judaism, from any participation in the religion of his Fathers; destitute of fortune, for he had bestowed upon his two orphan sisters his entire patrimony; enfeebled in health by the hereditary phthisis of which he ultimately died; struggling manfully, but most unhappily, for so hath the Allwise ordained it, with the fearful problems of man's origin, existence, and destiny; simple, sincere, and courageous, Spinoza wandered forth in search of some shelter, some resting-place, wherein to earn a sustenance, whilst he courageously fought that battle of life to which God had appointed him.

It is not our purpose to follow the fortunes of Baruch, now Latinized into Benedictus, on his renunciation of Judaism, through his painful toils and privations, his disappointed love, his repeated refusals of professorships, his heroic self-denials, his laborious and voluntary poverty, his early death. It is not with Spinoza, but with Goethe, that we have to do in this present writing. But enough has been said to show, that there are other martyrs than those who perish at the stake, and that the earnest, faithful Spinoza is not without a claim to be enrolled amongst them.

Before however, attempting an outline of his system, it may be proper to notice one or two errors, which seem to prevail amongst those who either are, or claim to be, metaphysicians. The first is that Spinoza was ill-acquainted with, we were about to say ignorant of, the Inductive method, as advocated by Bacon; the other, that the Baconian method and the Cartesian system are identical.

Now as to the first of these two errors, a single quotation from Spinoza's own writingswill show that not only was he not ignorant of, but was well acquainted with Bacon, so far as mere reading goes. "Moreover, concerning the principles of the Cartesian and the Baconian philosophies," inquires Henry of Oldenburgh in his Epistle to Spinoza in August, 1661,* "Of Bacon" is the reply, "of Bacon I can say little, who speaks quite confusedly on this subject and proves almost nothing, but he tells much,"† and then proceeds to argue at length the correctness of his views, and to point out certain distinctions between the two great philosophers, whose respective works have had such vast influence on the development of the intellectual pursuits of the human race. "Let it be remarked here," says he for example, "that Verulam often takes the intellect for the mind, in which he differs with Des Cartes."‡

The other error, namely that the Baconian method is identical with the Cartesian system, finds its principal modern advocate in M. Cousin. Speaking of Des Cartes he says,—

"Il a precisément établi en France la même

* 2. Spinoza, 143.
† 2. Spinoza, 146. et seq.
‡ Ibid.

méthode que l'Angleterre a voulu attribuer exclusivement à Bacon,"*

which he endeavors to prove by a labored comparison of their respective processes of reasoning. Now it is true, that Des Cartes does recommend that we should investigate closely, and ascertain correctly fundamental principles, extirpate error and the like, as herein before stated, for which purpose we are to call in the aid of both analysis and synthesis, to be carefully and cautiously used; but the very basis of all knowledge, according to his system, is the consciousness of self-existence; from which as an immutable truth, are we to reason ourselves, as best we can, into all other knowledge. His is essentially a system as distinguished from, or opposed to, a method. He expounded principles. He revealed no process.

On the other hand, Bacon proclaimed no system. Disgusted with the useless subtleties of the Schoolmen, despising the frivolities of the Logicians, he set himself to discover, or at least, to reduce to practice some μεθοδος, *modus*, or *process* by which the actual, real wisdom of mankind could be increased, and additions made to the stock of genuine human knowledge.† To investigate facts and thence deduce the laws involved therein; from the laws thus ascertained to demonstrate the nature and existence of other facts, from them other laws; and thus on, from facts to laws, from laws to facts—this was the method as taught by Bacon, and pursued by his disciples;* this, in a few words, is the sum and substance of his philosophy. The glory of the great Englishman is to have founded no system, but to have introduced a method. His persuasive eloquence, his enlightened perspicacity, his accurate observation, his brilliant imagination, were all engaged in urging upon his fellow-creatures the adoption of a method, by which, if faithfully and conscientiously pursued, the bounds of human knowledge would in the course of time be enlarged to the utmost extent permitted by Divine Wisdom.

Possessing in a high degree, as his writings fully show, the peculiar mental and moral characteristics of his race, the young Hebrew naturally sought his instruction rather from a master who contented himself with an attempted resolution of psychological phenomena by synthetical deduction, than from one who exacted years of patient, painful, painstaking collection and collation of facts before entering upon an investigation of the laws which governed them. Not that Spinoza would have balked at the labor, or failed in honesty. But the Israelite, whose veins were filled with Shemitic blood, whose mind was imbued with the mixed imagery† and fervid eloquence of his national poetry, whose early studies had been the mythical allegories and wild traditions of the Talmudists, and whose physical frame was wrought upon by the smouldering fires of consumption, must needs obey the law of his being, and revel in the undefined and shadowy world of ontological fiction, rather than pick up, like the patient Newton, a few pebbles from the shore by which rolled the great ocean of Fact.

Accordingly his first publication was "Renati des Cartes Principia Philosophiæ more geometrico demonstrata per Benedictum de Spinoza Amstelodamensem: Accesserunt eiusdem Cogitata Metaphysica ni quibus difficiliores quæ tam in parte metaphysices generali quam speciali occurrunt quæstiones breviter explicantur,"—and in this is to be found not only a luminous expo-

* Cours de Phil. Tom. ii. Lib. 3.

† Even Mr. Macaulay, in his well known essay, has fallen into this error of speaking of Bacon as promulgating a system. He says: "That which was eminently his own in his system was the end which he proposed to himself."[1] And yet a few lines previously, he defines "the inductive method" to be "a road"—"a road" by which "a mine of inexhaustible wealth" was made "accessible" and uses other like phrases, showing an apparently correct appreciation of the Philosophy under consideration.

Now the brilliant essayist has either sacrificed accuracy of idea to elegance of expression, or else he has confounded *system* with *method*. If the former be the cause of his error, why then he has sinned hopelessly, and is not to be forgiven. But this we do not believe, for it is hardly to be supposed that he would violate good sense and true taste in such a fashion, besides which, there are other passages which seem to point to the latter, as the real reason of his use of the word. Yet the distinction is plain and obvious. A system and a method are as distinct in Philosophy as are a Principle and a Process in mechanics. Had Mr. Macaulay lingered a little longer over the guide books of his intended profession, he would have found this amply illustrated and demonstrated. Ideas are public property; yet let an individual collect those ideas and express them by a particular form of words, and forthwith the law of copyright steps in and guarantees to him as his own the language in which the ideas are so expressed. Again; the principles of natural science in any of its departments are universal, yet a process or mode of applying those principles may be the subject of a patent, and will be protected as such.[2]

[1] Essays p. 283. Phila. Ed. 1850.

[2] Web. Pat. Ca. Judge Pratt: 1—6. Ibid 342. Neilson v. Harford. Curtis on Copyright, 61—62.

* Omnis enim philosophiæ difficultas in eo versari videtur, ut a phænomenis motuum investigemus vires naturæ, deinde ab his viribus demonstremus phænomena reliqua.***Spero autem quod vel huic philosophandi modo, vel veriori alicui, principia hic posita lucem aliquam præbebunt.

Auct. Præf. xi Philos. Nat. Principia. auct. I. Newton. Glasgow Ed. 1822.

† South. Heb. Poet. sec. xii.

sition of the Cartesian system. but the germs of that which Spinoza himself subsequently gave to the world, and which has been studied with so much avidity upon the Continent of Europe, and is now quietly, almost imperceptibly, working its way by divers channels into the English and American mind.

The same conscientious courage which forced him to reject at every hazard the traditions which made the commandments of God of none effect,* caused Spinoza to subject the system of Des Cartes to the most rigid logical scrutiny. He found the fact of his own existence demonstrated with the most laborious care. But of that fact he had never entertained a doubt, and thus much of the system therefore was useless to him. *Cogito, ergo sum*, required no proof. *Ego sum, ergo Deus est*, was another and far different matter. For this he did desire some show of reason—some logical proof; and that was not furnished him. He speedily detected the fallacy by which Des Cartes had satisfied himself. Finitude, Imperfection are but attributes, Unhappiness but a condition, incident to and involved in the existence of something prior, some *Ens*; and so Infinitude, Perfection also are but attributes, Happiness but a condition, likewise incident and subordinate to some *Ens*. Now what is *that* Ens?

One thing was certain. It was no one of the phenomena, whether material or spiritual, which surrounded him; for all these were resolvable; they existed *per aliud*, not *per se*. It must then be that which underlies, rests beneath, and supports all phenomena. It must be that from which all other things emanate,† in which all things live, and move and have their being, by which all things were made,‡ αρχη και τελος, the Beginning and the Ending.§ This uncreated, self-existent Existence, which we call God, Spinoza called *Substans*, thereby endeavoring to express the relation held, as he believed, by the concrete to the absolute. To him, the Finite ever serenely reposed upon the Infinite: the manifold phenomena of individual life were but ever-changing developments of a sustaining Power. Matter and Spirit were but diverse manifestations of the Infinite Ens; and whether our bodies be brought to the grave, to remain beneath the clods of the valley,‖ our spirits return to God, who gave them;¶ or whether we do with all our might whatsoever our hands find to do** it matters not; for life and death, spirit and matter, are but one and the same; all are but "Attributes"†† or "Modes" of the Infinite Substance which exists of itself, and which but obeys the law of its own being by thus developing itself in infinite manifestations.*

* We have been oftentimes tempted, and as often restrained by fear of intruding "heavy articles" upon the readers of a journal of this kind, to give an outline not only of the system, but of the argumentation of Spinoza. There is much in his "Definitions," "Axioms" and "Propositions," worthy of the most patient investigation and thought. Nor do we think such an analysis would prove injurious by giving a more extended circulation to his system; for we are amongst those who suppose that the great truths of Christianity are not to be shaken by mere human philosophy. Far from it. On the contrary we firmly believe that discussion, examination, freedom of thought and speech, are most earnestly to be desired and encouraged by every lover of "pure religion and undefiled." Sectarianism may, and it is devoutly to be hoped will vanish in such a conflict; for in it nothing, which is not as broad and catholic in its verity and love as the doctrines taught on the Mount, will be permitted to remain. *Forms* of Christianity have no more potent or less practicable antagonist than the Rationalism, which is too often generated by a study of Spinoza. This is only to be conquered by a Religion, logically coherent as well as spiritually fructifying. But the clergy are too busy with commenting on some obsolete rubric of Edward the Fifth's Prayer Book, or discussing some incomprehensible dogma of the Westminster Catechism, or too much engaged in some other employment equally profitable to the souls of men, to think of girding on their armor and addressing themselves to the real wants of the age.

There are two English writers, however, who have pointed out, as they think, the error which lies in this system. And of these we shall take the liberty of saying a word. Mr. Hallam says:[1] "In this fourth axiom the fundamental fallacy lurks. The relation between cause and effect is surely something perfectly different from our perfect comprehension of it, or indeed from having any knowledge of it all." Now, with deference we say it, seems to us that had Mr. Hallam considered the V. axiom more carefully, especially the second branch of it he would not perhaps have given this judgment. "Sive conceptus unius alterius conceptum non involvit."[2] *Causa*[3] is the *natura naturans*,[4] become the *natura* naturata[5] or *effectus*.[6] They are merely different manifestations of the *Substans*; and being so—that is, different manifestations, the conception of the one[7] does not involve the conception of the other.

Again. Mr. Morell[8] says: "There is throughout all Spinoza's reasoning, a vast ambiguity lying concealed in the word *substance*. Taking it as implying *Being per se*, he succeeds admirably in proving that it must be uncreated, eternal, divine; but this is no *proof* of the impossibility of the act of creation. Why should the term *substance* be confined to this precise definition; why should it not include Being *per alium* as well as *per se*? If this be admissible, the pantheistic basis crumbles beneath his feet, the old stand-point is regained, that God is the efficient *cause* of all things, not the *essence* of which all things consist."

Every true Christian who may have read the above pas-

* St. Mark, vii, 13. † Acts, xvii, 28.
‡ St. John, i, 3. § Revelations, i, 8.
‖ Job, xxi, 32—33. ¶ Eccles. xii, 7.
** Eccles. ix, 10. †† Eth. P. 1 Def. iv. *et seq.*

[1] Int. to Lit. of Europe, iv., 246. [2] Ax. v, 1, Sp. 188.
[3] Ax. iv. [4] Sch., p. 210. [5] Sch. p. 211.
[6] Ax. iv. [7] Ax. v. [8] Hist. of Philos., p. 128. N. Y. ed.

We cannot here occupy the space necessary to give an outline of the argument, by which Spinoza seeks to prove his Pantheistic dogma. As a specimen of logical reasoning it is unsurpassed, we were about to say unrivalled, in the treatises on metaphysical science. We must proceed to notice its effects upon some of its students who can discover no error in its logic.

One class shrink back in horror and dismay from the conclusion to which it leads them. They reperuse; and find that they have been misled by no appeals to their feelings, dazzled by no flowers of rhetoric, deceived by no false deductions. Wildly, blindly do they wander to and fro for a time, and then, like Schlegel and Newman, take refuge in the bosom of a Church which at least claims to be infallible and to give repose to its devotees.

Another class see in this system only the prelude to a great and noble development of Christianity in its truest and most philosophical form, uncompleted because the All-wise thought fit to arrest its progress, and withdraw his servant from his labors, so that the general and not the individual mind might finish the work. Of such is the faithful and pious Schleiermacher—"Full of religion was he," exclaims he with enthusiasm, "and full of the Holy Spiri, and therefore he stands also there alone and unparalleled, a Master in his art, and lifted above the profane herd without any disciples and withany citizenship."*

But a third class accept his conclusion as true. To them his system has logical life; they care not that it is fraught with spiritual Death. To them, Birth is but an "affectio,"* an accident whereby certain matter is made to exhibit the impress of spiritual influences; Death is but another accident, by which the tie that binds soul and body together is severed, and the one released to seek its kindred volatile essences according to its "elective affinities," and the other resolving into its elemental particles, to be remoulded into that or some other form. Thus coldly, joylessly, does the Materialist live, thus hopelessly does he go down to the grave.

Amongst this last mentioned class are to be found Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Jacobi, Schiller and Goethe. Over Goethe, this system exercised a potent influence, traces of which are discoverable in every act of his life, in every line which he has written. It permeated his whole intellectual and moral nature; and perhaps no better instance of the power which the Creator has permitted some of his creatures to exercise over others, could be cited, than this same subjugation of the German Poet to the Jewish Pantheist. With this in view, taken in connection with the *reflex* character of his mind, we can readily understand why, during that long period from 1749 to 1832, when the earth was shaken to her centre; when Atheism and the Academy triumphed over Religion and the Church; when Revolution and the Guillotine slaughtered the Patriot and the Philanthropist; when the Eagle of France floated over the Kremlin at Moscow, and the sabre of the Gaul proved more potent than the scimetar of the Mameluke; when the fair plains of Germany were trodden down by a foreign foe, and her hearthstones made desolate by a ruthless soldiery; when Religion required an advocate, when Freedom needed a protector, when truth demanded a champion,—why, during this long period of strife and peril, Goethe wrote no line, uttered no word suited to the times. True it is that he put forth the "Epimenides Awakening," (such, if we remember rightly, is the title,) but it fell still-born from the press, and has ever since been suffered to remain in well-merited and ignoble obscurity. "Not once," says Haas, "not once has he ever advanced a poor, solitary word in his country's cause."† And this is not denied by Goethe. He begins his defence by inquiring the nature of patriotism. "I should like to know what is the meaning of those phrases: 'Love your country'—'Be an active

sage, must console himself by the reflection that Religion rests on some more stable grounds than bad English and worse logic. By *substans* Spinoza as above shown means or designates God. Now, "why should not God include Being *per alium* as well as *per se*," is Morell's question. Well, we admit it. What then? A pair of old boots are certainly *Being per alium*, as the half-starved laborious cobblers who have been engaged in manufacturing and mending them will testify. Then they are, according to Mr. Morell, (we say it in no irreverent spirit,) then they are *substans* or God!

This is hardly the fashion in which to confute Spinoza. We submit, not without great hesitation, and only for the consideration of others, that the radical error of his system lies in Sch. II, Prop. VIII.[1] "Veram uniuscuius que rei definitionem nihil involvere neque exprimere praeter rei definitae naturam;" in other words, that our knowledge of things is *absolute*, *not relative*; that the idea subjectively conceived is the perfect and exact representation of the fact objectively considered; an error which we think fully exposed in the following sententious and pithy remarks of Bacon: "Falso enim asseritur, sensum humanum esse Mensuram rerum; Quin contra, omnes Perceptiones, tam sensus quam mentis, sunt ex analogia Hominis, non ex analogia universi. Est que Intellectus humanus instar speculi inaequalis ad radios rerum; qui suam naturam Naturae rerum immiscet, eamque distorquet et inficit." Nov. Org. Aph. xli. Lugd. Bat. Ed. 1650, p. 39.

[1] 1 Sp. 191.

* Quot. Brud. Praef. pp. iii, iv.

* Def. v, 1 Sp., 187.

† Gleanings from Germany, p. 284.

patriot,' and so forth."* The same apathetic *spectator ab extra*,†—passionless, yet observant, semi-sensuous, yet semi-philosophical spirit, which dictated this interrogatory as to the nature of Patriotism, pervades all his later writings, but in none is it so visible as in Faust and Meister. It is from this "stand-point," as a looker-on, half-sneering, half-smiling, upon the scenes of life described in its pages, that Meister's apprenticeship appears to have been written.

The book opens with a scene between Barbara, an old waiting-woman, and Mariana, a young and beautiful actress, the fair mistress of a certain Mr. Norberg, who has indiscreetly enough, so far as the lady's fidelity is concerned, allowed himself to be called away for a time by mercantile business. The servant has a package in her hands, the gift of the absent lover. It is treated with disdain, for the girl has supplied herself with another "friend," who, being present, is of course for the time far dearer, and who at this juncture rushes in, having dextrously contrived to escape from the paternal mansion, where his partly-suspected attachment for the pretty histrione has created much uneasiness. This is Meister, our hero. He clasps her with rapture to his bosom. They retire for the night;‡ and Goethe declines describing the blessedness of two lovers under such cirumstances, yet with the authorized inconsistency of the artistic novel-writer, he proceeds a few pages farther on (23, 24) to depict in glowing colors, though with subdued tints, the fullness of happiness belonging only to that love, which combines the dreamy tenderness of a first affection with the complete enjoyment of youthful passion: whilst the whole of Chapter IX. is devoted to showing in voluptuous yet refined language, the healthy, elevating influence exercised over Mariana by her amour with Meister in ultimately separating her from her mercenary connexion with Norberg. With Meister—"his duties seemed holier, his inclinations keener, his knowledge clearer, his talents stronger, his purposes more decided."

"Passing his nights in the enjoyment of confiding love; and his days in the expectation of new, happy hours," he "began to be inspired with new life,"—"his pure soul was grateful without limit—"his heart constantly overflowed with the loftiest emotions," and he accordingly resolved to marry her, follow his "vocation for the theatre, and become a great actor," "To leave his father's house and people, now appeared a light matter," Truly a most ennobling and virtuous attachment so far as Wilhelm was concerned, this, for which he proposes clandestinely to abandon the home of his boyhood and his aged and affectionate parents, regardless of the woe which would assuredly bring down their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, in order to marry his paramour, who was even then the mistress of another.

"Divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed,"

sang Milton in Comus; and so also may sing the admirers of Goethe's school for morals.

To Mariana and old Barbara our hero relates his early history, the scenes of which are drawn, as we know, from the author's own experience. To us the story of the puppets is full of interest, though his ladye-love fell asleep during the recital, and "the old damsel" kept herself awake by "sipping up the wine." "Their soft, sweet dreams were broken in upon," by old Meister ruthlessly insisting upon his son discharging some of the duties appertaining to a sentient being, less "holy" perhaps than "nights of confiding enjoyment," but still very proper and pertinent to a rational creature. In other words, he insists on his son going on a collecting tour. It is here that we have introduced young Werner, who is made to typify the commercial man, an object of Goethe's supreme contempt and unfeigned abhorrence. His notion of the merchant, as such, is best gained from the following extract from the dialogue between the two young men.

"Was it not you, my good friend, who always had some fragment of riband to traffic with; and skill, at the same time, to stimulate my taste, and turn it to your profit?"

"Werner laughed and continued:

"I still recollect with pleasure, how I used to extract gain from your theatrical campaigns, as army contractors do from war. I know of nothing in the world more rational than to turn the folly of others to our own advantage." (p. 50.)

Of course, after having displayed so grovelling and degrading a spirit, Werner fails in his attempt to wean Meister from his infatuated devotion to Mariana. Meister Senior and Werner Senior have an aside consultation upon providing Wilhelm with a horse for his journey. One, offered by a neighboring debtor in payment of his dues, is considered suitable, and the young man is informed that he must go in person for it. It chimes in exactly with his intended elopement, and he eagerly embraces the opportunity.

"So intense was his love, so full his convic-

* Eckerman's Conversation with Goethe.

But the Cross of the Legion of Honor was bestowed on him by Napoleon; and straightway verses flowed freely from his pen.

† Coleridge. Table Talk.

‡ Meister's App., vol. 1, p. 20.

tion of the perfect rectitude of his intention to escape from the presence of his actual mode of life, and follow a new and nobler career, that his conscience did not in the least rebel: no anxiety rose within him: he even reckoned the deception he was meditating holy. He felt certain, that in the long run, parents and relations would bless him for this resolution: he acknowledged in these concurring circumstances the signal of a guiding fate."

This rather conflicts with the vulgar views of horse-stealing, entertained by rustic Prosecuting Attorneys; and we seriously doubt whether any "meditations" of theirs, however "intense," or any sophistry however glozed, will produce in their minds any other "conviction" than that provided for in the statute. But in sober earnest, we would pause and ask the faithful disciples of our author, whether or no all, or any crime, can not be justified by a process of ratiocination akin to this? If "concurring circumstances" are to be "acknowledged as the signal of a guiding fate," what iniquities may not be perpetrated in solitude and darkness? If robbing one's parents and friends be a "holy deception," what on earth is unhallowed or disreputable? But to proceed.

He waited impatiently for the hour when he could once more be "in the arms of his beloved." "She received him in the new white *negligée*; he thought he had never seen her so charming. Thus did she handsel the gift of her absent lover in the arms of her present one." He told her all, and hoped that on his return "she would not refuse him her hand." He also "inquired of her in the tenderest and most delicate terms, if he might not think himself a father." "To which she," not unmindful of Mr. Norberg and the little favors permitted to him, "answered only with a sigh, with a kiss." Next day he proceeds on his journey; and the rest of this story may be briefly summed up by saying, that during Meister's absence Norberg returns and claims his faithless mistress; they quarrel; she pursues her theatrical avocations; finally gives birth to a son upon whom is bestowed the auspicious name of Felix; and then dies. Subsequently Felix, grown to boyhood, appears on the stage, is acknowledged by Wilhelm as his child and treated accordingly. (Vol. ii, pp. 76—77.)

In this excursion Wilhelm falls in with Melina, an actor, who has eloped with the daughter of a substantial farmer. He is seated, with his ladye love, in a cart, handcuffed, and on his return to receive such punishment as is provided for by the law. Arrived before the magistrate, the young lady, not without blushes, confesses matters and things, (v. i, pp. 66–67) which at once awaken Meister's sympathy, and induce him to intercede with the enraged parents on the score of the family reputation. He succeeds in arresting the prosecution and in obtaining their consent to the marriage; whereupon the Actor goes forth to seek his livelihood, not however before he has expressed to Meister, some of the miseries of a player's life, upon which our hero indulges in a wild rhapsody upon the glory and power of a true theatrical career. (v. i, pp. 62—73.)

On his return home, Meister discovers Norberg leaving Mariana's (v. i, p. 93) and the character of his intercourse with the frail goddess is but too painfully disclosed by a note, which falls into the luckless youth's hands. A violent fever 97,) was, amongst other things, the consequence, upon his recovery from which, Wilhelm resolves to devote himself wholly to mercantile pursuits in accordance with his Father's wishes, and as an aid to the better keeping of his resolution, to burn all his poetical and other like manuscripts. Whilst thus occupied, Werner (the younger) enters (v. i, p. 101,) and seeks to dissuade him from his work of destruction. But he heeds not. Like Rachel, he refuses to be comforted, for she, to whom he had given his heart's best faith, with whom were bound up all his hopes of life, of glory, upon whom he had lavished all the endearments of tenderest love, she was not. Faithless to her love, she was to him as no more. We cannot forbear quoting the passage in which he gives utterance to his feelings (vol. i. pp 105—106) for to us it seems greatly to resemble in spirit and pathos, in imagery and eloquence, one of those magnificent bursts of invocation, passionate yet simple, found oftenest in the choruses of the Greek tragedians, Goethe's favorite masters in the poetic art, and whom, as said by his admirers, he most resembles. Werner has remonstrated against his attempts to wholly crush his poetic aspirations and tastes, to which Meister replies that though he has struggled against them, they still pursue him, and then:

"Yet what now remains for me, wretched that I am? Ah! whoever should have told me that the arms of my spirit, with which I was grasping at Infinity, and hoping with certainty to clasp something great and glorious, would so soon be crushed and smote to pieces; whoever should have told me this, would have brought me to despair. And yet now, when judgment has been passed upon me; now when *she*, that was to be as my divinity to guide me to my wishes, is gone forever, what remains but that I yield up my soul to the bitterest woes? O my brother! I will not deceive you in my secret purposes, she was as the hook on which the ladder of my hopes was fixed. See! with daring aim the mounting adventurer hovers in the air; the iron breaks and he lies broken and dismembered on the earth. No, there is no hope, no comfort for me more! 'I will not' he cried out, springing to his feet, 'leave a single fragment of these wretched papers from the flames.' He then seized one or two

packets of them, tore them up and threw them into the fire.

"Werner endeavoured to restrain him, but in vain. 'Let me alone' cried Wilhelm; 'what should these miserable leaves do here? To me they give neither pleasant recollections nor pleasant hopes. Shall they remain behind to vex me to the end of my life? Shall they perhaps one day serve the world for a jest, instead of awakening sympathy and horror? Woe to me! my doom is woe! Now I comprehend the wailing of the Poets, of the wretched whom necessity has rendered wise. How long did I look upon myself as invulnerable and invincible, and alas! I am now made to see that a deep and early sorrow can never heal, can never pass away; I feel that I shall take it with me to my grave. No! not a day of my life shall escape this anguish, which at last must crush me down; and *her* image too shall stay with me, shall live and die with me.'"

What with Wilhelm's infirm health and indifferent spirits, and what with his attentive and satisfactory deportment at the counting-house, it is again considered advisable by the old people to resume the object of sending him on a collecting tour. This is done. He passes some time in the discharge of his unpleasant duties with the usual success, and finally stops to recruit himself and horse at a market town in his route. Here he meets with Mignon. "The daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion, and despair, she is of the earth, but not earthly," says Mr. Carlyle, (Pref. vol. i, p. xii). "The history of Miguon runs like a thread of gold through the tissue of the narrative, connecting with the heart much that were else addressed only to the head. Philosophy and eloquence might have done the rest; but this is Poetry in the highest meaning of the word. It must be for the power of producing such creations and emotions. that Goethe is by many of his countrymen ranked at the side of Homer and Shakspeare, as one of the only three men of genius that have ever lived" (Pref. xiii). It behooves us therefore to be very careful in our attempted outline of her story, and very guarded in our comments upon it, should we be bold enough to venture on any. It is this:

An old Italian nobleman (v. ii, p. 187 et seq.) having large estates and three sons, had a daughter born to him late in life. As a similar circumstance occurring to one of his neighbors had been the source of much ridicule, he determined to avoid it by bringing her up as the daughter of a friend, and Sperata grew in loveliness with her years. In the mean season, Augustin, one of his sons, had entered the cloister by command of his Father. For awhile the duties of his convent and the dreamy enthusiasm of his disposition, enabled him to endure his involuntary vocation; but on the death of his parent, he sought to be relieved from his monastic trammels, and urged it with the greater vehemence, by reason of the reciprocal love of Sperata and himself. His brothers sought the assistance of the family confessor who then declared the nature of their relationship. To this revelation, Augustin turned a deaf ear; bidding them "Spare their idle tales" that "she was not his sister, but his wife." "We were shocked at the discovery, we deplored his situation, but we knew not how to help ourselves, for he declared with violence, that Sperata had a child by him in her bosom." (v. ii, p. 189.) This disclosure produced, of course, a feeling of discomfort in the family. The Confessor began to talk of religion. "Name not your Gods"—said the Reverend Augustin, "You never name them, save when you wish to befool us." The mental and moral conflict ensuing upon the discovery, however, drove Augustin frantic. He fled from his home, and is not again heard of until we meet him as a deranged Harper, singing legendary lays, or mystical snatches. Wilhelm adds him to his retinue, puts him in an asylum, and does every thing that he can to restore the obscured light of reason to its original lustre. But in vain. Father Augustin terminated his earthly career with a razor. (v. ii, p. 212—214.)

The fearful crime which she had committed was concealed by a pious fraud from Sperata until after the birth of her child, and she was amused and cheated by pretended stories and messages from the absent Augustin (v. ii, p. 193). But as soon as her child was weaned, and she had recovered some strength, her confessor portrayed "her fault in the most terrific colors." He "took no small credit for the ingenuity with which he contrived to tear the poor creature's heart." "Her little girl meanwhile was growing; from her earliest years she had displayed an extraordinary disposition. When still very young, she could run and move with wonderful dexterity. She sang beautifully, and learned to play upon the cithern almost of herself," (v. ii, p. 194). The child was taken from the mother, and committed to a worthy family on the sea shore. Here she soon displayed her love of climbing. She liked to change clothes with the boys. Her wild walks and leapings often led her to a great distance, but she always came back. At last, she went out and did not return again. It was conjectured that she was drowned, though all our searching could not find her body" (vol. ii, p. 195.) The unhappy mother walked from day to day along the sea shore, gathering up little bones in the fond hope of finally obtaining all the remains of the lost object of her anguish and affections. Another "pious fraud" was perpetrated. The

bones of a child's skeleton were gradually introduced instead of those which she had collected. She fastened them together with ribands, and joyfully watched over them. One night, whilst she slept, they were removed, and, as she believed, animated by the spirit of her child, had ascended to Heaven. Now then her work on earth was done. She had lived and she had loved. To the Holy One must she now go—and so in tranquillity she passed away.

Du Heilegi, rufe dein kind zuriick,
Ich habe genossen das indische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.*
[*Thekla's song in Schiller's Piccolomini.*

But no such good fortune as a friendly wave had befallen the offspring of sin and shame. Evil days were in store for her. She had fallen into the hands of a street-dancer, "who, by reason of his admirable skill, had been surnamed the Great Devil," (v. i, p. 128). On his death she fell into the hands of his brother, from whom Meister buys her for thirty crowns, but can learn nothing of her parentage or history. At this time she is about fourteen years of age, refuses obstinately to wear the ordinary apparel of females and adheres to her masculine attire, to which she is more accustomed. "Her countenance was not regular but striking; her brow full of mystery; her nose extremely beautiful; her mouth, although it seemed too closely shut for one of her age; and though she often threw it to a side, had yet an air of frankness, and was very lovely," (v. i, p. 121). She exhibited a "fine brown complexion, beautiful though sparingly intermingled with red." She exhibits wonderful fidelity and affection for Wilhelm, as her deliverer from an odious bondage, and when, during his journeyings, his party was attacked by robbers and himself wounded, "she drew her sword in the battle, and seeing her friend in peril, struck fiercely at the free-booters; one of whom had at length seized her by the arm, and threw her aside," (v. i, 284,) whereby her arm was dislocated. Uncomplaining, unheeding her own pain, "she tried to staunch his wounds with her own hair," (v. i, p. 271) and for days waited on him, nor admitted her own sufferings until "pressed with questions," (v. i, p. 284) and it was then, "with her arm in a sling, she came forth with her attentions and her love, was eager in serving and lively in entertaining him," (v. i, p. 285.) One night, when Meister had been carousing too freely with some play actors, he went to his bed, nearly stupified with drink. A noise aroused him, and "he felt himself encircled with soft arms, and his mouth shut with kisses, which he had not face to push away," (v. i, pp. 389—390). He knew not who had thus hovered around him, but the physician who attended Mignon in her last illness told him, (v. ii, pp. 122—123) that though it was not she who had thus caressed him, yet she had seen some one in white dress, a certain Philina, enter his chamber on that occasion, and then her love for Meister "already keen and powerful in her little heart," "mingled with passionate jealousy" and "the unacknowledged longing of obscure desire" (no feeling, no affection, no scene, which Goethe describes is free from a tinge of the licentious coloring in which his imaginations seems to revel) "seized her half developed nature with tremendous force." Violent action of the heart and convulsions followed, which ultimately produced her death, (v. ii, p. 146). But ere this last event occurred, she had been placed under the care of Natalia, one of Meister's numerous ladye loves, through whose instrumentality she was induced to change her boy's costume for a more becoming attire, and when Wilhelm next sees her, "she looked like a departing spirit"—and such she indeed was—for but a little while, and she faded away

"Like a golden exhalation of the dawn."

Her body is embalmed (v. ii, p. 147) and her obsequies are celebrated in a style, novel at least if not impressive, by "boys, dressed in azure with silver, waving broad fans of ostrich feathers, and by invisible choruses" (v. ii, p. 180.)

This then is the story of Mignon, which has called for so much unbounded enthusiasm and applause from Goethe's admirers, such wild pæans in honor of his genius as a Poet. For ourselves we frankly confess, that we see nothing in this story of incestuous love and its hapless consequences, so worthy of unqualified approbation. Indeed it rather seems to us as an illustration of what we conceive to be the most pernicious element in his writings, we mean the insidious manner in which he saps and undermines the foundations of moral life, we speak not here of morals as a science, but of moral life as penetrating, vivifying, exalting the soul of man. True it is, that into the mouth of Mignon our author puts his choicest songs, and in her girlish purity, her unfriended helplessness and her early death, appeals most strongly to our sympathy. But however well he may succeed in arousing or touching our feelings, they should not be permitted to warp our judgment. And that judgment must reprehend in the most decided manner an attempt to indirectly justify a connexion which the laws of God and man alike condemn, and against which every genuine human feeling revolts. But we must pass to our outline of Meister's adventures.

* To her Father in heaven may the daughter now go;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved.—*Bulwer's Translation.*

Amongst other things which attracted his attention in the market-town before spoken of, (v. i, p. 112,) was a fair-haired, pretty, and piquant girl, Philina, the friend of one Mr. Laertes. With these two persons he soon scrapes an acquaintance, and they go on divers excursions together. Philina with her saucy ways soon piques our hero into a liking, which with equal quickness begets a jealous feeling on the part of Mr. Friedrich, a harum-scarum youth of high birth, (the brother of Natalia, Lothario and the Countess, with all of whom Meister falls in subsequently,) who, for love of her, waits on her, *incognito*. Friedrich and Philina part; then resume their old relationship: part again; are friends again, and so on; until at last Friedrich is metamorphosed by time from the beardless youth into "a young officer in a red uniform with white pantaloons," (v. i, p. 401,)—a metamorphose not without its disagreeable results, since "Philina's figure becomes so ludicrous and shapeless, that she cannot bear to see herself," (v. ii, p. 162.) In one of these excursions Meister's party is joined by a man having a half-clerical appearance, and whose conversation and deportment produce a decided impression. This proves to be Jarno, a "handsome man," who professes the truest, deepest devotion to philosophy, "and whom by his deep and dignified mien you might have taken for a clergyman," (v. i, p. 145;) but who is in fact a libertine of the worst kind, being governed in his amours by a spirit of cold sensuality, unredeemed by a single passionate impulse; a man after Goethe's own heart; in fact, such a man as was Goethe himself. His philosophical theories are but little else than a compound of Jacob Boehmenism and sentimentality, interlarded with a good deal of dillettanti criticism on the Fine Arts. A tolerable idea of his style of conversation, and of the correctness of the opinion here advanced may be gathered from the dialogue between himself and Lothario, (v. ii, p. 19.)

Meister shortly after this abandons his business and joins a company of strolling actors. Of these we need say nothing further than to quote his own words to Jarno after his separation from them. "How vehemently they counterwork each other! It is only the pitifulest self-love, the narrowest views of interest, that unite them. Of reciprocal accommodation they have no idea: backbiting and hidden spitefulness maintain a constant jealousy amongst them. In their lives they are either rakes or simpletons," (v. ii, p. 22.) This we consider sufficiently descriptive, and so pass on with the personal narrative of the hero. His connexion with his theatrical comrades produced however some changes in his notions on the subject of dress, which soon developed themselves in an easy, and yet poetic costume, reminding one forcibly of that adopted at the Massachusetts Phalanstery. After perusing the description it will be easily understood why "every one that met him stared with astonishment," (v. ii, p. 267.)

"It struck him that a waistcoat, over which, in case of need, one could throw a little short mantle, was a very fit thing for a traveller. Long knit pantaloons and a pair of lacing boots seemed the true garb of a pedestrian. He next procured a fine silk sash, which he tied about him under the pretence, at first, of securing warmth for his person. On the other hand he freed his neck from the tyranny of stocks; and got a few strips of muslin sewed upon his shirt, making the pieces of considerable breadth, so that they presented the complete appearance of an ancient ruff. The beautiful silk neckerchief, the memorial of Mariana, which had once been saved from burning, now lay slackly tied beneath this muslin collar. A round hat, with a parti-colored band, and a large feather, perfected the mask," (v. i, p. 252, 253.)

Their performances attracted the attention of a theatre-loving Count, who invited them to his castle, there to perform certain plays. This they did so much to the satisfaction of the Count, that their visit was prolonged. The Count's wife, sister to Natalia and Lothario, was young and beautiful. The result, at last, according to Goethe's notions of human nature, manly honor, womanly virtue, is of course "that Wilhelm appeared every day more interesting to the Countess, while in him too a silent inclination towards her was beginning to take root," (v. i, p. 213,) to which feeling "their harmless souls yielded without reserve." "The actresses had drawn upon them the attention of the young officers," whilst the actors "made more important conquests amongst the lady visiters,") amongst which, Laertes, the quondam friend of Philina, had captivated a certain Baroness, the intimate friend of the Countess. Him, the Baroness would have made useful on this occasion, but unluckily "happening once to celebrate her praises" to her husband, he was "instructed a little in the habits of his wife," for "the Baron with a grin replied—'I see how matters stand; our fair friend has got a fresh inmate for her stalls.'" This "luckless comparison" to Circe "grieved poor Laertes to the heart," whilst "the Baron continued without mercy." "'Every stranger thinks he is the first whom this delightful manner of proceeding has concerned; but he is grievously mistaken,'" (v. i, p. 214.) The remarks of the Baron about his wife very naturally disgusted Laertes with the adventure. He backed out of it, and could not be used therefore to forward the inclination of the Countess and Meister for each other: an in-

clination which the Baroness anxiously desired to nurse into an indulgence, as "her own intrigues with several men, especially of late with Jarno, had not remained hidden from the Countess, whose pure soul could not look upon such levities without disapprobation." Failing with Laertes, Philina and Jarno, the high-minded devotee of Philosophy, are called in to assist her in trapping the pure Countess into the levity of a little adultery with Meister, for which "Jarno was richly rewarded," (v. i, p. 237.) An interview between the Countess and Meister is contrived, (v. i, p. 238, 239. et. seq.) in which "without knowing it, he found the Countess in his arms; her lips were resting upon his, and their warm mutual kisses were yielding to them that blessedness, which mortals sip from the topmost sparkling foam on the freshly poured cup of love. Her head lay on his shoulder; the disordered ringlets and ruffles were forgotten," and so on, when "on a sudden she tore herself away," begged him in "the most tender and affecting voice, 'Fly, if you love me.' Wilhelm was out of the chamber and again in his own room, before he knew what he was doing." (v. i, p. 243.) Whereupon Goethe apostropises the uncommitted "levity" thus: "Unhappy creatures! what singular warning of chance or destiny tore them asunder.

Now Mr. Carlyle in his preface, (xi,) has given us to understand that to appreciate and relish this book properly, we must give it our profoundest study. "Not," says he, "not till after long and patient and intense examination, do we begin to descry the earnest features of that beauty, which has its foundation in the deepest nature of man, and will continue to be pleasing through all ages." We submit, with great deference, that, setting God and religion wholly out of view, it was not exactly the most honorable thing for Mr. Meister to accept the money, (v. i, p. 245,) the hospitality and kindnesses of a gentleman, and then in grateful return therefor rob him of the affections of his wife and try to seduce her. To us, much study and patient examination would not, we fear, disclose the beautiful features of such a "levity." Nor would we find it in our individual microcosm, to admire the mode in which 'man and his concerns are represented in the first of European minds," (Carlyle, Pref. xi,) if a husband's guests and *friends* are, for the purpose of hiding their own guilty commerce, to contrive projects for effecting his dishonor and the ruin of his wife. There may be "touches of eloquence and poetry and tenderness," in all this, but our perceptions are too obtuse, our moral faculties too uncultivated, to enable us "to descry the earnest features of its beauty," or see in it "the unfolding of the principle of Religion," (Pref. x.) But to return to the story.

Wilhelm's next adventure is with a certain Aurelia, a widow, an actress and the sister of Manager Serlo, whose troupe Meister had joined, which interesting female always carries a sharp dagger. Of her, it is enough to say that after she was a widow, she had been for a series of months on the most intimate terms with Mr. Lothario. In course of time, he went away, and she became partially deranged. Philina's brief account, (v. i, p. 298,) is "a hapless love affair with some nobleman, who has left her a memorial." Indeed, Philina "calculated Aurelia's business. The death of her husband, the new acquaintance, the child's age; all things agree." Aurelia's beauty and sorrowful laments overcame Meister. He gives vent to some of those vows and sentiments which justify the much admiring Mr. Carlyle in saying, "the hero is a milksop, whom with all his gifts, it takes an effort to avoid despising," (Pref. x.) Whereupon the young woman "darted her hand into her pocket, pulled out her dagger quick as lightning, and scored with the edge and point of it across his hand. He hastily drew back, but the blood was already running down," (v. i, p. 335.) Most men would shrink from an attachment for so vivacious a person. Not so with our hero. He faithfully attended her to the last, for she dies of course, and then obligingly undertook to deliver to Lothario a letter addressed to that person, which she entrusted to his care during her dying hours, (v. i. p 421, 422.) Arrived at Lothario's castle, he is shown into a handsome, spacious hall, where he repeats before the mirrors a pathetic speech, which he had composed for the occasion, assumes all sorts of dignified postures, in which to deceive his Lordship, when all of a sudden a handsome man stepped in, excused himself for keeping Meister wait, took the letter, which he read very coolly, and then put his visiter in charge of "the abbe," who marched him off to a very pretty chamber, where he reproached himself for his indifferent mode of doing his errand, looked at some copper-plate engravings in his room, was "seized with an indescribable compassion: tears filled his eyes; he wept, and did not recover his composure, till slumber overpowered him," (v. ii, p. 10, 11, 12.) Next morning, whilst at breakfast with the clergyman, Lydia, a young lady, one of Lothario's numerous mistresses, rushes in and frantically demands her lover. Just then he is brought back, seriously wounded in a duel, fought on account of another mistress. Of course he is treated as an invalid, and, as Lydia is rather importunate in her attentions, Meister is employed with a "cunning knave of a coachman," (v. ii, p. 27,)

to carry her off to "a neat little country house," the residence of Theresa, another mistress of Lothario, but with whom he had no existing relations. The poor girl's grief is very great at discovering the fraud thus practised on her, and she naturally inveighs against Meister's guile and treachery, whilst he protests his innocence, and says he is only "a guiltless tool." He takes great credit to himself, however, for having thus successfully deceived a hapless, helpless orphan. And though we have not yet discovered "the features of beauty" in such conduct, doubtless "patient examination" will cause us to regard it as exceedingly honorable and meritorious.

Meister, whose propensity for falling in love with cast off mistresses, is greater than that of any novel-hero we have ever met with, takes a walk with "a handsome hunter-boy," (v. ii, p. 35,) who turns out to be Theresa. She tells him her history—of her acquaintance with and engagement to Lothario, how it was broken off by her intended discovering that one of his numerous amours had been with Madame St. Albin, a gay lady travelling under an assumed name, but who was Theresa's mother, and how she had never seen him more. Meister, as usual, makes love, and upon his return to Lothario's mansion, proposes marriage, and is accepted, but not until our susceptible friend had fallen in love with Natalia, the younger sister of the Countess and Lothario, and who, to increase his miseries, hands him Theresa's letter of acceptance, (v. ii, p. 130.)

Pending all this, and whilst he is staying at the castle, he is initiated into the mysteries of a certain secret society, under whose supervision his whole previous life has been passed, though unknown to him. Its principal members are the Abbe, Jarno, Lothario and friends. The mummeries are not very imposing or impressive, (v. ii, p. 86, 93,) and are not essential to the outline of this story. He receives his Indenture, and is told that his Apprenticeship is now completed, and his Mastership is begun. It can not fail to surprise every reader, however, who remembers the amours of Jarno and Lothario, to learn that the object of this semi-illuminati association is to "encourage the beautiful," "cultivate Nature's endowments" amongst its members, &c. The Indenture itself we will not extract as Meister pronounces it "surprising stuff."

After his initiation he is despatched to the mansion of Lothario's sister, who turns out to be "a beautiful Amazon," who extended some kindness to him when he was wounded by the freebooters. Here Wilhelm receives Theresa's letter of acceptance—followed shortly after by the writer in person, and with her the intelligence that Madame St. Albin was not Theresa's mother, so that Lothario is once more free to renew his engagement with her, which he offers to do. At first she refuses and sticks to Meister, who has given way to an unbounded passion for Natalia, a passion which is fully reciprocated, and he is accordingly much perplexed. Things ultimately adjust themselves, and Lothario and Theresa once more resume their ancient relations; Meister and Natalia are engaged; but as the utmost confidence is not placed in Meister's stability of character, he is sent on his "Travels" for a year before the affair is to be consummated. The development of this plot and counterplot occupies the whole of Book VIII. With "the Travels" we have nothing to do.

We have thus given a faithful outline—omitting the loves of the actors, as Meister tersely and sufficiently characterizes them as "rakes or simpletons"—of this world-famous novel, for whose moral beauty and religious spirit so much is claimed by Goethe's adherents and admirers. Concerning the Book itself, we have no comments to make. To those who can see it in any other light than as a production of the highest talent prostituted to the narration of lascivious scenes and stories, of exquisite purity of style expended in licentious descriptions, of marvellous gifts of poetry and song, deliberately employed in undermining all that is honorable or holy amongst men—to such its frequent perusal may afford much pleasure, and its patient examination develope earnest features of beauty. To us, it does not.

Philadelphia.

SONNET.

Fate! seek me out some lake far off and lone,
Shut in by hills of green and gradual rise,
And beautified with blue inverted skies—
Where not a breeze but comes with softened tone.
And if the waves awake, they only moan
With a low lulling music, like the rills
That make their home among those happy hills;
And let me find—left there by hands unknown—
A bark with mouldering sides and rifted sail,
Just strong enough to bear me from the shore,
But not to reach its tree-girt harbour more—
Oh, happy, happy rest! oh, world of wail!
How calmly I would tempt the peaceful deep,
And sink to death, as if I sank to sleep!

AGLAUS.

Henry H. Jinrod.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, JUNE, 1851.

It has been just about one year since I touched at any length upon French politics. I did not think in June of last year that twelve months would pass without another violent commotion from which France would issue with new political and perhaps social institutions. Yet here we are, as the stranger like yourself, at a distance, and not marking daily in a log book, the course, the velocity, and the incidents on ship-board, would be apt to suppose, in pretty much the same latitude as at this time last year. We still rejoice in the name of the French Republic; the words *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* have not been effaced from the public monuments. The tri-colored flag over Notre Dame, and the Hotel de Ville, has not been supplanted either by the white flag of legitimacy, or the red flag of democracy. But though all this is true, though not for one moment has order been seriously endangered in the Capital, great would be your error if you conclude therefrom that the thousand hostile elements of French society have become harmonized, that each of the five or six parties into which France is divided, abandoning the hope to impose itself upon the nation, has sacrificed its hopes upon the altar of country, and is sincerely concurring with the others in securing by common effort the greatest practicable common good. Far from it. No party has done this. No considerable portion of any party has done it. All that after strictest search, the largest charity will permit to be thus characterized, is the act called *fusion*, by which some twenty-five or thirty Orleanists led by M. *Guizot*, have renounced Orleanism, that is the hope of restoring the constitutional monarchy in the person of the Count of Paris, and frankly rallied to the legitimist standard of Henry V. That act deserves praise from the motives which inspired it. I believe they were really patriotic. These *fusionists* in their consciences hold that the republican form of government is incapable of affording in France the guaranty of order and stability which are the vigorous condition of healthful society. They think that of all the monarchical forms which are now disputing the possession of France, legitimacy actually offers the best chances of obtaining this guaranty. They have therefore sacrificed the affections which bound them to the family of Louis Philippe and strongly overcome the antipathy fostered and matured during eighteen years of constant and bitter opposition which repelled them from the elder Bourbon family and have united with the partisans of Henry V. to accomplish if possible by peaceable means the Bourbon restoration. But having given this little band credit for patriotic intention, I stop there to declare that their remedy for the evils of the situation is of impossible application and even it were otherwise, is absolutely void of the virtue they would ascribe to it. Henry V. will never sit upon the throne of his ancestors except by virtue of foreign bayonets and after bloody civil war. The idea of the divine right of Kings is thoroughly eradicated, except from a few departments of France; and the Count of Paris himself will doubtless lose many adherents so soon as to his title of heir to the constitutional throne of Louis Philippe, he adds that of the representative of legitimacy which will fall to him upon the death of the Count of Chambord. The Princes of the family of Orleans are understood to give no countenance to fusionist doctrines. They never will do so. They will not deny—interest if not political conviction will forbid it—the principle of their dynasty, popular sovereignty, the right of France to dispose of itself. They will never by *fusing*, to use the conventional term of the day, admit that their father during the eighteen years of his reign played the part of usurper and traitor to his lawful king. The fusionists in the assembly constitute about one ninth part of the Orleanist members. And I have no reason to believe that in the country any thing like this proportion of the party is rallying to the standard of the "true and lawful king." With this single exception, I see parties in France more strongly defined, more hostile, more irreconcilable now, than they were in June, 1850. How can it be otherwise? The year has been spent in plottings and counter-plottings of the parties against each other, and of all the monarchical parties against the republic. And nothing has prevented an appeal to force by the democrats but the dread of military repression, by the overwhelming force which is kept ever ready for immediate action against the turbulent population of the faubourgs. I think there will be an explosion before this time next year. My letter of June, 1852, will be written from Paris the centre of a terrible civil war, or from Paris rent by the fierce factions of the democratic and social republic, or from Paris, the metropolis of an anomalous sort of dictatorial government soon to become an empire. I feel assured an empire will be the end, but I apprehend, before that end comes, that the strifes of the monarchical parties will give triumph for a while to the ultra radicals. If they do triumph again as they did in February 1848—woe to the conquered! A much more summary process than transportation to the Marquesas or confinement at Belle Isle, will dispose of such of the reactionists of all colours as are not fortunate enough to escape by flight to foreign lands.

We are just at this moment passing through a period of calm full of fearful apprehension, preparatory to the stormy debates respecting the revision of the constitution which will come on early next month. The debate is expected to be of a most passionate and angry character, but its result is already foreseen with almost absolute certainty. It is not the debate which is so alarming, but the consequences of that debate, the measures which the President in his despair and the royalist parties in their wrath will be driven to adopt. It is already certain that legal revision of the constitution is impossible. A majority in the assembly of three-fourths is necessary to call together a revising convention. The sworn enemies in the house to all revision at present are two hundred and fifty. But 188 in an assembly of 750 will suffice to defeat the bill. The majority for revision in a full house would be about 500. They consist of legitimists who desire total revision expressly with a view to bring the question immediately before the country—*Monarchy or Republic?* Their avowed object and hope is to put away the republic in favor of Henry V. These number in the assembly, counting the *fusionists*, about 170. They are for *total* revision in distinction from *partial* revision which the Imperialists and Orleanists desire at the present moment. These parties allied for the nonce think the moment not propitious for the accomplishment of all they wish. They concur therefore (the Bonapartists with all the Orleanists except the thirty *fusionists* under Guizot, and about as many *immediate regentists* under Thiers,) in advocating such a revision, as preserving nominally and provisionally the republican form, will render legal the reëlection of M. Bonaparte to the Presidency for a term of four or ten years. The Bonapartists hope that during the second term the President would make good his way to the Empire; the Orleanists that with this delay their Count of Paris will be able to dispense with the dangerous regency and mount the throne with whip and reins in his own hands. But total and partial revisionists united cannot carry by a constitutional majority the bill for the convocation of a constituent assembly. What will they do? What will the President do after revision is rejected? These are the puzzling questions of the moment, the solution of which is harassing France and will perhaps be tearing it piecemeal ere many months shall commit their events to history. Will the majority in the assembly override the Constitution and attempt with their insufficient majority to amend the Constitution. This course would without doubt drive the democrats and republicans with *Cavaignac himself* at their head to arms. But the legitimists are believed to prefer *no* revision to *partial*. They would not therefore concur in such a parliamentary *coup d'etat*, the object of which would be the prolongation of the authority of Louis N. Bonaparte with regard to whom their word of order is—*pas une heure, pas un sous!* Will M. Bonaparte attempt to gain popularity by dismissing his actual ministers and calling to his cabinet others who will introduce a bill for the repeal of the electoral law of 31st May, 1850, and the restoration of universal suffrage? This many believe to be his game. It would in fact be one not without skill and while it would not render his military *coup d'etat* less necessary than it is to secure his installation at the Tuileries, it would make it of much more facile accomplishment. This *coup d'etat* will take place as soon as M. Bonaparte believes that by discreet use of his executive powers he has placed in all the important posts of the army of Paris, officers devoted to himself.

I have just read an interesting scientific article from the pen of *Leon Foucault*, the distinguished young French savant whose name, as author of the beautiful experiment with the pendulum by which the earth's rotation is demonstrated, is familiar to all intelligent persons on both sides of the Atlantic. He gives an account of a communication made recently to the Academy of Sciences upon a subject which possesses peculiar interest in the United States, where railroad transportation for travel and commerce has reached such gigantic proportions, and is so rapidly progressing. I must give a hint of it to the practical and scientific men of our own country, sure that they will promptly seize the idea, subject it to intelligent, fair, rigorous experiment, and if it be valuable, will be reaping for themselves its benefit, and demonstrating to the world its value long before it will have left in France the domain of theory for that of fact.

M. Nikles, a French chemist of some note, thinks that he has discovered one of the great desiderata of mechanics, viz. a mode of preventing the wheels of a locomotive engine from slipping upon the rails when attempting to draw a too heavy weight up an acclivity, or when the rails are wet or covered with frost. M. Nikles ceases to rely upon the pressure of weight to produce the necessary adhesion of the driving wheels with the rails. *Electro-magnetism* is his agent. After many experiments he professes to have succeeded in realizing a simple construction by means of which he transforms the driving wheels into *electro-magnets* acting instantly upon the rail. The apparatus of M. Nikles does not magnetize the whole of the two driving wheels, but concentrates the magnetic power of an electrical current upon that portion of the wheel which at the instant touches the rail, that is to

say, he establishes at the point of contact of the wheel with the rail a fixed bobin of wire conductor, which acts temporarily upon the iron of the wheel and magnetizes successively the different portions of its circumference at the very instant they present themselves for application upon the rail. However great may be the velocity of rotation, the portion of the wheel's circumference which is magnetized remains fixed and always occupies exactly the position most favorable for producing the maximum of effect.

Taking to excite the electrical current sixteen pairs of Bunsen, and operating upon locomotive wheels of 1 metre, 10 centimetres, (3 feet, 7.308 inches) diameter working upon an inclination of 200 millimetres (7.87400 inches) per metre (3 feet 3.371 inches) magnetism is developed which produces 450 kilogrammes (992.572 lbs. avoirdupois) of adhesion which represents an average of 4,500 kilogrammes (9,925.714 lbs. avoirdupois) of extra weight.

The rapidity of rotation does not, however great it may be, affect the communication of magnetism. This is understood when one considers the rapidity of the transmission of electricity and the instantaneousness of its magnetizing action. The pressure produced by magnetism is much preferable to that obtained by the weight of the locomotive in that it is always perpendicular to the rails, and preserves its whole virtue whatever be the inclination of the plane upon which the experiment is being operated. The conditions of the atmosphere, rain, fogs, so seriously prejudicial to the adhesion produced by weight do not perceptibly affect magnetic adhesion. Experience has proved that no greater tractive force is exacted by a locomotive whose wheels have been magnetized, than by one whose wheels remain in the natural state; and evidently the solidity of the road has nothing to apprehend from the presence of an imponderable agent.

The galvanic battery employed for magnetizing in the manner above described the driving wheels of a locomotive, may at the same time be utilized in various other ways. It may be made to give power to a new species of check or stop (an *electro-frein*) possessing over the modes in ordinary use for stopping trains, the incontestable advantage of acting solely upon the rails, whereas others act upon the wheels, the effect of which is inequality of wear, seriously impairing after a while the circularity of the wheels. At night, the piles not in actual use may be employed for the production of signals by light, visible at immense distances.

M. Hind, of Bishop's Observatory, London, who has already connected his name by discovery with three, (Iris, Flora, and Victoria) of the group of fragmentary planets revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter has very recently (19 May) added a fourth to his list of trophies. The little planet appears as a star of the ninth magnitude. At the instance of Sir John Herschell Mr. Hind has called the young stranger *Irene*, (from the Greek εἰρήνη peace,) and the sign by which the planet will be designated in celestial charts, is a *dove*, with an olive branch in its mouth, and a star over its head. At the late distribution of the *Lalande* prize, at the Academy of Sciences of Paris, it was divided between Mr. H. and Gasparis, of Naples, for discoveries to which I have made allusion in former letters.

I understand that Mr. London, of your state, has just passed through Paris on his way to Rome charged with the mission of causing a copy of Raphael's famous *fresco*, the *School of Athens*, to be taken and sent to America, to adorn the hall of the University of Virginia. Perhaps the following information respecting this picture taken from the souvenirs of two delightful winters passed in Italy, twelve years ago, will not prove uninteresting to many of your readers.

In the eastern division of the palace of the Vatican, called the new palace, looking out upon the *place du Vatican*, one of the most beautiful in the world, lie what are called the "apartments of the Pontiff." They are composed of numerous suites of rooms occupying different stories. Among these, on the second story, are found what are called "the four halls (*stanze*) of Raphael," viz: the halls of Constantine, of Heliodorus, of the Signature, (*stanza della Segnatura*, and of the Conflagration of the Borgo. They belong to that portion of the palace built by Pope Nicholas V. By order of Sixtus IV. they had been adorned by the first painters of his day; but in 1506, Pope Julius II., at the suggestion of Bramante who was employed in rebuilding St. Peters and in the embellishment of the Vatican, invited Raphael to Rome. The *frescos* of the four *stanze* were ordered to be effaced, and the Pope charged Raphael with their re-embellishment. Raphael stood by and witnessed without regret the work of destruction progress, till he saw the workmen about to efface from the ceiling of the hall of the *Conflagration of the Borgo*, a fresco of Pietro Vanucci (*il Perugino.*) Then the amiable and grateful young artist interfered and generously saved from destruction an excellent production of his venerated old master.

The *stanza della Segnatura*, so called because the tribunal of the Signature in presence of the Pope was usually held there, was the first in which Raphael, then only twenty-five years of age, commenced his work of restoration. After its embellishment was completed, it was also known

by the name of the "Chamber of the Sciences," in allusion to the works of Raphael which illustrated its ceiling and walls. Upon the ceiling over head, the artist painted figures representing *Theology*, *Philosophy*, *Poetry*, and *Justice*. Upon each of the four walls of the room under and contiguous to the four figures, was executed a large painting having evident connection with the allegorical figure immediately above. Thus beneath *Theology* is found upon one wall the famous *Disputa* or "Discussion respecting the Holy Sacrament." On the wall opposite and beneath *Philosophy* is found our "School of Athens," called also "The School of Plato." The name is hardly well applied, for the picture represents Philosophy in general in the persons of its most illustrious teachers rather than any particular school. The painter has imagined a gymnasium in the form of a classic temple, in which he introduces with an admirable distribution of attitudes, occupation, position, colour and dress, all the sages of antiquity. Plato and Aristotle occupy the foreground in the centre of the piece. The former holds in hand his *Timaeus*. His attitude and air show him to be engaged in the contemplation of subjects above and beyond this world. Socrates appears giving instruction to Alcibiades. Pythagoras is handing a musical tablet to a young man near him, whose features are said to be those of the Duke of Urbin, nephew of the Pope, Julius II. Seated on one of the steps, apart and surly, engaged in reading, is seen Diogenes, the cynic. He is only half-clothed. Below him is seen Archimedes, (with the features of Bramante,) bending over a table, and with his compass indicating to youthful disciples the figure of a hexagon. The young man near to him appearing in rapture is a portrait of Frederic II., Duke of Mantua. In the garb of Zoroaster, holding in his hand the elementary globe, we have the features of Alphonso of Naples, a distinguished patron of learning. Near to him is Ptolemy: and behind these two figures we have the portraits of Raphael himself and of his old master (*il Perugino*.) Thales is represented walking with a stick, the instrument with which the great geometer measured the height of the pyramids. Leaning against a column Parmenides overlooks a youth, Zeno, who is writing in short-hand one of the poems of Parmenides on the systems of philosophy.

It was while executing the paintings in this room, between the years 1508 and 1511, that took place the transition of Raphael from his first manner, in which his works were all executed in the style of his master Perugino, to his second great manner peculiar to himself. The progress of this transition is clearly recognized in the *Disputa*, which was the first of the great paintings on the walls of this hall. through *Mount Parnassus*, which was probably the second, occupying another of the sides, till it seems to be nearly complete in the *School of Athens*, which displays far more freedom of handling, more strength and virility of conception and touch, than the two preceding. The fourth wall of the *stanza della Segnatura* represents *Jurisprudence*.

I cannot but congratulate your glorious old State upon the liberal spirit and refined taste, of which this mission of Mr. London to Rome is only one proof among a thousand.* Would that the Federal Government, taking the hint from Virginia, would complete the instructions of Mr. L., by charging him to have also copied, the *Jurisprudence* of the same *stanza* to adorn the hall of our Supreme Court at Washington. Governments should encourage the Fine Arts. They are civilizing, humanizing, refining. They mend the manners, the heart; and occupying and enlarging the mind, they mend it too. Their manifest tendency is to prevent crime and make good citizens. Every intelligent friend of his country must desire to see a regulated taste for the Fine Arts take root in the United States, and keep pace with the marvellous development of our national resources and the acquirement of individual wealth. If not, that wealth will minister to luxury in a thousand gross or more sensual forms which will provoke private depravity, and conduct to national decline speedily, inevitably, and ingloriously. Luxury elegant and refined, but unmodified by our superior ethics, unchastened by the spirit of Christianity, enervated, corrupted, ruined ancient Greece and Rome; but it strewed with flowers their pathway to the tomb, and they are indebted to the Fine Arts, which ministered to that luxury and embellished it, for the glory, whose ever-living verdure bade defiance and will bid defiance to the lapse of time.

In the *Messenger* for October, 1849, your correspondent gave account of an interesting lawsuit originating in the announcement of an intention on the part of the journal *La Presse* to publish numerous letters of Benjamin Constant, being his portion of a private correspondence between him and Mde. Recamier. I gave the decision of the Court upon that occasion which was that the letters of Constant should not be published in the feuilleton of *La Presse*, that Mde. Colet and M. de Girardin mistook the intentions of Mde. R., who the Court argued never intended to authorize her donee to publish them in that manner.

Since the date of my last, the subject has been again before the courts and been put by decision

* See Editor's Table for a correction of our Correspondent's impression on this subject.

of the court of appeals for ever at rest. I think there must be some of your readers who would like to know how it has been finally decided.

Mde. Louise Colet appealed from the decision as above stated, but before the trial of the appeal, she withdrew it, determining to abandon the idea of publication in the *Presse:* but to publish the letters in volumes, a form not interdicted by the judgment. In due season this project was publicly announced by her. Immediately the niece and heir of Mde. Recamier, the Mde. Lenormant, who figured so amiably and reputably in the first suit, recommenced legal proceedings and applied for a writ of injunction to prevent the publication of the Letters of Constant in any form whatever, as not being of a nature to be made public. This time Mde. d'Estourmel, the sister of Benjamin Constant, united with her in the petition.

It is generally admitted the court arbitrarily rode over the rules of law which ordinarily govern cases of contract, imposed upon the parties its own construction, which was a forced and unnatural one, of Madame Recamier's act of donation, and decided this exceptional case on its particular merits, upon the principles of abstract justice. I believe myself that the decree renders abstract justice, but violates legal rights.

"Considering," says the decree, "that a confidential letter is not a pure and simple possession in hands of the person to whom it has been written: that the secret which it contains is a deposit of which this last has not the exclusive right to dispose: that in imparting his thought to another person in a correspondence, the writer may impose as a condition to this act of confidence that it ever remain a secret between them, that this condition possesses all the characters of a veritable compact: that it is virtually contained in every letter of a confidential nature and that the violation of this compact tends to derange private intercourse and rupture the ties of society:

"Considering that the correspondence in question is a collection of confidential letters written by Benjamin Constant to the widow Recamier; and that this last was bound by the synallagmatic contract not to publish them without the consent of the author: considering that this consent has never been given by Benjamin Constant: that the widow Recamier could not therefore deliver them to publicity, either by herself or by another authorized by her, either during her life or after her death; that she herself admitted this upon one occasion when she declared that these letters were not of a nature to be published: considering that it follows from this that all authority that she may have given with a view to publication, whether by her testament or by any other act, would have exceeded her rights, however good may have been her intentions, and cannot therefore have effect in presence of the formal opposition of the sister of Benjamin Constant, who represents him in this matter:

"Considering that the allegation that the act of July 17th, 1846, was not voluntarily executed by the widow Recamier, and clothed with all due formality, is unsustained by proof: that this act, stranger to all intention of liberality, does not constitute either a donation properly so called, or a manual gift: that it offers the characteristics of a charge given by the deceased to Louise Colet for the publication of a correspondence of Benjamin Constant, accompanied with the delivery of the manuscript necessary for effecting this publication: that this charge is invested externally with the conditions essential to its validity: that the date, 17th July, 1846, has necessarily withstood all attempts to impeach it: that it cannot be separated from the body of the act, and possesses the same certitude and the same authority as the act itself:

"Considering that the copy of the letters was entrusted to Louise Colet with the single view of the accomplishment by her of the mission to publish them: and that this publication being prohibited, Louise Colet has no longer any interest in retaining possession of these letters: and it being even evident that the permitting them to remain in her hands would in an indirect manner jeopard the inviolability which the plaintiff desires to protect:

"The Court forbids Louise Colet to publish or cause to be published in any manner whatsoever, the confidential correspondence of Benjamin Constant with the widow Recamier which is the matter of this suit, and furthermore orders that within five days from the rendering of this judgment she shall remit to Mde. Lenormant, the widow Recamier's universal legatee, the copy of the manuscript joined to the act of 17th July, 1846."

I have copied above all of the final judgment which it would interest you to know—and so ends the affair. Madame Colet, who is a lady of considerable literary ability and private worth, has gotten out of this difficulty with the loss of the manuscript and some thousands of francs, but with no injury to her reputation. Madame Lenormant has won the letters, the gratification of foiling her antagonist, and the credit of a vile, malignant, and vain attempt to slander a worthy woman. It is Madame *Recamier* who has been the greatest sufferer. She had an immense reputation as an exceedingly lovely, amiable, and intelligent woman; and above all as a lady of exquisite refinement, modesty, and delicacy of

moral feeling. Henceforth, in view of the developments of these trials, and the judgments, it will require a most liberal exercise of Christian charity to ascribe to her even an ordinary share of these charming qualities. I have nothing to retract from, nothing to modify in the strictures which I have passed upon her conduct in the number of the Messenger for October, 1849.

W. W. M.

STANZAS.

For long I thought the dreadful day
  Which robbed me of my joy and peace,
  Had palsied me with such disease,
As never more could pass away:

But Nature whispered low and sweet:
  "O Heart struck down with deep despair,
  The goal is near, these trials are
But beckonings to the Saviour's feet."

And then "Ev'n put your grief in words,
  The soul expends itself, as tears
  Flow after storms; the hopes of years
Rise stronger from the binding cords.

"O Soul these are the trials meet
  To fit thee for the nobler strife
  With Evil through the bounds of Life:
Pure steel is from the furnace-heat.

"Shrink not! a nobler self is wrought
  From out the shock, more grand and fair:
  March on, O Heart! through toil and care,
The grand result is cheaply bought!"

I.

As one who sees a column raise
  Its marble sorrow o'er the spot,
  Where some dear spirit unforgot
Lies tranquil through revolving days,

And flying years, and on its round
  A carvèd wreath of sweetest bloom,
  Fit emblem for the early tomb,
Of one who slumbers sweet and sound

To waken in the holy skies;
  And thinks "A dearer soul to me
  Sleeps in the vale beneath the tree,
And I would see a column rise

Above his dust;" but with the thought,
  "This emblem is a sacred thing
  To other spirits sorrowing,
Whose second self should not be wrought"—

And raises such a marble mass,
  But shatters with a hammer-blow
  The pillar, scattering down below
The rose leaves on the chisell'd grass,

And leaves it broken, yet complete—
  A lasting symbol of the soul,
  Which early reached the mortal goal
And fainted at its Saviour's feet;—

So I would leave these faltering lines,
  A work unfinished near thine own,
  And shape my unaccustomed moan
Like shattered stone and broken vines

As in the marble, leave my grief
  A thing untold, a struggling cry
  Of anguish, whose dim memory
Shall die in silence: be as brief

As yonder shadowing cloud that sweeps
  Across the azure of the spring—
  A floating gloom that serves to bring
The image of the soul that sleeps

Beyond the mountains, where the dyes
  Of evening linger o'er the hills,
  A fading glory on the rills,
Beside the gray church where he lies.

II.

Among us he was great and good—
  Rare dignity was in his mien,
  A face and eye, wherever seen,
That ruled the spirit and the blood—

The brain and heart, but chief to me,
  Beloved! thou wert dear and sweet,
  What time my unaccustomed feet
Kept time to woodland harmony,

And pressed the mountain slopes whereon
  Thy muse has placed its sign and brand,
  Heart open in that mountain land,
When manhood brightened from the dawn—

And boyhood's mirth was not to thee
  Placed far above a thing for scorn,
  What time the rosy hopeful morn
Did promise all bright things to me.

III.

O mansion on the quiet hill,
  Round which the thick boughs ever move,
  I take thee to my heart and love
With tenderest love thy image still.

For now the stranger round thy hearth
  Makes laughter circle, all the old
  Familiar brows are gone—or cold—
And every room is full of mirth—

And girlish lips and sparkling eyes
  Throw back the jest by winter's fire,
  Or summer's holly and the choir
Of island birds of myriad dyes,

Pour from the twinèd foliage, long
  And loud, more joyous than the sound
  Of girlish music rippling round
The soaring madness of their song.

These rooms have echoed to his voice,
  When boyhood caroll'd loud and free,
  And with this golden memory
At heart, I see thee and rejoice.

IV.

Here on the mountain's brow he stood
  At early morn, when in the east
  The veil was drawn and nature's breast
Swole thro' the mist, and in the flood,

Of crimson light burst on the view
  Of that great heart who worshipped her,
  And every little mountain mere
Threw back the purple dashed with blue.

His kindling eye would drink the light
  Of these beloved scenes, the lines
  Of giant foliage, sunlit pines,
And vapor marshalled for the fight

With morning, soon to flee away
  On hurried wings, before the wind,
  Yielding to him who strides behind,
With anger'd looks, the god of day.

He loved ye all, tree, mountain, sky,
  And for that love so grand and pure,
  Your light shall shine forevermore—
Your pomp and pride shall never die.

V.

I trod once more the echoing halls
  Where he was born,—in the old house
  Whose roof tree could not fail to rouse
The electric memory that recalls

The golden past, and every look
  Of those dark eyes, which ever dwell
  Deep in the heart, the lips. and swell
Of richest tones, when from the book

Of England's poet,—he who told
  The tale of gentle Genevieve—
  He read that balmy summer eve
The rhyme that never shall grow cold.

The bridge below, the melting hues
  Of plain and mountain, stream and hill,
  Could not but move my heart and fill
My eyes with memory's tender dews—

And gazing on the trellised vine
  Beside the garden lodge, I felt
  My heart within my bosom melt,
And murmured, "Would my lot were thine."

VI.

O fallen mansion, rusted o'er
  With years of silence, and regret
  For those whose wont was once to set
The larch and elm-tree round thy door—

In long past hours, thy sorrowful mien,
  Thy stones o'erturned and fallen pride,
  Raised up the past, and I descried
Once more the life that thou hadst been.

I wandered in the untrodden grove,
  And memory placed her touch on all,
  The rocks, the trees, the waves that brawl,
As once—the shades I ever love.

Here stood the poplar by the stream,
  The peach trees by the garden fence—
  The tulips murmured low, and thence
An influence came which like a dream

Brought back that dying memory,
  And him whose life is linked with God,
  Far from this old beloved abode,
Amid the realms of mystery.

VII.

We knew him to be grand and wise—
  A wealth of meaning, subtle thought,
  Was on his brow, and meaning brought
From all old masters, in his eyes.

But yet came not his early doom
  To shroud young May in winter's snow—
  Now, how his utterances grow
Gigantic through that solemn gloom!

Untrammelled by the fettering modes
  Of thought and speech of present times,
  How did he range through ages, climes—
How mount unto the grand abodes

Of loftiest thought and beauty, plain
  But to the strong-winged spirit, free
  From taint of time and memory,
Above the darkness and the rain!

VIII.

May comes in sunlight and in tears
  Across the woods of Southern hills,
  And whispers "Heart surcharged with ills,
Wake to the joy of other years.

"O languish not, beside the hearth,
  Nor turn a dull and weary eye
  Upon the inward misery
That shocks the glance of joy and mirth;

"But rather seek to mix with those
  Who battle in the cheering fight
  Of life, and struggle with the might
Of others, raining honest blows:

"Or fly to happy mountain homes
  Where children prattle in the woods—
  Or stoop to pluck the opening buds
Or race the butterfly that comes

"On golden wings to meet the sun,
  Or wake the echo of the trees
  That move their shade in every breeze
Where lies in peace that holy one."

IX.

The tranquil light of early Spring,
  The tender azure of her skies:
  The budding trees; and harmonies
Of all the warbling throats that ring

From yonder foliage bathe the eyes
  In gentlest memories and the tear
  That springs from them is very dear
To him whose spirit faints and dies.

Come then! O holy morning light,
  And all the colors of the mead,
  The little flowers that seems to bleed
The wealth of roses red and white.

The swaying hollyhock beneath
  In marshy lowlands; iris, pink
  And every tint upon the brink
Of yonder rill that lights the heath—

I love ye all, but most the flowers
  That bourgeon round his mountain home:
  —They raise to me from out the gloom
The heart of youth—its happiest hours!

X.

O friend whose heart has faltered not
  Through rolling years, the play of mind
  Cannot avail to make resigned
The spirit to its woful lot.

With tenderest words of sympathy
  You bid me dry my flowing tears
  Before the slow revolving years
Have dimmed the eye of memory.

You wept a loss that wrung the heart
  And bathed the eye in tremulous dew
  Was it not then made plain to you
That each must, silent, bear his part?

Leave then the spirit torn to brood
  Above its sorrows; let remain
  The sickness of the heart and brain:
These cannot yet be all subdued.

Because the shock was such as throws
  Confusion on the wasted mind,
  Which has not yet become resigned
Likes summer woods to winter's snows.

XI.

I hear his low melodious voice,
  I see his dark untroubled eye,
  And from my heart escapes a cry,
"Thou art more pure and I rejoice!

"Rejoice that near the throne of God
  Thy lips are framed to words of praise,—
  I mourn no more, that all the days
I miss thee in the old abode

Where once the light of radiant eyes
  Showered delight upon the mind
  And heart,—I will be more resigned,—
True thou art gone—but to the skies.

XII.

I thought to pass away from earth
  And join thee, with that other heart
  Loved even more than thee, a part
Of other worlds, through heavenlier birth—

Of whom I do not speak my thought
  So dear she is, because the eye
  Overflows with woe, and with a cry
I tear the symbols I have wrought.

No word shall be of that one grief,
  Because it lies too deep for words,
  And this sad trifling which affords
Some respite, could be no relief.

XIII.

I hear around me echoing feet—
  The din of cities, never still.
  The clinking purse we toil to fill
The quick accost when merchants meet:—

The wagons rattling o'er the way:
  The drayman calling to his horse:—
  The auctioneer with utterance hoarse
Cries in yon house of dusty gray.

The clash of armèd minds aloof
  Resounds through legislative halls—
  The indignant echo of the walls
The nothingness that shakes the roof—

And, near, the bustle of the courts
  Where law's condottieri wage
  The fight, with passion, well-paid rage;—
Below, the ships draw towards the ports.

From all I turn with weary heart
  To that green mountain land of thine—
  Where tranquil suns unclouded shine—
And to the abode where now thou art.

XIV.

O friend that weepest at my side,
  And still wilt strive to turn my tears
  Back to their spring, the love of years
I have not to thy heart denied;

That heart which beat beside my own
  Through many scenes which I recall
  With tender tears that roll and fall,
Like wellings from a fount of stone.

I have not traced, O noble mind,
  Oblivion's furrow through that past
  Nor ever thought through all, to cast
Those golden-memories to the wind.

But friendship cannot now avail
  To rend this sorrow or divide
  The anguish of the wounded side
That leaves behind a bleeding trail,

When tenderer ties in vain implore
  Forgetfulness, a heart resigned.
  For all the voices of the wind
Tell of that soul to come no more.

XV.

The wan moon climbs the eastern skies,
  And strikes a glory through the pines—
  Afar the misty mountain lines
Like giant spirits looming rise.

The heart is rapt from earth to God
  A cry reëchoes from the wood:
  And yonder cloudlet fringed with blood
Stops, trembling, o'er the lowly sod

Where dwells the only mortal part
  Of him whose home is past the star
  That glimmers in the sunset far—
And near the great Creation's heart!

[To be Continued.]

Unpublished Verses of Lord Byron.

MR. EDITOR.—The courtesy of a friend has permitted me to extract from a journal of incident, in a late cruise of a national vessel, the following lines of the celebrated author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, obtained in the city of Seville, from the person mentioned in the stanzas. Visiting the celebrated city of Seville in company with other officers of the American Navy, the journalist and his party were conducted to the principal places of note and curiosity by an old man, who once discharged the same duty of guide or conductor to Lord Byron when he wended

——his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued."

From this grey-haired veteran he learned the following account of the composition of these lines, and obtained a copy. As Lord Byron was leaving Seville to continue his tour, he was applied to by the guide for a recommendation to others as a reliable and efficient assistant in visiting the curiosities of the place. His Lordship had already left the Hotel; his foot was in the stirrup; and he was in the act of mounting, when the guide approached him. He immediately returned into the house, called for pen and paper, and with great rapidity wrote the following recommendation of Antonio Baille as a guide for visiters to the ancient and noble city of Seville.

HOTEL DE LA REINA. SEVILLE. 1823.

"All those that travel e'en must decide
'Tis time ill-spent without a skilful guide;
One who the manners and the language knows,
And gives a history of all he shows;
One who will never lead your steps astray,
Nor make you mourn the trifling fee you pay;
Yet all that locks worth picking can undo,
With silver keys with skill applied thereto,
If such you want, and one who will not fail ye,
I strongly recommend Antonio Baille."

BYRON.

There is nothing in these lines themselves to attract attention, although they contain a certain clink in the sound of the rhyme that is decidedly Byronic; but every thing from the brilliant and unhappy genius, so long the mark for violent and contending feeling, still possesses a degree of interest to all who admire his talents, or compassionate his miseries. Believing that the fact that Byron wrote these lines would invest them with a degree of interest, which is certainly not warranted by the merit of the lines themselves, I have submitted them to your editorial discretion, to publish or suppress them as you please.

Yours, &c.

ALICE FAY.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Sipping out of Lethe's chalice, could I cease to dream of Alice?
Not till all the past is blotted could I banish Alice Fay.
Fond of mischief was my Alice, but the minx was void of malice,
And the well of deep affection sparkled o'er with bubbles gay.

Through the leaves the sky is broken, in a thousand fragments broken,
And they glimmer in the moonlight, in the silver moonlight gleam,
Till they show a certain token, in a language sweetly spoken,
Of the light in eyes where archness hideth half the fonder beam.

In the breeze they stir and quiver, like the ripples on the river,
Like the lovely stars they twinkle, like the happy stars they smile:
With the light, uncertain quiver, that delights the saucy giver
When he kisseth Maiden Mischief by the olden trysting stile.

All around the zephyrs playing, with the golden hours a-Maying,
To and fro the graceful branches, to and fro the branches play;
And I see the pliant swaying, when the lovely Alice straying,
Free as breeze and fresh as zephyr gathered violets in May.

Like Aurora's fingers rosy, like the rosebuds in a posey,
Were the tips of Alice's fingers, were the taper finger tips;
And confounded with the posey, May buds, tiny all and cosey,
They are nestling mid the flowers where a bee in silence sips.

When the leaves are thick above me, when the stars do seem to love me,
Thus it is in summer morning, thus it is in summer night,
Fairy memories do move me, and descending from above me,
Comes the spirit of my Alice, shedding over me its light.

1851.

Editor's Table.

Our Paris correspondent has fallen into the very natural error of supposing that the order for a copy of Raphael's celebrated picture to adorn the walls of the University, comes from the State of Virginia. It is due to candour to say that our good old mother does not deserve the praise that our correspondent, in this instance, bestows upon her. Indeed we are ashamed to confess ourselves of the opinion that she cares as little for art as any new State on the coufines of civilization. If her legislators had the first perception of the true glory and value of works of art, they would not permit that exquisite piece of sculpture, Houdon's Statue of Washington, to remain longer in a building which may be destroyed, at any time, by fire. One of these fine mornings, we predict, when the Capitol is in ashes, there will be a general voice of lamentation over the ruin of the Statue, which will be quite as unavailing as Rachel's over her children, because they were not. We believe we should become Niobean in our wo, if that Statue were lost. Let some intelligent member of our next General Assembly introduce a bill providing for the erection of a suitable and imperishable shrine for it, in the Capitol grounds, and he will show a commendable public spirit, and a recognition of the beautiful, reflecting the highest credit on his taste.

But to return to the painting. The commission for the University's copy comes from five gentlemen of Richmond, all Alumni of the institution, who desire and expect the assistance of the former students in the undertaking. We invite all such, to whom these presents shall come greeting, to forward contributions for the work. The University has, scattered throughout the South, many sons of high distinction, at the bar, on the bench, in the medical profession, in the marts of business, in the pulpit and in the State or National Councils. We appeal to them to unite in making this acceptable offering to their *Alma Mater*. Communications addressed to Major Thomas H. Ellis, Judge John S. Caskie, Dr. S. Maupin, B. B. Minor or the Editor of the Messenger, at Richmond, will reach the proper destination.

Apropos of the paper on "Domestic Tourism" in our last number, we find in the Home Journal for June 28th, a letter from a Northern lady who fully endorses our views of Virginia Watering places. Speaking of the White Sulphur, she says,

"The establishment here forms a village,—neat white cottages and cabins are scattered over an undulating lawn; here and there, beautifully shaded by elms and oak, the sugar maple and gum tree. The situation is delightful, and one does not feel disposed to give the mineral waters sole credit for the wonderful cures which are said to have been performed here. The very sight of these mountains must be a restorative to the tired dweller in cities. He cannot come here all the way by rail-cars and steamboats; and the change of scene, and exercise and fatigue in crossing the mountains, are no doubt often sufficient to give one a new feeling of health and relish for the repose which may be found here.

"There is less pretension, less necessity for dress and show here, that at many of our northern watering places. This is the favourite resort of many southern families, and in the months of July, August and September, the best society from the South is found here. Many people at the North have visited Saratoga and Newport until their very names are a weariness. Would it not be well for some of them at least to try a new region; if sick, to test these health-giving waters; if only desirous of gayety and amusement, to give their pleasures the relish of novelty, and come to these untried scenes. The deer hunt in the mountains, the angling in the brooks, the delightful rides, give exercise and health. No one is forced into society, though it is always ready for their acceptance. The cottage life here, each family or circle of friends occupying a tenement by themselves, and taking their meals apart if they prefer, allows persons to be as exclusive and quiet as they choose. But the spirit of the place is social, and few better opportunities can be offered than it presents for dispelling prejudices and reconciling sectional differences. I wish northern travellers would come here more. Many city families hardly know what to do with themselves in the summer. Let them come here, and meeting visiters from the South as at a sort of half-way house, the residence of a mutual friend, forget that South and North were ever at variance, and learn that friendships need not have the boundaries of States. 'We want the people of the North to see us at home,' said a Virginian to me the other day. How attractive these homes are made, how pleasant the region in which they are found, may furnish material for another letter."

We presented a fair illustration in our last number of the importance of a single letter. In the able article on the study of the Ancient Languages in the United States reference was made to the classical editions of Professor Spence. It should have been Professor Spencer. Now as there happens to be a Professor Spence, who has been a labourer in the same field, we deem it proper to correct the error, and to state that the gentleman alluded to in the article in question, was our esteemed correspondent, the Rev. J. A. Spencer of Burlington, New Jersey.

Miss Frederika Bremer has recently paid a visit to our city, and has now gone on an excur-

sion to the mountain region of Virginia. She expects to visit the Peaks of Otter, the Natural Bridge, and other objects of interest in their vicinity before wending her way Northward to take her departure for Home.

Notices of New Works.

A HAND-BOOK OF HERALDRY. By *G. W. Gwilt Mapleson*, Esq. New York. John Wiley, Esq., 304 Broadway. 1851.

Considered merely as a pretty book, clothed in purple and fine linen, and making a brave appeal to the eye with all beautiful devices, we have seen nothing better, this many a day, than the little volume before us. As a designer in colors after the manner of the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, Mr. Mapleson has no compeer in this country. Indeed he is the only one whose designs are respectable. The rest attempt the thing but to produce the tawdriest of all the tinselled embellishments that ever set off a Philadelphia magazine.

We have something to say, however, of this book as to the object it has in view. That object is in general nothing less than to revive among us the obsolete science of the Herald's College, and in particular to teach those new-fledged aristos of New York, who have amassed fortunes by lotteries or patent-medicines, how to mount armorial bearings on the panels of their carriages without violating the rules of emblazonry. We do not exactly see how they are to avoid trenching on one well-known principle which Mr. Mapleson mentions. We allude to that which forbids the employment of *metal on metal* or *color on color*. It seems to us that *argent* and *or*, when displayed in their escutcheons, must be based either upon the gold and silver they can command, or upon the native brass of their characters, and that *gules* and *azure* must repose upon the gaudy colors in which they flaunt upon Broadway. Mr. Mapleson will certainly do good service if he prevents the use of bad Latin by way of motto, though, to speak in technical phrase, the bearings, in nine cases out of ten, must be exhibited "in a shield of *pretence*."

Mr. Mapleson gives us, in a sort of appendix, the arms of sixty-five subscribers to his volume. Among these we find the usual quantity of sheep, griffins, lions, rampant and couchant, boar's heads and peacocks, the first and last of which devices have a peculiar significance as applied to the wearers, and we are favored also with some Latin mottoes, of somewhat equivocal meaning, if our translation of one of them—*Retinens vestigia famæ*, holding on to the tattered remnant of a reputation—be considered fair, and a specimen of the set. Now we do not mean to say that Mr. Mapleson's subscribers are not entitled justly to their coats, but we do intend to express the opinion, in decided terms, that the assumption of such frippery in America is the offspring of that vilest and most despicable social relation with which any country was ever afflicted—a moneyed aristocracy. And we are thoroughly convinced that if those fine people who affect heraldic supporters had kept an honest account with their ancestry, they might have had candle-ends and lapstones for their quarterings, if indeed they had not been compelled to adopt the old device of "two posts upright, one beam transverse, a rope pendant and a rascal on the end on't."

We are, by no means, disposed to rebuke that just and generous pride a man may feel in an honorable lineage, if it lead him to be wary, lest he commit any act by which that lineage may sustain smutch or blemish. And if there be force enough in a motto, encircling the arms of his family, (always supposing the family bore them,) to guard him from disgrace, we would have it engraved on his plate, paraded on his coach, and framed as a picture in the hall of his dwelling. A life of usefulness might, perhaps, entitle him to have it elevated on a hatchment at his funeral, and sculptured on his tomb. But the empty honors of family, without the supporters of virtue and industry, can never lift a man above contempt. The French novelist, our modern Alexander the Great, it is well known, is a mulatto. "From whom do you deduce your descent?" asked an aristocratic coxcomb of him one day. "My family, Monsieur," said Dumas, "began where yours has ended—in an ape." The poet-laureate of England has expressed our own sentiments in one of the finest of his ballads, with two or three snatches from which, we have done. He sings—

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
You thought to break, for your sweet sake,
A heart that dotes on truer charms;
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

* * * * *

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent;
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And gentle faith than Norman blood.

LONDON LABOR *and the London Poor*. By HENRY MAYHEW. Nos. 1 to 7. New York: Harper & Brothers. 82 Cliff Street.

Much interesting information may be gleaned from these numbers of Mr. Mayhew's work, but we confess to have been sickened by the details of wretchedness and crime which he gives with so unsparing a hand. The heart revolts from the picture, too faithfully drawn and much too elaborated in its execution. When we read such descriptions of life among the lower classes of England, we are impressed with two striking facts—the one is the impudence of that foreign philanthropy which passes by squalid misery and the most grinding poverty at home, to ameliorate fancied suffering in other lands; the other is the anomaly presented by the towering superstructure of England's greatness based in apparent security upon foundations that are in ruinous decay. The fabric still rears itself proudly upward, while the eye detects the dangerous and unsound condition of all its props.

Painful indeed to the Christian is the account Mr. Mayhew gives us of the religious state of the London Costermongers. Nowhere is ignorance upon spiritual subjects

so besotted or so fearful. The Indian mother who throws her infant into the Ganges, the Islander of the Pacific, who propitiates his fetisch with human sacrifice, the willing victim of Juggernaut, the wild worshippers of the Great Spirit by the borders of remote lakes upon our own continent, are in a state which, compared with that of the London *Poor*, may be considered hopeful. And let it be recollected that the class of which Mr. Mayhew's work treats is, by no means, the lowest in the scale of London civilization. Deeps profounder still exist, into which it would be dreadful to look. Oh, excellent and pious workers in the Lord's vineyard, oh. worthy missionaries now carrying the cross into glowing lands beyond the sea, why will ye suffer these thousands of your neighbours, whom ye are first commanded to love, to remain in darkness so terrible?

There is matter in Mr. Mayhew's publication for very earnest thought, and we may possibly recur to it at some future period. We do not agree with him in many of his deductions, but to express the reasons of our dissent would occupy more space than we can allow ourselves for the purpose.

These Nos. are for sale by Morris & Brother.

THE STONES OF VENICE. *The Foundations*, By JOHN RUSKIN, author of "the Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Modern Painters," etc., etc. With Illustrations drawn by the author. New York: John Wiley, 304 Broadway, corner of Duane Street, 1851.

Mr. Wiley has practised a deception upon us. So very beautiful is the typography of "The Stones of Venice" and so sumptuous its general appearance that we mistook it for a publication of Paternoster Row. We have never seen a fairer American volume. Indeed it is as good, as it is at all desirable to have books, and reflects the highest credit on printer, decorative artist, and binder.

The class of readers to whom Mr. Ruskin's work will be likely to afford delight, is, at best, small. Few persons out of his immediate profession, feel any interest in mediæval architecture, and few, even of those, will partake of the enthusiasm with which he dwells on the smallest particular connected with the subject. To us indeed, Mr. Ruskin appears like an inoffensive monomaniac, as completely beside himself upon this theme, as the late Mr. Dick, in David Copperfield, was, on the point of the dismembered head of King Charles the First. He tells us in the preface that the inability to obtain precise information at Venice, as to the date of erection of the façade of the Ducal palace, filled him—not with regret, nor even with astonishment, but—with consternation! No doubt the amiable gentleman was as deeply moved as a tourist would be to find the fires of Etna extinguished or to miss Mout Blanc from his throne among the Alps. The revival of the old styles of building is discussed by Mr. Ruskin as the philosophers treat of the perfection of society—an antique ceiling seems to him as important a matter as the civilization a barbarous race, and his ideas of the millennial glory are doubtless associated with great cathedrals and endless colonnades, ornamented gables and graceful turrets overspreading the earth.

We would not be understood, however, as wishing to detract from Mr. Ruskin's well-merited fame in the peculiar field of labour he has chosen. Though always extravagant, he is yet serving a good purpose in America, in awakening attention to a subject which certainly demands more consideration than our people have ever given it.

HURRY-GRAPHS; or, *Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities and Society*. Taken from life. By N. PARKER WILLIS. "*Stick a Pin There.*" Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

A lukewarm rehash of the good things and trash that have hitherto graced the Home Journal, done up in a book, with a readable look, and inscribed unto Morris the Colonel. (*En passant*, we fear that in writing this here, we've mistaken the soldier's man's title; if so, we should grieve and humbly ask leave to make him the amplest requital.) The book itself shows all the editor's prose, that was written by way of a leader, while strokes of the pen about prominent men also enter the *olla podrida*. There are letters quite odd, from down on Cape Cod and the Hudson, on board of a steamer; and facts about Poe that are useful to know, and a tribute or two to Miss Bremer; also hints upon dress, and a good deal of stress on the way to behave at the opera, whether demi-toilette, for box and parquette, or full party rig is the properer. Then the writer discusses the new omnibusses, or praises some tragedy queen; or lifts up the curtain of mirth-moving Burton,

"Just to fill up the farcical scene."

Now while much of the stuff is graceful enough, and free from suspicion of scandal, we doubt if the game, which we don't care to blame, is worth, as the French say, the candle. Let us hope that ere long, this nursling of song, gay, good-for-naught, versatile Willis, (who is often as clever as any that ever invoked the sad jade, Amaryllis,) will write once again, in his happier strain, some highly wrought effort of fancy, and leave to the cits, who have not his wits, the finical style of Miss Nancy.

We have only to add that the work may be had, of that that long established and good house, in Richmond well-known, and not here alone, as sellers of books—Nash & Woodhouse.

THE BOOK OF ORATORY: *A New Collection of Extracts in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogue, &c., &c.* By EDWARD C. MARSHALL, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1851.

A volume of just 500 pages, containing 402 selections from distinguished American and English orators, divines and poets. The book originated in the conviction on the part of Mr. Marshall, who has had eight years of experience as a teacher of elocution, that the selections in the text-books, generally used in this branch, were altogether too hackneyed to be repeated with great benefit by the student. The only requisites for the compilation of such a volume are industry in reading, and good taste—the degree of A. M. or M. A. was certainly not necessary—but we will say for Mr. Marshall that his specimens are very respectable indeed. We are glad to see his recognition of Southern intellect in quotations from Calhoun, Wirt, Preston, Grimke, Legaré, R. M. T. Hunter, Gaston, McDuffie, Butler, Hilliard, Prentiss, and Berrien, but we detect nevertheless, in Mr. Marshall the Yankee propensity to ignore our writers. Of John Randolph he gives but a single example. Out of the line of politicians, he finds nothing in the South worth embodying in his pages. Not one syllable from a Southern divine, though we have Plumer, Fuller, Thornwell and others, whose pens have often been employed for the public benefit,—not a stanza from a Southern poet, though some of the finest gems of American song might have been gleaned from Pinckney, Wilde, Cooke, Simms,—not a scrap from the writers of Southern fiction, of whom we might mention Beverley

Tucker, Kennedy and Simms again, as well worth quoting,—nothing from such humorists as Judge Longstreet and the author of Major Jones's Courtship, find its way into Mr. Marshall's museum. Yankee writers there are in abundance, of whom we never heard before; and not to be indifferent to his own high claims, Mr. Marshall makes three poetical selections from himself. We have heard before of the Boston Mutual Adulation Society, but here is a writer who improves upon the idea by making every man his own eulogist. We might endure his verses very well, perhaps, if he did not introduce other poets who write quite as badly as himself, whose effusions are given with 'damnable iteration.' But such is Yankee impudence forever, and it is ridiculous to suppose that there can be a change.

J. W. Randolph has the book for sale in Richmond.

YEAST: A PROBLEM. *Reprinted. with Corrections and Additions,* from Fraser's Magazine. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

The title of this book suggests fermentation, and the author's design appears to be little else. There are without doubt many powerful passages in it that are not unworthy of Alton Locke, but we do not see that the reflections of the writer are likely to produce anything but discontent. Until the Rev. Mr. Kingsley can hint at some more excellent remedy for the evils that afflict English society than the doctrines of association, it seems to us that his books—wildly eloquent and full of a rugged poetry as they are—had been better in manuscript than in type. He seems to be carried away, at times, by the fury of his own rapt state, quite beyond the bounds of reason, and exhibits "the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." If his shafts at the game-laws are less dexterously sped than those of Sidney Smith, they are still well-directed and shot from a strong bow. The ballad of the "Merry brown hares" is a nervous composition and presents images that are ghastly enough for any Chartist to fume over.

We are not among those who expect to see a great government overthrown by every new ebullition of disquiet in the form of a novel, but assuredly the works of such writers as this reverend reformer will not be without their effect upon the popular mind of England. We have great admiration for the stately edifice of the English constitution, but we confess when we look at the present condition of the kingdom, we are reminded of those fair villages that lie on the smiling slopes of Vesuvius, which may be overwhelmed at any time by the embers of that internal fire that mantles and surges forever within the recesses of the mountain. The fierce and glowing lava of Chartism, though not yet thrown out from the social crater, yet manifests its fearful incandescence, now and then, by agitations of the earth upon which the great constitutional fabric stands. We trust that some means may be effectual in quenching the flame, before it spouts ruin and destruction around.

"Yeast," as we have already hinted, will well repay perusal. It is for sale by Morris & Brother.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *Poet-Laureate,* D. C. L. By *Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster.* In Two Volumes. Edited by Henry Reed. Vol I. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1851.

The publishers of this volume are entering the lists with the long established houses of New-York in issuing important and valuable books. Hitherto their attention has been chiefly confined to pretty little editions of the poems, essays, peace orations and society Lectures of the modern Athenians, productions all cast in the same mould and as like each other as black-eyed peas. Their recent publications, however, have been exceedingly well chosen, and the works of Tennyson, Motherwell, De Quincey and Wordsworth, in their fair typography, would figure handsomely in any library.

The Memoir of Wordsworth is not merely a reprint of the English edition. It contains notes from the pen of Professor Henry Reed, the American editor of Wordsworth's Poems, which tend to illustrate still more clearly the text of the biographer. The plan pursued in the work is the judicious one of Lockhart and others, of allowing the subject, whenever it is practicable, to speak for himself, which is surely better than any narration by a third party, however intimately connected he may have been with the life and incidents to be pourtrayed. The present volume is full of interesting facts with regard to the composition of many of the most labored of Wordsworth's poems. Among others, the Prelude, posthumously published, is frequently spoken of.

Morris & Brother have the work for sale in Richmond.

THE HEIR OF WAST-WAYLAND. A Tale. By MARY HOWITT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1851.

Same work published by Harper & Brothers, 82 Clif street.

Whatever may be thought of Mary Howitt in the People's Journal. or serving with runaway negroes on anti-slavery committees at Exeter Hall—however much we may question the taste which betrays her into a friendly correspondence with Frederick Douglas or prounpts her to write red-republican songs—it is certain that she does one thing very well, and that is the telling of pleasant stories. She seems indeed to have two sides to her character—the one coarse, unfeminine and to us most unprepossessing, the other all gentleness and fair-speaking and generous deeds. The "Heir of Wast-Wayland" is a cleverly told story of the intrigues of a certain set of people to get wrongfully hold of property and what subsequently happened to them, with a judicious distribution of rewards and punishments at the close. Both these editions are well printed.

They may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

SOUTHERN REPERTORY AND COLLEGE REVIEW. *Conducted by the Faculty of Emory and Henry College.* Vol. I. No. 1. May, 1851. Emory, Virginia. D. A. St. Clair, Printer, Wytheville, Virginia.

This is a neatly-printed and interesting quarterly, which it is not difficult to see is under the direction of educated men. We observe a pungent article on Classical Instruction, in which the works of Dr. Anthon are discussed at some length, and with accurate knowledge of the subject. "Truth and Romance" is the title of another pleasantly written paper. The "Book Notices" are just and discriminating. We hail the appearance of this new co-worker in Southern Literature, and shall look for it hereafter with interest.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII. RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1851. NO. 8.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

It is scarcely necessary to employ the writings of other Authors as a text for any speculations on this fertile topic, but as we shall take a very different view of the age in which we live from that which has been rendered familiar and almost nauseating by the constant repetition of loose eulogies, we have deemed it prudent to inaugurate our remarks by reference to the essays of Authors, who, if they do not altogether accord with our opinions, are nevertheless as far as ourselves from assenting to the habitual laudations of the Nineteenth century which form the chief characteristic of this golden age.

The first of the little works mentioned below, that by M. Alletz, is an unpretending *résumé* of the intellectual achievements of the Century which is now flowing by. It is introduced, like so many other specimens of our modern literature, by a needless review of the intellectual culture of humanity from the earliest ages of the world; it is accompanied by occasional remarks on the strength and weakness of the times, and by passing suggestions on their wants and necessities; and it is concluded by some anticipations with regard to the probable characteristics of our future literature and science. If it did not suggest a contrast, which M. Alletz is far from challenging, and a comparison which he certainly never entertained, we would say that it is an attempt in an humble way to render the same service to the intellectual phenomena of the Nineteenth Century, which was rendered with such unrivalled ability by Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning to those of the Seventeenth. The same object is contemplated in both works—to illustrate at once the capacities, the triumphs, and the defects of contemporary knowledge, and to indicate the road to new intellectual achievements. The difference of the respective ages, and the difference of the men, occasion of course an entire diversity of treatment. M. Alletz dwells at greater length and with a just pride upon the glory than on the weakness of the times; and his censure of deficiencies, as his suggestions for improvement, are naturally uttered in a more subdued and timid tone than was consonant with the genius, or compatible with the aims of his predecessor. But though the work of M. Alletz can lay claim to no very eminent pretensions, his brief notices of scientific and literary progress are perspicuous, accurate, and consequently useful for immediate reference; and the original reflections, dispersed through his little volume, are worthy of all attention, being usually valuable and often striking.

The work of M. Chasles is a most heterogeneous *mélange*. It contains a little of nearly every thing from a fairy tale to a philosophical essay. It is a loose gathering from the contents of an over-stuffed portfolio—a repertory of dissimilar scraps and sketches:—yet all of them are calculated to reflect more or less light on the subject which has given name to the volume. The intellectual powers of M. Chasles are of a much higher order and larger calibre than those of M. Alletz. Everywhere he displays vivacity, strength, originality, and not unfrequently eccentricity also. He has studied deeply, and under all its shifting phases, the day in which he lives. He has estimated its weakness, and appreciated the causes of its imbecility: he has fathomed its boasts, and detected their emptiness and vainglory: and he has to some extent apprehended the connection between its imminent perils and the elements of its supposed strength. There is perhaps a morbid asperity in his judgments, and a reluctance or incapacity to include the sunshine as well as the shade in his field of view; but his censure is just, though it may exclude the more favourable lights of the picture, and it is really refreshing to hearken to well-founded, though unmitigated, blame, when our ears have been so long stunned by indiscreet and undiscriminating praise.

We shall take neither M. Alletz nor M. Chasles as our guide, or as our authority in the remarks which we are about to make—we employ their works merely as a text on which to hang our sermon. We have not cited these authors as witnesses to be interrogated in Court, nor for the purpose of reading their testimony in confirmation of our positions; but have summoned them simply as friends to whom reference may be made by others, if any dissatisfaction is occasioned by the severity of our judgments. Leaving them, then, with this slight introduction to

*GENIE DU DIX-NEUVIEME SIECLE, OU ESQUISSE DES PROGRES DE L'ESPRIT HUMAIN, DEPUIS 1800 JUSQU, A NOS JOURS. *Par Edouard Alletz. Paulin. Editeur* 1842—3. 1 *vol.* 12 *mo.*

ETUDES SUR LES HOMMES ET LES MŒURS AU XIX. SIECLE. PORTRAITS CONTEMPORAINS, SCENES DE VOYAGE, SOUVENIRS DE JEUNESSE. *Par M. Philaréte Chasles, Professeur au Collège de France. Paris. Amyot.* [1850.] 1 *vol.* 12 *mo.*

our readers, we proceed to discuss the important subject which has arrested our attention no less than theirs. Our notice must of course be cursory, and confined to broad and general characteristics, for, without venturing to repeat the accustomed hyperbole of declaring that the subject is endless, we may safely say that it is too ample, too varied, and too suggestive to permit anything like minute treatment within the compass of a Magazine essay. If we were to attempt a tolerably complete portraiture of the age, we should be compelled to commence like M. Alletz, with a classification of the different departments of practice and knowledge, which have been created by the exercise of the human faculties; and, whether we adopted the scanty and insufficient table of that gentleman, or the more extended and complete, though grotesque, scheme of M. Ampère, we should find in the examination of the numerous branches, material enough to fill volumes instead of pages, and yet neither exhaust, nor do full justice to the subject. We content ourselves, therefore with that more rapid, if less satisfactory, method of procedure, which will enable us to compress our observations within such limits as will not fatigue even the listless attention of a lazy reader.

In portraying the characteristics of the Nineteenth Century. there is one side of the picture on which we deem it wholly unnecessary for us to dwell at this time. Every one can enumerate and magnify for himself, or has heard unceasingly enumerated and magnified by others, the mechanical glories and the material distinctions of the age; and, while we neither deny nor underrate these, we are not disposed to occupy our time with the repetition of praises incessantly repeated before, when much is to be learnt from confining our attention to those unfavorable symptoms, which are usually treated either as non-existent, or as scarcely meriting consideration in any general picture of the times. We will leave it to the Great Industrial Exhibition to proclaim the glories of cotton and iron manufactures and machinery—and will examine whether other and higher elements of social and individual greatness have not been sacrified or impaired in attaining this dearly-bought excellence in things material and mechanical. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we decry no form of excellence; that we entertain the highest admiration of the useful arts, and earnest anticipations of their further development; that we undervalue none of their triumphs, nor willingly overlook any of the multifarious ways in which they may be made to minister to the increase of human happiness and the larger satisfaction of human wants. All that we object to is that the pursuit of material improvements for the sake of individual gain, has become so nearly the exclusive and absorbing passion of the civilized communities of the earth, that it renders necessary the restoration of a healthier equilibrium between the satisfaction of man's material and his spiritual necessities. And all that we now propose to do is to take such a survey of the moral and intellectual condition of the times as may save us from being too easily beguiled by the syren song of unqualified praise which is the pæan of the Century, and may enable us to determine in what modes and to what extent the higher aims of humanity have been injured or neutralized by the incessant pursuit of inferior good.

On a rigid scrutiny of the times, we shall find, that, to whatever department of human speculation or practice we direct our attention. the principles on which such practice or speculation is conducted, are exceedingly vague and unsettled, and in need of instant and thorough revision. We are fully aware that this bold declaration, which we make at the outset, is directly antagonistical to the current assertions of holiday orators, to the self-complacent vanity of superficial convictions, and to the habitual arrogance of the self-belauding Nineteenth Century; but it is fully confirmed by the actual condition of the times. The world has suffered itself to be dazzled and misled by the multiplicity of brilliant details which daily demand its attention. The results of modern science have been numerous, curious, and of immediate practical application to the common purposes of life;—but, like the golden apples of Hippomanes, they have withdrawn our attention from the race set before us, so that we have forgotten the true goal, and have wandered, without our cognizance, out of the true path. While referring so habitually to the teachings of Bacon, as promulgating the maxims by which our science is governed, it is singular, or, at any rate, it is disgraceful, that we should so far have neglected both the spirit of his philosophy and the constant tenor of his advice, as to have mistaken the pecuniary fruits of science for valid indications of the healthy condition of the tree from which they spring. His warnings against this delusion are continual, and couched in the strongest terms: "for," says he, "there is not any one art or science, which constantly perseveres in a true and lawful course, till it come to the proposed end or mark, but ever and anon makes steps after good beginnings, leaves the race, and turns aside to profit and commodity, like Atalanta.

"Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit."

This occurs in his Essays on the Wisdom of the Ancients; but the same doctrine is continually repeated and urgently enforced in all his principal

writings. In the Treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum* he says: "Atque illud semper in animo tenendum, quod perpetuo inculcamus, experimenta lucifera etiam adhuc magis quam fructifera ambienda esse;" Again in the Preface to the Novum Organon: "Postremo omnes in universum monitos volumus, ut scientiæ veros fines cogitent; nec eam aut animi caussa petant, aut ad contentionem, aut ut alios despiciant, *aut ad commodum, aut ad famam, aut ad potentiam, aut hujusmodi inferiora*, sed ad meritum et usus vitæ, eamque in charitate perficiant et regant?"

We might also quote numerous passages to the same effect from the Novum Organon itself,* from the advancement of Learning, and the other works of Lord Bacon, but the repetition is needless, as this doctrine, (however it has been overlooked and neglected,) is almost the corner stone, as it certainly is the strength of the true Baconian Philosophy, as contradistinguished from the mutilated travesty of it which passes current by that venerated name. True it is, that this is a corner-stone which the builders of modern science have too habitually rejected in the construction of their edifice, but at length they are beginning to pay the penalty of such systematic and infatuated rejection.

Estimated by their immediate and material results, the arts and sciences were probably never in a more flourishing or brilliant condition than they are at present. They subserve all the purposes of Aladdin's lamp; and have proved the magic instruments of the wonderful development of our material resources. The augmentation of wealth by their aid, and its rapid diffusion through all the viaducts of national production, have been such as might have amazed even the wildest credulity. We may well speak in terms of high laudation of the present intellectual condition of the world, and deem that a boundless heritage of good is before us, if we are content to judge of intellectual achievements by the beggarly and false canon of a monetary scale, and to estimate science with the spirit of Mammon. If man was designed to be a mere money-making machine, then great is Diana of the Ephesians, and greatest of all her worshippers is Demetrius, the silversmith. But if human destiny points to other aims the Nineteenth Century must be judged by other standards. All may be gilding and glitter without, but when we look more closely, and with less sordid vision at the condition of the world, what is the fruit of the aggregate operation of all our arts and sciences, and systems, and intellectual schemes? What is the harvest which we have reaped from our alleged intellectual greatness in Religion, in Morals, in Politics, in Society, and in Private Life?

Growing discords and dissensions in Religion:—the abandonment of old doctrines and the substitution of new ones in accordance with the dictates of a vague, unreasoning fantasy:—a fretful restlessness and a feverish lust of change: understanding subordinated to inconsiderate zeal, and the meek performance of duty exchanged for an ignorant and verbose faith—a general indifference to every thing but the lifeless shell of the various creeds—the soulless formulæ which do not so much serve to embody truth as they suffice for a mystic incantation by which to recognize the initiated:*—the severance of religious prescription from any controlling influence over our ordinary avocations:†—the impotence of such Christianity as is current in the world to check the unholy lust of gold, or to direct to ends sincerely, not ostentatiously, charitable the employment of our means;—its utter isolation from all practical authority over our relations to our neighbours in life;—and its almost meaningless restriction to ascetic, splenetic, individual, dreams and fancies. We greedily grasp at the rewards which religion offers in the promise of heaven, and we enter into the service of God with the same spirit with which we seek the mines of California. We avail ourselves eagerly of the threatened condemnations of the wicked, in order to assign them to our adversaries, and thus pour, in no scriptural sense, coals of fire on the heads of our enemies. We liken the Courts of heaven to a Bankrupt Court on earth, and recur to both with scarcely dissimilar hopes, when our own efforts or follies have threatened us with temporal ruin. These things, and things like these, comprise nearly the whole extent of the power of Christianity over the mass of our modern societies, and, with the blind recognition of some inherited or accidentally acquired ritual, constitute the body and soul of our religion. Whither have fled those strong bonds of sympathy, charity, and mutual attraction, by which it was to unite all the sheep of one shepherd into one fold? What weight do we attach to its denunciations against avarice? or what significance

*The above quotations are from Wisd. Anc. xxv. Atalanta or Gain. Præf. Nov. Org: vol. ix, p. 161. De Aug. Sci. lib. v, c ii, vol. viii, p. 276. Ed. B. Montagu: to which add Nov. Org. lib. i, Aph. lxx, xcix, cxxiv, cxxix.

*"Formularia," says Leibnitz, "sunt quædam umbræ veritatis, ac plus minusve ad puram mentis lucem accedunt. * * Sed pluries contingit ut devotio ritibus suffocetur, lumenque divinum humanis obscuretur opinionibus." Præf. Theod. Leibnitzii Opera. Ed. Duteria. Tom. i, p. 36.

†We may look back with regret to a time, when as Livy said of the earlier ages of Rome, "nondum hæc, quæ nunc tenet sæculum, negligentia Deûm venerat; nec interpretando sibi quisque jusjurandum et leges aptas faciebat, sed potius suos mores ad ea adcommodabat."

do we practically recognize in the solemn declaration that we cannot serve two masters—God and Mammon?

When the ordinary apprehensions of men, religious in their professions and self-estimation, attach so little real importance to religion, it is not to be wondered at that the spirit of the age should be marked by wide-spreading infidelity: nor that the arrogance of Science and Philosophy should endeavour to reconcile the popular practice with the conclusions of reason, by explaining away the divine nature and supernatural significance of Christianity, as has been done by Strauss and the German Rationalists; or by overwhelming, after the fashion of Hippo and Epicurus, all divine agency under the play of phenomena, and the functions of secondary laws, as has been attempted by Comte. The human mind yearns for obedience to the supremacy of a law: the heart of man pines for submission to the authority of a God:—these are necessities of our nature:—and the law will be recognized, and the God adored, although, through our blindness, we fancy the dream of a fevered imagination to be the one, and discover the other in the calf made with our own hands. But, when the aspect of religion in the world is such as has been represented;—oscillating as it is through all the shades and degrees of infidelity, indifferentism, mysticism, ignorant zeal, adhesive credulity, and ascetic formalism;—assuredly it is as bad as the blind boasting of their sight, when we lend our voices to swell the noisy chorus of those who laud and magnify the intellectual glories of the present time.

Does the world fare better in point of Morals than it does in respect of Religion? Is the age of implicitly believed Illuminism entitled to all its own praises on the score of its sublimated morality? When our Religion is so impotent and inoperative in regulating and determining the procedure of our daily actions, it could hardly be anticipated that men would yield a permanent obedience to the feebler dictates of the unsanctified conscience. It is true that the distinction has been widely drawn even by Christian philosophers between Religion and Moral Prudence, and between religious practice and moral propriety of conduct. It is a distinction which we are reluctant to admit; for we think that, if permitted to be drawn, it concedes the argument to all the infidel casuists, and that it has tended more than any thing else to ostracize Religion from the ordinary avocations of life. It is reverting in principle, if not in terms, to the difference conceived by Sulpicius and Varro between the religion appropriate to the philosophers and that which is requisite for the vulgar. Moreover, even in the hands of those who have established the distinction, it has left morals a purely negative virtue, comprising little more than abstinence from those open vices and flagrant crimes which are punished by the secular laws. But, conceding the distinction, what is the moral condition of this enlightened and purified generation? We may be referred to Penitentiary Reports and Statistical returns, which furnish only the anatomy of crime, inasmuch as it may be a violation of the municipal law:—yet even they bear but feeble testimony to the supposed excellence of the age. But when we look more carefully into the phenomena of the civilized world around us, do we find that any obligation is habitually regarded as sacred in private practice; or is any duty habitually enforced by the strong coercion of public sentiment, or the stronger influence of the conscientious observance of the right? There is none. The ideas of obligation and duty have given place to considerations of gain and expediency: immutable right and unchangeable wrong are measured and tested by the surplus or deficit of their aggregate money returns. Our lives are guided over the vast ocean of existence, without compass and without rudder, at the mercy of the shifting gales of interest, passion and caprice: impulse has usurped the functions of principle, and calculation is substituted for conscience. Rare indeed are those who are actually governed by the noble maxim: *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.** Not merely our systems of Moral Science but still more our ordinary practises, are desecrated by beggarly notions of Benthamite expediency. Both are controlled by the wretched fallacy of the greatest happiness-principle, which, transferred from the Benthamee Cabala into what Touchstone calls 'the vulgar,' means not the truest happiness of the greatest number, but the immediate gratification of the most important number—Number One. Thus all action is introverted, and turned from the contemplation of duty and of God to the isolating, debasing, corrupting consideration of self. The bonds of society are thus rotted and broken asunder; communities are no longer held together by the latent, because deep-seated ties of dutiful correlation among its members: they exist by the mere force of outward pressure, by temporary interest, or by the pure apathy to every thing but money, which prevents their internal disorganization from producing actual severance. Of those great principles of duty, which are the foundations of all domestic, individual and public morals—family rights and obligations—which one has not been publicly scorned and is not habitually disregarded? The reverential obedience of children to parents is a dim recollection of a less enlightened age:—the sanctity of the mar-

*Mde. De Staël. De l'Allemagne. Ptie. iii, chap. xiii.

riage tie is obliterated in the advocacy of the freedom of divorce, and the assertion of the chimerical rights of woman. Respect for age, and veneration for the dead promise no returns for our outlays, and are therefore cashiered as sentiments unworthy of our intellectual advancement. These cankers of our domestic tranquillity have eaten their way into the very heart of society which is thus left without the regulating influences of the vital principle within:—without the moral restraint of unquestioned obligations:—and is wholly given up to the fluctuating and factitious guidance of transient expediences. How the hollowness and corruption of our age are illustrated by the demoralization of the vicious eras which have preceded it! The pages of Aristophanes and Thucydides, of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, portray the rottenness of our present social system as clearly and not less truthfully than the philosophic expositions of Comte, or the wild declamations of Carlyle.

When private morals are so loose and unstable, whence should we expect any fertilizing dews to descend upon public virtues? All our political organization is effete and corrupt: Cabinets held together by the private interests or the peculation of their members:—governments sustaining themselves by plunder and systematized bribery:—parties united by the greed of appropriating the spoils of office, and warring with each other for their profession:—catchwords usurping the place of principles of statesmanlike policy:—public men staking the interests of their country, often even of humanity, with their consciences and votes, on the hazard of a die, which is more important as settling their own temporal prospects, or as deciding the loss or gain of a bet, than as determining the procedure of great nations, or as affecting the welfare or misery of a large portion of mankind. Such are the phenomena of politics here and in Europe: and to this depravity of the leaders is united the uncertainty of nearly every rule of law and of every maxim of political wisdom. Everywhere the highest and most permanent interests of the human species are shuffled about and ultimately sacrificed to the diabolical rivalries of personal avarice. As if any thing were wanting to complete the confusion of this moral chaos a specious but deceptive Philanthropy steps in with sanctimonious unction, glorifies its own silly and ineffectual labours, and proclaims the wreck to be the glory of advancing civilization achieved by the mighty intellect of the Nineteenth Century.

We regret that we have not room to quote the strong and accurate censures of M. Comte on the Moral and Political condition of the present age; but his remarks are too diffuse and too widely scattered for us to introduce them here.*

When we pass from the more limited spheres of private and public morals into the great world of social organization, the diseases of the times are not indeed more aggravated, but they are more alarming from the extent and constant energy of their ravages. We have so diligently pursued the acquisition of gain, so audaciously renounced all restraints in the indulgence of our passion, that we have rendered scientific, systematical, and almost mechanical the means of its attainment. Our individual life is swallowed up in our business avocations:—the lust of gold is the main-spring of our actions, the constant attractive influence which determines the orbit of our course, and effectually has it moved and regulated the whole machinery of society. Every channel of human employment has been converted into an avenue for gain: productive industry produces nothing but material profits, until all the streams, which course through the community, like the fabled Lydian Pactolus, roll down their sands of gold. But what has been the result of thus simplifying and systematizing all existence into a continual hunt for money? Midas had ever the ears of an ass: and he shows them here. The different classes are arrayed against each other: the rich dread and scorn the power of the masses; yet, with hypocritical assiduity they flatter and fawn upon them, and with ill-disguised apprehension throw a Lethæan cake to Cerberus that he may hide his white and angry teeth. The multitudes envy, hate, and menace the wealthy:—they threaten agrarianism or the less sweeping remedies of violence and fraud:—for they feel that inherent discrepance has grown into bitter hostility and inexplicable wrong; they see that there is war in the bosom of society, however it may be veiled, and that either they or their adversaries must die. There is physical force on the one side: there are capital, combination, and intelligence on the other:—if we should not rather consider Intelligence as the idle spectator of the fight, afraid to take part in the great contention from ignorance of the result, from want of genuine sympathy with either of the antagonists, or from conscious inability to influence the descent of the trembling scales. Thus power—means—knowledge are all divorced: and through all grades of the community we can trace the intense disorganizing agency of the common love of gold; we can see how all ties, and all bonds of allegiance, of faith, of duty, of affection, of observance of right, of respect for authority and law, have been dissolved in the great alembic by the corrosion of that universal solvent. The curse of Esau is upon our

* See Comte. Cours de Phil. Pos., tome iv, p. 130. et seq.

modern social organization; each man's hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. This consuming greed has introduced first discord and then murder into the sacred circle of the family:* nowhere is there a refuge or escape from its influence or its crimes. With this fearful struggle convulsing society to its centre, the increase of pecuniary gains is only the increase of our difficulties and miseries. If man cannot live by bread alone, much less can he live by gold alone. The fate of Tantalus has come upon us:—*mediis sitiemus in undis*, we are dying from thirst in the midst of the waters of abundance. The fruits of our labour, which hang so temptingly before our eyes, elude our grasp; for penury, misery, starvation, crime, ignorance, brutality, lawlessness among the masses, and irresponsible license with insatiable greed, among the rich, form the harvest which we reap from the augmentation of our gains, and are the social results of that immense accretion of wealth which we owe to the boasted Intellect of the age, and to the systematic application of Science to mechanic arts and manufactures. We deride the Alchemists who pored by day over their Abraxas or Abracadabra, and by night assiduously bent over the furnace in search of the philosopher's stone which was to turn all things to gold. But is not our own conduct analogous, though still more unwise? By night we brood over the Day Book and Ledger to reckon up and chuckle over our past gains; and to devise means for making each item of recorded profit the stepping stone to larger and ampler returns. By day, with incessant toil and undistracted aim, we endeavor to carry our greedy schemes into practice—barter health, happiness, serenity, duty, sympathy, the kindly charities of humanity—everything, in exchange for the accursed gold: and, after spending our existence in raking in new heaps to the accumulated and daily increasing store, we die clutching at the profitless and shadowy riches in pursuit of which we have squandered all that was valuable in life. But while the successful few are thus securing the golden returns of industry at the expense of all that elevates humanity, the millions are laboring and sweating in the vain effort to acquire clothing and bread—cursing the day on which they were born, and denying the God who hath ordered all things; hating every man who has prospered, because fancying themselves the victims of his rapacity: turning their violent hands against their own families in order to buy sustenance with the price of domestic blood: embittered against all existing institutions, because suffering co-incidently with their existence. Thus one man multiplies his thousands yearly, while a thousand starve through life, getting neither a sufficient maintenance for their families, nor with all their labor able to profit by the increased productiveness of human ingenuity and scientific appliances: and hence has arisen a pervading and implacable hostility to all wealth, all property, all order, all law, all subordination, all reverence and respect for the wise and good. The progress of freedom and the "march of intellect" have abolished the distinction of classes almost entirely: our lust of a libertine freedom hardly tolerates even the recognition of any disparity between the upright and the base: we admit only two orders, the rich and the poor, the successful and the unfortunate. Dives and Lazarus divide between them, in very unequal proportions, and under the most antagonistical conditions, the civilized communities of the modern world. In the distribution of the fruits of the earth between these two contending parties, there is too much reason to believe that the complicated machinery of society does little more than throw, by ingenious and mysterious devices, all the grain to Dives and all the chaff to Lazarus.

It is hardly necessary to descend more particularly and specially into the characteristics of private life in this Nineteenth Century: they have been already indicated in our previous remarks, and may be easily inferred from the other phenomena of the times which we have mentioned. The most prominent and lamentable peculiarity to be noticed is doubtless the substitution of temporal gain for any higher aim as the goal of existence: the craving after pecuniary success in preference to, or in disregard of, the more legitimate and solemn objects of human life; and the consequent reduction of our judgments and practices to the false and fatal standard of pecuniary profit and loss. The result has been that we have in a great measure obliterated the great distinction of right and wrong; we have obscured our moral vision so that we do not correctly perceive the irreconcilable opposition between the just and the unjust, or, at any rate, so that we too frequently mistake the one for the other: kindly impulses have become almost the sole arbiters of propriety, and expediency the test of prudence, and by these dangerous monitors we suffer our actions to be determined. There is thus a constant fluctuation and inconsistency in our estimates of things; we are left without any fixed standard by which to regulate our conduct, and are led into continual temptations, from which, if we escape, we escape rather by the blind favour of fortune than by the strong effort of confirmed principle. In all the relations of life the perni-

* See Bulwer's Lucretia, the main incidents of which are founded on fact, and amply verified by criminal records. See also Annual Register, 1847. North British Review, Jan. 1848.

cious influence of these tendencies may be discovered on close and sober examination. Human passions and human affections are, indeed, ineradicable, and must remain substantially the same, notwithstanding all the changes of the social atmosphere around them: nevertheless they are capable of wonderful elevation, and they have thus rendered illustrious some ages of the world by the abundance of heroic virtues; but they admit also of fearful contamination, and the infection by which they are poisoned may so disguise them that their fundamental identity at all times and under all circumstances can hardly be recognized. Thus, in the present day, the most intimate relations of domestic life, and the most private operations of human thought and feeling, have experienced a most unhealthy bias from the enervation of consistent principle, and the ascendancy of avaricious aims. Every now and then the sluggish current of our apparently prosaic life is broken by some startling incident of domestic vice: from time to time the latent, but ever active, evil manifests itself in open acts of terrible criminality, which amaze the tender consciences and disturb the hypocritical serenity of the public, who fail to recognize in the guilt which they so vociferously decry, the legitimate fruit of the seed which they have been sowing broadcast among the whole community, and the necessary consequence of the social and other influences under which it has attained its maturity.

A somewhat singular result has flowed from the unregulated licence of individual impulses which characterizes our modern condition. We constantly complain of the absence of all poetic influences from civilized life; we assert that the steam engine and the printing press, the cotton jenny and the electric telegraph, have banished the reign of sentiment, and definitely established in its place the orderly government of practical reason. We lament over, or we glory in this change, according as it has pleased the Gods to make us poetical or prosaic; but few ever seriously think of denying the asseveration. Yet assuredly there has never been an age in which the romance of real life has so abundantly confirmed the truth of the poet's saying that truth is stranger than fiction. Whether in the performance of good, or in the perpetration of evil, there has been no period in the history of humanity when the hard facts of common-place existence have been more signally contrasted with the wild eccentricities which furnish the material of poetry. There has been no half century since "the round globe was hung upon nothing," in which crime has clothed itself with deeper or more dazzling colors, and individual achievement manifested itself in ampler proportions or a more heroic form. Even the recent years have not been behind the first lustres of the century. Is not the Mexican war as strange and romantic as any tale of *faérie*? Are not the migration to California, and the wonders of that golden land as surprising as the fiction of the Argonauts? Was the Hungarian insurrection inferior to the glorious struggle of Tell and the Swiss patriots in any thing but success? Was the late Roman Triumvirate not as startling and as far from the path-way of prosaic facts as the rule of the Tribune Rienzi? Is the ascendancy of Louis Buonaparte in France, and his whole early career, not more like a dream than a reality? Is the story of Sir James Brooke, the English Rajah of Sarawak, less deeply interesting, or less romantic than that of Raymond Lully or of St. Francis Xavier? The Alchemists and the Astrologists of the Middle Ages are favorite subjects of poetry and art; is the capacity for such adaptation destroyed by the conversion of the chimerical hopes of Alchemy into the every-day triumphs of chemistry, and the realization of much at which the Astrologists aimed by strictly scientific methods? Science, indeed has its own romance: and poetry springs less from the subject and the external condition of the times, than from the feeling with which these are viewed. If the age was essentially and irretrievably unpoetic, it would be a singular anomaly, that M. Comte, the most practical and dogmatic philosopher of the times, should have endeavored to construct a social re-organization in which the vital atmosphere should be the larger diffusion and more sublimated expansion of the sentiments and affections. But the truth is that poetry is but the utterance of passion; and wherever any one passion, or any connected set of passions, are developed into unusual intensity, then and there poetic feeling will be found. Even the love of gold may have its poets, as it has had its unholy army of martyrs: and whether in the pursuit of the ruling passion, by fair means or foul; or in the noble disdain of the corroding and over-ruling tendencies of the age, strong passions will be generated, and high achievements performed, and from these will flow, just in proportion to the depth of the feeling, those strange incidents and romantic exploits which chequer so singularly the chessboard of the modern world.

But to render more accurate and precise this indication of an almost unnoted peculiarity in the nineteenth century, we may add that it is in the conflict of feeling between the acceptance and the rejection of an absorbing passion, and in the periods when this conflict takes place that the colors of poetry are most frequently displayed. Such we think to be the condition of the

present times. The indications are, indeed, both doubtful and liable to deceive; nevertheless, we will venture to declare our firm conviction that the tide of avarice is beginning to ebb, and is now just upon the turn. Certain we are that if, in this we should be mistaken, we may expect at no distant day an inglorious close to our modern civilization. Few, indeed, at first will be the numbers of those who will be able to resist the ruling tendency of the hour, and almost imperceptible their influence. The multitudes will long continue to yield to the momentum or to the *vis inertiæ* which impels them in the line of previous progression. Still, we think that a new direction and from an adverse quarter has been communicated to the civilization of the age, and that the century will not wholly run out without affording unmistakeable evidences of a more healthy change. It is in this conflict between the old and the new,—between the submission to the degrading authority of the dominant power, and the gallant but uncertain aspiration after an undiscovered but better future that the eccentricities, the romances, and the high emprize of the age have been nurtured. The cause of the coming change, in which we believe, and to which we anxiously look forward, we would attribute to the frustration of the aims contemplated by the world, by the realization of those very objects which, in its short-sightedness, it has hitherto supposed to be the all-sufficient means of their satisfactory accomplishment, and which it still boasts as the proudest triumph of enlightened humanity. We need scarcely say that this frustration has been, up to this time, rather vaguely felt than cognizantly detected.

We have already seen that, through an exclusive devotion to one material agent of individual comfort and national well-being to which we have prostituted our governments, our morals, our religion and our lives—we have drawn a broad and almost indelible chasm between the few and the many—we have severed all classes from each other,—have arrayed every man against his neighbors, have attempted to co-ordinate communities on the fictitious basis of the neutral harmony of conflicting interests—have introduced discord and treachery into the sacred and narrow circle of family life—and have left the whole framework of society to decomposition and putrefaction, by extinguishing the vital principle of social existence, which can alone bind together communities in harmonious, tranquil and profitable union.

But we can point to the wonderful machines and other devices which human ingenuity has constructed; we can boast of the singular multiplication of productions which is due to their agency; we can pride ourselves on the immense saving of labor by which these improvements have been attended; we can rejoice at once in the increased cheapness of products and in the daily augmenting rapidity with which capital is accumulated. All this is, indeed, true, but, though true, it is not necessarily nor of itself enough for the healthy condition of societies. Concomitant with these undeniable advances has been the equally undeniable extension of pauperism, and, worse perhaps than all, a growing disparity between the chances of success offered to perseverance with capital, and industry without. Let us even grant to some of the advocates of the present social system that the condition of the laboring poor is not worse than it was in previous centuries, certainly the schism between the rich and the poor is more rigidly constituted and more keenly felt than in any former age. The tendency of capital to breed capital, and the inability of more labor to do any thing but hide its talent, if it happens to possess one, in a napkin, till the day comes when even that is to be taken from it, was never more signally displayed than in the midst of our much vaunted civilization. The sudden multiplication of products by machinery has given a great impulse to all kinds of production, but it has also given a greater stimulus to the increase of population. The competition of famishing laborers has thrown large profits into the hands of the capitalist, but it has abridged the lives and the happiness of the human instruments of production, and has thrown nearly half of their numbers into the poor-house or a premature grave. The refuge which the Poor-houses, the Gaols, and the Penal Colonies—the Penitentiaries or the Benevolent Associations have offered to laziness and crime as well as to misfortune, have destroyed the sense of shame, have multiplied the candidates for admission, and have offered a premium for idleness, and for crime that comfortable shelter which is denied to industrious integrity. The mock philanthropy of the age too has stepped in to render, by its assiduous follies, the difference between crime and calamity still more undistinguishable. Under these circumstances criminals increase even faster than population, and pauperism threatens at no distant day to outstrip production. The puny sentimentalism of the day forbids the adoption of any adequate means to arrest this fatal tendency. The enlightened spirit of the nineteenth century forbids the infliction on the guilty of such penalties as might deter from the commission of guilt; and while it pushes poverty aside from its path, it devises ingenious and costly contrivances to proclaim that pauperism shall be rewarded. It pets and pampers the felon and the beggar, while it crushes beneath the ponderous wheels of its

ever active machinery the innocent and unfortunate, and the honest poverty which, even in the evil days of Juvenal, was praised while it starved, is now hungered to death without the cheap solace of a passing commendation.

But the prudent, money-making world is at length beginning to discover that crime may be costly, and that pauperism may be a tax infinitely more burthensome than even a national debt: and it is in consequence solicitous to discover some abatement for the fearful distresses and the terrible demoralization which its productive energy has occasioned. It discovers too late that it has so far relaxed the bands of authority that they cannot be tightened again. A very moderate attempt to do so has resulted in revolution throughout the whole of Europe, and the progress of anarchy has revealed the secret that not merely governments have lost their authority, but that the prestige has departed from all that was previously venerated and sacred amongst men. Archimedes would have moved the globe, if he could have found a fulcrum for his lever and a firm resting-place for his foot. He was unable to do so, and he was obliged to let the earth roll on as it had rolled before. Modern statesmen are met by exactly the same difficulty: they could regulate the nations, if their power could only be brought to act upon the multitudes to be controlled; but unable to find any magic which has not lost its influence, any principle which has not been divested of its sanctity, they are impotent to direct, to reform, or to govern. Greed on the one side, and hunger on the other have rendered both Dives and Lazarus deaf to any proposition which does not promise immediate gain or immediate bread.

Much has been said in praise of the nineteenth century in consequence of the efforts that have been made to diffuse education among all classes of society, and extend other improvements to the condition of the masses. What has been the result? Let the recent and even the present condition of Europe be the answer. Is socialism a consequence of the education of the poor, or has it sprung from the inefficacy of all means hitherto adopted to effect any salutary change in the nurseries of the multitude? We boast, too, of the increased and more accurate study of the wants and necessities of the poor, of parliamentary commissions and legislative deliberations to determine the nature of the remedies to be adopted. Are these things, and things like these fit matter for self-laudation or for shame? Are we entitled to credit in consequence of having entered upon such inquiries and such measures too late, when they have been forced upon our attention by the imminent peril of all property and all institutions, or should we not rather confess our disgrace that we have blindly and ignorantly postponed so long the diligent consideration of matters which in every age ought to have attracted the regards of a society claiming to be enlightened? In the engrossing pursuit of gain, and the exclusive devotion of science to the improvement and multiplication of the machinery of profit, we have overlooked every thing else; and when the judgment has come upon us unawares, and we are compelled, as a measure of pecuniary expediency to educate the poor, to study the condition of the masses, and to detect the laws of social organization, we have acquired such an inveterate habit of regarding the Intellect of the Age as something almost superhuman, that we must boast even of these insufficient measures to redress the evils which we have been so laboriously fostering into their present magnitude.

Driven from position after position, the eulogist of the age, may still think himself secure of the assent of multitudes, when he rests his cause on the rapid and wide extension of "the area of freedom." Of such assent, under any circumstance, we have little doubt, whether the propositions assented to be or be not understood. But we are somewhat sceptical as to the degree of good attained by this inconsiderate expansion of liberty. As to the real progress of sober, rational, beneficial freedom, we are strongly disposed to deny the fact: and even if the fact be true, nations must be educated for republican government, or they are certain to abuse it. They must win their way to freedom by long effort and gradual advances, or they will be incompetent to enjoy it. At a time when every man claimed to be a Democrat from the hope of plunder, a Democratic friend remarked that it was not every man who said Lord! Lord! who should enter into the kingdom of heaven, nor every man who professed himself a Democrat who was entitled to an office. We require further proof of Democracy than the mere assertion of hot-headed enthusiasts, or the establishment of a Republic under the Presidency of a Buonaparte. Social anarchy and intemperate license have indeed professed and perhaps fancied themselves to be marching under the banners of Democracy, but they do not on that account establish a Democracy any more than they constitute freedom. They only disguise a bad cause under a hallowed name: and enlist votaries and admirers who applaud what, if they understood it, they would condemn. It would be a strange anomaly indeed if either individuals or nations should become patriots and democrats for bread: Hampden had some change in his purse when he refused to pay the ship-money: Tell was not starving when he struck for Switzerland: George

Washington, John Hancock and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, had no fear of rent-day when they decided for American independence. Political rebellion may be the harbinger of freedom: social insurrection can breed only disorder or despotism. The confusion of liberty with license has indeed become almost habitual, and the origin of this blending of opposite ideas is by no means of difficult detection. The let-alone theory of government has, by its application among a free people, placed under peculiar and favourable circumstances, been so signally successful in the augmentation of material results, that the merchants, manufacturers, and money-seekers throughout the world have insisted upon the adoption of the policy, and the discontented of all classes have supposed a connection which has no national existence between Democracy and the absence of government interference. The history of previous republics might have prevented the commission of this mistake. But the cry of the capitalists for the Laissez faire system, in order that their acquisition of gains might be unrestricted, has led to the supposition that the entire absence of political restraints was the Utopia of political organization, and the surest evidence of Democratic principles. Strange as it may seem the Socialists, the Communists, and the other instruments of Revolution in France, are precisely those who most loudly proclaim their desire to establish a concentrated and consolidated government, which shall constantly interfere in all the affairs of private life, and in all transactions of the highest or lowest kind which occur in the community. Yet this is to one set of admirers of the nineteenth century an indication of the progress of freedom, and to another the approaching triumph of the Laissez faire system.

There are thus two very different sides to the picture of the Nineteenth Century, and perhaps that which has been least regarded is worthy of the deepest consideration. When the summer is present we hardly dream of the coming change of the warm bright sunshine into the gloom of winter; and while complacently dwelling upon the glories of the present age we rarely think of the disasters which are imminent, and dream not of looking for the snake which coils itself beneath the flowers. Yet the future is more properly the field of human thought and speculation than the present; and even the present may reveal the fearful action of the corroding and disorganizing forces which threaten to engulph the future. These powers which will assume the ascendant, if they be not checked in their inception, are certainly entitled to closer scrutiny than the mere glitter of apparent successes; and their secret action assuredly tends to impress the current age with the stamp of imbecility and evil, much more than its pecuniary triumphs characterize it with its alleged strength and splendour. The glory is at the surface, the canker in the heart: like silly and vain children we have been boasting of the beauty of our fruits, when feeding on deadly poison. Great may appear to be the scientific, mechanical, and intellectual achievements of the age—we are not disposed to deny them, though we think they have been much overrated:—but still greater are the follies into which they have seduced, and perilous indeed is the doom which they threaten. Society in utter anarchy and confusion; the government of States reduced to a mere scramble for office; the principles of politics and law alike unsettled; religion converted into a blind adherence to formulas which are not comprehended, or to an ingenious play of intellectual sophistry; and the whole code of morality supplanted by systems of individual expediency; surely, these are anomalous indications of an Age of Intellect, and if they constitute the glory of "the enlightened age in which we live," they would have been deemed the shame and the condemnation of the darkest period in previous history.

It is important to trace social and intellectual evils to their source, and if we fail to discover the prime movers, or even to unveil the multiplicity of concomitant influences, all tending to the same end, we may arrive at those remote, if not ultimate, causes, which may enable us to discover the true point at which any adequate remedy must be applied. To those who are not conversant with the intimate connection of all parts of human history, and are unfamiliar with the phenomena of social change, it may seem surprising that the determining cause of social good or evil, should be usually found in departments of intellectual action apparently, or, at least, in popular estimation, entirely disconnected with the practical life, which is the subject of such change. We have already attributed to the excessive passion for gain which engrosses the modern world, the origin of that distempered state of religion, morals, politics, and society, which in our opinion, reflects more disgrace upon the age, than all its successes can claim glory. This may be called a proximate cause, and the connection between this influence and its results is sufficiently close to be perceived, even if their action in this particular way should be denied. But behind this lies another and much more general cause of present intellectual and social disorder, and one whose action is manifested in multifarious forms, and to a pervading extent which far surpasses the influence of any single special cause, which is itself but one of the consequences of the broader principle. We would

then refer our present lamentable condition to the misapprehension and misapplication of the Philosophy of Bacon—the dominant philosophy, in its perverted form, of the last two centuries—and to the other intellectual aberrations which have infected the whole body of recent times, and produced that revolutionary complexion, which has burst forth in Europe into active and fearful manifestation, but which exists no less in other countries which have given less direct indications of its agency. It would be easy to show, if space permitted it, that this revolutionary character of societies and governments is accompanied by like tendencies in Literature, Philosophy and Science:—and in fact all the evils and intricate difficulties of the present day have sprung from that intellectual anarchy, which has flowed from the misappreciation of Lord Bacon's philosophy, and from the licentious disregard of all authority, religious or moral, but that shadowy authority which is set up and thrown down *ad libitum*, according to the caprice of our own imaginations, or the whisper of our own passions. Even the Science, of which we boast so loudly and so long, is little more than the beggarly application to petty or practical details of the methods and principles established by an earlier and healthier generation;—and our Literature exhibits merely a vast arena for the ostentation of individual vanity and superficial loquacity. "In the youth of a State," says Lord Bacon, "arms do flourish: in the middle age of a State, learning: and then both of them for a time together: in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise."

It is much to be feared that the civilized world has now come to that declining age, and boasts of the symptoms of decay, as stinking fish might boast of the splendour of those lambent fires which played upon the putrescent body. All our science has become mechanical, and all our literature marketable, while both flourish merely as a part of the general merchandise of the day, which engrosses all thoughts and all feelings, as being the constituted avenue for gain. Napoleon sneered at the English as a nation of shopkeepers: were he alive again, he might see a world of hucksters proud of their occupation, and deeming it a proof of the march of intellect, and an incontrovertible evidence of the enlightenment of the Nineteenth Century.

We end without having uttered a tithe of the reflections which are suggested by the subject, and leaving wholly unnoticed the numerous anomalies and gross inconsistencies which render the self-laudation of the age supremely ridiculous to any thinking man. It is a subject to which we shall have frequent opportunities to return: and if proof of our positions be wanting, it will only be necessary to review the history of the last ten years. For the present we know of only one single work which the boasted intelligence of the Nineteenth Century is competent to write in an entirely satisfactory manner: it is one satirically attributed by Dr. Donne to St. Bonaventura. "*De particula* NON *a Decalogo adimenda, et symbolo Apostolorum adjicienda.*"

H.

NORMAN MAURICE;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," &c.

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ACT V.—SCENE I.

A chamber in the house of Col. Mercer. Norman Maurice and Catesby discovered.

Catesby. The challenge comes from Blasinghame.
This gives us
Advantages which we should rightly use,
'Gainst one so old in practice.
Maurice. We shall use them:—
The weapon for example. Mine's the small sword.
Catesby. The small sword! Blasinghame expects the pistol.
Maurice. We have the right in this and other matters;—
I waive the rest; but this we must insist on.
'Twas still my fancy, upward from my boyhood,
That next to lance and spear, the proper weapon
For honorable combat was the sword.
Admitting grace of movement and decision,
Allowing still discretion to the champion,—
Obeying all the changes of his temper;
And as the enemy betrayed his purpose,
Giving him power to spare or slay at pleasure,
Or simply to draw blood and to disarm.
Catesby. You've learn'd to use the weapon?
Maurice. But a little!
Some confidence, at least, in eye and motion
Grew from my youthful practice, and a passage,
With the bright rapiers flashing in the sunlight,
Was ever such a pleasure to my spirit,
That I am half content to risk the duel,
For the excitement of the keen dispute!
'Tis long since I have exercised, but nature
Has so endow'd me, that a play acquired,
I never yet have lost. 'Tis fortunate,
That I have made provision for this practice,
And have with me two reeds of Milan steel,

In all respects so equal, that a swordsman
Would linger long to choose.—But here comes Savage!

Enter Savage.

Savage. Save you, gentlemen.
Maurice. Your hand, sir. We are ready:
We know your business. Here is Captain Catesby,
Who will discuss with you the needful matters.
Catesby. Our policy demands the immediate issue,
Lest friends or officers should interpose.
Within the hour,—or, at the least, by sunset,
This meeting should be had.
Savage. You cannot have it
Too soon for Blasinghame. You know the man!
Well! what the weapon?
Catesby. We shall choose the small sword.
Savage. The small sword! Why—'tis not the usual weapon.
Maurice. As much as any other. France and Poland—
Indeed, most countries of the continent,
Where'er society ordains the duel,
Employ it—
Catesby. And, you know, in Louisiana?—
Savage. The pistol's the more equal.
Catesby. Were Blasinghame,
Or Maurice, feeble, and the other strong,
That were, perhaps, an argument, but—
Maurice. And if the question's courage, Major Savage,
As I am told your friend is pleased to make it,
Somewhat, at my expense, then, let me tell you,
Cold steel will better try the manly bosom,
Than any decent distance with a pop-gun.
If I remember, Colonel Blasinghame
Has served in the army, worn the soldier's weapon,
And will not scruple at its use in season.
Do not distrust your friend.
Savage. Your words decide it:
You have the right—the small sword be it then.
Maurice, [*giving swords.*] Here are two noble weapons—better never
Play'd in the spiral and conflicting circles,
Above the head whose life was made the stake
In the delirious conflict. Take them with you;
Your friend can choose from them, or note the measure
Of that which I employ.
Savage. At sunset, then.
Catesby. The place?—
Maurice. If you will suffer me, there is,
By Baynton's meadow, a sweet bit of copse,
East of it, through which runs an Indian trail;
It leads us to a patch of open lawn,
Level, and smooth, and grassy—a fit place,
For one to fight, or—sleep on!
Savage. Be it there, then.
And now I leave you, gentlemen: an hour
Remains for preparation, ere we meet!

[*Exit Savage.*

Catesby. You are the coolest person, for a person
That never was in combat. You will kill him!
Maurice. Not, if I'm cool enough! I fain would spare him,
Now that I see him not. But when before me,
And I behold in him the insulting tyrant,
That robs the feeble and defies the strong,
I feel a passionate anger in my heart,
That makes me long to trample him to dust!
Catesby. What more but seek the surgeon and the carriage?
Maurice. I'm ready when you please.
Catesby. Within the hour! [*Exit Catesby.*
Maurice. My poor Clarice; she sits beside the window,
And with a vacant spirit still looks forth,
Unthinking, yet still dreaming that I come.
What a long night to both—and that to-morrow!
Well! it will chide her tears, and soothe my sorrow.

[*Scene closes.*

—

SCENE II.

The entrance of a thick wood near the dwelling of Norman Maurice. Sunset. Robert Warren discovered.

Warren. The sun is at its set, and yet she comes not.
Can she have faltered—what doth she suspect,—
What fear! It sinks, and hark—her footstep.
Now comes our triumph, now! [*Retires into the wood.*

Enter Clarice.

Clarice. If I err,
I that am feeble, and though feeble, loving,—
Devoted, where the sacrifice is needful,—
Willing to die for him whose dear devotion,
Has made it my religion still to love him,
Oh, God! have mercy on the hapless error,
That grows from love's necessities alone!
If in my death his triumph may be certain,
My breast is ready for the knife. I need
No prayer, no prompting to the sacrifice,
That saves him from the wreck of all his hopes,
And honor with them. Let me now not falter!
Forgive me, Heaven, in pity to the weakness
That knows not how to 'scape. If it be crime,—
The deed which I have brooded o'er until
My shuddering fancy almost deems it done—
By which I do avoid the loathlier crime,
Let not the guilt lie heavy on my soul,
As solemnly I do profess myself,
Most free from evil purpose, and most hating
That which meseems the dread necessity
That shadows all my fortune! God have pity,
And show the way, that still unseen before me,
Lies open for my rescue! Ha, tis he!
Warren, [*re-enters.*] Methinks, Clarice, you came reluctantly.
Your husband's fate—the dangers that do await him,
That do appear so terrible to me,
Would seem to touch you not.
Clarice. I'll not believe it!
I tell you I must see these fatal papers—
Must feel them, spell and weigh each syllable,
Ere I believe you!
Warren. Said I not you should!
Clarice. Show me them. I'm here.
Warren. Come hither, then.
Clarice. What, in the deeper darkness of the wood?
No! Here!
Warren. What! dost forget my recompense!
Wouldst thou the naked heaven behold our pleasures?
Clarice. Oh, Heaven! sustain me. Let me not go mad;
That I may hear unmoved this foul assailant,
Nor show, to baffling of my hope and purpose,
The loathing that I feel! [*Aside.*
Warren. The proof is ready—
Wherefore dost thou linger?
Clarice, [*eagerly.*] Ha! then thou hast it—
Here, in thy bosom—here, in yonder wood.

Warren. Even as thou say'st—here, within my bosom;
But 'tis in yonder wood that thou shalt see it.
Behold! [*Takes the papers from his bosom and waves her to the wood.*
Clarice. Give me to see them.
Warren. Yes!
Clarice. But here!
Warren. No—there! [*Waving them and retiring.*
Clarice. Show me! I come! [*Following.*
Warren. Yet farther. Follow me!
By yon red oak, where yon dark thicket spreads,
Where silence, and her twin, security,
Brood ever, and declare for loving hearts
Their meet protection in this lovely shade,—
Thither, Clarice! [*Retires from sight, beckoning with the papers.*
Clarice. Thither, then; I follow thee!
Thou dost implore thy fate! I follow thee
Where shadow and silence both invoke with speech,
Too potent for my feeble pray'r and plaint,
A shadow and a silence yet more deep!
They awfully declare a hideous worship
Where Horror sits supreme, and summons me
To make befitting sacrifice. My soul,
Be firm of purpose now. Nerves, do not falter,
When that I do demand your resolute office.
I dare not call on Heaven to help my weakness,
But from the indulgent mercy, born of Heaven,
Implore the saving grace I may not merit.
Warren. [*within.*] Clarice!
Clarice. Ha, there, I come to thee.
Fool! thou entreat'st a fury to thy arms,
And not a woman. Thou would'st have my love—
Partake of my embrace—my kiss—thou shalt!
My husband—this for thee!
Warren, [*within.*] Clarice!
Clarice. He calls me!
I do but answer to his summons. Ha!
Warren, [*within.*] Clarice!
Clarice. Thrice! Thrice! It is decreed. I come—
I come! [*Exit within: a moment after a cry of agony, and then a sound as of a falling body. Re-enter Clarice with papers in her hand, and garments bloody.*
Clarice. Ha, ha, I have them! I could laugh! Ha! ha!—
But for this horrible silence. Yet I have them!
He would have kept them from me—he. Ha, ha!
But would I suffer him when he threatened Norman,
My husband, with dishonor—my brave husband,
That even now is rising in the nation,
Among the great, in the high places of power,
Ranked with the men most eminent. Dear Norman!
Ha—ha! I'm very happy now. I have the papers,
The proof, and Norman is made Senator,
Spite of this wretched liar! He'll lie no more.
He wish'd for my embrace, and sure he had it!
Such close embrace, so sharp, so sudden, sweet,
It made him shriek and shrink with such a pleasure,
As men endure not twice. [*Groan within.*
God! what is that!
A footstep! He pursues me for the papers. [*Thrusts them into her bosom.*
He shall not have them. No—I have no papers.
He comes! Home—Norman—Home! Home! Home!
[*Exit wildly, looking behind her as she departs.*

—

SCENE III.

The wood behind Baynton's meadow. Enter from opposite sides, Norman Maurice, Catesby, surgeon, &c., and Colonel Blasinghame, Savage, surgeon, &c.

Savage. Can nothing reconcile our parties, Catesby?
Catesby. The invitation to the field is yours:
Yours still must be each overture for peace.
Savage. What will content you, Blasinghame?
Blasinghame. His blood!
Savage. [*to Catesby.*] I'm sorry, but you hear?
Catesby. To business, then.
Maurice is at his place, so, place your man.
[*Maurice and Blasinghame confront each other.*
Maurice. Art ready, sir?
Blasinghame. For vengeance! You have foil'd me;
Disgraced me in the eyes of all our people,
So look to it, for by the God that made me,
I'll write my living tortures on your heart!
Maurice. Your blood upon your head!
[*They fight. Maurice disarms him.*
Blasinghame. Curse on that weapon!
Maurice. Curse not your weapon;
Curse your hand—your heart—
Your cause, which has betrayed you—not the weapon.
Your life is at my mercy!
Blasinghame, [*folding his arms.*] Take it then.
You may slay me, sir; you cannot conquer me.
Maurice. I will not slay you. I *will* conquer you.
Your life is mine. I give it you. Live on
A wiser and a better man hereafter.
Blasinghame, [*tottering and turning away.*] My strength is gone from me; my heart is crush'd.
Look, Savage,—these are tears, and not of blood.
Come with me, for I falter. [*Going.*
Savage, [*to Maurice.*] You're a man
Among ten thousand, Maurice. Now forgive him.
He weeps. The strong man weeps. I must go with him,
But know me for your friend.
[*Exit Savage following Blasinghame.*
Catesby. 'Twas nobly done.
When I consider Blasinghame's career,
His brutal murders, his long tyrannies,
The provocation you have had to slay him,
I marvel that you spared him. Sir, your triumph
Is now without alloy.
Maurice. I'm glad you think so,
Yet deem the merit of forbearance small.
Had he been bolder, I had never spared him;
But could not strike him when with folded arms
He stood to meet the stroke. But—let's to Mercer.
[*Exeunt.*

—

SCENE IV.

The chamber of Richard Osborne. Enter to him Harry Matthews.

Matthews. Where's Warren?
Osborne. I've not seen him.
Matthews. Not since when?
Osborne. Noon yesterday.
Matthews. Indeed. 'Twas then we parted.
He promised me to meet last night at Baylor's.
Osborne. And came not?
Matthews. No. 'Twas probable his business—
For you must know his hands are full at present—
Was quite too grateful and too full of profit,

To make him leave it soon. I marvel'd not
That he should fail us then; but now, this morning,
When, by agreement, he should breakfast with us,
And here's the hour—that he should still be absent,
Seems something strange. He must be at the meeting,
Or we are done forever.
Osborne. What's the meeting?
Matthews. One of both parties, meant for caucussing,
Popular wholly in its character.
Whose temper will determine our Assembly
As to its choice of Senator in Congress.
Osborne. Ah,—Indeed.
Matthews. You'll be there?
Osborne. Yes: I promised him.
Matthews. Who? Warren?
Osborne. Yes.
Matthews. I must go look for him.
We must not risk our fortunes by delay.
His voice may help to make our Senator. [*Ex. Matt.*
Osborne. Would he were dumb;
Or I. Alas! these murmurs,
How feeble—since the fetters are about me,
And but one way remains—to curse and perish.

—

SCENE V.

The open street. Ferguson and Matthews.

Ferguson. What guest was that, I pray?
Matthews, [*smiling.*] I must not tell it—
A lady's in the secret.
Ferguson. Keep it then.
But give yourself no farther care for Warren;
His last words, when we parted yesterday,
Implied his absence till the latest moment.
He'll be with us to-day, when we are ready.
Matthews. 'Twill do no harm at least to hurry him.
Ferguson. Have you seen Blasinghame?
Matthews. This morning? No.
Ferguson. You know not he and Maurice fought at sunset.
Matthews. Indeed! How did they fight?
Ferguson. With swords.
Matthews. What then?
Ferguson. Why Maurice had him at his mercy!
Matthews. And spared his life?
Ferguson. He did, but had been much more merciful.
To have taken it,—for he has crushed the other's!
Matthews. How! Blasinghame!
Ferguson. Has wither'd in a night.
Matthews. Impossible.
Ferguson. He stares in vacancy—his hair's grown white,—
He trembles as with palsy, and he weeps,
Even as an infant!
Matthews. Is it possible.
Ferguson. He's useless to us now, and Savage grows
More friendly now to Maurice than to me.
Matthews. This Maurice wrecks us all!
Ferguson. But in an hour,—
Let Warren but be faithful to his pledges,
And we shall see his vessel in a tempest,
Such as no bark can weather.
Matthews. Be it so—
My breath shall not be wanting to the blow!
[*Exeunt.*

—

SCENE VI.

The interior of the City Hall of St. Louis. A raised platform in the centre. Citizens crowding about it. Chairman presiding and seated with other distinguished men. On one hand, Ferguson with others—opposite Norman Maurice, Mercer, Brooks, &c. Norman Maurice discovered speaking.

Maurice. Thus have we, sir, discussed the several questions
Involved in this upon the Constitution—
I trust that on this Instrument, I speak
The doctrine of Missouri. I would have it
A ligament of fix'd, unchanging value,
Maintained by strict construction,—neither warp'd,
Nor stretched, nor lopt of its now fair proportions
By the ambitious demagogue or statesman,
Who, with the baits of station in their eyes,
Still sacrifice the State! Our policy,
Regards ours as a linkéd realm of nations
Where each one sits secure, however feeble,
And pointing to the sacred written record
Finds in it her Palladium. Government,
We hold to be the creature of our need,
Having no power but where necessity
Still, under guidance of the Charter, gives it.
Our taxes raised to meet our exigence,
And not for waste or favorites—our people
Left free to share the commerce of the world,
Without one needless barrier on their prows!
Our industry at liberty for venture,
Neither abridged, nor pamper'd; and no calling
Preferr'd before another, to the ruin,
Or wrong of either. These, sir, are my doctrines!
They are the only doctrines which shall keep us
From anarchy and that worst peril yet,
That threatens to dissever in the tempest
That married harmony of hope with power,
That keeps our starry union o'er the storm:
And in the sacred bond that links our fortunes,
Makes us defy its thunders!—Thus, in one,—
The foreign despot threatens us in vain.
Guizot and Palmerston may fret to see us
Grasping the empires which they vainly covet
And stretching forth our trident o'er the seas,
In rivalry with Britain. They may confine,
But cannot chain us. Balances of power,
Framed by corrupt and cunning monarchists,
Weigh none of our possessions; and the seasons
That mark our mighty progress, East and West,
Show Europe's struggling millions, fondly seeking,
The better shores and shelters that are ours.
Enough, sir, I have yielded my opinions,
Freely delivered, frankly argued, fairly,
With deference to the learning and the wisdom,
Shown by my opponent! The rest is yours.
Chairman. You have heard citizens; what farther order,
Is it your pleasure, that we—
Mercer. Sir, it needs not!—
The ample range that this debate hath taken,
The spacious grasp of argument upon it—
How well discuss'd the questions—how complete
And clear, the several reasons which concluded,
Leave none in doubt of what should be our judgment.
Methinks there's but one matter now before us,
And this decided, stays the whole discussion,—
By showing, in our preference for the man,
What still hath been our thoughts upon his measures.
Well have the advocates on both sides spoken,

Not equally, but well! For Ferguson,
His eloquence honors his experience past,
And ancient reputation;—but methinks,
That none who listened to the speech of Maurice,
But must have yielded to his clear opinions,—
Enforced by illustration, near and foreign,
Such full analysis, such profound research—
Statements so fairly made,—objections battled
So fearlessly—and arguments sustained
With so much equal truth and eloquence!
His views are mine—are those of this assembly,
Nay more—I boldly challenge in their favor,
The voices of Missouri! What remains—
But that we speak to her assembled wisdom:
This day they choose a senator in Congress—
Whom shall we name to them of all our people!

1. *Voices.* Why Norman Maurice!

2. *Voices.* Who but Norman Maurice!

3. *Voices.* The widow's friend—the champion of the people.

Brooks. Such is the popular will!

Ferguson. A moment, sir!
If eloquence and talent, just opinion,
Were the soul requisites for this high station,
I should be silent here, or, probably,
Join with you in the shout for Norman Maurice.
But truth and virtue claim a place with talent,
And he who serves, our senator in Congress,
Must know no smutch of shame upon his garments.

Maurice. Ha! shame, sir?

Ferguson. That was the word, sir.

Maurice. Shame of mine?

Ferguson. Of thine!

Maurice. Speak, sir; I listen.

Ferguson. It is charged, sir,
That Norman Maurice, ere he sought St. Louis
Was once a resident of Philadelphia,
That there he forged a paper on a merchant,
Well known, by which he gain'd two thousand dollars!

Maurice. A falsehood, false as hell! As God 's in Heaven,
I never did this thing!

Ferguson. The proof is here!

Maurice. The proof! What proof!

Ferguson. Know you one Robert Warren?
Ha! you are silent, sir—you start—you redden—

Maurice. With scorn and indignation, not with terror!
I do know Robert Warren, that base reptile
Whom thrice I spared the scourge. Set him before me
And you shall see whose tremors speak the guilty,
And whose the innocent aroused to vengeance!

Ferguson. Have then your wish! Accuser! Robert Warren
Stand forth and answer! [*Pause.*

Maurice. He dare not!

Ferguson. He will!

Maurice. Shout for your man again. Set him before me.

Ferguson. Call at the door, there—call for Robert Warren.

Voices without. Ho! Robert Warren, Robert Warren! Ho!

[*Enter Harry Matthews hastily and in great agitation.*]

Matthews. Who calls for Robert Warren? He is murder'd,—
Stabb'd with a dagger, and was found a corse,
Within the wood behind the house of Maurice.
Here is the dagger, found upon the body,
And crusted with his blood. [*Showing dagger. They hand him the dagger—he seizes, shudders, and drops it.*

Maurice. Murdered! Give it me.
God! What is this? 'Tis hers. [*Aside.*

Matthews. Behold the murderer!
He staggers! It is he who hath done the deed!

Ferguson. Ay, truly,—who so like to do the deed,
As one who needs to silence such a witness.

Maurice. Thy bitter jealousy and hate deluded thee,
And make thee but a liar. I convict thee,
Out of the mouths of thine own witnesses.
(To Matthews.) When saw you Warren last?

Matthews. Noon yesterday:
He left me then to seek *your* house.

Maurice. *My house!*
What would he at my house?

Matthews. I do not know.
But know that from that hour until the present
When now we find him by your house a corse,
He has no more been seen.

Maurice. 'Tis fortunate,
That we may get the truth from fraud and cunning,
Even when it makes against them. Noon yesterday
Found me in public court-house, on a trial,
Before a thousand eyes, 'till four o'clock!

Ferguson. But after that?

Maurice. My witness here is Mercer.

Mercer. From that hour
'Till sunset, he continued at my house,
Then left with Captain Catesby, to return
With dark, and to remain with us all night,
Most part in consultation with our friends
Who did not separate until near the dawn.

Ferguson. Then, 'till this hour!

Catesby. With me! We slept together!

Maurice. Man of a bitter malice, art thou answer'd!

Ferguson. Thou 'scapest the murder, not the forgery.
Warren was not the only evidence;
Where's Richard Osborne?

Osborne. [*Coming forward.*] Here!

Ferguson. All do not fail us!
Your name is Richard Osborne? You know Maurice
And know the crime which Warren charged upon him,
He named you as his witness.

Osborne. He did wrong then!
I know of no offence of Norman Maurice—
Yet know him well, and all I know of him,
Has still approved him, to my sense and judgment,
The noblest, as he is the first of men!

1. *People shout.* Hurrah for that!

2. *People shout.* Hurrah for Norman Maurice;

Ferguson. Confusion!

Matthews. I'm off. [*Exeunt Matthews and Ferguson. Hisses.*

People shout. Away with Ferguson! Away!

Mercer [*to Maurice.*] Your triumph is complete!

Maurice. You spoke. . . . did you not say my wife?
What of her—Speak!

Mercer. You'r ill! Your lips are very pale!
But courage, all your trial's over now.

Maurice. Ah! Art sure!

Mercer. Would seem so! What a foul conspiracy,
So fatally arrested. For this murder—

Maurice. What of it?

Mercer. 'Tis very strange!

Maurice. Most strange!

Mercer. But stranger still the audacious charge.
Who was this Warren.

Maurice, [*with an effort.*] Who? but here is one,
To put you in possession of the story.
He knows how dextrously a lie was founded,
Most monstrous, on the basis of a truth,
By this same Warren, to my injury.

[*To Osborne who comes forward,*]
Osborne, I thank you for your ready answer,
And good opinion.
Osborne. It was but your right.
Maurice. What's that cry? my fears. [*Noise without.*
Enter Kate, followed by Mr. Jervis.
Kate. Oh! Sir! Your wife!
Maurice. My wife! Be still my heart.
What of my wife!
Kate. She's sick. O! very sick!
Mr. Jervis. She's broke a blood vessel!
Maurice, [*with a cry.*] God! thou hast sent
This terror, like a fate, into my house,
And wreck'd the hope that nestled there in peace,
Hence woman from my sight!
My wife! my wife!
[*Rushes out.*
Mercer, [*to Catesby.*] Follow him with a surgeon.
Brooks. We must hasten.
The assembly waits us! We shall triumph now.
[*Ex. omnes.*

SCENE VII.

A chamber in the house of Norman Maurice. Clarice reclines upon a couch. The widow Pressley at a little distance, watches her standing.

Widow. Dear lady, you will die, unless,—
Clarice. Come not near me!
Widow. You bleed! You suffocate!
Clarice. And still he comes not.
You promised me to send for him. Oh, God—
Should they behold these papers. Ha! I hear him.
Do you hear nothing?
Widow. Nothing.
Clarice. It is he.
Maurice, [*without.*]
Clarice! my wife.
Enter Norman Maurice.
Clarice. Oh! you come! Heaven bless you!
I'm dying, Norman. [*Throws herself into his arms.*
Maurice. Dying!
Clarice. I feel it. But you're safe. He would have crushed you,
Made infamous your name, my noble husband;
But stoop,—your ear—he'll trouble us no more.
He's silent, and I have the fatal papers,
No copies, all the originals. Ha! Ha!—
They're here—now take me,—closer—to your heart,
I leave—you lose me, Norman. Ah! your lips,—
How cold, but sweet my Norman—cold—sweet Heaven.
[*Dies.*
Maurice. Now sink my soul. [*Lays her down gently and the papers fall from her bosom, he sees and reads them.*
Since the bright star is gone,
That made thy life and glory from the heavens,
That stored thee with all blessings. I am crushed!
Ha! what are these! (reads.) Oh, God, I see it all.
Oh, bloody wretch, whose nature was a lie,
This was thy work,—and hers. 'Tis plain before me.
My poor Clarice, how faithful unto death,
Shielding me at the peril of thyself,
And in the seeming dread necessity,
Doing the deed that from its delicate props,
Snook the fair fabric of thy innocent life!
My wife! My wife. [*Sinks down.*
[*Noise and voices without.*]
Enter Mercer, Brooks and others.
Mercer. Maurice, my friend, we triumph. You are Senator
For the next term in Congress from Missouri.
Maurice. Could'st wake her with thy tidings!
Mercer. God! Is this death!
Maurice. It lies upon her silent lips like snow.
Speak! Speak! Thou wilt not wake her with thy tidings.
Nor sorrow, nor joy shall fill these frozen eyes,
That see not me. She would have listened once,
How gladly,—and found music in the triumph,
That now can bring me none. My wife! My wife!
[*Curtain Drops.*]

THEODORE KORNER.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

On the high road near the village of Wobbelin there stands, beneath an oak tree, the Iron Monument of Theodore Korner. The material of which it is constructed, the simplicity of its design, the tree which overshadows it and its isolated yet accessible position, would naturally induce an observant traveller to examine and a contemplative one to muse beside it; but how infinitely is the casual interest thus awakened, enhanced when we recal the brief yet thrilling history of him in whose remembrance it was erected; and realize how entirely the lineaments of his character accord with the solemn beauty of his grave! There is often as much room for conjecture in regard to the absolute endowments of the hero as of the poet: the fame of both is only settled by time; posterity not unfrequently reverses the original decree; and the frank soldier and candid bard sometimes dispel the charming illusions they have originated, by admitting certain facts of consciousness: thus courage and inspiration are as fallacious when judged by mere appearance, as mock superficial qualities: accident, luck, animal excitement, vanity and desperation may be the only claim of the so-called hero to the title; and imitation, art and tact form the sole attributes of him whom the world of to-day denominate a poet. It is rare indeed, for these noblest of human distinctions to be thoroughly vindicated by the same individual during his life;—for genuine poetic gifts to be illustrated by their sensible effects upon the popular mind, and genuine heroism to be indicated clearly in the expressed purpose, the thoughtful resolve and then realized by entire self-devotion and voluntary martyrdom. Such a course seems to include all the elements of the heroic character and leave not the faint shadow of a doubt of a grand moral reality. There is a courage of temperament which man shares with the inferior animals—that which leads the stag to

stand at bay, the steed to rush into battle and the mastiff and game cock to lose the sense of safety in the vindictiveness of a contest: there is a courage of the imagination born of vision of glory, the zest of adventure and the love of excitement; and there is a courage of the will—the calm resolve of valor inspired by patriotism or duty and thoughtfully adopted after mature reflection. In proportion to the danger incurred, the personal advantage relinquished and the consistency of its aim, is this latter species of courage to be estimated. It is this which essentially constitutes the hero; it is an element of character, not an impulse of feeling; it is the product of the soul not of mere physical superiority; and exalts humanity by intensifying her active powers with the concentration of intelligent moral purpose.

Theodore Korner thus more completely realized this ideal of the youthful hero than any character of modern times; or rather left behind him the most authentic evidence and beautiful memorials of its reality: for, without reference to the mere facts of his life, we have the two most impressive revelations of his nature—the written thought and the noble deed, the sentiment calmly yet earnestly expressed and its practical embodiment: the motive and the deed to attest the hero,—feeling shaping itself into deliberate action; we have successively the man, the poet, the soldier and the martyr; and it is this unity of development that renders Korner's career almost unique. That the views he adopted were not the offspring of a heated imagination,—that the sentiments he professed arose from a deeper source than the hot blood of youth, that he was perfectly conscious of all he risked and quite aware of the sacrifice he offered, is apparent from his literary productions, his conversation, letters, and consistent behaviour. His education was singularly adapted to develope, at once, mental energy and the gentlest affections; it encouraged physical strength and aptitude and the highest moral aspiration; and hence he was capable of estimating for himself both the claims of duty and the claims of pleasure. The very atmosphere of his childhood was intellectual; his father, although ostensibly devoted to jurisprudence, was a man of the warmest literary sympathies and the highest culture;—while his mother was the daughter of an artist; Schiller and Goëthe were their intimate friends; the former wrote Don Carlos in the elder Korner's house; and not the least pleasing chapters in the lives of both authors are those which record anecdotes of this early intercourse and the correspondence to which it led. Young Korner's first recollections are associated with this cottage in a vineyard—endeared to the three illustrious friends. Korner's infancy was feeble and he was, therefore, encouraged to practice manly exercises, in which he soon became an adept, having few equals, among his companions, in fencing and swimming; he was a most graceful equestrian and dancer and excelled in gymnastic feats. To this admirable physical training so essential to the martial hero, were added the accomplishments of musician and draftsman. This early instruction was derived altogether from private tuition; habitual exposure to the open air and the influence of nature as well as the highest social intercourse, combined to invigorate and refine the capabilities of the soul. But judicious and comprehensive as was his education, it only accounts in part for the nobler bias of his character. He very soon manifested the most decided tastes and aims, and the instinctive, far more than the acquired, moulded his destiny: strength of mind and firmness of purpose, tenderness of heart and loyal attachments, soon gave promise of a characteristic life; while an appreciation of science and a facility of versification were equally obvious mental distinctions, the one giving vent to his enthusiasm and sentiment, and the other discipline and scope to his intellect. Doubtless this need of an active life on the one hand and mental exercise on the other, induced his first choice of a possession which was that of mining: and his minerological and chemical studies were formed under Warner, at Freyburg, where Humboldt first entered upon his illustrious career. At noon the companionship of his sister and her friends, called out his gentlest sympathies and delicate tastes, while that of his father's literary coteries elicited his noblest intelligence; summer excursions made him familiar with the most beautiful scenery of his country; and thus we have, as it were, a complete, though informal, system of life amply fitted to educate a poet and hero. It is remarkable that singular vivacity of temperament and facility of adaptation alternated, under these influences, with a solemn earnestness of character; in his boyhood and first youth, Korner was lively but never frivolous; he engaged with similar alacrity in the most sportive and the most severe occupations, soon became a social favorite, and yet retained the nature of a contemplative enthusiast. His dislike of French, the profound melancholy induced by the loss of an intimate friend who was drowned, and a quick sense of honor, are traits vividly remembered by his earliest associates. His first religious pieces seem to have been inspired during a foot excursion amid the scenery of Silesia. At the Berlin academy, whither he was sent after some years of varied teaching at home, Korner was engaged in a duel; and the impetuosity of his nature, com-

bined with the strongest poetical tendencies, led his father to assent to his removing to Vienna. where he was cordially received by William Humboldt and Schlegel. His rashness of spirit having become subdued by a protracted fever, and his domestic sympathies revived from a pleasant sojourn with his family at Carlsbad, he exchanged college for metropolitan life, in a state of mind peculiarly fitted to render it both useful and happy. His cheerful temper, fine personal appearance, poetical reputation and good birth gave him every advantage at the outset of his brief yet brilliant career at the capital; but these only served him as the initiative steps of fame; and after supporting himself for some months by means of his scientific attainments, he began to write for the stage. He was not less fortunate in the kind of discipline to which his boyhood was subjected; this was voluntary;—he was never thwarted; his reason, his honor and his tastes were appealed to, and his will thus conciliated. To the absence of fear in youth we ascribe the manly freedom of his nature; the only authority claimed over him was that of love; his parents were companions not less than guides. They respected his idiosyncrasies, and only sought to keep him in true relations with nature. humanity and God. Hence his faults were always those of excess, never of calculation; he was sometimes rash, but knew not a mean instinct; and the freshness and energy of his soul were preserved intact: education only ripened and called out original endowments. The spirit of enjoyment is more active at Vienna than in any city of Germany. If its libraries, museums and galleries of art give it intellectual character, its Prater thronged with recreating groups, including every class from the emperor to the humblest citizens, and boasting the richest *corso* in Europe, the prevalence of music as a pastime, the number of Theatres and the social taste of the people, render Vienna the centre of genial and varied life: while the devotees of art or letters often pursue their respective object at Leipsic or Frankfort with isolated enthusiasm and earnest individuality, the tendency of the social atmosphere and prosperous activity at Vienna, is to make the artist or the man of letters an efficient and sympathetic intelligence inspired by and giving impulse to the circles of fashion, taste and conviviality. There lived Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; and if their deeper revelations were born in the solitude of their own consciousness and the intensity of thoughtful emotion, doubtless the zest of life and the good of human interest around them yielded some of the mystic threads which link harmonies to the universal heart. Into this enjoyable world Korner brought not only his own rare endowments of mind and character, but the *prestige* of good conversation and attractive manners. To feel the high and pleasurable excitement of writing successfully for the stage at this period and in such a metropolis as Vienna, we must remember that the stage was the central point of interest to all classes, the theme of enlightened criticism, the object of tasteful appreciation; those who illustrated its power, in any department, with real genius, were sure not only of professional rewards but of social estimation; the theatre was peculiarly a national institution and a fashionable and literary nucleus endeared by habit, association and sympathy to the most cultivated and respected, as well as the pleasure-loving, citizens. The seeds of thought and sentiment in the mind of young Korner seemed to flower, all at once, in the encouraging sphere, and amid the inviting intercourse here opened to him. His first efforts were light two-act pieces written in Alexandrines, of which the "Bride" and the "Green Domino" had such success that he began soon to meditate a more elaborate and finished production. At this era his time passed in a delightful alternation of study and society; idolized in the latter, he brought to the former all the ardent and noble feeling and facility of expression which characterized his nature; and while the one elicited his sportive and companionable graces, the other gave impulse to the more intense and thoughtful moods of his soul. An immediate and intelligent appreciation, like that which awaits the successful dramatic author in Germany and the social privileges and sympathy awarded him in Vienna, naturally excited the enthusiasm of Korner, and when he was appointed poet to the theatre, his fortune and position were truly eminent; but ambition was only a secondary inspiration, for two sentiments glowed in his heart and gave the utmost eloquence to his expression; he was a genuine patriot and lover; and at this brilliant epoch, the companionship of his betrothed, the ardent devotion of his friends and the new-born spirit of liberty that stirred the breasts of his countrymen, all united to quicken and evoke his genius. Time has proved that its most legitimate offspring was lyrical poetry; the directness, harmony and spontaneous origin of this kind of verse accorded with the frank earnestness of his character, and more faithfully mirrored his inward life than the elaborate and studied drama. Yet one remarkable triumph in the latter style he soon achieved. The Tragedy of Zriny whatever may be its imperfections as a work of art, is memorable as the composition of a youth and as the deliberate record of his most profound sentiments. The period of this play is 1566 and the action is first at Belgrade and then in and be-

fore the Hungarian fortress of Sigeth which is heroically defended by Nicholas Von Irving, against Soliman; Lorenzo Juranitsch, the former's lieutenant is the betrothed of his daughter, whose character as well as that of her mother are delineated with a grace and truth worthy of a poet's discriminating estimate of woman. The character of Lorenzo Juranitsch is doubtless Korner's own ideal; and the plot of the drama, in a striking manner typifies his destiny. Indeed the most emphatic passages of the tragedy are identical with the views, feelings and purposes he cherished, as uttered in familiar conversation and letters. In a literary point of view, the distinct characterization, the fine contrast between the oriental scenes and those in the Hungarian fortress; the powerful and consistent tone of self-devotion maintained by Zriny and his followers, the intense coëxistence of love and duty,—are traits so happily manifest as to have seized, at once, on the popular feeling. The play may be justly considered as an exposition of heroism, and what gives it a permanent interest, is the fact that it embodies the habitual state of mind, foreshadows the sacrifice and glows with the very soul of the author: it also not inadequately represents the prevalent sentiment of Germany, at the period. The flames of Moscow had kindled the dormant valor of northern Europe; deep indignation against her conqueror now found vent in action; and the love of country was thoroughly awakened; a spirit of self-consecration and a holy as well as martial zeal, such as the poet so well describes as nerving the Hungarian patriots of the tragedy, pervaded all hearts; so that "Zriny" may be regarded as vividly reflecting not only the individual consciousness of the poet but the public sentiment of his country. An impressive proof of the harmony between Korner's expressed and acted sentiments, between his character and writings, is the coincidence in tone and feeling of the letter he addressed his father after his valorous resolve and some expressions that fall from the chief actors in "Zriny:"

I would depart but as a hero should,
In the full splendor of my boldest love.

What is there for us higher in this world
That's left untasted in our hallow'd wishes?
Can life afford a moment of more bliss?
Here happiness is transient as the day,
On high eternal as the love of God.

For as with other slaves 'tis nature's law,
The vital air is the demand of life,
So, maiden, is his honor to a man.

For nothing is too precious for our country.
Rash! nay, I am not so—
Yet am I venturous and bold for love,
And all enthusiast for my fatherland.

That I devote myself to death were little—
My life I oft have ventured in the hazard,
But that I do so, 'mid such joy and pleasure,
'Mid happiness and highest earthly bliss,
This is the struggle, this deserves the prize—
My country may be proud of such an offering.

I will clasp
The form of death with arms of youthful love,
And bravely press it to my youthful breast.

For fate may shatter the heroic breast,
But it can awe not the heroic will;
The worm may creep, ignobly, to its rest,—
The noble mind must fight and triumph still.

O do not harshly chide with fate, my daughter,
But rather trust its kind paternal favor,
Which hath permitted us by this ordeal
To prove, like gold, our purity of heart.

Vienna, March 10, 1813.

Dearest father,

I write thee respecting an event which I feel assured will neither surprise nor shock thee. I lately gave thee a hint of my purpose, which has now arrived at maturity. Germany rises;—the Prussian eagle, by the beating of her mighty wings, awakes in all true hearts the great hope of German freedom. My poetic art sympathizes for my country;—let me prove myself her worthy son! Yes, dearest father, I will join the army, will cheerfully throw aside the happy, joyous life in which I have here enjoyed, in order, be it with my blood, to assist in the deliverance of my country. Name it not impetuosity, levity, rashness. Two years since, it is true, I should have termed it thus myself; but now that I know what happiness can ripen for me in this life; now that the star of fortune sheds on me its most cheering influence, now is it, by heaven, a sacred feeling which inspires me, a conviction that no sacrifice can be too great to insure our country's freedom. Possibly thy fond paternal heart may say, "Theodore is meant for better things; in another field he might have accomplished objects more worthy and important, he owes as yet a weighty obligation to mankind." But father, my conviction is, that for the death-offering for the freedom and honor of our country, no one is too good; though many are too base. If the Almighty have, indeed, inspired me with a more than common mind, which has been taught and formed by thy care and affection, where is the moment when I can better exert it than now? A great age requires great souls, and I feel that I may prove a rock amid this concussion of the nations. I must forth and oppose my daring breast to the waves of the storm.

Shall I be content to celebrate in poetry the success of my brethren while they fight and conquer? Shall I write entertainments for the comic theatre, when I feel within me the courage and the strength to take part in the great and serious drama of life? I am aware that thou wilt suffer much—my mother too will weep! May God be her comfort; I cannot spare you this trial. I have ever deemed myself the favorite of fortune; she will not forsake me now. That I simply venture my life is but of little import; but that I offer it, crowned as it is, with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship—that I cast away the sweet sensation which lived in the conviction that I should never cause you inquietude or sorrow, this is, indeed, a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize—our country's freedom. Either on Saturday or Monday I depart, probably accompanied by friends, or possibly H. may despatch me as a courier. At Breslau, my place of destination, I meet the free sons of Prussia, who have enthusiastically collected there, under the banner of their king. I have scarcely decided, as yet, whether I join the cavalry or infantry; this may depend upon the sum of money which may be at my disposal. As to my present appointment here, I know, as yet, nothing certain; possibly the Prince will give me leave of absence, if not there is no seniority in art, and should I return to Vienna, I have the assurance of Count Palfy that still greater advantages of a pecuniary nature await. Antonia has, on this occasion, proved the great, the noble character of her soul. She weeps, it is true, but the termination of the campaign will dry her tears. My mother must forgive me the tears I cause her; whoever loves me will not censure me; and thou, father, wilt find me worthy of thee.

THY THEODORE.

At the very outset of their march, after joining his regiment, they bivouacked in a graveyard; one of the mounds was his pillow, and over another his horse stumbled—and it was regarded by the superstitious observers as ominous. When his sister, who was possessed of much artistic skill, and whose grief for his loss wore away her life, was painting him, she suddenly wept—declaring that she saw his head bleeding. He wrote to a friend on the eve of his departure, "if I shall never again be in Meadowst. perhaps I shall soon be on the green, and quite peaceful, quite still!" Indeed, even the most thoughtless of the students who, with all the ardour of youth, threw themselves into the impending struggle—were aware of the truth of Korner's declaration, "every second man of us must die." With him this self-devotion was no sudden fit of martial enthusiasm, but the cherished purpose of years; many allusions in his letters and familiar talk afterwards became clear to his friends. He had felt deeply the misfortunes of his country and pondered on the duty of a citizen, until it was his firm resolve to embrace the first occasion to fight, and if needful, to die for his native land. The summons came when the goblet of life sparkled to the brim, when his mind and heart—his affections and his intellect were thoroughly and genially absorbed; yet he hesitated not a moment, but enrolled himself in Zutzow's corps.

Few episodes in literary history, or rather in the biography of genius, have a more complete and harmonious moral beauty than the whole life of Theodore Korner: there is no wonderful precocity suddenly eclipsed by decay; no *finale* of insanity turning the sweetest melody into horrible discord; no sad compromise between the dreams of youth and the calculations of interest; all is sustained, noble and consistent:—a childhood enriched with high acquisitions and refined by domestic love;—a youth developed with freedom in an atmosphere of truth; genuine relations with nature and humanity; cheerfulness, intelligence, fortitude and self-devotion; a unity of being that presents a remarkable contrast to the fragmentary, baffled, and too often, incongruous experience of the gifted and the brave. It is affecting, and, at the same time, sublime to recall the happy life of the young poet at Vienna,—environed by the delights of social and literary fame, the cordialities of hospitality, the consolations of friendship, the sweet communion of love, and then behold it, suddenly yet calmly exchanged for hardship, peril and death. Amid the pleasurable excitements of the gay capital, instead of being enervated he was nerved. It was his custom to retire to the neighboring village of Doblinger to write. "I always work in the garden," he says, "where I am now writing this letter. A thicket of chestnut trees spreads its cooling shade around me, and my guitar, which hangs behind me on the next tree, employs me in those moments when I cease to write." Antonia, his betrothed, appears to have united the most charming domestic aptitudes with that heroic spirit that endeared her to her lover. He used to visit her after his morning's labor, quit her presence to dine with Humboldt, or some other genial *savan*, pass the evening either at a party or the theatre, and return home to prosecute his literary task, his correspondence or his studies. Love and art exclusively reigned in his soul. Yet in accordance with that law by which the reaction of enthusiasm is inevitable melancholy, Korner often turned from the external sunshine of his lot to realize a gloom within.

He had a distinct presentiment of early death, although with characteristic heroism it seldom found other than playful expression. When he was digging the foundation of a temporary hut, his comrade said to him, "you dig like a grave;" and he replied, "we ought to practise the trade, for we shall doubtless have to render, each for the other, that labor of love."

These noble volunteers, comprising the flower of the German youth, were consecrated to the high office they had espoused, at the village church of Breslau; and the muse of their gallant comrade gave utterance to their religious zeal as well as to their patriotic sentiment. The popularity and influence of his martial songs had already endeared his name not only to this chosen band, but to all his brave countrymen; at leisure intervals he wrote other lyrics suggested by the exigencies or feelings of the moment. and selected appropriate melodies that soon winged them. like seeds of valor. throughout the land. He made a final visit to his family at Dresden, before the regiment departed; and we next hear of him thus anticipating a premature death, after the battle of Darmeburg:

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Written in the night of the seventeenth and eighteenth of June, as I lay severely wounded and helpless in a wood, expecting to die.

My deep wound burns—my pale lips quake in death—
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath.

Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye:
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh, surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise, before me now;

And as my fading senses fade away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!

Few heroic lyrics exhibit a more genuine spirit than the "Sword Song," and "Zutzow's Wild Chase." The former was written on the eve of the engagement in which he fell; he was sending it to a friend, when the signal of attack was made, and it was found in his pocket-book after his death. The tirraleurs of the enemy fired from a dense grove; a ball passed through the neck of Korner's horse, entered his spine, and and he instantly expired, so immediate was the cessation of life, that the expression of his countenance remained unchanged when the body was carried off the field; one of his heart-stricken friends cried, "let us follow Korner," and they rushed upon the ambushed enemy with desperate valor. Adored by his companions in arms, for his delightful social qualities as well as for his transcendant gifts. and peerless courage. with silent grief they dug his grave beneath a majestic oak by the road-side, and carved his name on its trunk. With this noble tree the memory of Korner is indissolubly associated; as indigenous to and characteristic of his country, it possessed for him a singular charm; and in the luxuriance of its summer foliage, shaken off so bravely to meet the winter gale, it is an apt symbol of the young hero cheerfully throwing aside the prosperous crown that decked his brow, to war for liberty. One of his pieces derives a melancholy interest from the subject, that deepens its intrinsic pathos:

THE OAKS.

'Tis evening: all is hush'd and still,
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen;
As here I sit, to muse at will
Beneath these oaks' umbrageous screen;
While wand'ring thoughts my fancy fill
With dreams of life when fresh and green,
And visions of the olden time
Revive in all their pomp sublime.

While time hath called the brave away,
And swept the lovely to the tomb;
As yonder bright but fading ray
Is quench'd amid the twilight gloom:
Yet ye are kept from all decay,
For still unhurt and fresh ye bloom,
And seem to tell in whispering breath,
That greatness still survives in death!

And ye survive!—'mid change severe,
Each aged stem but stronger grows,
And not a pilgrim passes here,
But seeks beneath your shade repose.
And if your leaves, when dry and sere,
Fall fast at autumn's wintry close,
Yet every falling leaf shall bring
Its vernal tribute to the spring.

Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem too of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth!
Ah! what avails to think on thee,
Or on the times when thou hadst birth?
Thou German race, the noblest aye of all,
Thine oaks still stand, while thou, alas, must fall.

The mineralogical excursions and hardy exercises of Korner proved an admirable initiation to military service; and habits of activity and method soon made him thoroughly efficient in his new vocation. It is remarkable that his was the first blood shed after joining the corps; having been sent with a flag of truce, in violation of the armistice, he received a wound without drawing his sabre; and it is also worthy of notice, as illustrating the horrors of war, that he fell, as has

been subsequently discovered, by the shot of one of his own countrymen in the enemy's ranks. How beautiful in the retrospect, is the short, but illustrious career we have thus imperfectly traced; how truly deed responded to thought and experience to sentiment in Korner's life! Generous and devoted feeling exalted him above the bitterness of disappointment; his days were occupied with acts of high utility and his nights in lofty contemplation. He used to steal away from the bivouac to the forest, to think of those he loved; and when overcome by the pleadings, tenderness, and the desire for sympathy, he sought refuge in heroic aspirations or pious thought. "If it has been denied me," he writes, "to kneel with my bride at the altar, a bride of steel has been entrusted to me, to whom I have sworn eternal truth." This calmness and resolution is the more striking when we picture Korner to our fancy, charming a select circle with his guitar, or his amateur performance of the Swedish Captain in Wallenstein, and writing pieces for Humboldt's children; and realize his adaptation to the peaceful happiness of domestic and artist life. The total change in his pursuits and enjoyments is best revealed by his letters, varying in date but a few months. Thus at one time he writes from Vienna: "Would I could have seen you all in a box yesterday. The finest feeling is that of composition itself; next to this ranks the satisfaction of seeing one's work represented with affection and skill; the loftiest lies in the conviction that one has seized the souls of others." "I amuse myself here divinely; am always engaged a week before hand, and, I may say, am quite the rage:" and soon after, in this strain—"A great moment of my life is approaching. Be convinced you shall find me not unworthy of you when the trial comes:" and again from the camp: "The corps already sing several of my songs, and I cannot describe to you how agreeable is the relation in which I live, as the most cultivated and select minds of all Germany are near me in rank and place."

The union of strength of moral purpose and sensibility of feeling in Korner's character, was obvious in his appearance, and exhibits itself vividly in his poems: his dark hair shaded a brow open with truth and prominent with intelligence, but, in moments of determination, knit by a concentrated will; and his blue eye could wear a dauntless as well as a most gentle expression. Conscious of the apparent incongruity at times in his behaviour, he thus naturally explains it in one of his letters: "If you, perchance, have occasionally conceived me to be deficient in warmth of heart, my external manner has deceived you: too warm to be grave and too proud to appear weak, I find I am often exposed to be mistaken, because it is not known why I am thus apparently severe and capricious: both of these moods being in fact only a relief to the overflow of my feelings."

Korner, fortunately, left us a reliable index of his nature in his poems: there we recognize both his heroism and his love in their elemental and spontaneous action; and two of them—one written on parting with his chosen bride, and the other embodying the religious sentiment that hallowed his patriotism, give us, as it were, a key to the apparent antagonism but real and divine consistency of his sentiments:

Farewell, farewell!—with silent grief of heart
I breathe adieu to follow duty now;
And if a silent tear unbidden start,
It will not, love, disgrace a soldier's brow.
Where'er I roam, should joy my path illume,
Or death entwine the garland of the tomb,
Thy lovely form shall float my path above,
And guide my soul to rapture and to love!

O hail and bless, sweet spirit of my life,
The ardent zeal that sets my soul on fire;
That bids me take a part in yonder strife,
And for the sword, awhile, forsake the lyre.
For, see, thy minstrel's dreams were not all vain,
Which he so oft hath hallow'd in his strain;
O see the patriot-strife at length awake!
There let me fly, and all its toils partake.

The victor's joyous wreath shall bloom more bright
That's pluck'd amid the joys of love and song;
And my young spirit hails with pure delight
The hope fulfilled which it hath cherished long.
Let me but struggle for my country's good,
E'en though I shed for her my warm life-blood.
And now one kiss—e'en though the last it prove;
For there can be no death for our true love!

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

Father, I invoke thee!
I am involved in clouds of vapour from the warring mouths of fire,
The lightnings of those thunderbolts flash around me.
Ruler of battles, I invoke thee!
Father, lead me on.

Father, lead me on!
Conduct me to victory; conduct me to death!
Lord, I recognize thy will!
Lord, conduct me as thou wilt!
God! I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
As in the autumnal whisper of the leaves,
So in the storm of the battle.
Thee, primeval fountain of grace, I recognize!
Father, oh, bless me!

Father, oh, bless me!
Into thy hands I commend my life!
Thou can'st take it away, thou didst give it!
In living and in dying, bless me!
Father, I worship thee!

Father, I worship thee!
It is not a combat for the goods of this world;

The most sacred of things we defend with the sword,
Wherefore, falling or conquering, I worship thee!
God, to thee I resign myself!

God, to thee I resign myself!
If the thunders of death salute me,
If the blood flow from my opened veins,
To thee, my God, I resign myself!
Thee, Father, I invoke!

Among the many epithets that may justly be given to our times, is that of the age of discrimination. Analysis is now universal; new definitions increase, and shades of meaning in character are observed and noted by the philosophic with no less care than the elements of matter by men of science; all subjects are tested either by the clever method of French nomenclature, the spiritual refinements of German thought, or the bold rhetoric and vigorous sense of the Anglo-Saxon mind. Perhaps no human trait has become so modified to common apprehension by this intellectual process than courage. It is now needful that something beyond bold adventure, impetuous warfare, or even patient endurance should exist, in order to gain the renown of bravery. We hesitate at the action to search its motive; the temperament, intelligence, experience, and moral sensibility of the individual are taken into account before we admit his claims to the title of hero. Whoever has carefully read Foster's Essay on Decision of Character, De Quincey's treatise on the Cæsars, and Carlyle's Hero-Worship—all books of the day and more or less popular—cannot fail to discriminate somewhat between the indications of rashness and determination, ferocity and self-control, impulse and hardihood, in judging of those who occupy the foreground of history. Heroism is now regarded as a higher quality than instinct, as more truly characteristic of Dante than Nelson, less questionable in Sir Thomas More than in Murat, and quite as obvious at Valley-Forge as at Waterloo. With all the subtle distinctions, however, that modern enlightenment finds between real and apparent heroism, there are a few absolute principles that stamp the indisputable hero; and among these are a thorough consciousness of the hazard incurred, a voluntary self-renunciation, a deliberate purpose consistently followed, and an honest zeal based on individual sentiment; thus intellect, will, and heart combine to mould the hero; and inform his character with an ardor, a harmony and a nobleness equally removed from fanaticism on the one hand and mere hardihood on the other. Where the first development of this spirit is social and literary, and its subsequent phase action and martyrdom—the cycle of heroic life is adequately filled, its conditions realized and its fame achieved. Such was the case with Theodore Korner. The vivacity of his mind first exhibited itself in comic pieces that amused the gay Viennoise, and wafted the young author prosperously along the flattering tide of metropolitan success; his critics, however, attach to them little intrinsic value; but some of the minor poems scattered through the four volumes, published by his father after his death—most of them written before the age of twenty-two—are permanently enshrined in the literature of his country; they prove the sincerity of his after course; in them are manifest the fiery assailant and the poetical lover; while the more elaborate dramas of "Rosamund" and "Zriny" unfold at length the same innate vigor of the will and the affections; the one inducing fortitude and the other tenderness. The spirit of chivalry and pathos thus emanating from the poet, were actualized by the soldier; and this is Korner's beautiful distinction. His "Sword Song" became the Marseilles Hymn of Germany; and he bravely fought the battle of truth and liberty with the lyre and the sword—thenceforth and forever blended with his name.

LAZARUS.

BY REV. C. W. EVEREST.

Oh sacred friendship! bond of kindred hearts!
In Joy's blest reign, in Sorrow's trial-hour,
Alike thy smile, alike thy cheering voice,
Through every change of changing life unchanged!
O'er the sad ruin of the mournful Fall
Clings the green Ivy of Domestic Love;
And social Friendship, mantling, round it twines.
Strip Life of this—and every joy is fled:
The flower forsakes the stem, the fruit the tree,
And the glad sunbeams from the landscape fade!
If Friendship bless the scene all is not dark:
Some beams of bliss still glow within the breast.
Let woes o'erwhelm—let every ill betide—
Let torturing pangs distract—the lip will smile,
The eye will brighten 'mid the films of Death!
Oh, sacred Friendship! pledge of Heavenly Love!
In purest hearts diffusing purest bliss—
The Monarch's solace, and the outcast's joy!
In peaceful Bethany's secluded bound
There was a loved abode, where long had dwelt
A fond fraternal band. Long had the sire
Been gathered to his rest; while, by his side,
His faithful partner slept in sweet repose.
But the great FATHER, to his promise true,
Had made the fatherless his constant care.
Hope nursed her roses 'neath that roof tree's shade;
Above the lintel Peace her Olive twined:
Thus hand in hand, through Childhood's morning bowers,
To Manhood's soberer joys that group had passed—
Two loving sisters, and one brother dear.
Sorrow had linked their youthful hearts in one;
And while Time's soothing hand their grief assuaged,

Grew brighter, day by day, the golden bond!
What marvel, then, the gentle JESUS loved them?
Their chastened hearts, with reverential glow,
Had laid their willing tribute at his feet.
While He, the homeless, hither turned with joy
To share the heart's warm welcome. 'Neath that roof
Full oft he sat beside their cheering board;
Full oft, at sober Twilight's pensive hour,
While Eve's still shades the landscape curtained round,
(The listening group reclined in silence near—)
In lingering converse long the Master sat,
Pouring rich wisdom on attentive ears!

But time sped on, with many a mournful change!
Affliction's lot is meted unto all.
The cup which Sin has mingled all must drink;
Nor will Heaven's love revoke the stern decree
Its justice has pronounced. The light of Peace,
Which long that pleasant home had crowned with joy,
Anon by clouds is banished. Sickness came,
With all the woes which throng her blighting steps;
And the dark Angel followed in her train.
That brother dear, so long the succoring stay—
That friend, so generous, and beloved so well,
Was struck, in silence from the path of Life.
Wrapped in the stole of Death, the grave closed o'er him,
And coldness pressed that heart ne'er cold 'till now!

What wailings burst along the path of Death?
What breaking hearts where the stern Reaper passeth!
With leaden wing o'er that late peaceful home
Sad sorrow brooded: and the aching hearts
Which kept Affliction's tearful watch within,
Knew not, and sought not comfort. What *can* cheer,
When life's delight has fled? When all that made
Our blessing, all that made our bliss—*is dust!*
Turns the sick soul from all Earth's paltry joys,
And fixes sad its streaming eyes on Heaven!

Four weary days their mournful beams have shed
On LAZARUS' grave. The sorrowing sisters sit
In mute, oppressive gloom—while friends in vain
With sympathizing heart, and kindly voice
Breathe words of solace to their lone despair,
But lo! the friend divine, their gracious LORD,
Hath looked upon their sorrow. Well he knows
The griefs which weigh their spirits; and he comes
With heavenly succor. Forth with cheerful step
The mourners haste to meet him. Ere the work
Of death was done, their suppliant prayer had sought
His gracious aid!—and yet—alas!—he came not!
But now with willing step they hasten forth.
No murmur rises on their quivering lips:
No cloud obscures their humble Faith's pure ray.
From each the mournful salutation comes,
"Hadst thou been here, my brother had not died!"
Oh, Grief, too great to tell! the answering groan,
The choking sob proclaimed the spirit's strife.
"*Where have ye laid him?*" "*Master come and see!*"
Memory, with pensive hues the Past recalled;
Swelled the wild tide of Grief—*and Jesus wept!*
Then said the wondering Jews, "Mark how he loved him!"
Gather the mourning group around the grave:
The tomb a cave—a stone its mouth concealed.
At CHRIST'S command the stone is rolled away.
And JESUS raised his streaming eyes to Heaven—
"FATHER, I thank thee that my prayer is heard!
"Full well I know thou always heed'st my cry:
"But meekly for this waiting throng I plead,
"That they may trust the record of thy SON!"
Then, with loud voice he cried, "*Lazarus, come forth!*"
Stern Death, with dread, the startling summons heard,
And suddenly unlocked the gloomy charnel!
Life's purpling tide, through frozen channels borne,
Flowed warmly back—and the pale dead came forth!
Tears, gushing, told the joy of gushing hearts;
And they, whom Death had torn so rude apart,
Mingled once more in love's endeared caress!

Hamden, June, 1851.

ADVENTURES OF A LIFE.

From the French of Leon Gozlan.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

We remained but a very short time at Columbo, resumed Mr. Van Ostal, as we were discussing the repast. We remained only sufficient time for Buxton and I to replace our wardrobe, and to recover our health, which had so terribly suffered in that awful shipwreck. By selling a magnificent diamond ring, which Buxton had on his finger at the moment of the disaster, we realized sufficient money not only to furnish all our wants, but to pay our passage to Calcutta. Once within the capital of British India, it was easy to inform my friends and my companions in arms in Batavia of my position. During the time that I waited for their reply, I every day wandered over this rich metropolis of British sovereignty, this seat of the ancient rule of the Hindoo king. For two months I amused myself in studying their manners and customs, so curious and instructive, and the like of which exists not in Europe. One day when sauntering about, Chance, that god of idle people and of travellers, conducted me into the vast cemetery, where rest the ashes of the English, and of those thousands of foreigners who so soon pay with their lives, their tribute to Death, under this murderous, yet sweet sky.

What numbers of high and powerful Lords, and what charming Ladies, reposed under these marble monuments, loaded with inscriptions which pay homage to their numerous virtues, and covered with ornaments which do not always reflect much credit on the taste of the artist. It required nothing more to complete the serious humour in which I felt, than some real feeling of grief to oppress me. I felt a presentiment, strange and curious! I had arrived opposite to a large weeping willow, whose long branches, reaching to the earth, effectually barred my passage. I raised the foremost branch, and beneath it observed a marble tomb. I had already that day read so many epitaphs, that my eyes were quite wearied. I advanced to the tomb on which

the name of the defunct was emblazoned in letters of gold. I read—judge of my astonishment—my horror—my grief. Oh! what had I read?

Here repose in the hope of a blessed eternity, and in full trust in the Lord, the remains of

MARGARET FLOREFF.

27th of August, 1836.

Pray for her Soul.

For a long time I remained with my eyes fixed on the inscription, and could at first scarcely credit the evidence of my senses. "She is there then," said I, "she is there, beneath this tree which shades her tomb, and beneath this stone which shuts her out from my view." It was then written in the book of fate, that we were to meet again. This sweet name of Margaret Floreff had first kindled in my breast the flame of love, and I had again found this name! I had at last found her! I clung to the senseless marble, and felt as if I could have looked through it. I felt the coldness of the chill which was between my heart and that heart which for ten years had ceased to beat. My lips murmured, Margaret! Margaret! Oh! sir,—cried Mr. Van Ostal, as if to excuse to me the emotion which he felt,—I had not had the pleasure of pronouncing that name in the joy of a requited love—in the holy and blest enthusiasm of a love consecrated by marriage—it was only permitted to me to utter it in the depths of despair. All those feelings of love and enthusiasm, which young men lavish on the objects of their choice, whom they see, whom they hear speak, and who smile upon them, I devoted to the ashes of the woman who had never smiled upon me, and whom I had never yet seen.

—Here Monsieur Van Ostal, with his eyes filled with tears, extended under the table his trembling hands to his wife, which Madame Van Ostal clasped in her own, regarding with a divine tenderness him who appeared to be asking pardon of her for a passion of devoted love, of which in his confidence in her he did not hesitate to give her a sincere recital. At least it was thus that I interpreted the movements and the intention of my host. My admiration was divided between the honest frankness of the avowal, and the noble granting of the pardon. In my eyes both the husband and the wife were at this moment elevated to the same equality of character; one in showing all his weakness—the other in her noble indulgence and sympathy for his grief. There was in this avowal, the feeling of an erring son who is sure of the pardon of his faults, and of the joy of the mother who is so happy in this repentance, that she loves the guilty one more than ever.

Van Ostal resumed:

This infatuation would have killed me, had I prolonged its ravishing ecstasy. I arose and went to a small stream, which gently flowed close by, and filling with water two large leaves of a shell like form, I returned and watered the dwarf orange trees which flourished so luxuriantly near the tomb of Margaret Floreff. Will you believe that under the influence of my feelings, I actually from time to time paused in my work, to see whether she might not be hidden behind some tree, and watching me complete my errand of tenderness and of inexplicable love! Pity my position—I was enamoured of a dead woman—one who had been dead ten years! I was jealous—yes jealous—and to such a point that I examined the inscriptions on the surrounding tombs to see if beneath any of them reposed the remains of some young lord, but my search was fruitless, as I found none but the whited sepulchres of some old nabobs, who had died in the time of Tippoo Saib. I breathed freer! I again seated myself by the tomb, and remained reading the name of Margaret Floreff until the shades of the night warned me that I must depart.

On slowly and sadly returning to the city, I reflected over the whole circumstances, to imagine in what manner the body of the poor young girl could have been snatched from the sea. I concluded that nothing could have been easier: the violence of the monsoon—the strength of the currents, had driven the body towards the land, where it had been cast on shore—her name had been found on some documents, which were on her person—the piety, or possibly the laws, of the English had had the body buried—some noble and romantic being, pitying her misfortunes, had raised this monument to her memory, and nature, as if sympathising with the melancholy end of this young and beautiful creature, had consecrated her resting-place with the magnificence of this wide-spreading willow. Thus, while the bottle was traversing the ocean, imploring a prayer for the ship-wrecked girl, her body had been reposing for ten years in the cemetery of Calcutta. Prayers were no longer required for her, and I would not wish that any one else should pray for her. I alone should pray for her, as it was I alone who loved her.

As I re-entered the city, I murmured to myself—"My future course is decided—I will never marry, and I will never quit Calcutta—as if I could ever separate myself from the tomb."

As I approached the hotel where Buxton and I were staying, he stepped up to me, saying—"The Captain has sent to inform us that he sails to-morrow at day-break."

"I shall never leave Calcutta," replied I.

"I tell you that unless we avail ourselves of this opportunity we shall be forced to remain here again for some weeks. I have cashed the draft for you, which you this morning handed to me, and finding that you did not return, I have made arrangements with the Captain of the steamship *Coromandel* which is bound direct to Batavia. The passages are secured, and we must go."

"You must go by yourself, Buxton."

"Nonsense: you can crack your jokes while we are packing up the trunks; but do not lose this precious time."

"I repeat to you, Buxton, that you must go by yourself."

"Heavens! what object have I to go? I go only to please you."

"Buxton, you must go for me and for yourself."

"I well know," replied he, "that the heat of the sun produces liver complaints and disorders of the bowels, but I did'nt before know that it turned the brain and rendered men *mad*. Why should you not at once go to Batavia, where your regiment is lying, and where all your friends are? But where have you been to day? You look pale—fatigued; you alarm me."

"Buxton," cried I, "I have found her!"

"Whom have you found?"

"Her!" replied I.

"Her! Who?" repeated he.

"Margaret Floreff."

"Oh, my God! my fears are confirmed: he has gone mad! You have found the woman who was drowned?"

"Yes!"

"But where?"

"Where the dead are to be found!"

"But where is that?"

"In the cemetery outside of the gates."

"Ah!" replied he, that at least is possible, although not very probable. Well, but if you have found her—what of that?"

"What of that?"

"Yes: what is that to you? What can now hinder your return to Batavia? I do not see—I do not understand"—

"I must remain where she is, waiting for the day when my turn must come."

"This is really the most ridiculous feature in the whole affair," cried Buxton, rapidly walking up and down. "Usually death ends every thing—but with you it is the contrary—it only begins your adventure. What do you mean? Are we to remain in Calcutta? Are we not to go to Batavia? Why? Now do be reasonable. Pray for her—shed tears for her—groan for her—if that will please you; but at any rate let us go."

"Never!" said I.

"Well then take the dead woman with you, and let us be off."

"Buxton, you have given me a new idea—a terrible idea! but one on which I shall act;—yes, I will carry Margaret Floreff with us! You have said the word, and it shall be done!"

"Do you really think of doing such a preposterous thing?"

"Do I think of it—certainly I do; and I will not move without her."

"What! do you really mean to carry about with you her skeleton? Remember the severity of the English laws against body-snatching."

"Nobody will ever know it. You surely are not afraid, Buxton!"

"I afraid? But we have no time to do it—the steamer sails at daybreak."

"But we must disinter the body to-night."

"That is not such an easy thing to do."

"But, Buxton, my friend, you must aid me."

"On one condition, and that is—that you will never again speak to me of this woman! Oh, that accursed bottle! would that it had been sunk ten thousand fathoms in the depths of the ocean before it had turned thy brain."

"Buxton give me your aid, and I promise never again to speak of her to you."

"That alone will repay me for the service which you ask me to render you." He cast his eyes round the apartment. "Here," he said, "take this silk bag which I had bought for another purpose. I will conceal this old Mahratta sabre under my cloak. All Calcutta sleeps! Let us go." Buxton suddenly seized my hand and said, "You must swear upon your honor, as a soldier and as a man, that so soon as this sad business is settled, that you will at once embark with me for Batavia."

"I swear it," I solemnly replied.

Buxton rang the bell, which was quickly answered by a copper-colored servant."

"Bring up the bill directly," said Buxton, "and have all these trunks conveyed immediately on board the steamer *Coromandel*."

"Yes, my lord."

"And do not expect us here any more, as we shall not return to the hotel. Desire the Captain of the *Coromandel* to send his boat for us to the wharf, and tell him to give the sailors orders to wait for us until we come. Here is a guinea for yourself."

The servant bowed and proceeded to execute his commission.

"Let us be off," said my devoted companion.

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CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

The work without a name, as one of the witches of Shakespeare characterizes the sacrilege of profaning graves—the work which we had resolved to do, rendered both Buxton and myself silent. We traversed the whole town, which was wrapped in sleep, and soon left the streets and houses behind us. As we reached the country, nothing was heard but the cries of animals and the howling of dogs. The night was serene and beautiful, and surrounded with the exhalations of the most beautiful flowers, we soon arrived at the cemetery. The wall which surrounded it was low, but had it been forty times the height, we should easily have scaled it—we therefore soon found ourselves within the enclosure.

"Lead me to the place of our destination," said Buxton, drawing the large sword from beneath his cloak, "but do not make a mistake, and make me dig up some old fellow who died about fifty years ago. We have no light, which is very unfortunate. However, the night is pretty clear."

"Here it is," said I: "this is the place."

"Do not speak so loud: speak lower," replied Buxton.

Assisted by me, he removed the large branches of the willows, and creeping between the trunks of the trees, we soon reached the spot, in the midst of which rose the monument which covered the remains of Margaret Floreff.

"I can see two eyes," suddenly said Buxton, in a low tone.

"Two eyes! Where?"

"Straight on—look where my finger points."

"I see them! how horribly they glare on us!"

"Can it be that this apparition is sent to punish us for the sacrilege we are about to commit?"

"Nonsense," said Buxton, resolutely advancing.

A blow from the sabre suddenly fell between the two eyes, which no longer glared at us. The sound of a heavy fall was heard, and something dropped at our feet. On picking it up we discovered it to be an enormous owl, two and a half feet in height; one of those ornithological curiosities whose very existence some centuries hence will be denied, as are to-day denied the past existence of griffins.

"Get out of the way," said Buxton, seizing the dead owl by his wings, and hurling him off a long distance; "now to business."

He placed his enormous sabre between the marble of the tomb and the grave, and raised the top stone without any serious resistance. I had only to place this stone on the perpendicular to be able readily to overthrow it. We were now both hard at work—Buxton with his sabre, and I with my hands, both of us throwing up the mould with all our force, but at the end of half an hour's hard work, we had found no signs of the object of our search. Nothing but mould, roots, sand, shells and stones.

"Ah!" at length cried Buxton, "in this country, they bury very deep. It is evident they do not wish them to leave their graves."

"Courage, my friend—courage. Now we must not give up the search."

A cold sweat spread over my forehead and hands.

"You will not give up, I see," said Buxton in a tone of pity. "It is your first *rendezvous* of love."

"Here is something at last," said I—"here is something."

"Let us see what it is," cried Buxton, plunging his sabre in the direction where my hands had been groping. "Here really is something: it is not of wood—but of some metal. In what sort of coffins are people buried here?"

The violent efforts which Buxton made to raise the object under which he had placed his blade, were so unnecessary, that by the shock he was thrown forward with great force, and a small tin box fell at my feet.

"Really," said Buxton, "these grave-yard adventures are always unpleasant; my head is desperately sore with my fall. But what is that you have in your hands?"

"The small tin box you just threw out of the grave."

"Well, that is very strange. Has the body then been burnt according to the custom of the natives, and the ashes enclosed in this box."

"Buxton, pray do not joke."

"Give me the box, then," cried he; "it must contain something. Shall we first see what it contains, before arguing further?"

"Certainly," replied I.

The sabre of Buxton was employed on this second operation, which was fortunately of a character less sad than the former one. With the point, we soon cut through one of the sides, and the box having been opened, we found inside a paper.

"What is written on it," demanded Buxton.

"You must wait till I can see."

"Come round here—it is lighter; can you see now?"

"A little more than before."

"You will see better directly," said Buxton, pulling aside some of the overhanging branches and the light of the day which was just beginning to break, reached me through this opening. I then read these words, written in large char-

acters on the paper which we had just extracted from the tin box:

"The body of Margaret Floreff has been deposited in the tomb fifteen months. It has according to her wish, been transported to Amsterdam, her native city, where she desired to be buried. Her will has been accomplished. Let God's will be done."

Buxton and I looked at each other with an air of the most profound astonishment. There was then nothing in the tomb we had had the trouble of opening. The body of Margaret Floreff was in Holland, whence I had just returned, and where I should not again be going for very many years. If we had resided many years in India we should have found nothing at all singular in the fact, that in lieu of finding a skeleton in the tomb, we had found a piece of information—we should not then have been ignorant, that when the rich Europeans die, their friends deposit their bodies in temporary graves or catacombs, until the vessels are ready to sail, to convey their mortal remains to the land of their nativity.

"We have nothing more to do here," said Buxton, aiding me to replace the tomb-stone.

"Nothing," sorrowfully replied I.

The boat from the *Coromandel* is waiting at the wharf; let us make haste! Sailors are not very patient as you well know."

"I will follow you," said I to Buxton, bringing away the box in which I had made the discovery, which possibly some day might be of interest to me. I brought away also some flowers, some moss, some little branches of the willow tree, and three shells which I had picked up from the bottom of the grave. It was true that she was no longer there, but she had lain in that tomb! Was not that enough?

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CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

It was clear day light when we arrived at the wharf, and it was certainly time that we were there. The Captain of the *Coromandel* had recalled the sailors, who were just shoving off the boat to return without us, and fortunately we were just in time.

The voyage was long and stormy, but no event of any importance occurred to vary the monotony of the trip.

"My good husband," said Madame Van Ostal, interrupting him, "possibly Monsieur would like to take his tea in the apartment, surrounded by the green-house, where you first received him this morning."

"Well let us go there then," said Mr. Van Ostal, rising and going to the pavilion through a gallery filled with botanical specimens which we had not yet passed through, and which was to me therefore unknown.

I offered my arm to Madame Van Ostal.

Mr. Van Ostal did not follow us immediately.

"Whenever," said my charming hostess, "it happens to my husband, to refer to the period of his youth, which has been not a little adventurous, he experiences a fit of melancholy, which often lasts several days."

"I am very sorry," replied I, to Madame Van Ostal, "that it is so; if I could have forseen that by the indiscretion of my visit, and more especially by my questions—"

"Why," said she, interrupting me, "believe me, he is not the less happy, and for my part I would not have wished that he should have declined to have given you the romantic particulars of his adventure."

"Which proves, Madame," added I, "the elevation of his mind and the clemency of yours."

A smile, for which I was at a loss to account, gradually spread over her face, and hindered me from pursuing the thread of our conversation.

"Do you observe nothing at the foot of that large tree?" said Madame Van Ostal; "under that tree which is named by the natives, *the traveller's tree*." She called aloud—Columbo! James!—and two children, who were playing round the tree, ran up to her and threw themselves into her arms.

"They are my children," said she. They looked at me with curiosity and smiled. I took them in my arms and embraced them. "Go and play, my dear little children, and amuse yourselves."

"My husband," said Madame Van Ostal, turning to me, "has named the eldest child *Columbo*, in memory of the town where he so providentially arrived after his shipwreck, and our second son, James, which is the name of Mr. Buxton, whose adventures were so intimately connected with those of Mr. Van Ostal. Here he comes with some of his good cigars."

"Will you permit me to remain?" she asked of her husband, after having poured us out a cup of tea, "I am also curious to hear the end of the history of Margaret Floreff."

Behold us all three seated at the table before a large tea-pot, flanked with several plates of toasted bread.

Mr. Van Ostal resumed:

—I had now returned to garrison duty, which in Batavia leads one to a life of dissipation and extravagance, and three months had rapidly passed away. We had very little military exercises, very few reviews, no studies, but plenty of dinners, plenty of balls, plenty of fêtes, and for

the major portion of the officers, an eternal excitement of wine, rum and tobacco.

One day it came to my turn of duty to accompany a battalion of my regiment to assist at some religious ceremony, which was celebrated every Sunday, in the most magnificent temple of Java, and consequently of Batavia. My comrades and I were ordered to appear in full regimentals, four places were reserved just under the pulpit of the preacher, the service was as usual gone through in the greatest silence,—after which the orator edified us with an eloquent sermon which he had prepared expressly for us. We had risen to go out, preferring to meditate in the open air, on the important lessons of morality which he endeavored to inculcate in us, when he requested us to again seat ourselves. This was complied with even by Buxton, although greatly against his desire.

"My brothers and sisters," said the preacher resuming his discourse, "a French captain has placed in my hands the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, to distribute in charity, to pay for and to raise a monumental tomb to two persons, whose names I will directly give you. It is by Divine Providence that he has been entrusted with this mission, which he has resigned to me, and with the particulars of which I now acquaint you. The true facts of this romantic piety are, that in the open sea, he found a bottle floating, on opening which he discovered one thousand pounds sterling in bank notes which he has handed over to me, and this paper," which the preacher then held up, "on which I found the following words:"

"I, Louis Van Ostal, who am now about to perish from shipwreck at a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues from the island of Ceylon, do hereby give the one thousand pounds sterling which are enclosed in this bottle, to him or to those who, after having found it, will cause prayers to be said for me and for my well beloved, unknown, Margaret Floreff, and who will cause one monumental tomb to be raised to us both."

"My brothers and my sisters," resumed the preacher, "let us then pray for this Louis Van Ostal."

"Hold," said I, interrupting him, by advancing to the pulpit, "I am Louis Van Ostal who wrote those lines, and surely I am not dead!"

To give you any idea of the disorder and the excitement which this affair caused, in a church filled with the richest and most influential of the Dutch residents, and with the highest ladies of the aristocracy of Batavia is utterly impossible. But one thing I can tell you and that is, that above all the noise and confusion was to be heard the infernal boisterous laugh of Buxton, which broke forth, when arrived at the foot of the pulpit, to afford some explanation of the affair, I found myself opposite a woman, who was crying out "I am Margaret Floreff!"

"What! it was really she," said I interrupting Mr. Van Ostal, "it was really she—but how could it be—the tomb erected to her memory at Calcutta—the body of Margaret Floreff removed to Amsterdam?"—

"It was and it was not," replied he.

"And this woman, was she young, beautiful? in fact was she as you had imagined her to be?"

"She was frightful: awful to look on," answered Mr. Van Ostal—"really of an inconceivable ugliness, and that was the cause of the diabolical hilarity of that satanic Buxton."

The creation of my brain, the companion of my sleeping and of my waking hours was a perfect monster.

Mr. Van Ostal uttered these words in such a piteous tone, that I, who was only a spectator, a listener, felt myself utterly crushed, so great had been the interest I had taken in his recital.

"Make yourself easy, sir," said Madame Van Ostal, "reassure yourself: the story is not yet finished."

Her husband then continued his recital.—

"It is well known," said Buxton to me, "that those who like you commence by pursuing the eagle of the ideal, always finish by catching the goose of disappointment. Your case is a deplorable proof of this. To follow across the seas, and even after death, a woman whom you know only in your dreams, and to arrive at what? to discover an old yellow toothless hag, who, horror of horrors, is not even dead!"

I could not reply.

"Do you not see," he resumed, "where your stupid romance has led you to? and the effects of your absurd ideas, in looking on women as angels, when they have the same weaknesses, the same infirmities as ourselves."

Still I did not answer.

"Believe me," he continued, "and act on my advice. Marry some rich Creole, who will bring you as her dowry, plenty of pepper, plenty of cinnamon, plenty of tea—later she will bring you plenty of children. Take my advice, marry, let your brain, which is very soft, rest in peace, and give repose to your heart which is really too exciteable."

This time I answered him:—"Follow me and let us go and see this woman."

"What," he said, "you are not yet convinced."

"No! there is so much improbability."

"But since you say she is the lady in question."

"There can be no harm in hearing her explanation a second time: besides I have had no op-

portunity of personally interrogating her."

"But this public avowal."

"What of that," answered I.

"But if untrue, what object could she have had in making it?"

"I am utterly ignorant, but I have a presentiment. ——"

"You are really incurable with your presentiments—I am sure that you firmly believe, that you have to deal with some fairy, perhaps with the fairy Citron, the protectress of the natives: and that if spite of her dreadfully ugly legs, you fall at her feet, and that spite of her hideous arms, you kiss her hands, she will suddenly be transformed into a young and beautiful princess, who will be but too happy to reward your constancy, by a love worthy of reciprocating thine. My good friend, even the old nurses no longer believe in fairy tales, and children laugh at them.

"Let us go and see this woman," said I.

"I am ready, but do you know where she lives?"

"Yes," replied I, "I have made inquiries."

"I will follow you then—lead the way."

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CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

We went without loss of time to the woman, or rather to the sorceress, who on the Sunday preceding, had caused me to cut such a ridiculous appearance.

Her habitation was very small and being in a very obscure part of the town, we had much difficulty in finding it. "Madam," said I, on at last entering her house, "I am Mr. Van Ostal, he, whose name the other day was mixed up with yours at the church service, where both of us had the honor of assisting. It must have seemed to you very strange, that one day, in a fit of madness, I should have taken the unpardonable liberty of wishing that prayers might be said for both of us and that our names should be inscribed on the same tomb."

"Certainly it did, sir," replied she.

"But," resumed I, "if my conduct is extraordinary, you must admit, Madam, that your position is not the less so. You are wrecked—for you have been shipwrecked?"

"Yes, sir, I have, in the Indian ocean two hundred leagues north of Madagascar."

This exactness in her answer startled me, I must avow, for if she had not been shipwrecked, how could she so accurately know the topography of the ocean.

"You are wrecked," I continued, "and at the moment, you are about to perish, you write on a slip of paper, which you carefully seal up in a bottle your last wishes and desires—later I join mine to them, under circumstances which occurred to me of a precisely similar nature. What happened then?"

I waited for her reply.

"It happened," said she, "that the bottle in which you had placed the paper written by me, and the paper written by yourself is picked up by the captain of a French vessel"—

"Oh! excuse me," interrupted I, "something else happened first."

"What was it, sir?"

"That your body was cast on the shore"—

"But Madam having been dead," chimed in Buxton with impurturbable gravity, "was of course ignorant of that circumstance."

"She is then possibly ignorant," said I, now thoroughly convinced that we had to deal with some adventuress, "that she was buried"—

The loud laugh of Buxton prevented me from completing my sentence.

The woman saved me the trouble by saying—"Yes, buried at the cemetery at Calcutta!"

Neither Buxton nor I laughed again. It was then she!

"Ah, you know Madam that you were buried at Calcutta," said Buxton, "then of course you know where your skeleton now is—I do not speak of that one, which we now have the pleasure of addressing—but the original one."

The woman looked at us both with an air of cool assurance, and then answered: "I repose in the cemetery of Amsterdam." I was astounded! The atheist Buxton, trembled from head to toe.

"Understand me, Madam," said I, "no one is more disposed to believe in the supernatural than I am, but if you are dead"—

"My God," answered she, "I am not dead, neither do I wish to be, but you question me so much on this matter that I must explain every thing to you. This Margaret Floreff," said this woman, in whom we felt at the moment such deep interest, "was not drowned in the Indian ocean. Daughter of a Dutch merchant, she tranquilly died in her bed at Calcutta. Her father whom she greatly loved, having been buried in the cemetery at Amsterdam, it was her wish to lie by his side—"

"But who are you?" interrupted I, "you bear the same name."

"I am her niece and her adopted child."

Buxton's eyes caught mine, and expressed his opinion that we should soon get at the facts of the case. There was no question that we had a Margaret Floreff before us, even if she were not the one we sought.

"Being her niece and her adopted child of course I have to bear her name, and in strict justice I

should also receive the one thousand pounds which you placed in the bottle."

"Of course," said Buxton, "that is very likely."

An imperative jest from me did not stop him from proceeding further.

"Of course," he continued, "you have the right to receive the money, but only on one condition, and that is that you will consent to be buried in the tomb which these thousand pounds were destined to erect to you,"

"What? to bury me?"

"Do not pay any attention to my joking friend," said I, "fetch a pen, ink and paper, and write me out a receipt for the thousand pounds sterling: I have the amount with me."

The woman commenced writing—at the second line I stopped her.

"Is that your usual writing?" said I. "Do you always write like that?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then this," replied I, drawing forth the paper I had found in the bottle, "is not your writing."

I compared the two writings!

The falsehood was discovered, and the cause of the falsehood would soon be discovered also.

The eyes of the unfortunate woman filled with tears—she beat her head, and uttered but one word, "Poverty!" She then confessed that although her name was Floreff, that she was only a distant relation, and not the adopted daughter of her whose name was Margaret Floreff. When she heard the preacher relate that the thousand pounds were destined to raise a tomb to her who had perished, she reasoned to herself with the greedy instinct of poverty:—"If such a large sum be given for a dead Floreff, what will not be given for a living Floreff—I have escaped from the perils of a shipwreck." But she had not heard that there was another party concerned, one who was ready to disprove her assertion. She had not foreseeu that I was no more dead than she was dead:

"However, Madam, you may have attempted to deceive us, I forgive you, and I now freely give you this money—but tell me by the holy name of God and by the safety of your soul, if another Margaret Floreff has ever lived, if she whose hands have traced these lines, which the ocean gave to me, has ever existed?"

"She once lived."

"And was she lost at sea?"

"I never knew of any accident having happened to her at sea. When she arrived at Batavia where she did not long remain, she did not inform me of any accident having happened to her on the passage."

"But then perhaps we are not now speaking of the same person?" said I.

"Of course I do not know to whom you allude." "Ah!" cried she, "I have here some letters from Margaret, and her portrait. You can compare the two writings, and if they agree, why it must be her to whom you allude. I will get them for you out of the annoire directly."

Placing the two writings together my heart thrilled with joy at the confirmation of my hopes.

"The portrait; where is the portrait?" said I impatiently.

She placed the portrait in my hands. A cry of joy burst from me, and I could only say, "it is she!"

"You know her then?" said the woman, "have you ever seen her?"

"Never," replied I.

Buxton gazed long and steadfastly on the portrait.

"What beautiful eyes," said he—"what expression in the face—what a forehead—what hands, what divine hands—I am in love with her myself, for like Byron, like Voltaire, I am an ardent admirer of beautiful hands."

In the fulness of my heart I embraced Buxton.

The woman whose impudence I had exposed, and whose attempt at imposition I had unveiled, exhibited better feelings than I could have imagined. For giving me the portrait of Margaret Floreff, she returned me the thousand pounds which I had given her.

I kept the portrait, but insisted on her taking the money.

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CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"You said, Madam, that Margaret Floreff came to Batavia."

"Yes, sir."

"Who accompanied her? Who was with her?"

"Her father, who was inspector general of the colonial custom-houses."

"And how long is it since they left Batavia?"

"About eighteen months," she said.

"Eighteen months! then it is evident that this shipwreck of which you was ignorant and of which you could have known nothing, must have occurred on her return—it must have happened then!"

What a fate was mine—I had only found her to again lose her.

"Where did she go to when she left Batavia? to Europe?"

"No, sir, to South America—to Surinam."

"Alas, my poor friend," said Buxton, "your

romance is now finished," and taking me by the arms he dragged me from the house.

"You have traced her," he said to her embarkation on her fatal voyage to Surinam, on which passage it is evident she must have been lost. You must now give up all hope of her, for the fishes and the sharks of the ocean, who have long since devoured her, will never again restore her to you. My poor friend, there is one more chance of tracing her, and to the last I will assist you."

Buxton then led me to one of the finest edifices of Batavia, to the Marine office, where all vessels are obliged to deposit on their arrival a copy of their log books, and where the permits for sailing are granted.

Buxton at once addressed himself to a friend of whom he had often spoken to me.

"Do me the favor of informing me whether any of the vessels which sailed from here for Surinam eighteen months since, met with any disaster at sea?"

Buxton's friend opened one of the ponderous folios, in which are inscribed the archives of the sea—he searched—he searched.

"Surinam," cried he—"Surinam—here it is—there is a black cross in the index—one vessel was lost."

Buxton grasped me firmly by the hand, and I could see tears rolling down his cheeks.

"By what accident was she lost?" demanded he.

"Impossible to form any idea if all were lost," was the reply.

"But no, sir, it is not impossible," said the Secretary General, who having been close to us had heard all this conversation. "Turn to the page noted in the index, and ascertain the name of the vessel which arrived at Batavia with the news of her loss."

Buxton's friend read aloud. The *Albatross*, Captain Boxwell, nothing—no intelligence: *La Fleche*, Captain Verhagen, nothing, no report: the *Dorade*, Captain Ixel, nothing, not a word.

"There, sir," interrupted I, "there: the *Sumatra*, Captain Suyers: read that, and rather let me read this extract from the Log Book:"—

"Yesterday, at sundown, in crossing the Maldivean Archipelago, we perceived at five leagues distance from us, the group of islands named the *Seven Brothers*, bearing sixty leagues distant, a very large light which announced to us, without doubt, some extensive conflagration. Although the wind was nearly dead ahead, we tacked and retacked, with so much promptitude, that within two hours we were along side of the burning vessel. We did not endeavor to save her—it would have been a useless task. We directed all our attentions to saving the passengers and the crew, and succeeded in transporting them on board the Sumatra. We left the vessel to her fate—she was named the *Nicobar*, Captain Van Kessel, bound to Surinam. We landed the passengers and crew at the islands of Gama, whence a vessel of the Dutch East India Company conveyed them to Surinam. Only two persons were lost by the destruction of the vessel, the captain and a young lady, one of the passengers, who fell into the seas and were drowned in stepping into the boat."

Suppose that that young lady was Margaret Floreff: Oh! horror!

"My sailing permit for Paramaribo, can I have it? Is it ready yet?" said a Dutch Captain interrupting me in the midst of my reflections.

"Here it is." said the clerk.

"Paramaribo is not very far from Surinam," said I to the captain.

"Very close," replied he, "but Surinam is a long distance from here."

"Have you room for any passengers on board your ship?" asked I.

"Not for many."

"For two—for my friend and I."

"I must sail in two hours—"

"We shall be on board in two hours," said I interrupting him."

Half an hour afterwards I had sent in my resignation to the General in command of the colonial troops, and with Buxton I sailed for Dutch Guiana. What was the loss of the time? What was the ocean, and its dangers? More especially to us who were both young. Buxton fell entirely into my views, and we pursued the traces of the object of our search with the same ardor, as did Christopher Columbus, when he discovered America.

Four months after we sailed from Batavia we were sailing up the Guiana river. We landed without loss of time; I went on alone to Surinam; Buxton remained at Paramaribo. He wished to accompany me, but I would not permit him. I determined to go alone; alone therefore I went to the country house, where resided the father of Margaret Floreff. The old negro who gave me the information knew no more than that Mr. Floreff had resigned his inspectorship and had entirely retired from public life. I arrived at the village—just such a one as we have in Holland. I inquired for the house. I entered an avenue of orange trees. Oh! how my heart did beat—how strangely was I agitated. I held in my hands a portrait—at the end of the avenue, I saw a young lady—it was she!"

Mr. and Madam Van Ostal had both risen from the table and had thrown themselves into each other's arms.

Margaret Floreff was before me!

So soon as Mr. Floreff had mastered his feel-

ings he rang the bell—a servant answered it—he gave him some orders in Dutch.

"And Buxton!" said I, "what became of him?"

"Oh! he is very happy—he is married, and has become a sincere christian."

The door opened and the servant brought in a velvet cushion on which was placed a tortoise-shell box, profusely ornamented with gold and with precious stones. Mr. Van Ostal opened it. At the bottom of the box, covered with silk, was a bottle.

"Open it, my dear," said Mr. Van Ostal to his wife, handing it to her.

After calling her two children, Madame Van Ostal drew the cork from the bottle and turned it up, when a slip of paper fell from it. With flowing tears she read the lines which were traced on it:

"I, Louis Van Ostal, who am now about to perish from shipwreck, at a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues from the Island of Ceylon, do hereby give the one thousand pounds sterling which are enclosed in this bottle to him, or to those who, after having found it, will cause prayers to be said for me, and for my well-beloved, unknown Margaret Floreff, and who will cause one monumental tomb to be raised to us both."

After reading it Madame Van Ostal embraced her husband and her children, and said, "my dear husband, on such a day the poor must not be forgotten."

STANZAS.

(Concluded from the July number.)

XVI.

The sunlight flashes thro' the fine
  And tender foliage: all the air
  Is redolent of leaves, and fair
Are rolling hills with eglantine;

And early crocuses deep set
  In springing grass, and primrose sweet;—
  And yonder where the rivulets meet
I see the tender violet.

The yellow buttercup is thrown
  A flame upon the sunny hills,
  And on a thousand ponds and rills
The water-lilies make their moan:—

And slender flags bow to the wind—
  A whisper 'mid their towering stalks:—
  Thro' meadow, vale and woodland walks
Spring speaks her joy to heart and mind,

And with the rustle of her long
  And many-colored pinions, is
  A tenderer thought than loved one's kiss,
A softer sound than girlhood's song!

The eglantine may bourgeon, bloom
  Upon a thousand hills, and dear
  The blossoms of the opening year
Be to all hearts, and spring illume

The valleys with ten thousand flowers,—
  On every mountain side with buds
  The tulip trees, and lofty woods
Make joyful with her laughing hours.

They charm no more! since he has gone,
  There is no music in the air.
  Away with flowers however fair—
The breezes sigh, the lilies moan!

XVII.

The city stretches all around,
  And dimly comes the golden light
  And sway of trees (a sylvan sight)
Thro' window-panes with dust embrown'd.

This motley crowd that ever flows
  Toward the Bank, the Wharf, the Court,
  On ceaseless feet, the hurried port
Of those who hasten ere the close

Of money vaults to draw their gold—
  All shock the spirit and its dreams
  Fly to the woodlands and the streams
In country dingles, shaded, cold.

I find him not in any place
  Around me; only in the glance
  Of streams and leaves his countenance
Comes to me,—grandeur mixed with grace

Not of this world, and holy eyes
  Where melancholy slept at call
  Of thought her master:—crowning all
A voice whose cadence never dies.

XVIII.

O tempt me not Heart of the world,
  I would not take thee to my breast,
  I long for silence and for rest;—
Above me far the disk is hurled

By trained arms; they love to rouse
  Tumultuous-tongued applause and take
  Delight in echoing shouts that break
The laurel circling other brows.

'Tis well for them: they act their part,
  Leave me in turn to act my own—
  A few hours creeping dull and lone
And then I join that other heart.

O may it be! when earth recedes
  And all the world is nought to me,
  O may I place my trust in Thee,
Whose wounded side forever bleeds!

XIX.

Come from the fields thy dwelling-place
  O Spirit of the past and steep
  My wounded soul in dreamy sleep,
And fit its sandals for the race

Of flashing, hurrying life, and spread
  A soft oblivion o'er the ills
  With which the fainting bosom fills,
And calm the throbbing heart and head:

So shall I gather strength again
  To stem the tide of worldly strife,
  To bear the weariness of life,
And feel that all things are not vain,—

Not vain because the allotted years
  But waft me nearer to the shore
  Of the other land, where nevermore
The heart shall falter, charged with tears,

But gazing on that glorified
  And stately face, eternal praise
  Sing to the Ancient One of days
And Him who for our safety died.

XX.

O whisper, travelling from the bourne
  Of yon horizon's purple veil,
  Why tear the heart, of no avail
Make all the pathway, I have worn

With faltering footfalls to the shrine
  Of Patience,—rend the shadows dim,
  That prompted me to sing a hymn
To Resignation? I am thine

Once more, O grief, and every sound
  That soars the air, and every form
  That glads the calm, or rides the storm
Speaks only of that holy ground

Beyond the mountains and the face
  That left us early on its flight
  To grander realms of purer light,—
The halo of divinest grace.

XXI.

We read that when the accursed tribe
  Of Judah gave their LORD to shame
  And called with clamorous acclaim
For Barabbas; with scoff and gibe

O'erwhelmed the living truth and drave
  With goading thongs the son of God
  Toward that hill above the abode
Of those he came on earth to save,

And would have gathered as a hen
  Her chickens underneath her wing,
  Who *would not* know their lord and king,
That God-accursèd race of men;

And bore his feeble shoulders down
  With all that weight of iron wood
  On which his sacrificial blood
Would fall, and placed the thornèd crown

Upon his tender brows, the sigh
  Of anguish scouted, and his crest
  Be-mocked with foul-mouthed laugh and jest
What time he drew toward Calvary;—

We read they carved that holy frame
  Of aspen wood, and that the tree
  Must quake and shiver ceaselessly
And ever moan the grief and shame
To earth, of which it was a part
  When that dread tragedy became
  A living fact, a burning flame
Consuming every after heart.

The aspen is the tender soul,
  Shocked by the sudden stroke of grief,
  Which asks no respite or relief
But moved by every thought must roll

A ceaseless moan unto the sky
  Where now abides that tender heart,
  Above the things of earth—a part
Of Him who died on Calvary.

XXII.

'Tis said a weeping mother laid
  Upon the grave of her young child,
  Who early left her undefiled
Before the grace of youth decayed,

The little vase of porcelain ware,
  Her plaything in the sunny hours,
  Amid the innocence of flowers
Ere Jesus bore her pure and fair

To other worlds; and many eves
  And rosy morns unheeded passed,
  And wandering winds their burden cast,
And flowers grew up, and twined their leaves

And clustering blooms and tendrils fair
  About the vase; and running round
  The whiteness of the porcelain ground,
Grew to a beauty rich and rare:—

And that a master mind and heart
  Who saw these tendrils twine and fall
  Conceived the Corinthian capital
And crowned with it the brows of art.

So I would find upon his tomb
  Some memory of the former days,
  And when the strength of hope decays
And memory steeps the heart in gloom,

Take up the thought with feeble hands
  And crown my grief,—and ever hold
  This memory of the days of old—
And stand as yonder column stands.

XXIII.

O river pouring evermore
  Thy voice upon the emerald slopes
  Of stately mountains, all my hopes
Die in this low and solemn roar.

For here he lived and morning winds,
  That sigh along thy wooded shore
  And wave the white-armed sycamore,
And every clustering flower that binds

The grass into a carpet deep,
  And every wave that seeks the sea,
  But ope the floods of memory—
But say to grief "Thou shalt not sleep."

XXIV.

As one who leans upon a tomb
  And suffers all her golden hair

To bathe the marble smooth and fair,
But half-revealed from out the gloom

By the soft light of moons which rise
And glimmer through the cypress trees,—
A quivering shadow in the breeze—
Revealing tears in tender eyes;

And pours low-toned upon the air
The anguish of a broken heart,
Until the fading stars depart,
And morning with her golden share

Ploughs through the azure of the east;
So dreaming o'er that vanished one,
The spirit still will make its moan
With moistened eyes and sobbing breast,

Until the morning of the sky,
With that great trumpet's solemn roar,
Dawn bright on mountain, sea and shore,
And solve the last great mystery.

XXV.

Vain solace! Thou wert to my heart
A thing of earth, a noble soul,
And though no better than a mole
With sightless eyes, to what thou art,

Why could'st thou not remain the form
I loved thee in! no change was meet
To affect the spirit, mild and sweet,
So noble, tender, bright and warm:

As if a ray came from the queen
Of night to glad the heart and eye,
But fading soon away should die,
Before the daylight's bolder sheen.

XXVI.

The sunset died that tender day,
Across the mountains bright and pure,
And bathed with golden waves the shore
Of evening and the fringèd spray,

And stately ships which glided by,
With whitest sails toward the dim
Untravelled seas beyond the rim
Of peaks that melted in the sky.

He sat upon the trellis'd porch,
And still the conversation ranged
From olden things all gone or changed,
To grand, eternal Truth—a torch

That spread around a steady light,
And mocked the strength of hostile hands,
And pointed man to other lands
Of hope beyond Thought's farthest flight.

That noble forehead, broad and calm,
Was flushed with evening's holy ray,
His eye gave back the light of day—
His words poured out a soothing balm;

His low sweet tones fell on the ear
Like music in the quiet watch
Of midnight, when the spirits catch
At golden memories, ever dear.

And now recalling that dim eve,
And him who spake those noble words,
Though trembling still in all its chords,
My heart is calmed and I believe.

XXVII.

Would I were with thee now at rest,
Where creeps the sweet-briar and the vine
In that low, shadowed tomb of thine
Beyond the mountains, in the West.

There sweet wild-briar and columbine,
With all the violets born of spring—
The early linnet's jargoning,
The bleat of lambs, the low of kine—

All, all, do compass thee around!
For Nature with her beauteous hues,
And dulcet sounds, is loth to lose
The memory of that holy ground.

Would I were with thee—that no more
The billows of a weary life,
Of toil and heart-consuming strife,
Might beat upon the unanswering shore

Of my existence—and the tears
I shed for thee, could fall for me,
And over mountain, lawn and lea
The shadowing clouds sweep other years.

XXVIII.

The deep alarum of the drum
Resounds in yonder busy street,
The horses move on restless feet,
And every urchin cries, "They come!"

With which the trumpet blares aloud
And brazen-throated horns reply:
The incense of the melody
Floats upward like a golden cloud.

And like the boy's my soul is fired,
And half I grasp the empty air,
With dreams of lists and ladies fair,
As in the days when I aspired.

The trumpet dies a distant roar,
The drum becomes a murmuring voice,—
No more in battle I rejoice,
But fall to dreaming as before—

Of other skies and greener trees,
And mountain peaks of purple gloom—
And of the dim and shadowy tomb,
Where that great spirit rests in peace.

XXIX.

How can I grasp this weary life,
Run to the end this fainting race,
Abreast the great world's flying pace;
How plunge amid the eternal strife—

A strife which heats the overheated soul
To madness, blots all higher things:
That values all for what it brings,
And burrows like the sightless mole.

My arm is powerless at my side,
My spirit—all its energies

Are like the twilight ray that dies
Across the lowland far and wide.

My heart—it flies to other scenes
In other years, and cannot see
The shadow of the golden key,—
Grasp at the aim, much less the means.

This barren life perchance had turned
To higher things and loftier place;
But now it faints midway the race,
And whispers only "I have mourned."

XXX.

You have the reflex of my heart,
O Friend, who followest all alone
These wandering lines on rugged stone,
As in the infancy of art.

These lines are what I felt and feel
Forever, not a fitful grief
I spoke of, like the changing leaf,
Or fleeting foam around the keel

Which ploughs the murmuring surge and leaves
No long-abiding trace, but strove
To express the instinct of a love
That wrapped in shadow yet believes.

You know not him who speaks to you—
He would not further have you know
The grief that made his spirit grow
To scorn the false, and clasp the true.

Enough if in some silent shade,
Aloof from cities, this should find
A sorrowing heart and doubting mind,
And soothe them. He is well repaid.

History of the Church of England in the Colonies.*

The history commences from the earliest period in which Great Britain made the attempt to acquire colonies, say about 1496, and the 1st volume, which alone we have seen, comes down to the beginning of the reign of Charles I. It was the author's purpose to comprise in the second volume the period between the commencement of the reign of Charles I. and the year 1787, and in the third and last volume to bring down the history to the present day. The author has examined the colonial manuscripts found in the Fulham library, the State Paper Office, the Lambeth Library, the British Museum, the collections of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, &c. Some rare works relating to Virginia were lent to the author by Colonel Wyndham of Petworth. We propose only to note here and there such particulars in this first volume, relating to Virginia as may appear of interest. On page 172 there is mention made of Dr. Whitaker, master of St. Johns' College, and also Regius professor of Divinity, in the University of Cambridge. He distinguished himself by his controversial writings against the Church of Rome, and took a leading part in framing and maintaining the Lambeth articles. These articles were predestinarian and Calvinistic, and had they been established might have gone far towards healing the divisions between the church of England and the Presbyterians. This Dr. Whitaker was the father of Rev. Dr. Alexander Whitaker, one of the first clergymen that came over to Virginia and who was styled "the Apostle of Virginia."

The first minister that came over to Virginia proper, was Rev. Robert Hunt. In addition to what is commonly known of him, Mr. Anderson has supplied some particulars from a manuscript found in the Lambeth library. This manuscript, upon examination, proved to be no less than a journal of the early proceedings of the Jamestown colony, written by our old friend Edward Maria Wingfield, first president of Virginia. Now we have it President of the United States, then it was President of Virginia. This manuscript is brought into light in this work for the first time. Of Rev. Robert Hunt's appointment Wingfield makes the following mention in this his journal: "For my first work, (which was to make right choice of a spiritual pastor) I appeal to the remembrance of my Lo. of Caunt, his grace, who gave me very gracious audience in my request. And the world knoweth whom I took with me, truly a man in my opinion, not any wai to be touched with the rebellious humor of a papist spirit, nor blemished with the least suspicion of a factious schismatic." My Lord of Canterbury, his grace, was that persecuting prelate Archbishop Bancroft, who persecuted the Puritan dissenters till they desired to come over to Virginia to get out of his reach, which they were prohibited from doing by a royal proclamation, issued at his instance. Rev. Robert Hunt, however, by all the notices we have of him, appears to have been a pious, exemplary man. The expedition with which he embarked, December 19th, 1606, was detained by contrary winds, six weeks, in sight of England in the Downs, only twenty miles from Mr. Hunt's habitation. It appearing from this fact that Mr. Hunt's residence was in the county of Kent, Mr. Anderson referred to Hasted's History of that county and found, that Robert Hunt, A. M.,

* "The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire." By the Rev. James S. M. Anderson, M. A. Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain to the Queen Dowager, Perpetual Curate of St. George's Chapel, Brighton and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn. Vol. 1. London; Francis and John Rivington and Robert Folthorp & Co., Brighton: 1845. Dedicated to the Most Reverend William, by divine providence, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan.

was appointed Vicar of Reculver January 18, 1594, and that he resigned in 1602. But it appears that he probably continued to reside there, or to consider that his home, until he embarked for Virginia, because the Downs were only twenty miles distant "from his habitation." It appears that Dr. Hawks, in his contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States, Caswall in his "America and the American Church," and Archdeacon Wilberforce in his "History of the American Church" have fallen into a mistake as to the date of the first celebration of the communion at Jamestown, all three making it the 14th of May, 1607. If they had followed the statement in Captain Smith's General History, though not given on the authority of Captain Smith himself, they would have given June 14th as the day,—because it says that Captain Newport embarked for England on the following day, June 15th. Mr. Anderson, however, makes June 21st the day, and establishes it satisfactorily on the authority of Percy's Narrative in Purchas and of a MS. Journal of Newport's expedition to the falls of James river, preserved in the State Paper Office, from which Mr. Anderson made the following extract:—"June 21. Sonday We had a Communyon. Captain Newport dyned with our dyet and invited many of us to supper as a farewell." These two authorities are confirmed by the following extract taken from the Lambeth MS. before mentioned. Wingfield's Journal, "June 1607, The 22, Captayne Newport returned for England, for whose good passage and safe retorne wee made many prayers to our Allmighty God." Other writers besides the three referred to by Mr. Anderson, have mistaken the date in question, misled by the erroneous statement in Smith, and have likewise erred as to the date of Newport's debarcation, not having access to Purchas perhaps, and ignorant of either the MS. in the Lambeth library, or that in the State Paper Office. These two MSS. appear to have been first brought to light by the author of the work under consideration. They are particularly interesting to us in Virginia, and if ever an agent should be sent out from Virginia to make transcripts from English archives, it is to be hoped that he will not overlook these. How does it happen that a State so ancient, so large, so wealthy as Virginia and so proud of her past history, should begrudge a few thousand dollars for this object, while she is expending so much in objects of inferior interest and importance?

All the old documents give a bad account of President Wingfield, and the Lambeth MS. is a vindication of himself from those accusations. The time-honored legal maxim, indeed, is *Nemo in sua causa testis esse debet.* No man ought to be a witness in his own case. But even the wisdom of this maxim begins to be doubted in these latter all-unhinging times. The following extract from the journal of the first executive officer of Virginia, will serve to give a taste of his quality:—"As I understand by report I ame much charged with starving the Collony. I did always give every man his allowance faithfully both of corne, oyle, aquivite &c. as was by the Councell proportioned; neither was it bettered after my time, untill towards the end of March a bisket was allowed to every workeinge man for his breakfast, by meanes of the provision brought us by Captain Newport as will appeere hereafter. It is further said I did much banquit and ryot; I never had but one squirrell roasted whereof I gave a part to Mr. Ratcliffe then sick; yet was that squirrell given me. I did never heate a flesh pott but when the common pott was so used likewise; yet how often Mr. Presidentes and the Councillors have night and daie been endangered to break their backes so laden with swanns, geese, ducks &c. How many tymes their flesh potts have swelled many hungry eies did behold to their great longing; and what great theeves and theeving thear hath bene in comon stoar since my tyme I doubt not but is already made knowne to his Maties. Councell for Virginia."

Wingfield, in his journal, also states that Smith upon his return to Jamestown, after his rescue by Pocahontas, was indebted to the timely arrival of Newport for the preservation of his life from the machinations of some of the evil-disposed settlers; that during Smith's absence from Jamestown, Archer had been illegally sworn a member of the Council, and "being settled in his authority soughte how to call Mr. Smythe's lief in question and had indited him upon a chapter in Leviticus for the death of his twoe men [Robinson and Emry slain by the Indians, during Smith's exploration of the Chickahominy.] He had his tryall the same daie of his retorne, and I believe his hanging the same or the next daie, so speedy is our lawe thear, but it pleased God to send Captain Newport unto us the same evening to our unspeakable comfortes, whose arrivall saved Mr. Smythe's lief and myne, because he took me out of the Pynnasse and gave me leave to lye in the Towne."

The account in Smith, (which has the imprimatur of the initials J. S. among the names subscribed,) is as follows:—"Some no better than they should be had plotted with the President the next day to have put him to death by the Leviticall law, for the lives of *Robinson and Emry*, pretending the fault was his that he had led them to their ends; but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers that he layd them by

the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for *England*." Smith it appears makes no allusion to the opportune arrival of Newport—an incident too important to have been omitted by Smith had he owed his life to it.

Thus it appears that within two or three days Captain Smith twice narrowly escaped death. But indeed during the seven weeks, while he was a prisoner in the hands of the "salvages," he had hourly expected to be put to death. To diverge for a little from Mr. Anderson's volume, to an incident in Captain Smith's adventures which I do not remember seeing any notice of, save in Smith's General History near the close of the work where he gives his own account of it which he begins in the following words:—"Because I have ranged and lived among those Islands what my authours cannot tell me, I thinke it no great errour in helping them to tell it myselfe. In this little Ile of *Mevis*, more than twenty yeares agoe, I have remained a good time together to wod and water and refresh my men." It is to be inferred from this extract—the conclusion of it—that Smith was, during the voyage, or at the least during that part of it when the expedition was in the West Indies, the commander of it. After a brief, graphic description of the island, Smith says:—"Such factions here we had as commonly attend such voyages, that a paire of gallowes was made, but Captaine Smith, for whom they were intended, could not be persuaded to use them; but not any one of the inventers but their lives by justice fell into his power to determine of at his pleasure, whom with much mercy he favoured, that most basely and unjustly would have betrayed him."

To recur to the Lambeth MS., another fact elicited from it is, that Captain Newport's sailors assisted in erecting the wooden church at Jamestown. It may not be amiss to add that the designation of this MS. in the Catalogue, is No. 250, fol. 382.

In the same MS. journal, Wingfield defends himself against the charge that he had forbidden Mr. Hunt to preach, by saying that on two or three Sundays, worship had been interrupted by alarms of Indians, so that there was only time for the reading of the service, and that on all other occasions, a sermon followed the service as a matter of course. He adds that he never failed himself to take notes of Mr. Hunt's sermons, except when kept from church by rain.

The name of Sir Thomas West, afterwards Lord Delaware, appears in the Commission appointed in the first year of James the First, for enquiring into the case of all such persons as should be found openly opposing the doctrines of the Church of England. Such was the spirit of that age by which standard the men of that age ought to be measured. Lord Delaware was however distinguished for his virtues and his generous devotion to the infant colony—a man of approved courage, temper and experience. Rev. Wm. Crashaw, father of the poet of that name, at the period of Lord Delaware's appointment to the place of Governor of Virginia, was preacher at the Temple, and he delivered a sermon before his lordship and others of his majesty's council for the kingdom of Virginia and the rest of the adventurers i. e. stockholders in that plantation, upon occasion of his lordship's embarcation for Virginia, February 21, 1609. The text was from Daniel xii. 3: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." This sermon was printed by Wm. Welby and sold in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Swan, 1610, and is, Mr. Anderson thinks, the first missionary sermon preached in England to any of her sons embarking for Virginia. Crashaw in this able and eloquent discourse, urges it warmly upon his countrymen, to aid the enterprise of planting the colony; rejects with indignant scorn the more sordid motives of mere lucre, and appeals to loftier principles and the more elevated motives of christian benevolence. But although he rejects motives of mere profit, he tells his auditors that if they will pursue their object, animated by more elevated and enlarged views, they will probably find the plantation a source of profit, "for the soil is good, the commodities many and necessary for England, the distance not far off, the passage fair and easy, so that there wants only God's blessing to make it gainful." In his peroration, the preacher rises into a higher strain, and apostrophising Lord Baltimore, excites his generous emulation by a personal appeal, reminding him of the gallant exploit of his ancestor, Sir Roger la Warr, who, assisted by John de Pelham, captured the French king at the battle of Poictiers. In memory of which exploit, Sir Roger la Warr, Lord la Warr, (according to Froissart,) had the crampet or chape of his sword for a badge of that honor. Some of the Wests of the family of Lord Delaware settled in Virginia, and their descendants are yet to be found in the State. It is said that West Point, at the head of York river, took its name from some of this family who resided there, and that at one time it was called Delaware City, in honor of Lord Delaware, the Governor.

A few weeks after the delivery of this sermon, another was delivered upon the same subject by Dr. Wm. Symonds, preacher at St. Saviour's in Southwark; the same who is one of the principal writers in Smith's General History. This discourse was delivered at White Chapel, "in the presence of many honorable worshipful the

Adventurers and Planters for Virginia." 25 April, 1609. Dr. Symonds deplores the evils of the redundant population of England, which is rather amusing when we contrast the population of that kingdom under Queen Victoria, with what it was in the time of James I. Perhaps some two hundred and fifty years hence, when the population of that kingdom shall be quadrupled, the people of that future age will smile at the Malthusian complaints made now in 1851, of an overgrown population. Our preacher gives a picture, evidently drawn to the life, of the conversion of tillage land into pasture, of the oppression of the tenant yeomanry by the landlords, of the sordid avarice of the landed oligarchy reducing the people almost to starvation, only relieved by the importation of corn from abroad, imported in spite of the "bitter curse of the cursed cornmongers," of the rich shopkeeper grinding the face of the honest poor laborer, of the poor woman working with her needle till her candle goes out, consoling her lonely and distressed hours by singing hymns of pious resignation, the salt tear dropping from her sorrowful eye, and the deep sigh breathing as a furnace from her aching heart, ["Sighing like furnace"—Shakspeare,] and yet by the end of the week, with all her labors scarcely earning salt for her Sunday's water gruel.

There is nothing new under the sun; the human mind still revolves in the same cycle. Here are complaints of the oppressions and miseries of the down-trodden masses uttered two centuries and a half ago—worthy of a Chartist pamphlet by Carlyle—here are free trade anti-corn-law sentiments, which might have been spoken in the House of Commons by Sir James Graham, or Cobden, or Peel. And these liberal and enlightened views were delivered by a clergyman of the Church of England in the days of James I. Truly there is nothing new under the sun;—there were brave men before Agamemnon. This discourse of Dr. Symonds, as well as that of Crashaw, breathes that profound abhorrence of Rome which prevailed in England in that period when the minds of Englishmen had not yet recovered from the shock of Guy Fawks' Gunpowder Plot.

The Bermudas are a cluster of islands lying in the Atlantic, at the distance of 600 miles from the American continent, extending in crescent form from east to west; in length twenty miles; in breadth two miles and a half. On one of these islands the Sea-Venture was wrecked in 1609, and here Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, Captain Newport, and about one hundred and fifty souls, having narrowly escaped from the yawning perils of the deep, landed and remained nearly a year, living *à la* Robinson Crusoe. The clergyman who accompanied the wrecked English, was Mr. Bucke, of whom Mr. Anderson has given some new particulars, found in a sermon by Rev. Alexander Whitaker, published in London, 1613, and preached in Virginia shortly before. Mr. Bucke was a graduate of Oxford, and received the appointment of Chaplain to the Virginia expedition upon the recommendation of Dr. Ravis, Bishop of London. Mr. Bucke was the second minister sent out from England to Virginia; being successor to Rev. Robert Hunt. Mr. Bucke preached twice on Sundays during the sojourn on the island, and read prayers daily morning and evening. The company of the Sea-Venture were summoned by the church-going bell, and the roll was called and absentees were duly punished. The clergyman performed the ceremony of marriage, the parties being Sir George Somers' cook and a maid-servant of one Mrs. Horton. The bride was named Elizabeth Persons. The Communion was once celebrated. *The child of one John Rofe*, a daughter, was christened by the name of Bermuda, Captain Newport, Mr. Bucke and the said Mrs. Horton being witnesses. Sometime since, from the misinterpretation of a passage in Strachey's work newly published, some writer inferred that Pocahontas when she married Rolfe was a widow. The ground of the mistake has been satisfactorily cleared up by a writer in the Virginia Historical Register, and indeed the supposition that Pocahontas was a widow, could only be entertained by one who was rather ignorant of our early history. The thing was perfectly ridiculous. From the words which are italicised above however it would seem not so improbable that John Rolfe was a widower when he married Pocahontas—so that it turns out that the name being changed, the story may be true of him—the shoe may be on the other foot. It appears from Whitaker's sermon, that he expected a forthcoming publication from Mr. Bucke, descriptive of Virginia, where he had passed several years. When Sir Thomas Gates arrived with the rude cedar vessels, "Patience" and "Deliverance," at Jamestown, May 23rd, 1610, he first repaired to the church where Mr. Bucke performed divine service. They then proceeded to view the fort, and found its palisadoes broken down, the ports open, the gates unhinged, and the houses of those who had died broken up and burnt for fire-wood, and the people fearing to venture beyond the blockhouse, lest they should be surprised by the Indians. On the 7th of June, at 12 o'clock, Sir Thomas Gates reluctantly embarked, to abandon the ill-starred plantation: the artillery and armour were buried, all went on board, and a volley was fired by way of farewell to Virginia. Providentially next morning they met a boat announcing the arrival

of Lord Delaware. Gates and his party returned to Jamestown on the same day, the 8th, and on the 10th of June, Lord Delaware arrived there with three ships and landed with his retinue at the South Gate of the palisado. The Lieut. Governor with his few surviving men were drawn up to receive his lordship, and before he performed any act of authority, he fell upon his knees in the presence of the people and made a long, silent prayer. Truly that was a religious and devout age. What would be said if a Governor of California should fall upon his knees upon landing at San Francisco and engage in a long, silent prayer? The spirit of the Elizabethan age, which yet prevailed in the first years of James I., was chivalrous, and the chivalrous spirit has always been more or less religious—at the least it has always paid homage to religion. Mr. Anderson mentions that Dr. Hawks in his "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of Virginia" has, by confounding two separate narratives, fallen into the mistake of representing that Mr. Bucke had come from England at this time with Lord Delaware in capacity of chaplain, whereas, as has been seen, he had arrived at Jamestown, (about a fortnight before Lord Delaware's arrival,) in company of Sir Thomas Gates. It appears that Archdeacon Wilberforce in his History of the American Church, has fallen into the same mistake, probably misled by Dr. Hawks. The account in Smith is indeed confused and apt to mislead a reader who is not very careful. Lord Delaware gave orders for the repair of the church, and Strachey, now Secretary of the colony, has left a very minute description of the edifice, and mentions that on "Sunday we have sermons twice a day, and every Thursday a sermon having [as it is printed] *true preachers* which take their weekly turns." We have italicised the words "*true preachers*" in order to suggest that perhaps the word "*true*" is a misprint for "two" —two preachers, to wit, Mr. Bucke and Lord Delaware's chaplain. Mr. Anderson indeed receives the expression "true preachers" as what was intended, and says, "The appointment of 'true preachers' mentioned in the above passage whose duty it was to proclaim in turn the word of God, and to conduct the weekly and daily services of the church, implies that more than one clergyman must have accompanied Lord De la Warr to Virginia. And assuredly, if they were in the full and real sense of the term 'true preachers' it cannot be doubted but that they were among the efficient instruments in establishing that peace and order and watchful industry which speedily distinguished the colony under his administration." The inference that more than one clergyman accompanied Lord Delaware appears to be a *non sequitur*, for to take weekly turns it was only necessary that there should be two preachers, and as Lord Delaware found Mr. Bucke already at Jamestown, it was only necessary that he should be accompanied by one additional clergyman, in order that they might take their weekly turns. What leads us to think that the word "true" is a misprint. is, that the epithet true, as applied to preachers, appears to be quite unusual. We do not remember ever meeting with that expression before, and it is one which therefore Strachey, a classical scholar and practised writer, would probably not have been apt to make use of. The printer might readily by mistake "set up" the letters "ru" instead of the letter "w," and misled by this first mistake, it would be natural enough to make an "e" of the "o," because an "e" in that place ("true") would make a complete word, which "o" would not.

Early in 1611, Lord Delaware, on account of ill health, returned to England. In the course of his voyage, having put into the mouth of a large river, then called Chihohocki, it hence derived its name of the Delaware. Stith indeed mentions that he had somewhere seen it stated that the river took its name from the circumstance of Lord Delaware's having *died* there during his return voyage to Virginia. Mr. Anderson shows conclusively, upon the authority of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, and Purchas, that this conjecture of Stith was erroneous, the Delaware river having been so called five years before his lordship's death. On page 271, Mr. Anderson says: "The departure of Gates from Virginia was soon followed by that of Lord De la Warr himself, who in the beginning of the year 1611, was compelled by sickness to leave his charge under the command of Captain Percy, and return to England." On page 311, however, he has the following: "It is stated by the author of the Account of the European Settlements in America, that when Lord De la Warr was compelled by sickness to return from Virginia, 'he left his son, with the spirit of his father, his deputy.' This son, I am informed by the present Earl, was drowned on his return to England, and it is supposed that all his father's papers were then lost with him." There is a discrepancy between the statement on page 271 and this last quoted from the Account of the European Settlements in America, and without contradiction. The former statement, Mr. Anderson's own, to wit—that Percy succeeded Lord Delaware, appears to be the correct one. As to his lordship's papers, they appear to have fallen into Argall's hands, and as they contained instructions to send him home to England to answer charges of cruelty and tyranny brought

against him, it is not likely that he would have let them go out of his hands.

Sir Thomas Dale, who came over in 1611, was accompanied by Rev. Alexander Whitaker, before spoken of. Rev. Mr. Glover came over with Sir Thomas Gates upon his second voyage to Virginia, 1611. Mr. Glover was an approved preacher in Bedford and Huntingdonshire—a graduate of Cambridge, in easy circumstances and somewhat advanced in years. He did not long survive his arrival in Virginia, being unable to endure "the sea-sickness of the country." The second town established in Virginia, was Henrico, on a peninsula, at what is now the plantation of Varina, and named in honor of Prince Henry the heir-apparent. He appears to have been a warm friend of the infant plantation, for Sir Thomas Dale speaks of him as his "glorious master," "who would have enamelled with his favors the labors which were undertaken for God's cause," and that "the whole frame of this business" seemed "fallen into his grave." England suffered a mighty loss in her Edward VI., this her Prince Henry, and in modern times the Princess Charlotte.

The Rev. Alexander Whitaker when he first came over to Virginia, had been graduated at Cambridge some five or six years. and had been "seated" in "the North country," where he was held in great esteem. He had means of his own and excellent prospects of promotion. He came over by "a very speedy and safe passage (scarce of eight weeks long.") The Pacific or Asia now makes the voyage in ten days.

The town of New Bermudas, or Bermuda Hundred, was the third established in Virginia. It was five miles distant from Henrico. Mr. Whitaker had his parsonage on the South side of the river, and it was called Rock Hall. Stith styles him "Minister of Bermuda Hundred." In 1614 he returned to Jamestown. About this time he sent home to England the sermon before alluded to, which as has been seen was published. Rev. Mr. Crashaw prefixed to it an epistle dedicatory, to which Mr. Anderson is indebted for a good many interesting particulars. The title of the sermon is, "Good news from Virginia sent to the Council and Company of Virginia, resident in England, from Alexander Whitaker, Minister of Henrico in Virginia, &c. London, 1613." The text is from Ecclesiastes, xi, 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Crashaw thus speaks of the early clergymen that came over to Virginia—"So that now we see to our comfort the God of heaven found us out and made us ready to our hands able and fit men for the ministeriall function in this plantation; all of them graduates, allowed preachers, single men, having no pastoral cures nor charge of childreu; and as it were every way fitted for that work. And because God would more grace this business and honor His own work, He provided us such men as wanted neither living nor liberty of preaching at home." It was Alexander Whitaker who had the care of instructing Pocahontas in the knowledge of Christianity, and he no doubt united her in marriage with Rolfe. While she was in England, according to Purchas, "she did not only accustom herself to civility, but still carried herself as the daughter of a king, and was accordingly respected not only by the Company, which allowed provision for herself and her son, but of divers particular persons of honor, in their hopeful zeal by her to advance Christianity." Among these persons of honor, Dr. King, Bishop of London, is particularly mentioned.

Mr. Anderson found in the State Paper Office a copy of a letter issued by James I., and addressed to the Archbishops, authorizing them to invite the members of the Church throughout the kingdom to assist in the establishment of a College in Henrico, and in other such works of piety. The date of this letter has not been ascertained, but it was written about the year 1620. It has never been published before, and is the first document of the kind ever issued in England for the benefit of its colonies. It is as follows:—"Most reverend father in God, right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, we greet you well. You have heard ere this time of the attempt of divers worthy men, our subjects, to plant in Virginia, (under the warrant of our letters patents) people of this kingdom, as well as for the enlarging of our dominions, as for propagation of the Gospel amongst infidels; wherein there is good progress made and hope of further increase; so as the undertakers of that plantation are now in hand with the erecting of some churches and schools for the education of the children of those barbarians, which cannot but be to them a very great charge and above the expense which for the civil plantation doth come to them. In which we doubt not but that you and all others who wish well to the encrease of Christian religion, will be willing to give all assistance and furtherance you may, and therein to make experience of the zeal and devotion of our well-minded subjects, especially those of the clergy. Wherefore we do require you and hereby authorize you to write your letters to the severall bishops of the dioceses, in your province, that they do giv· order to the ministers and other zealous men of their dioceses, both by their own example in contribution, and by exhortation to others, to move our people within their several charges to contribute to so good a work, in as liberal a manner as they may, for the better

advancing whereof our pleasure is, that those collections be made in all the particular parishes four several times within these two years next coming; and that the several accounts of each parish together with the moneys collected be returned from time to time to the bishops of the dioceses, and by them be transmitted half-yearly to you: and so to be delivered to the treasurer of that plantation to be employed for the Godly purposes intended and no other."

Upon the election of Sir Edwin Sandys to the place of Treasurer of the Virginia Company, fifteen hundred pounds had been collected for the college at Henrico. A large tract of land adjacent to the site of the college was appropriated for its support, and a hundred men were sent from England to cultivate the same. The yearly income from these lands was estimated at five hundred pounds. The college was intended for the instruction not only of the Indian children, but also of the sons of the colonists. In 1620 Mr. George Thorpe, a relation of Sir Thomas Dale, was sent out as superintendent of the college and three hundred acres of land were set apart for his maintenance. Large private donations were also made about this time for the education of the Indian children.

In 1621 Rev. Mr. Copeland, chaplain on board the Royal James, East Indiaman, upon the return of that vessel to England, prevailed upon the officers and crew to contribute seventy pounds towards the establishment of a church and school in Virginia. This amount was increased by two other benefactions to the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Charles City was selected as the site of the school, and it was to be called the East India School, in reference to the circumstances of its origin. A tract of land was appropriated for the benefit of this school, and Mr. Copeland was presented with three hundred acres. Workmen were sent out early in 1622, to begin the building.

At this time there were only five ministers in Virginia—Alexander Whitaker, Jonas Stockham, Mr. Mease, Thomas Bargrave and William Wickham. About the year 1616, Mr. Mease was stationed at Kecoughtan, now Hampton. His name appears to have been pronounced Mays. He lived ten years in Virginia and was the author of a reply to the calumnious (as it was considered) account of the colony given by Captain Nathaniel Butler in a pamphlet entitled "The unmasked face of our Colony in Virginia as it was in the winter of 1622." Mr. Wickham was the minister at Henrico as early as 1616, when some Indian children had already been sent there to be educated. In 1619 he was appointed by Sir George Yeardley a member of the Council. This fact Mr. Anderson appears not to have been aware of.

Early in 1622 very favorable intelligence from Virginia reached England, and upon this occasion, on the 17th of April, Mr. Copeland by appointment preached before the Virginia Company at Bow Church. He was shortly after appointed a member of the Council and Rector of the College for the conversion of the Indians. But all these benevolent purposes and hopeful anticipations were suddenly darkened and defeated by the news of the massacre which in a few hours blasted the labors of so many years. The massacre occurred March 22nd, 1622. On the 28th of May,* 1621, the Rev. Jonas Stockham, in a letter to Rev. Alexander Whitaker, to be forwarded by him to the Council in England, had given it as his opinion that "till their [the Indian] priests and ancients have their throats cut, there is no hope to bring them to conversion." Mr. Anderson denounces the clergyman for advising such sanguinary measures. Captain Smith, however, approved of them, as did all the surviving colonists, after the massacre.

The 10th chapter of this 1st volume of "The History of the Colonial Church," gives in conclusion, an interesting sketch of Nicholas Ferrar, that distinguished and excellent associate of his brother, and Sir Edwin Sandys, and the Earl of Southampton, &c., in the management of the Virginia Company. Of the twelve chapters of this volume four relate to the Colony of Virginia. It may excite some surprise that a work so valuable and interesting, and one that throws so much additional light on our Virginia history in particular, should be so little known in this country. The work, however, addresses itself mainly to that class of readers who are somewhat accustomed to historical researches, and have acquired some familiarity with antique English. A considerable portion of the volume which has been noticed, consists of copious extracts from cotemporary MSS. and books and documents, and they are all copied *verbatim et literatim*, with all the peculiarities of obsolete spelling and quaint expression. It is, therefore, only those who are somewhat initiated who will embark upon the formidable task of reading such a work. Were it modernized, while it would be shorn of some of its charms for some readers, its circle of readers would be greatly enlarged. The History of the Colonial Church is to comprise three volumes. The second, we believe, has been published some time since; but we have not yet had the satisfaction of seeing it.

C. C.

Petersburg, June, 1851.

* Mr. Anderson makes it the 20th. According to Smith (Virginia edition) it was the 28th.

SONNETS.

TO ATHOS.

Grand gentleman of other days! who shamest
  The pigmies of the aftertime, and art
  A cherished treasure to the sternest heart,
Of him to whom, in splendor erst thou camest,
  They tell me thou art but a vivid gleam
  Thrown upon canvass;—that thy stately form,
  With life and lordliest honor bright and warm,
Is but the embodiment of some fond dream.
It cannot be—this man existed; lived
  A part of earth, and died of tender grief
  Fell from the life-book like a snowy leaf—
Grand in his anguish—of his son bereaved;—
And night and morning zephyrs, soft and cool
Fan his green grave beside his own Raoul.

TO D'ARTAGNAN.

"ATHOS AND PORTHOS! WE SHALL MEET ONCE MORE!"
  Such were the dying words of D'ARTAGNAN,—
  That iron souled Ulysses who outran
With giant strides, upon the sounding shore
The chasing waves of fate, and tore a wreath
  Of never-dying laurels from the cold
  Oblivion of the past, even when that bold
And hero-hearted spirit sank in death.
Thou art, oh D'Artagnan, a deathless name!
  Beside thy well-beloved Athos, time
  Shall conquer not the heart whose matin prime
And stately manhood soared, a dazzling flame,
As when the eagle towers on shining wings
A marvel to the eyes of lords and kings!

David Copperfield and Arthur Pendennis.

The following parallel run between Dickens and Thackeray, in the works whose names form the caption, we take from the London Times. It does not go much below the surface, but plays very brilliantly about it, and is altogether a more satisfactory though less labored performance than the article which recently appeared in the North British Review.—[*Ed. So. Lit. Mess.*

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What the epic was to the old world—a continuous narration of stirring events, with linked sweetness long drawn out—that is the romance to the modern world. With the change of matter there has been a change of form; it is no longer the story of "physical force" that absorbs and delights mankind, it is the battle of life,—not the encounter of flesh and blood, but the clash of principles and the conflict of passions. The decease of the three-volume fiction has often been foretold, but has never come to pass, because it exists as the supply of a want, and a very complex want. All men want amusement; but, more than this, mankind, however civilized, require some stimulus of the simpler emotions; overlaid as these may be by habit, perverted by selfishness or dilapidated by overwear, they are still the chief source of pleasure. That, therefore, must be welcome which awakes them. The novel has, for the unimaginative, incidents,—for the student of human nature, character,—for the critical ear, vigour or beauty of language,—for the theorist, an ample store of cobwebs. It offers love and children to the spinster, red coats and glory to the legal or the literary drudge; and, if it does harm by exhausting the sympathies of some, it does good by exalting and keeping them fresh in sluggish and mechanical natures. The romance, we say, occupies the place of the epic; it is more various, because the forms of society are more manifold, and men's knowledge and their requirements alike more diverse.

It is not long since two of our best known epopœists, or, to use the more common term, of our novel-writers, have concluded each a work published by instalments, and sent them forth in their perfect form from the presses of Bradbury and Evans. Little matter to us whether it was the lust of scribbling, the desire of fame, or the appetite for what university statutes still term "solids" which prompted them to utterance. We need not, with Mr. Wickfield, decipher the motives which induced Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray to compile respectively the lives of David Copperfield and Arthur Pendennis; enough for us that each of them has produced something neither devoid of interest nor unworthy of his fame.

There is one virtue in the autobiographical form in which Mr. Dickens has cast his tale, namely, that it imparts in this case an additional reality; there cannot but be some idea when an author is speaking under an author's mask, and in the first person, that he is retailing, if not circumstances of his own career, at least fancies and feelings which have been present to him in that capacity. We should not, however, expect this reality to extend itself over all the abundance of personages who throng the stage in Mr. Dickens's narrative; if at all so, rather to those who stand in most immediate connection with the central figure and form, as it were, a part of him. In other words, we might expect that there should be a division manifest in the story, and that one portion should be assimilated to former works of the writer, another portion bear a different impress; nor will such expectation be belied.

It is not unreasonably with a view to the final result that the life of *David Copperfield* is made somewhat eventful at the outset, more eventful, indeed, than the summary heading of the earlier chapters, "I am born; I observe; I have a change," would lead us to believe. David's mamma is a widow, widowed before the boy is born. She is also, in the opinion of strong-

minded Betsy Trotwood, a wax-doll, whom David senior was a fool to marry. The waxen widow, a weak, amiable creature, marries again one Murdstone, black-whiskered and shallow-eyed, who, by the aid of a sister, likewise black-haired, bullies the poor lady to death. The child in this case is, happily, not so fragile a creature as was Paul Dombey, and we have less of mystical precociousness revealed. Natural enough is the detail of that one particular cock, whose voice and gesture had in them something terrible; of that one particular closet, redolent of jam and ghosts; of the dial which was conjectured to feel glad when the morning sun shone out again, and of the nurse with the forefinger like a nutmeg-grater, whose buttons would fly off with a bang under any casual excitement, starting reflections in the child's mind just as the buttons of Munchausen's dogskin jacket used to spring a covey of birds. There are ladies, we do not doubt, who would willingly bear testimony to these occasional misunderstandings between dresses and emotions. With the advent of Murdstone a cloud comes over the child's existence. His education commences under one Creakle, at an establishment after the Dotheboys type, where he acquires an affection for James Steerforth, a hero with curls and pocket-money, and Tommy Traddles, a youth with rebellious hair, inexhaustible good nature, and a passion for designing skeleton faces. Ere this, however, he has been introduced by Peggotty, the nurse, to her Yarmouth friends, and dwelt, while by the sea-shore, with Mr. Peggotty, fisherman, Ham, his orphan nephew, Emily, his orphan niece, and lachrymose Mrs. Gummidge, his housekeeper. The mother dead, Murdstone consigns the child to his partner, Quinion, and bottle-washing at a warehouse by the river at Blackfriars. Here he has a taste of life in the streets, and puts up under the roof of Wilkins Micawber, Esq., a general waiter upon Providence, with a weakness for drawing upon the future by means of "acceptances," and more than a viceroy's zest for writing diplomatic and confidential letters. Mr. Micawber, with his wife and family, are a part of portion No. 2, as above described. They live better on nothing than most people do on a little; they fluctuate between tears and smiles; they pass from despair to hot punch, and from the immediate prospect of starvation to a sanguine gaiety. Alnaschar is a joke to them; in a forlorn tenement, beyond the City-road, they calculate the expense of putting out a bow-window from their house in Piccadilly. As to exterior, Mr. Micawber is stout and bald, he wears shabby clothes, an enormous shirt-collar, and an eye-glass, dangling "for ornament, not use." A daring design upon the Custom-house, and visions of assistance from Mrs. M's. family carry them to Plymouth; on their departure, David determines to seek his sole relative, the Betsy Trotwood, whom he unconsciously alienated at his birth. Robbed at the outset by an ingenious costermonger, he accomplishes the journey to Dover on foot, subsisting on the produce of his jacket and waistcoat, and arrives at the cottage in rags. Miss Trotwood lives on an eminence in the suburbs, overlooking the sea. With her on the first floor is Mr. Richard Batley, a harmless, gentlemanly monomaniac, whom she has rescued from the less pleasant seclusion his friends designed for him. The boy is housed, and after an interview with Murdstone and sister, the nephew becomes the exclusive property of his aunt, who is eccentric and determined, but kind. She sends David to school at Canterbury, to one Dr. Strong, pedagogue and lexicographer, an old, abstracted, kindly sort of man, with a very young and pretty wife; but he is to lodge with Mr. Wickfield, Miss Trotwood's solicitor, in an old house, low browed and wainscoated, fit shrine for a daughter Agnes, "a quiet, good, calm spirit," the heroine of the tale. By way of contrast there is Heep, articled clerk, articled out of charity, whom to describe description fails; he is a sinister, crouching fawning imp of humility; viperous in soul and body; long-fingered and splay-footed and red-eyed, with damp exudations of the cuticle, a frog-like hand; altogether "a moist unwholesome body;" him, too, we are inclined to put in the category of the hypernaturals. Schooldays over, Miss Trotwood will have David to see a little of the world before he decides on a profession. In London he falls in with the hero of the curly hair, and, after being introduced at Highgate to that Oxonian's mother, and her familiar, Miss Dartle, and feeling inextinguishably young in the presence of Littimer, most respectable of servants, is accompanied by Steerforth to Yarmouth. Miss Dartle is powerfully drawn. "She had black hair and eager black eyes, and was thin, and had a scar upon her lip. I concluded in my own mind that she was 30, and wished to be married. She was a little dilapidated—like a house—with having been so long to let: her thinness seemed to be the effect of some wasting fire within her, which found a vent in her gaunt eyes." The scar was the work of Steerforth when a child. It is the index of Miss Dartle's susceptibilities, and owns some allegiance to the hand that caused it. From this point commences the tragic portion of the tale. Little Em'ly, Mr. Peggotty's niece, a beautiful girl, with only too much refinement and intelligence, is now the promised wife of her cousin, Ham. Steerforth, who makes himself universally agreeable, takes to the sea as his native

element, wins the affection of the boatmen, and ends by purchasing "a clipper," which he leaves Littimer behind him to superintend. Ham's peace of mind is evidently threatened. The world of London. Highgate and Yarmouth thus scrutinized, Doctors' Commons is suggested, and accepted as the immediate sphere of David's labours. The aunt finds a thousand pounds for Messrs. Spenlow and Jorkins, and places her boy in lodgings with Mrs. Crupp, Buckingham-street, Adelphi. The portrait of Mr. Spenlow's accurate exterior, and of the monkish place with its heterogeneous monopolies, is only equalled by the strange tenacity of the unseen Mr. Jorkins, a figure who may be supposed to illustrate the silent influences of a good many "sleeping partners," male and female. At this point Agnes appears as his good angel, and, warning him against Steerforth as his bad angel, is but imperfectly credited. Uriah Heep, whose humility has exalted him to a partnership with Wickfield, has a design upon the affections of Agnes, who moves, however, too serenely above him, lavishing her tenderness on her father alone. Meanwhile, another angel appears to David in Dora Spenlow, the accurate Spenlow's only child. She has acquired in Paris some graces, but has neither intellect nor education. There is a sentimental *confidante*, Julia Mills, a spaniel *Jip*, and a duenna, who by the law of recurring uniformities, which Mr. Dickens faithfully observes, turns out to be no other than Miss Murdstone. The innocent intrigue, abetted by the poetic Julia, is brought to light by that blackhaired inquisitress, and Mr. Spenlow "pooh poohs" the thing, but behaves quite as a member of a genteel corporation should behave, Miss Trotwood's inexplicable loss of property being, of course, an element in the consideration. Troubles are thickening, for Steerforth has succeeded too well in detaching little Em'ly from the ruder, but more faithful suitor, and carried her off to the continent. Mr. Pegotty makes it the business of his life to find, rescue, and forgive her. Ham, who is also a gentleman in feeling, though heartbroken, is calm and magnanimous. Than these two Mr. Dickens has conceived nothing more exalted or more touching. David's love, less noble, but more fortunate, prospers again after the sudden decease of Mr. Spenlow, who leaves the scene in a fit of apoplexy, the result, it would seem, of comfortable living and uncomfortable neckcloths. Dora falls into the hands of two spinster aunts who enjoy the engagement very much, and make a pet of it until the heroic David has attained a sufficiency by reporting and other various labour; the melodrama then explodes in a matrimonial scene; there is some baby housekeeping, during which the intense silliness of the child-wife is only half redeemed by some touches of pathos, and in a year or two Dora does exactly that she had best do—retires upon a narrow property near the church and an annuity of regrets. Henceforth Agnes occupies the scene which Dora has quitted,—her firmness, faith and purity coming out in contrast to the debility, mental and bodily, of Mr. Wickfield, now hopelessly entangled in the meshes of Heep, and to the villanous subtlety and cunning of that humble young man. By the by, Mr. Micawber, whose die has been cast, whose flower has been cankered, and whose longevity has been extremely problematical a number of times, is now law writer to Heep. Versatile creature as he is, though, and charged full with shifts and contrivances, he has all the dignity of a more successful man, and by a patient process of counter-machination exposes the rascality of his master. Heep is compelled to compromise matters and bolt. Mr. Wickfield resigns business, Agnes keeping school in the old house, and Miss Trotwood is restored to comfort and the old cottage at Dover. Mr. Peggotty's wanderings in search of the lost one have been rewarded at last. He sails with Emily for the antipodes; but ere they sail Copperfield goes down to Yarmouth to carry the last messages for Ham. When he arrives a hurricane rages; a Spanish vessel is wrecked close in shore, and her crew swept overboard, until one alone remains. Ham, in a second desperate endeavour to reach the vessel, is buffeted to death by the waves, and when the ship goes to pieces it is the lifeless body of Steerforth that lies among the ruins of the home he had made desolate. Doubly depressed, Copperfield goes abroad for some years, returning more famous, for he has been writing among the mountains. He accomplishes the destiny long foreshadowed by marrying Agnes—

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, and comfort, and command,
> And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of angelic light."

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The story thus represents to us two lives subject to vicissitudes, and moving parallel with one another in patient self-reliance until they unite in one. The antecedent marriage of David and Dora is an episode thrown in to demonstrate the simplicity and truth which may coexist with weakness before they overcome it. Nor is there anything unnatural in the idea of a foolish passion or a foolish match, though there is in the impersonation of it. Dora Spenlow is a caricature—one of those caricatures into which Mr. Dickens allows himself to be seduced by his habit of working up figures in detail, and his desire to make every stroke tell; a decent amount of

folly and childishness might have been united to a great deal of tenderness, without so far violating probability as to make the reader impatient for the drop scene. Skill enough, however, is shown in the half-unconscious reference to Agnes of all higher feelings and interests, and in the gradual awakening to a sense of error—"the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart," unaccompanied as it is by any cessation of affection for Dora; and so also in the obtuseness so long displayed as to Agnes' real feeling, a trait obviously masculine.

We have something of a similar outline in the second tale, the course of which, however, is sooner told, for Mr. Thackeray does not fill his canvass with such a variety of portraits and incidents. Near a small country town in the west of England there are two detached houses, one large, the other small. Clavering Park is vacant, for Sir Francis, of that ilk, is abroad. In the other, Fairoaks, lives a retired medical practitioner, John Pendennis, Esq., late of the city of Bath. He has a wife—Helen, gentle, sweet, but a little uninteresting, and a son, Arthur. The wife cherishes also a little girl, Laura, daughter of her cousin, the Rev. T. Bell, deceased. John Pendennis has a brother, a Major, who has retired from the service on half-pay, and a large stock of fashionable friends, who becomes guardian to Arthur on his father's decease. The boy, though only 16 at the time of that event, is allowed to leave school, for the mother is fond and weak—Smirke, the curate, making him an apology for a tutor. Being a youth of parts and already a poet, his heart is set on fire by the star of a dramatic company,—the Fotheringay, a large dark-eyed ignorant woman, with a genial but drunken sire, Captain Costigan, once of Costigansstown. The intercourse has commenced under the auspices of Harry Foker, son of Foker's Entire, an old schoolfellow, a short, stout, empty, good-natured, and over-dressed—in other words a "fastish" young man. The Major is startled by a letter from Helen announcing the not improbable marriage of her son: his promptitude and tact avert this calamity, and the youth goes to an university which Mr. Thackeray has denominated Oxbridge. Here he becomes popular, runs in debt, and is plucked; but finally accomplishes a degree, and, subsiding into the country, finds a remedy for *ennui* in a new flirtation. Clavering Park is occupied at last, for the present baronet has married a Begum. The Begum has a daughter by her first husband, Blanche (or by baptism Betsy) Amory, a blonde, who had begun to gush into sentiment at a very early age. After wearing out this passion, in order to please the widow, he proposes to Laura, who has strength of mind enough to refuse him. He next gets to town, enters at the bar, is pushed in society by the Major, and takes to the literary line by aid of Warrington, a sort of Hercules in mind and body, and uncommonly well drawn. Fanny Bolton, daughter of the porter at Shepherd's-inn, diverts his attention, but he conquers himself, and has a bad fever; after which there is a tour on the continent. During this tour Helen, who has misunderstood the Bolton affair, dies of heart disease in the transport of renewed confidence. Laura goes to live with Lady Rockminster, a rigorous old woman of the world, with as much kindness as character, and Arthur, by the machinations of the Major, becomes engaged to Miss Amory, who is to bring him a fortune and a seat in Parliament. Neither cares much for the other, and the lady, attracted by the superior wealth of Foker, breaks with Pendennis. The conclusion is a marriage with Laura and the attainment of the borough by the legitimate course of things.

It will be seen from this outline that the incidents of Mr. Thackeray's story are not of an exciting kind. It is intended to represent simply the way of the world, and it does so. Its merits consist in the truth of that representation. The interest given to Mr. Dickens's work by its biographical form was here impossible, for the centre figure is not meant to be a hero at all, and Laura only a heroine in the sense in which all good young women are such. Carrying out the proposition which he announced in *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Thackeray has once more depicted the average features of the people one meets, neither ascending to any great heights nor descending to any extraordinary depths. The whole story is consistent with this intention. We have drawing-rooms before us, never cottages; fashion rather than nature; in other words, that second nature which custom creates. We have a style which harmonizes with the topics, and a philosophy which, whether intended to do so or not, never rises above the obvious and the commonplace. Perhaps no greater distinction can be drawn between the two works than this, that the one confines itself to the artificial phase of society, the other to the real. Allowing this, the wider scope of Mr. Dickens's novel is at once explained. There is room for more range of character—for more diversity of adventure—for a more thoughtful and suggestive tone. Mr. Thackeray tells us in his preface that he could willingly have treated us to squalor and crime—St. Giles's and a gallows scene, but that he mistrusted his powers. The resolve was judicious, for what he has done he has done well, catching not a little of the force and spirit with which his favorite models, Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, illustrated the realities of a century ago. Pen-

dennis is not exactly a Tom Jones, but he is conceived from the same point of view. The only question is whether Mr. Thackeray has done wisely in applying the doctrine of limits to character so unvaryingly, and we are inclined to believe that, while he has observed keenly enough the peculiarities of the world which he depicts, he has not guaged universal humanity so skilfully as Mr. Dickens. In *David Copperfield* there are more contrasts of character, more varieties of intellect, a more diverse scenery, and more picturesqueness of detail. It is the whole world rather than a bit of it which you see before you. There is first the childhood, vividly painted, happy and unsuspicious, with its ideas and feelings not at all overdone; in *Pendennis*, on the contrary, you have rather the fact that he was once a child than childhood described. There are, secondly,—and it is an artifice of which Mr. Dickens is somewhat too fond,—some people without wit in his tale. With Mr. Batley we find no fault, for he is a pendant to Miss Trotwood, who could ill be spared; but Dora is an infliction. The effect, however, of these portraits is to throw the intellect of others into relief, and also to give a colouring such as the harmless enjoyments and simple affection of crazed people alone can give. There is no satire in the description of their extravagances; on the contrary, there is something at once joyous and tender, something mysterious and impressive, in the history of a lunatic, which makes the Swiss and the Oriental revere him, and which made Wordsworth put him into verse. As he goes lower in the scale of intellect and manners, so also Mr. Dickens rises higher than Mr. Thackeray—his hero is greater than Pendennis, and his heroine than Laura, while "my Aunt" might alike, on the score of eccentricities and kindliness, take the shine out of Lady Rockminster. The Yarmouth group, again, is no exaggeration, and, while introducing another of Mr. Dickens's merits, the power of description gives at once the effect of a general contrast running through the tale, and absorbs as much interest as the central figures by the force and dignity of the delineation; the depth of feeling revealed in Mr. Peggotty and in Ham, the energetic patience of one, the passive endurance of the other, not less than Mrs. Gummidge's sudden conversion from querulousness to activity and self-forgetfulness, are the evidence at once of knowledge and of imagination. Nor is the mute Mr. Barkis's expressive gesture, or the leg-rubbing and strong vernacular of the boatman, less true to the life. What we cannot allow to Mr. Dickens is the invariable fidelity which accompanies Mr. Thackeray's characters. There are cases where his facts are not so true as his ideas. It might be quite true, for instance, that Miss Dartle would hate Steerforth's victim with all the rancour of jealousy; but it is very unlikely that she should seek her out in order to reproach her with her shame, and gloat over her misery with the fiendish violence ascribed to her. The thing is altogether overstrained. We have already said that Dora is not a fact, and we must extend the censure to a frequent want of truth in language, not that the dialect of Mr. Pegotty is less racy than the brogue of Captain Costigan, but that in any passage of sentiment Mr. Dickens lets the sentiment run away with him. Who ever heard of one young man saying gravely to another, "You are always equally loved and cherished in my heart," or of a bride who has just entered the travelling carriage coming out with so Tennysonian decasyllabic as—

"It grows out of the night when Dora died?"

—a fault this, which grows out of the over poetical tendencies of the author, tendencies discoverable enough in all his works, and evidenced as much, perhaps, in the characters of Barnaby Rudge and Paul Dombey as in any discursiveness of mere expression. It is Mr. Thackeray's merit that his prose is downright prose; he does not seem, indeed, to have the faculty of committing such mistakes as these; but compare the fidelity of the greeting between Pendennis and Warrington, and the remarks thereon, with the conversation of David and Steerforth; or compare the rage of Miss Dartle with anything said or accomplished by Becky, in *Vanity Fair*, and you will not hesitate to say which way the balance inclines. It may be said, however, that Mr. Thackeray was preserved in some degree from such faults by casting all his characters within a narrow sphere, and that sphere one in which language is easily caught, and all of one pattern. Yet we are inclined to take exception against the profusion of "egads" and "begads" with which that most gentlemanly old man the Major interlards his discourse, even if not against their Irish first cousin "bedad," which emphasizes the rich brogue of "the *pore* old man who was dthriven to dthrinking by ingratitude." As in language so in exterior and manners, Mr. Thackeray's people are less marked. He does not wish to individualize. Mr. Dickens has a perfect passion for being particular, as if the portrait might be wanted in the *Hue and Cry*. We must suppose either that people in the best society have not their tricks—little tricks of the body, that is—or else that Mr. Dickens has an unnatural faculty of detecting them. All the accessory characters in his books gesticulate. They have a hundred little ways of identifying themselves. Like the gentleman in *Lavengro* who must for the life of him touch something, they are always

popping out with some peculiarity, which might make us think that Mr. Dickens, with the doctor quoted the other day by Lord Campbell, believed in universal monomania. Uriah Heep, for instance, is first introduced to us as trying to put a spell upon the pony—his sinuous contortions and shadowless eyes are forever before us as illustrative of his wily wickedness. Mrs. Steerforth is to be the quintessence of pride, Miss Trotwood of firmness and eccentric good nature, the Murdstones of firmness and ill nature. Mrs. Steerforth, therefore, is tall and rigid, Miss Trotwood rigid and tall. So is Mr. Murdstone, so is Miss Murdstone. so was Mr. Dombey. Mr. Spenlow's sisters are to be like a pair of canaries. neat, dapper, twittering sort of females; accordingly they have a curious appetite for lumps of sugar and seedcake. Again, Mr. Dickens is as deep in nasology as the learned Slawkenbergius; his people are perpetually wagging their noses, or flattening them against windows, or rubbing them, or evincing some restlessness or other in connexion with them. He is not much less scientific in eyes, and ought by this time to have a regular classification of them. The effect of all this is that you trace something genuine in Mr. Thackeray's figures more easily than you do in Mr. Dickens's. You have not such a series of peculiarities to separate before you can regard the nature by itself. Fokers, Pendennises, Helens, and Lauras abound everywhere. You can't go out without meeting them, nor do they; the first especially, deny the portraiture; if there is any desire to deny it, that arises, not from Mr. Thakeray's allowing them too little goodness. but from his not allowing them enough wits. The ladies, however, ought to be propitiated by something of additional beauty and force assigned to them in *Pendennis*. Compare the tone of the two books, and one will be found, as a whole, light-hearted and hopeful, the other dolorous and depressing. Both books are comic in much of their expression, for both writers are humourists, but the humour of one is more gloomy than that of the other, as if from a shadow fallen upon a life. While in *David Copperfield* the tragedy is consummated in a single chapter, in *Pendennis* it is spread over the whole surface of the story. In the former case a man is slain; in the latter case human aspirations and complacencies are demolished. Rising from the perusal of Mr. Dickens's work, you forget that there is evil in the world, and remember only the good. The distinction drawn between the bad and good is a broad one. Rising from Mr. Thackeray's, you are doubtful of yourself and of humanity at large, for nobody is very bad or very good, and everybody seems pretty well contented. The *moral* might almost be summed up into the American's creed, "There's nothing new, there's nothing true, and it don't signify." One might almost fancy that Mr. Thackeray had reduced his own theory of life to that average which he strikes from the practice of all around him. We are brought into a mess and left there, woman's love and purity being the only light upon our path. Mr. Dickens touches a higher key; his villains, Heep and Littimer, stand out as villains; his women—and we may take My Aunt and Agnes as equally faithful pictures,—hold an eminence which women may and do reach in this world, and which mere purity and love do not suffice to attain.

We do not wish, however, to be hard on Mr. Thackeray's selection of his scene. As forms of sensual existence, varied only by circumstance and taste, his characters are as true as the velvet of Mr. Hunt's Mariana, so lately a topic of discussion, or the topers of Teniers—only do not let the picture be taken as expressing the whole truth of the matter; there is a large suppression. We must grant, by way of counterpoise, that Mr. Dickens frequently sins in excess. He contemplates human nature in its strength, and on its unsophisticated side;—Mr. Thackeray in its weakness and on its most artificial basis. The consequence is, that the former verges on the sentimental, the latter on the cynical, one being the reaction of the other; only while the first is no unmanly weapon in Mr. Dickens's hand the last is a sufficiently temperate one in the hand of Mr. Thackeray. As to actual influence, we should, for the reasons aforesaid, assign the higher place to Mr. Dickens, partly because the expressed morality comes forth as something definite, the fruit of personal experience, yet conveyed through a personage of the tale, partly because the highest lessons inculcated, such as those of faith in Mr. Peggotty and resignation in Ham, are some of the highest that can be inculcated, and partly, also, because the world which Mr. Thackeray experiments on is a world of salamanders, fireproof, inclined to disbelieve that the lesson they can criticise may possibly increase their condemnation. Each rejoices to be what he is. Foker and Major Pendennis rejoice in their portraits. save that the latter don't think he is so "dooseedly" made up, after all. You may as well write at them as preach at them; and did not the Major go to church? Perfect as *Pendennis* is, then, in execution, we are bound, when weighing it with *Copperfield*, to adjudge the chief merit where the most universal interest is conciliated and the most exalted teaching hidden beneath the tale. The epic is greater than the satire.

MONODY.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP EAMES.

I.

A dirge of sorrow—a dirge of gloom—
A wail of woe o'er an early tomb—
A funeral requiem—and for whom?
Ah, yes! for whom?

II.

Not for the father with furrow'd brow—
With faltering step and head of snow—
The honor'd sire at length laid low,
No, not for him!

III.

Nor yet for the mother, who long has been
A suffering saint on this earthly scene,—
But with holy courage and faith serene,
Not yet, for her!

IV.

Not for the gentle sisters twain,
So strongly linked in affection's chain,
Is this passionate weeping—Oh, how vain!
No! not for them!

V.

A dirge of sorrow—a dirge of gloom;
Softly, O mother earth, make room
For one, who has passed in her youth and bloom!
Ah, yes! for her!

VI.

For *her*, the youngest and fairest one—
Whose day upon earth is already done,—
Whose bright brief race is forever run—
Ah, yes! for *her!*

THE LITTLE SAINT.

At the still, matin hour,
I see her bend in prayer—
As bends a virgin-flower,
Kissed by the summer air;
There's meekness in her eyes,
But on her lips—a smile:
How hard the little angel tries,
To be serious all the while.

I tell her, 'tis not right
To be half grave, half gay—
Imploring in God's sight,
A blessing on the day.
She hears, and looks devout,
Although it gives her pain;
Still, when the ritual's almost out,
She's sure to smile again.

She shocks her maiden aunt,
Who thinks it a disgrace,
That do her best she can't
Give her a solemn face;
She'll scold and rate and fume,
And lecture hour by hour,
Until she makes the very room
Look passionate and sour—

But still, it will not do:
Soon as the sermon's done,
The fairy blooms anew,
Like a violet in the sun.
I cannot damp her mirth—
I cannot check her play:
Little of bliss there is on earth—
Ah, let it have full sway.

I asked her yesternight,
Why, when prayer was made,
Her brow of happy light
Could never change to shade.
"Father!" she said, "you love
Better to see me glad.
And so I thought the Christ above
Would grieve to see me sad."

P. H. H.

HUNGARY.*

Proud of the free institutions under which, in less than the ordinary life time of an individual, they have attained a place in the first ranks of nations,—an extent of territory transcending that of Ancient Rome,—a degree of social comfort and general well-being unapproached in the world's History,—a development of resources and a boldness and magnitude of application to the service of man of the achievements of modern art and sciences not elsewhere to be witnessed;—and thoroughly imbued with faith in man's capacity and right to determine the rules by which he shall guide his intercourse and conduct in society and the State, the people of this Republic could but regard with profound sympathy the uprising of the masses in Europe which characterized the year 1848. In those movements were beheld the reflex of our own system and a recognition of its fitness to a people's true position in the civilized state. With none of those popular demonstrations, however, did our people

1. PAGET'S HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA. With Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political and Economical.
2. THE WAR IN HUNGARY. By Max Schlesingen, 2 vols. London, 1850.
3. THE HUNGARIAN CAMPAIGN, narrated by an eye witness. Edited by J. W. W. Tyndale. London, 1850.
4. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January 1850 and '51. See Articles on Hungary and the War of Races.

* A very full,—and in the main correct abstract of the English edition of Paget's Hungary, may be found in the Messenger for January and February 1846.

so universally and cordially sympathise, as with that of Hungary. Some vague, indefinite statements which had reached us from that isolated section of Europe, led many to believe that for centuries there had existed among that people an indomitable love of personal. religious and political liberty, a determined protestation against the dogma of the "*divine rights*" of kings, and the germs of institutions, requiring merely genial development to assimilate them closely with our own. We, therefore, confidently anticipated, in that quarter, the most rational, and more immediately beneficial results.

But with few—we apprehend—were these impressions the consequences of any searching investigation, of any intimate knowledge of the past or present history of Hungary, and its true relation to the empire of Austria. On the one side, we saw arrayed a king. claiming absolute supremacy and the unrestrained exercise of his royal will and pleasure:—On the other, a people contending manfully for representation. prescribing rules of civil conduct, and a substantial share in the government. No further knowledge was generally regarded as essential to the formation of just conclusions.

The arrival of each steamship was anxiously and impatiently looked for,—every triumph of an Hungarian army, was hailed with profound rejoicing, while, every check or defeat sent the warm blood back, chilled to the popular heart. The news of Russian intervention, was every where among us received with sorrow and indignation; but the great results which for a time followed the almost superhuman efforts of the Hungarians, and the wondrous energy and resources which the exigency seemed to call forth, induced with many the hope, that notwithstanding the terrible disparity of the hostile parties. the side of Liberty would still prevail. Suddenly, however, like a thunder-peal in midwinter, there came across the sea, intelligence of the surrender of Görgey—the dispersion of all of the Hungarian armies—the flight of Kossuth and other of the leaders, and the complete triumph of the party of reaction and of absolutism—

"Men slaughter'd, children bondslaves made, sweet ladies forc'd with lust;
Fires climbing tow'rs, and turning them to heaps of fruitless dust."

After a time, when being no longer agitated by exciting events, and the "likelihoods and forms of hope," the waves of popular emotion had subsided. here and there grave essays, with much display of regard for, and appreciation of the truths and requirements of history were made to give such a version of the origin, progress and conduct of the Hungarian movement, and of the fundamental questions involved in the struggle with Austria, as must entirely change the current of belief and sympathy if accredited, or if accordant with the facts and real status.

But those who have thus proclaimed and sought to establish views of the subject so discordant with the views of the masses, have by no means looked at the question from the same *stand-point*. To some the Hungarians appeared as ultra *Proletaires* of red republicanism, tainted with the most vicious socialistic tendencies and aiming at the overthrow of Order, the supremacy of anarchy. To others, on the contrary, the contest seemed one, for the advantage of the aristocratic classes alone—the security of privileges and continuance of feudal restrictions, superadded to which was a design to reduce all other races in the State to the domination of the Magyars, numerically in the minority.

To this last class of observers belong several of high critical position and authority in the United States,* whose lucubrations it has seemed incumbent upon us to subject to such tests as were at hand, in order that after a studious consideration of the subject, we may, with some show of reason, arrive at the true state of the case. With this view we have given the questions involved in the war between Hungary and Austria patient investigation, and have gleaned a wide field of research: the results of which we now propose to submit to the reader, with as much briefness as may befit the subject, and a proper regard to distinctness and sufficient illustration.

From the establishment of the Hungarian State, in the 9th century, by the election of Arpad to the headship of the Magyars, that people reserved a larger share of liberty of action and conscience, and of popular rights than was done elsewhere in Europe, at that day, or for ages subsequently. Essentially a martial race, yielding to their chosen leaders all that obedience necessary for the prompt and successful execution of their schemes of conquest, they nevertheless most sedulously guarded their social and political rights, and restricted the powers of those leaders. And this, while at the same time, enslaving and despoiling of both rights and lands, those races encountered and vanquished on the broad and fertile plains of Pannonia.

Between that period and the first quarter of the 13th century, a gradual aggrandizement of the several branches of the nobility was effected—Transylvania, Slavonia, Croatia, Servia, Dalma-

* We refer especially to the articles in the North American Review on this subject.

tia, Moldavia, Bosnia, Gallicia and Bessarabia* all inhabited by races of the great Slavic family, were successively annexed to the Hungarian dominions.

About 1322, in the reign of Andreas II, the nobles of the kingdom wrung from that monarch the "Golden Bull," a charter of much the same import and importance as the "*Magna Charter*," which some eight years previously had been granted under similar circumstances to the English Barons. This charter, the fundamental constitution of Hungary, and peculiarly dear to that people, secured, it must be admitted, many privileges and immunities to certain classes in the State to the prejudice and oppression of others and of the subjected races. But in the course of time, a middle class was politically recognized; the representative branch of the Legislature, at first restricted to the noble classes exclusively, was opened to delegates from the free towns and royal cities;† municipal institutions founded on a broad basis of representation were created, and other material enlargements of the rights of the inferior classes and races were gradually accomplished.‡

Thus, much the same as in England, was the the Constitution of Hungary gradually formed and developed—starting with a charter forced from a reluctant monarch by the noble classes, it was enlarged by degrees to suit the requirements, newly developed interests and ideas and the progress of social and political civilization of the nation, while certain restrictions on the one side and privileges on the other became in time obsolete and inoperative.

It is in no wise necessary to our purpose to trace minutely the rise and progress of this constitution, or to sketch in detail the events of nine centuries of Hungarian history. An event here and there, however, we must note in passing, as land marks by which to guide us in the progress to our conclusions.

About the middle of the 16th century the first connexion of the House of Austria with the throne of Hungary occurred by the election of Ferdinand, brother of the then reigning emperor, Charles V. From that ill-starred day this family has furnished kings to Hungary, who, while ever ready in times of immediate need with ample acknowledgments of the obligations and restrictions of the Hungarian Constitution, with new concessions and solemn oaths to pay each and all due observance, have nevertheless incessantly, either by bold encroachments or subtle machinations and intrigues, sought to subvert the institutions of the kingdom and usurp the rights of the people.

In 1687 Leopold I. succeeded in gaining a semblance of legislative sanction, by which the throne of Hungary was made hereditary in the House of Hapsburg, without further legislative formalities. But this usurpation was earnestly resisted with various fortune; and at one time a treaty was proposed by the king, restoring all previous constitutional privileges; granting religious freedom and stipulating that a general Diet should be convened to determine and restore the laws, with guarantees for many other measures of social and political reform. But circumstances not connected with the main and national points at issue, prevented the conclusion of the treaty.* Leopold died, and the struggle was as indomitably maintained through the reign of his son and successor, Joseph I, who was constrained to swear on his coronation, that the people of Hungary "should preserve, under the hereditary monarchy, all the privileges, immunities, rights, customs and liberties which they had enjoyed under the elective monarchy," through the successive reigns of Charles III. and Maria Theresa, and until the death of Joseph II., the ablest of his dynasty, who had so strenuously, though vainly, labored to mould the various heterogeneous races and nationalities, owning his sway into one central, homogeneous, germanized government, regardless of any and all incongruities, dissimilar institutions, languages, customs and different stages of social and political progress. Leopold II., brother of Joseph, having ascended the throne, yielded to the popular demands and was crowned in accordance with ancient customs, and in 1790, in explicit phrase conceded: "That Hungary is a free and independent nation in her entire system of legislation and government, and not subject to any other State or any other people, but that she shall always have her own separate existence and her own constitution, and shall consequently be governed by kings crowned according to her national

*The five last principalities were detached during the reign of Sigismund.

†Deputies from towns and boroughs were not admitted into the English Parliament until the reign of Edward I. But at first these deputies possessed few privileges and little authority; being merely called upon to provide for the wants of the King and to approve of the measures and resolutions of the monarch and the assembly of the Peers. In the course of time the powers of this class of the Legislature were extended and the present House of Commons grew up.

‡The writer of the abstract of Paget's Hungary referred to in note, p. 1 of this article, who is generally so correct was not authorized by the text of Paget in stating that no amalgamation took place in Hungary between the conquering Magyars and the Slavonians.

*The consummation of this treaty was prevented by a a denial of certain just claims of the leaders of the revolt.

laws, rights and customs."* This declaration, since confirmed by all his successors, on the occasion of their coronation, establishes beyond controversy Hungary's claim to separate nationality and independence of all interference by the cabinet of Vienna.

That Hungary "was not an independent country, the greatest courtier," says Paget, "would not dare insinuate." (Hungary and Transylvania, vol. i, p. 110.)

"There can be no clearer fact," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, "in the history of Modern Europe than the constitutional independence of Hungary." * * * * "Five times in the course of a single century (1606, 1711) did the Hungarian people rise in defence of their constitution, and what is still dearer to them, their liberty. * * * * On the approach of foreign invasion they were as devoted to Kaisar as the cavaliers to Charles Stuart. In asserting their rights they were as keen, vigilant and unflinching as Pym, Hampden and Somers." (Vol. xc, p. 233.)

Hungary is in no wise to be regarded as an Austrian province, a dependency of the imperial crown. All who so view her are strangely misinformed, and

"Take from thence all error."

The connexion between the two realms of Austria and Hungary was, and is much the same as that which existed between the electorate of Hanover and Great Britain from the accession of George I. to the English throne, until the death of William IV.—that of a common king.†

Notwithstanding these historical facts and these explicit acknowledgments of the obligations of the constitution so often confirmed in the most solemn manner in the face of the Hungarian nation, by royal coronation-oaths, the cabinet of Vienna and the Hapsburg dynasty have ever seemed to regard them as merely made to be "undone and brought to nothing," and of too slight regard and trivial nature to stay their measures of centralization and absolutism. For centuries, therefore, the struggle has never ceased:—on the one side, the Hungarians are seen arrayed, battling firmly for their old constitutional institutions and rights, seeking to preserve them intact—for which their most zealous, watchful efforts were requisite—when not able to secure new concessions and give wider scope to the constitutional spirit of the people. On the other hand—but most often in ambush—absolutism has kept the field, and by nimble strategy or bold assault has, with equal pertinacity and greater cunning, pursued its encroachments and interferences.

During the wars with Napoleon, the Diet was regularly convened by Francis II., but no sooner was the Holy Alliance formed, and the dread Corsican consigned to his living tomb, than such convocations were dispensed with, and Hungary was made dependent directly upon the central council of State until 1825, when Hungarian resistance again compelled the assemblage of that body, and another confirmation of the organic laws of the State.

It may be said, however, that until 1827 many of the most strenuous and determined opponents of the central power were of the class of Magnates,—those who maintained the struggle with a view to the restoration and secure possession of personal and class-exclusive privileges and immunities. But from 1827 there rose up a new party in Hungary; animated by nobler and more far-reaching comprehensive aims, and soaring above special, personal or class considerations—ardent advocates of wholesome reform in old institutions; an extension of privileges to classes not regarded in the old constitution—freedom of commerce, improvement of its channels and of internal communication; increased freedom and the education of the Peasants; the freedom of the press and the abrogation of laws restricting the sale and purchase of landed property.

The party advocating these salutary measures and known as the "Hungarian party," formed a majority of the privileged classes known to the constitution. The largest portion of the aristocracy of the nation having become liberal, and earnestly desirous of freeing the people from the effete institutions and restrictive laws of a barbarous age, sought to give free development to the representative character of their institutions, and to erect a government based on true constitutional and representative principles in accordance with the imperative demands of the time which they had the intelligence to see.* Yet these

* "Hungary—including Croatia, Slavonia and the Litora—is free and independent, preserving its regime, constitution, tribunals and its customs, *and may not be governed as an Austrian province.* The legislative power can only be exercised by Diets convoked in accordance with law, by a *crowned* king. The powers of the tribunals are fixed. The king alone can exercise executive powers, *but in strict conformity alone with the fundamental laws*, his acts are *null if not in conformity with the constitution.* He was obliged to convene the Diet every three years," &c., &c. See Marshal Marmont's "Notes Sur Hongrie." Paris.

† After the greater portion of this article had been written, we met with Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1849, in which we find this, the true position of Hungary towards Austria fully declared. Yet the partiality of that Journal for Austria is well known.

* See Marmont's "Notes Sur Hongrie," Paget's "Hungary." &c. Vol. i, p. 102 especially—and also, the Travels of Elliott, another Englishman who visited Hungary

healthy and beneficent schemes were mostly frustrated by delay or adroit evasion on the side of the Austrian government, whose officials, in the meanwhile, were assiduously employed in fomenting dissentions between races, and in arousing the idea of discordant interests between the higher classes and the peasants. The evidences of this are neither few nor inconclusive.*

As early as 1835 Baron Wesselenyi Miklos, a magnate of high talents, impassioned eloquence, great popularity and indomitable energy, had distinguished himself in the Diet of Transylvania, by liberalism and unbending opposition to Austrian aggression, and had gained a decided triumph in that very body, one half of which was composed of bureaucratic nominations. The result of this was the dissolution of the Diet. The indomitable and patriotic noble then proceeded to Hungary, of which he was likewise a magnate, and where at one of the county meetings, he urged with all his powers, and to the conviction of his auditors, the policy and justice of extending equal rights to peasants and all classes within the broad domains of Hungary. In the name of more than 8.000.000 of oppressed countrymen he solicited and demanded this—and asserted as a matter thoroughly apparent, that Austrian authorities were industriously fomenting and spreading dissensions, ill-feeling and jealousies between classes and races.†

For this address he was arrested and consigned to a dungeon, from which he emerged several years thereafter blind and a cripple for life. As may have been anticipated from the Hungarian character, such a high-handed and illegal measure met with the most earnest remonstrance from all quarters in Hungary. In the Diet it was discussed with irrepressible warmth and dauntlessness—the most liberal sentiments were uttered amid smiles and loud cheers of applause, while but a faint, feeble attempt, falling upon listless ears, was made to stem the current of popular condemnation and displeasure. Among the speakers on that occasion was Kossuth,‡ then a young man, but of great promise, and already identified with acts of intelligent liberalism and signal usefulness, such for instance as written reports of the proceedings of the Diet, which he for the first time prepared and spread before the Hungarian people. For this, however, in 1837, he was thrown into prison in direct violation of settled laws, and remained immured until 1840, when he was released with other prisoners of State by an act of general amnesty.

The patriot party clung—we must here state—with unflinching pertinacity in all controversies with the central authorities, to the strict letter of the old constitution with all its class-immunities and restrictions; for therein was involved the whole question of Hungarian independence and separate national existence—it was the safeguard of the nation against Austrian encroachment and ambition—but at the same time they sought by well-digested measures to give ample development in the spirit of their old representative institutions to every thing calculated to advance the social and political status of the people.

Along side with the party of political reform and development, worked with equal ardor and intelligence, one organized and led by Count Szechenyi, a magistrate. Their aim and purpose was the development of the physical resources—vast and multifarious in extent and kind—of the country, which until then had been wholly neglected, when not directly or indirectly obstructed and impaired by measures of Austrian policy. The introduction of steam on the Danube—the building of various bridges—the construction and repairs of high ways and other works of internal communication, were some of the most notable results of this movement, as well as the dissemination of much information relative to outside progress, and the institutions and domestic policy of the freest European nations, especially of England.

By 1847 the party of progress had become an irresistible host. Hungarians of all classes occupied themselves in thought, word and act, with the political state of the nation to the exclusion of other subjects and concerns.* In June of that year, eight months before the French revolution, the great work commenced in stern earnest and determination. A programme of the

soon after the introduction of steam on the Danube, and who states as a "remarkable feature in the country, and as one which indicates a generous tone of feeling on the part of the aristocracy, that under the conviction of their enjoying a power too unlimited for the present enlightened state of Europe, they are themselves desirous and have lately proposed to their Sovereign that a modification of their prerogatives should take place through the *intervention of Laws*."

* See Paget's Hungary.

† See Paget's Hungary. Vol. i, pp. 29–30.

‡ See Paget's Hungary, vol. i, p. 31, for the fact of Kossuth's presence in the Diet of 1836, and his speech on that occasion. He was a deputy, not a mere scribe or secretary in that Diet as some have stated.

* This is admitted by even the writers on the Austrian side. See Tyndale's "Hungarian Campaign," London, 1850, Page 2, whose proclivities may be seen in the fact that in detailing an unsuccessful attempt to basely assassinate General Bem, he regards the escape of the brave and able Pole as due to the evil genius of the Siebenburg, (see p. 58,) and who can "have nothing to say" with regard to the "complicated question of the rights and wrongs" involved in the disputes between Croatia and Hungary, his part being merely "to use the sword of the Emperor" and not that equally dangerous weapon the pen, p. 14.

party was announced in which were clearly enunciated the principal questions, "the prompt solution" of which were believed necessary for the good and well being of Hungary. It was therein declared as a "principal duty to lighten the burdens of the people who have hitherto been alone subject to taxation"—and not merely this, but "the equal distribution of the public burdens was proclaimed, as well as the participation of the non-nobles, of the inhabitants of the royal cities and of the free districts, in the legislative and municipal rights," and "equal rights before the law." Popular education was made an object of their solicitude, and pronounced "that powerful engine of national development" to which they should labor to give "such a direction as shall form able and patriotic citizens; that the people may, by this means likewise, attain personal independencies." The intelligence and comprehensive scope of views, correct sense of the real interests and rights of the people and true estimate of the sources of a nation's prosperity, as well as the ardent patriotism which animated the leaders of this movement, must be apparent even to the most cursory reader of their programme.

Foremost and most influential among them, "their mighty paramount" appeared Kossuth, "the most fearless and untiring advocate of all that tends to the amelioration and advancement of his country, the boldest and most unsparing denouncer of the errors and abuses in the constitution and government,"* who, since his release from prison in 1840, had become the darling of all classes of his countrymen, and had secured general confidence, the meed of intelligent patriotism, singleness of purpose and the highest order of intellect.

In the winter of 1847–8 the Diet met, and the words of the programme, to which we have just alluded, assumed the shape and obligation of Laws: civil and political equality without distinction of languages or religion—the complete abolition of privileges, and an equal or proportional participation in the public taxes were explicitly enacted, as well as a suffrage law, requiring but about $135 in value of real or personal property as a qualification in an elector, or a much smaller amount for those dwelling in towns—and free suffrage for those possessing a college diploma, and masters having apprentices. The next step in the march of progress was the thorough and effectual assurance of the independence of the Hungarian government, the final check to all tendency towards centralization with Austria, which was achieved as was hoped, by the 3rd article of the laws of this Diet, which, in its several sections, provided for a national and independent government for Hungary, with a separate ministry, emanating from and responsible to the National Assembly for the conduct of national and domestic affairs. On the 11th of April, 1848, these acts, one and all, received the solemn sanction and confirmation of the king, Ferdinand V.

Following upon these measures, the union between Transylvania and Hungary—sundered since the battle of Mohacs—was restored in May, 1848, by the unanimous act of the Diet of Transylvania with all requisite formalities and solemnities, and with the explicitly declared sanction and wishes of the emperor; an event hailed at the time with universal satisfaction and gratification by all classes and the several races of that principality.

The thorough consummation of the measures of the patriots and the advent of a happy day for Hungary seemed now inevitable. An era of development and progress had been installed which, before the lapse of many years, must place the nation among the first-rate powers of Europe. Her statesmen, fully equal to the exigency, occupied themselves with rare intelligence and energy in adjusting, adapting and improving the several parts of the machine of State so that it might be fitted for the prompt performance of the new and increased labors.

We now come to that part of our subject upon which most stress and reliance have been placed by all classes of those who view the Hungarian movement in a different light from that in which it appears to us, to wit: the question of races, of distinct and antagonistic nationalities; or alleged Croatian and Slavonic movement of resistance to what has been characterized in certain quarters, as Magyaric domination.

The Slavonic family of nations, occupying the largest portion of the east of Europe, and embracing the various elements of the Russian empire, is the largest one in Europe; but the different branches thereof have their peculiar dialects—the Croats, for instance, speak a dialect as distinct from that of the Serbs, Wallachs, Slovacks, Bosuians, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, and other Slavonians—and these again, vary severally, with each other—as is the case with the several races of the Scandinavian and German branches of the great Teutonic family.

But from the days of Peter the Great it has been a favorite measure of Russian policy to incorporate this wide-spread family into one nation, of which the Czar, would naturally, or from the force of circumstances, be the head; a policy which if not openly and boldly advanced

* We quote from Kohl, the admirable and indomitable German traveller, whose travels in Austria appeared as early as 1842, and who, be it remembered, seems to lean to the side of Austrian administration.

at all points towards consummation, may be traced mining its way onward with equal sagacity, adroitness and determination. Now, within the limits of what is generally termed the Austrian Empire, are more than sixteen millions of these Slavonians. These were not to be incorporated into the already Colossal Empire of the North by force, on scant pretence, as was Poland, and we may say Moldavia and Wallachia;* but a slower, more insidious policy might, in the course of time, result as effectually in the accomplishment of this darling project of aggrandizement. Accordingly, about 1828, we find springing up in all quarters among Slavonians the question of Panslavism; not confined to the geographical limits of Hungary, and antagonistic merely to any spirit of Magyaric supremacy, but most rampant and active in Bohemia. First its agitators advocated the establishment of a literary and intellectual union between the scattered branches of the family. Next, a political phase was assumed, aiming at the fusion of the separate nationalities into one great, centralized Slavonian empire.

The very character of this movement, and its inevitable tendency—if successfully developed—to the advancement and consummation of the well-known characteristics of Russian policy, would seem alone sufficient to indicate the hand and agency of that grasping government, but occasionally, here and there, we may trace its officials and emissaries, consuls and others, too prominently and zealously at work, as the propaganda of Panslavism, to permit us to halt in our conclusions. Were this not the case, however, we are constrained to regard that agency as manifest in the active and prominent share taken by the high dignitaries and other priesthood of the Greek church in the agitations—and later, in the revolts among the Serbs and the Wallachs of Transylvania, who saw in the Czar, the head of their church, its most potent support, and the *fountain* of honor and advancement therein.

Modern history, if it teaches any thing, is pregnant with evidences of Russian intermeddling in the dissensions and civil wars of its neighbors—wars and dissensions which it for the most part first excited. At times, perhaps, it may seem to recede, but only the better, however, to conceal its designs, for "Cæsar doth not change"—and by a closer and more thorough reconnoisance of the ground, the more effectually to advance when the critical time may arrive for successful encroachment.

* Wallachia and Moldavia are virtually provinces of the Russian empire, although nominally under the joint protectorate of Russia and Turkey, from which last power they were separated some years since by the intrigues of the former.

However sincere, therefore, Szaffarik, Palacky, Kollan and others of the leaders in the virginal, chimerical literary movement may have been, we must repeat, we are not permitted to doubt that Russian policy and machinations first gave origin and impetus to the movement, and most zealously fomented the questions involved in "Panslavism."*

At the same time it may not be denied with truth and candor, that the Slavonians in Hungary having been conquered subject races, in times when the rights of such were little understood and less regarded, had been unjustly restricted in privileges, like the Anglo-Saxons of England, by their Norman conquerors—and were subjected to serious grievances for a time, under Magyar domination. But long before the days of "Panslavism," there was no right of any kind, no immunity or restriction which was not equally shared by those of the same class or caste in Hungary, whether Magyar or Slavonian. On this point the evidence is clear and conclusive.

"Croatia and Sclavonia," says Paget, "have the same laws and constitution as the rest of Hungary, except in one or two particulars, in which they enjoy special privileges."† Hungary and Transylvania. (Vol. 2, p 296.)

The electoral class—the nobles—were by no means as some would have us believe, all Magyars, but were distributed among the several races in a very fair proportion to the number of each race entering into the population of the nation. In one county for instance, mentioned by

* "Nor is Russian policy," says a recent writer in the Edinburg Review, "the work of a single man, or a single generation. Four sovereigns of the house of Romanoff have followed consistently in the same track. Yet it is not the policy of Catherine, of Paul, of Alexander, or of Nicholas, but of Russia. It bides its time, and the purpose of the fathers is accomplished by the third or fourth generation of the children. It employs with equal readiness fraud or force. *Muscovite Panslavism and the Greek church* are as much its instruments as the gold of the Ural and the Cossack's lance." Vol xc, p. 247.

No where among Slavonians is this Russian corps of intrigue, the priesthood of the Greek church, idle. In Bosnia, a dependency of Turkey, they are traversing the country in all directions singing the praises of Russian rule. See "Sclaves de Turquie," par M. Cyprien Robert, Tome, ii, p. 116. And by recent accounts we see them at the same work in Bulgaria, another dependency of Turkey, arraying class against class, and the people against the government of Constantinople.

† One of those privileges was the power to restrict Protestantism in Croatia. That intolerance prevailed in that principality, that it enjoyed all the privileges of the Hungarian constitution, and sent its magnates and deputies to the national Diet, while its people were many degrees more rude than those of Hungary and Transylvania, see "Gleig's Germany, Bohemia," &c. Vol. iii, p. 160. The writer, edited by Tyndale, who served with them and admired their dexterity at throat-cutting, characterizes them as "*wild, uncouth and semi-civilized.*

De Gerando, that of Maramos, there are found but 483 Magyar nobles, while there are 717 Slavonians and 3,750 Wallachians of that class, all of whom throughout Hungary enjoy equal rights and privileges, and have an equal voice in the election of delegates to the local and general Diets without reference to race.* There can, therefore, be no greater error than to regard such privileges and restrictions as may have continued in Hungary as appertinent to races: *they were those of a class.*

But nevertheless, a certain degree of ill-feeling and jealousy—somewhat akin to that to be seen in Great Britain between Celt and Saxon—existed between the Slavic inhabitants of Hungary, and the Magyars due, as we think, rather to a sense or remembrance of past humiliations and wrongs than to any existing restrictions or political inequalities. This lingering feeling, however, was artfully and industriously fostered by Russian emissaries, and for Russian ends. But Austria also, seeing in this sentiment an instrument, ready fashioned to the hand for effectually thwarting the efforts of the Hungarians to secure the constitutional independence of the nation, and the most potent ally in the accomplishment of those measures of centralization, characteristic of Austrian policy, joined with ardor in the work, blind to the ultimate profit which must inure to Russia alone.

Conservatives in this country and elsewhere, say: that the laws and act which secured Hungarian independence of the central power, and an independent ministry, "fanned into flame the mouldering discontent of the Slavonian races"—that "Croatia had been content to remain in theory a dependency of Hungary, as long as Hungary was governed from Vienna, but the national feeling of the Croat revolted against becoming in reality the subjects of the Magyars, and obeying Magyar ministers." (London Quarterly Review, January 1849.) Hence—maintain this class—arose the struggle, resulting in the war of 1849, between Austria and Hungary—and we may add, the overthrow of the latter, and the *accompanying annihilation of Slavonian nationalities.*

To us, such statements seem so wide of justice and right, so signally void of the seal and very show of truth, that we can scarcely comprehend the mental process by which any one, not directly interested, and thoroughly imbued with *l'esprit de Bureaucratie*, can have been brought to give them one moment's credence—and much less intelligible is that voluntary zeal of this class which seems to prompt them to the wide dissemination of their unjust convictions and false testimony to pervert the judgment of their readers.

Wherefore should the Croatians have become discontent at the prospect of remaining a part of Hungary under the new state of things, with its marked tendency to federation—distribution of powers among local institutions, counties and municipalities*—and prefer dependence or repose, trust rather on the Cabinet of Vienna, whose characteristic policy has ever been centralization and the entire absorption of all nationalities?

The history of the times is our witness on this

* Hungary was divided into a large number of counties or districts, each of which had its separate local administration, and constituted a State in most respects within itself, in whose affairs the General Government might not legally interfere or even execute the national laws therein, except by means of the county officers, all of whom save the "Fö Ispan," the Governor Lord Lieutenant, are elected by the people every three years. This "Fö Ispan," is the nominal representative of the Crown, and is selected by it; but the principal executive functions are discharged by a "Vice Ispan," elected by the qualified voters.

Some of the other elected officials, are receivers of national and county taxes, collectors, fiscals, surveyors, jailors and county magistrates.

Four times every year, all the electoral class assemble together and discuss the several questions before National Diets, concerning which the wishes of the majority of such electors are ascertained and instructions in accordance therewith are sent to the deputies for the county, who are imperatively *obliged to vote as instructed or be at once recalled.* These convocations possess even the right of corresponding with foreign powers. They have the management of the roads and other means of communication, they assess taxes, and direct the levies of soldiers voted by the General Diet—provide for the expenses of the country and otherwise discharge all the business thereof. The acts of the Diet and ordinances of the King are sent to them to be published, but should any such acts and ordinances be found contrary to law and of dangerous tendency, they possess the right to lay them, "*with all honor*, on the table."—(See Paget's Hungary, vol. i. chapter 18.

Besides these large districts or counties "every Hungarian village forms a *communitas* in itself and is governed by its own elected officers—assesses and collects its own taxes and manages its own affairs very much after its own fancy."—(Paget's Hungary, vol. 1., p. 319.)

Thus, the local government of counties and villages, administrative and executive, rests in the hands of officials elected by those most interested The political power was divided between the crown and the local institutions—so too with the executive functions, and the system was eminently *federal and discentralizing* and opposed to the Bureaucratic character of other continental States, even of Republican France.

We should perhaps have also described the composition, &c., of the General Diet, and its constitutional functions, and likewise the "Military Frontier," but our limits will not allow thereof and we must refer the reader who may desire to pursue the investigation to Paget's entertaining volumes.

* The word "*noble*," as used in Hungary—especially anterior to the connexion of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine with the throne—may be *regarded as the mere synonym of freeman or elector.* The butchers, bakers and other tradesmen of Hungary are frequently of the class of nobles, and the larger number of them till their small farms with their own hands.

point of the absurdity of any such preference. The evidences of the results of the "paternal rule" of Austria over those of the principalities in which she has succeeded in subverting old constitutions and institutions, and in governing directly from Vienna, are abundant and suggestive of but one conclusion, which should not have been without significance and lesson to the Croats and all other Slavonians, yet so fortunate as to have escaped from the strong influences of that vortex of denationalization.

Bohemia, the land of Huss; the very cradle of the reformation, which, when the rest of Europe was enslaved, had a "pure religion and free institutions," having been deprived of local legislation, and now, being governed immediately by the Cabinet of Vienna, has been systematically and thoroughly denationalized. Education is under the strict surveillance of the police; the vernacular tongue is effectually proscribed; the German language is taught *ex officio* in all the schools; all the officials write and speak German; for without such ability, no Bohemian can hope for advancement or position, and every measure is taken to eradicate all recollections of former independence and institutions.*

In Gallicia, another Slavonic dependency of Austria, the same results have been accomplished: the denationalization of the people thoroughly effected. There being no distinct races to array against each other, all being Slavonians, the Peasantry without doubt subject to many harsh restrictions, were taught to regard the upper classes with hatred as their oppressors. The fruits of such sentiments were not long ripening, and the most sanguinary revolt broke forth that has ever disgraced human records.

Was not Croatia an integral part of the kingdom of Hungary, when Ferdinand 1st of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine was first called to the throne, and had she not occupied that position for centuries before that event?† Beside this, she was declared "inseparably united," with Hungary, by the famous "Pragmatic sanction," that instrument so much referred to by the Bureaucracy.

We hear much of the fact that the Magyar race constituted a minority in Hungary; but it seems to have been forgotten in the same quarters, that the numerical strength of Croatia was so insignificant as scarcely to entitle her to dream of a separate national existence, she being the smallest of all the Slavonic races in Hungary.

That the history of the past or any promises of the future should have induced the Croat to prefer dependence on Austria, rather than Hungary, may not be sustained—and no one who has studied the history of the Slavon, can escape from the conviction that German institutions are wholly repugnant and fatal to that race—that Austrian institutions cannot be adopted by it with advantage.*

But most conclusively to show how devoid of truth are the complaints and pretensions of the Croatian malcontents, it will be amply sufficient to know the fact, that the same acts of the Diet of 1848, which more thoroughly established Hungarian independence, gave to Croatia 18 instead of 3 deputies in the Hungarian Diet; preserved the dignity and power of the Ban; abolished all distinctions of races—making the Slavon as free as the Magyar—guarantied the use of the Slavonic language in Croatia, and in all other respects extended and secured to them equal laws and privileges with the so-called dominant Magyars. And not merely this—the intolerant spirit of the Croat was gratified, and the exclusive domination of the Roman Catholic Church in that State was assented to—an exception to that spirit of tolerance and liberty of conscience so characteristic of the Hungarian people.†

* See *Les Sclaves de Turquie*, par M. Cyprien Robert. Paris, 1844. Tome 1, p. 346.

† Human testimony in substantiation of any fact or event is rarely so much to the point, as the "Imperial Manifesto" of Ferdinand V., addressed to the Croatian and other malcontents, in May, 1848. The Emperor-King says to them—"You who united to the crown of Hungary for eight centuries, shared the fortunes of this country—*who owe to this Union the constitutional freedom which you alone amongst all Sclavish nations have been enabled to maintain* through a series of centuries—*you who not only have even shared in all the rights and liberties of the Hungarian* constitution * * * lawfully endowed with peculiar rights, privileges and liberties by our illustrious ancestors and who therefore possess greater privileges than any of subjects of our sacred Hungarian Crown. We were mistaken in you, to whom the last Diet of the kingdom and its dependencies, according to our royal will, *granted full part in all the benefits of constitutional liberty and equality of rights.* * * * The right of constitutional representation was *extended to the people with you no less* than in Hungary, in consequence of which no longer the nobility alone, but likewise other inhabitants and the military frontier take part by their representatives in the legislation common to all as well as in the municipal congregations, * * * *both your national and your municipal rights are enlarged and secured against encroachments.*"

Touching the alleged disposition of the Magyars or

* "Of all the dependencies of Austria," says an English traveller, "none are governed with greater severity than Bohemia. The Peasantry are *placed under the degrading vassalage of the feudal system in its worst forms.* The middle classes are subjected to heavy taxation, the hardship of which is aggravated by the vicious mode of collection. * * * * A minority once made a struggle for certain ameliorations in the existing systems, but the party of the Government prevailed, and reform was nipped in the bud."—See Strange's Germany in 1831, vol ii., p. 187. Also Gleig's Germany and Bohemia. Mrs. Shelley's Rambles in Germany, and Italy. Elliott's Travells, and English continental travellers generaliy.

† From the 11th century.

No valid excuse, we therefore maintain, can be advanced for discontent with the Hungarian *regime*, or for the conduct and action of the ultra Croatian party in opposition to Hungary, and their espousal of the cause of Austria, the ruthless co-spoiler with Russia, of the Sclavic races.

Will it be said, that there is any greater family affinity between the Slavic races and the Germans than with the Magyars? Is not affinity rather with the latter? For no where in Europe did Poland and Polish refugees—Slavonians—receive such cordial, practical sympathy, as in Hungary from the Magyars! The country was full of these refugees when Paget visited it in 1835. The nobility of the land were foremost in affording them shelter and support; while not a county failed to draw up remonstrances against Russian cruelty; and the National Diet of 1836, unanimously presented a petition, praying that the King should interfere to prevent the destruction of Poland.* There was no sufficient cause for revolt on the part of the Croat or any other Slavic section of the nation, and but for Austrian and Russian machinations all discontent and opposition among them must soon have faded entirely away before the benign and comprehensive policy of Kossuth and the Hungarian leaders. But for such malign influences, Croatia and Servia, containing together but about 2,300,000 souls, would have been as well satisfied as the Southern Wallachs, Slovaks, and other non-Magyars,—in all over five millions, who adhered to and made common cause with the Magyars—and are as proud as the latter of the name of Hungarian.†

rather Hungarian Ministry to impose the Magyar language on the Slavic races, this manifesto is conclusive: "Not only the use of your national language is lawfully guaranteed to you for ever in your schools, bnt it is likewise introduced in the public assemblies where the Latin had been habitual until now."

See Appendix to "Memoirs of an Hungarian Lady," London.

Kossuth, too, from the outset of the movement, as early as March, 1848, in reply to some who desired to give it a partial application, declared in the Diet, that he demanded "*liberty and common rights for the whole Hungarian nation*," which consisted of "*fifteen millions of Hungarians not of one city or of one class.*"

* See Paget's Hungary, &c., vol. 1, p. 104.

† "Sclaves fought by thousands in the ranks of the Hungarian, but no Magyars in the Sclave's army." Schlesinger's "War in Hungary," vol. 1, p. 31.

One of Kossuth's most resolute and ardent colleagues was Sabbas Vercovich, Minister of Justice, a Slavon, Kossuth himself was a Slovok, and Damjanich, the Ney alike in deeds and fate, of the Hungarian army, was a Serb, and the best fitted it is said of all the Generals for a Republican leader. Other Slavonians occupied prominent posts, and were distinguished for their zealous adherence to the cause of constitutional independence and reform.

As already noticed, the various measures of reform provided for by the acts of the Diet of 1847–8, received the solemn confirmation of the King. Notwithstanding such approval, the measures in question must have been most distasteful to and wholly at variance with the cherished views of the Cabinet of Vienna—for if acquiesced in in good faith, they gave the death blow to the system of centralization so pertinaciously pursued since the days of Ferdinand I. Accordingly that Cabinet, as in former instances, in somewhat similar exigencies, at once resorted to measures calculated to thwart and effectually destroy Hungarian independence and progress. In no manner could this be so effectually accomplished, as by exerting the Slavic element against the Magyars. That such was the Bureaucratic and reactionary policy we may not doubt, as a few facts, we apprehend, will serve to show to all unprejudiced minds.*

First. Who were the leaders in this so-called Slavic movement—the loud and active agitators for Croatian and Serbian independence? Louis Gaj, (Gay,) a Croatian journalist, who may have been a sincere patriot, though an injudicious one, and a fanatical enthusiast, but whose career and recent honors subject him with some reason to the taint of having been the mere instrument, not the dupe, of Absolutism—and the famous Baron Joseph Jellachich, the Colonel of an Austrian frontier regiment, were the instigators and leaders of the discontent and revolt in Croatia. And in Serbia, where the people, uninfluenced by interested malcontents and emissaries, had at first expressed themselves well satisfied and pleased with the measures of reform of 1847–8—the prominent disseminators first of sentiments of discord and the subsequent leaders of the sanguinary outbreak, were the Archbishops of the Greek Church, Rajachich, Stephen Suplikacy, another Colonel of an Austrian regiment, one Stratimorivick, also in the Austrian military service, the Austrian Consul Col. Mayerhoffen, "*the soul of the revolt*," and the Russian Consul at Belgrade, aided zealously by the clergy of the Greek Church—the religion of the Serbs.

That Jellachich, Austrian Colonel and courtier, was the instrument of Austrian policy, we may not doubt on a review of the evidence, notwithstanding his patriotic intentions. Passing over the fact, that his election to the Banship of Croatia, an office which had been kept vacant by Austrian Ministers for years, was irregular and in violation of established forms and cus-

* As a proof that our conclusions are legitimate ones, not the mere products of our wishes and bias, we may refer to Blackwood for May, 1849, the redoubtable organ of that which its admirers call Conservatism, but which many others regard as Reaction and Absolutism.

toms, the Hungarian authorities manifested the most marked desire to avoid dissension, by inviting him to communicate with them so that a day might be appointed for the convocation of the Croatian Diet, when he might be officially installed.* In further manifestation of the friendly spirit which animated them, they called upon the people of the Croatian districts to make known through special delegates their wants. These overtures were rejected by Jellachich, who inhibited all intercourse with the Hungarian Ministry, and soon thereafter declared that he in no manner recognized the authority of that Ministry. The King, Ferdinand V., it was asserted, favored and authorized this position, and these acts; but when called on by the Hungarian Ministry he disavowed it in the most explicit language, and denounced Jellachich and his adherents. The King was probably sincere, but for years an imbecile, he was a mere puppet in the hands of an insatiate, heartless Bureaucracy, who during the whole time were in direct communication with the malcontents, as is conclusively established by intercepted letters addressed by Jellachich to Count Latour, and other persons connected with the Cabinet of Vienna, which acknowledge the receipt of military stores, ask for further supplies, and otherwise explicitly show the existence of an understanding between him and the Central Government.

We have said that the prominent leaders first in the agitations, and then of the revolt and the sanguinary deeds of the Serbs, having been the priesthood of the Greek Church, and Austrian military and civil officers, would suggest Austrian and Russian intrigue, and taint the sincerity of their pretensions and the justice of the cause—but further and conclusive evidence is furnished in the fact, that the Hungarian authorities spared no measures of conciliation with the Serbian malcontents. Peter Osernovich, a Serb and great grandson of that Serbian patriarch, Arsenius Osernovich, who had headed the immigration of that people into Hungary in the last half of the 17th century,† was delegated by the Hungarian Ministry as a Commissary with ample powers for the restoration of good feeling and order. He appealed to his countrymen to obey the laws and submit any causes of complaint to the Government. He granted an armistice and withdrew Hungarian troops from their territory. This armistice the Serbs immediately violated, and enacted deeds of the most unmitigated ferocity.* Here, too, intercepted letters are not wanting to establish a correspondence and agreement from the outset, between these leaders and the Austrian Minister of War, Count Latour.

The third and last party of malcontents arose among the Wallachs of Transylvania, members of the Greek Church. It will not be denied, that up to the time of the reunion of that principality with Hungary, this race had just and strong causes for discontent. For while all other races in the State—Magyars, Szeklers and Saxons—were possessed of precisely the same rights and priyileges, the Wallachs alone were unrepresented as a race in the Diet, and were otherwise subject to harsh and degrading restrictions;—but with the annexation of Transylvania to Hungary, and the consequent extension over that principality of the reform acts of 1847–8, all such political inequalities and restrictions were annulled, and the Wallachs were from that day placed on equal political footing with the other portions of the population.

But the race so long kept in subjection by the unjust laws of Transylvania, was the most ignorant and debased in the social scale of the realm, and thoroughly under the influence and control of the priesthood of their church, whom as a class we are constrained to regard as the agents of the Czar, and to whom in this particular instance may be traced the first expressions of discontent and the subsequent sanguinary outbreak, aided, however, by the Austrian officials, who supplied munitions of war and led the hostile movements. General Puchner, who in May, 1848, had been the organ for conveying to the people of Transylvania the Emperor-King's sanction of, *and gratification at*, the act of reunion, was now actively occupied in preventing the practical consummation of the measure and in sowing the seeds of discord and jealousies among races and classes, in which he succeeded with the ignorant, bigoted Wallachs alone, who blind and insensible to the extension and equality of rights secured to them by the union with Hungary, remembered only past injuries—for which the Hungarians were in no wise responsible—the recollections of which were kept alive by the priests.

Under such influences, this insensate race broke out into open revolt, excelling even the Serbs in deeds of atrocity and wholesale slaughter. All the other races in the State remained loyal to the Hungarian administration under which they were relieved from the power of a corrupt Bureaucracy, by whom their old institutions and rights had been systematically retrenched, and

* Bathhyànyi's frequent though vain efforts to come to some amicable arrangement with the Ban, are admitted by the Austrian writer Tyndale. See p. 16, &c., "Hungarian Campaigns."

† Some 40,000 families.

* In the work edited by Tyndale, to which we have several times referred, the general conduct of the Serbs in action is characterized as "*wholesale slaughter*," p. 195

the State urged on towards a thorough denationalization.

The details of these several hostile movements we shall not seek to trace, restricted as we are at present; neither are such details necessary to a proper understanding of the questions involved. We will merely add that in all quarters hostilities were of the most relentless, ferocious character. Civil wars are always internecine ones, where

"Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eats thy heart
to eat
Thy foe's head"—

animate both parties. And the acts of the Croats, Serbs and Wallachs are signal illustrations of the fell spirit that possesses and governs man on such occasions; while we may not doubt that on the other side many deeds of cruelty and retaliation were perpetrated.

In the meantime Radetzki's successes in the Italian revolts, having restored confidence to the Cabinet at Vienna, the mask was boldly thrown aside. In June, 1848, the cause of the Croats was openly espoused by Austria, and the march of reaction was no longer concealed. The measures of the Diet of 1847–8, providing for a separate and responsible Ministry for Hungary, and empowering the Palatine with the executive function in the absence of the King, were in August declared contrary to the "Pragmatic sanction;" and illegal and invalid as being opposed to the legal relation existing between Hungary and the Austrian empire, and without the sanction of the Central Cabinet; nevertheless, the Hungarians still sought to secure the discharge of the constitutional duties of the King and the restoration of order, but in vain. In September Jellachich was restored by a public decree to the high dignity from which he had been but nominally suspended;—his "fidelity to the empire" was recognized, and he henceforward must be regarded as an Austrian General at the head of an imperial army.

A last effort was made, however, by the Hungarians, to preserve peaceable relations with Austria and their King. A deputation proceeded to Vienna for that purpose. It was received, but its requests were in effect denied. Collision was now manifestly inevitable unless the Hungarians should assent to a total surrender of nationality, independence, and constitutional institutions and rights. Seeing this, the Hungarian patriots set about preparing the nation for the shock. The journals of that day supply ample evidence with reference to the manner in which they and the Hungarian people of all classes and races met the crisis, as well as the rare administrative and military capacity which it developed. All are familiar with events which for a time engrossed public attention and excited general admiration, not less than with the tragic close. To recall these in detail has not been the object of this paper.

Having already exceeded our limits, we should merely state in conclusion the precise points which we have aimed to establish, viz:

That Hungary was in no wise a dependency or province of Austria, subject to legal control or interference in its affairs by the Central Cabinet at Vienna, but was by right merely connected with the Empire by virtue of a common head.

That the struggle was not in any manner commenced and carried on by Hungary for the acquisition and security of class or race, exclusive privileges and immunities or restrictions, nor with any disposition on the part of the Magyars to impose their peculiar language on the Slavonic races of the State—and not due to the manifestation of any spirit of Magyaric domination over Slavonians.

That equality of rights before the law, and equal privileges in all respects for all classes, both of Magyars and non-Magyars, were the objects of the movement—and centralization and absolutism the aim of its opponents. On the one side we behold rational progress, and on the other reaction and counter-revolution. The latter triumphed; but the end is not yet. We have no fears that this brave people will remain downtrodden and subject. He who conquers

"By force, hath overcome but half his foe."

July, 1851. T. J.

A PICTURE.

Across the narrow dusty street
I see at early dawn,
A little girl with glancing feet,
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks,
She carries in her hand a rose
And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky—
The bell for dinner rings—
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gaily back and sings.

The week wears off and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for girlish romp and play;
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday—in what satins great,
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon in all his state
Wore no such pretty gear.

I fling her every day a kiss,
And one she flings to me:
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

LINES,

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. H. H. L****.

I knew thee in our girlhood, when life was fresh and fair—
Our hopes as bright, as morning's light,
Our hearts devoid of care.

And well do I remember, the merry, happy hours,
We spent in play, each holiday,
Midst singing birds and flowers.

How often with dear schoolmates, such pleasant walks we took,
In youthful ranks, along the banks
Of our canal and brook.

In *those* days, those *happy* days! how bright thy cheeks did glow
With rosy health, the *richest* wealth
Kind Nature can bestow.

Thy hair was of a golden hue, bewitching was thine eye,
And Cupid's wile seem'd in thy smile,
And fragrance in thy sigh.

And well do I remember, how in the sprightly dance,
Thy winsome grace, and beaming face,
Would rivet many a glance.

In after years of womanhood, we greeted thee a *Bride*,
Beneath the sun, no lovelier one
E'er stood by Bridegroom's side!

Time glided on with silken wing—we saw thee a fond mother;
A beauteous race thy home did grace,
Each rivalling the other.

On, on, sped Time—then sickness came—then Death!—thou past from earth!
Ah, many a tear upon thy bier,
From weeping eyes gushed forth!

Yes, friend beloved and cherished! we've looked upon thee *Dead!*
In shroud arrayed, on death-couch laid,
Then borne to earth's cold bed!

And there within the open grave, we heard the thrilling sound
Of the clods that slid on thy coffin's lid,
When the spade was passed around

By those among thy funeral train, who joined in the sad rite,
And piled *that* heap, above thy sleep,
Which hides thee from our sight.

'Tis true our grief is selfish, for we know that thou art blest
In Heaven above, where all is love,
And the weary soul finds rest.

Yet tears *will* fall like raindrops, when mem'ry turns to thee,
And fondly traces, scenes and places,
Where thou wert wont to be—

Then paints the gentle vistues, which so adorned thy life,
Gracing each sphere, filled by thee here,
Of Sister, Mother, Wife.

Farewell, farewell, sweet spirit! our guardian angel be,
Pray for us! Pray! Guide us the way
That leads to Heaven and Thee! J. M. C.

Editor's Table.

Among the men of decided genius whom the world has recognized with an apotheosis, there have been one or two who became famous solely by reason of their consummate and most exquisite impudence. This quality is common enough in society, and its ordinary manifestations are exhibited on every side, but it is rare to see any specimen of assurance which we may pardon for its freshness or its very effrontery. Brummell was the Coryphœus of the class of impudent men, and Jesse in his biography has preserved some notable examples of his excellence in this line. The best we recollect was the remark he made once of a man of plebeian antecedents whose ostentatious hospitality he had enjoyed at dinner. "The *cuisine*," said the Beau, "was perfect, but only think the impertinent fellow insisted upon dining with us." Now, this was really delightful, and he who could find it in his heart to censure Brummell in consequence, can have no genuine appreciation of merit. Less agreeably expressed, perhaps, but certainly quite as cool, is the following letter we lately received from a kind patron of literature down in the "State of Maine." There is something very refreshing in the self-importance of the very first sentence. *Lisez.*

Calais, Maine, July 1, 1851.

It is through my efforts that the postage on the Magazines and Reviews is now less than one half what it has been—I had to labor hard to accomplish my object—I wrote relative to the matter to nearly a hundred different individuals in my own State (including the members of our Board of Education,) and to not less than twenty members of Congress during its two last sessions (among these Calhoun, Clay, Mann, Webster and General Bailey to whom please refer for proof of what I say.) I ask of you, as I have asked, and shall ask, of the proprietors of the several monthly and quarterly periodicals, that you make me proper remuneration for this my labor in your behalf. Mind, I am not *begging*, but am trying to *collect* my honest *dues*.

Yours, truly,
G. W. Eveleth.

Gentlemen proprietors of Sou. Lit. Messenger.

We do not see how our correspondent could have expressed himself more decidedly or concisely, as to the purpose he has in view, unless indeed he had employed the alternative salutation of Stand and Deliver. We have but a note or two to submit. In the first place, let it be known that it is due to George Washington Eveleth (we suppose this is his name) and to him alone, that the postage on Magazines and Reviews has been reduced. We have no evidence of the fact but his own statement, but let us render unto Cæsar the things that are

"hisn." In the second place, let it be understood that our friend is no beggar, but only a stickler for his "honest dues," to which we say in all sincerity—"we wish he may get it."

As for the "proper remuneration" which George expects from us, we are constrained to declare, that having duly reflected upon the matter, we can give him none other than the notoriety of our editorial comment. If he has written to the distinguished men to whom he refers, as impudent letters as the one given above, we should be at a loss to say what his "proper remuneration" would be. The persecuted shade of Mr. Calhoun might cry out for the thumb-screw; the living should declare in the flesh what more suitable reward might be given. One thing is certain, that when we desire to act upon Congress in any case of wished-for reform, we shall not go to the State of Maine for our advocate, nor ask the intervention of Mr. George Washington Eveleth.

We notice with very great satisfaction the movement of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, at their recent annual session, in creating an assistant Professorship of Law in that institution, and electing to the chair so suitable a person as James P. Holcombe, Esq. This gentleman is known to the legal fraternity throughout the country as author of many excellent works on Law, and will bring to the duties of his new station a fund of professional knowledge and an acquaintance with the forms of practice that, exercised in connection with the high abilities of Professor Minor, will make the University Law School the best in the United States. Mr. Holcombe is a Virginian and an alumnus of the University, and is, in private life, an estimable and accomplished gentleman.

We believe that we may claim the credit of having given to the world the most satisfactory and elaborate treatise that has yet appeared upon the genius and resources of Mons. Alexis Soyer. Our readers will recollect, of course, the article on "Conservative Cookery" to which we allude, published in the Messenger for April, 1850. It is interesting to trace the movements of this illustrious man, and we therefore clip from a London file, the last advertisement relating to him. Here it is:

"Soyer's gigantic encampment of all Nations is now open, situated in the park-like Pré d'Orsay, Gore House (opposite the Crystal Palace,) in which 1,500 persons may dine together. It is so arranged, that parties wishing to dine in France, Italy, America, California, or any other part of the globe, have merely to trace the table bearing the name of the required country, when they can be served with a cold collation. The entrance fee considered as part payment. Two bands of music in attendance daily."

There's a cook for you! Why, *le grand Vatel* himself never thought of any such triumph as this. What a great exercise of gastronomical talent is it by which, upon the payment of a certain entrance fee, one may be transported "out of England into France" in sitting down to dinner! And what economy of locomotion is it to find yourself in California, within a stone's throw of the Crystal Palace. The bands, we suppose, keep up the illusion with national airs; so that one eats his *paté de foie gras* to the tune of the *Marseillaise*, or has his maccaroni served up with the music of Massaniello. Canvass-back ducks are unfortunately beyond M. Soyer's reach or they might make a good accompaniment to Yankee Doodle.

The oppressive heat of July in the cities, has driven the inhabitants to the sea-board and to the mountainous districts in large numbers. From the very great travel in the direction of the Virginia Springs, we are constrained to think that many have acted upon the suggestion thrown out by us, in our last number, on the subject of "Domestic Tourism" and have determined to visit Southern watering places in preference to merely fashionable resorts of New York and New England. We only wish that we could ourselves get away from the hot and dreary routine of editorial duty to the breezy ridges of the interior; but editors may rarely, and only for brief periods, enjoy the *dolce far niente* of midsummer holiday. For a few days during the month past, we had the good fortune to revel in the salt-water diversions of Old Point Comfort, and we allude to the fact here, only for the purpose of rendering our tribute of praise to the obliging proprietors of the Hygeia Hotel, whose enterprise has provided an establishment where all such as would dip themselves in the sea, may find agreeable quarters. The return to town, after such relaxation, predisposes one for the shade of the country, and forcibly recalls the well-known stanzas of Hood—

The sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no eastern dews;
  The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
  But down a chimney pot!
* * *

Where are ye, linnet, lark and thrush,
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
  And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
  Are all my "tuneful throng,"
* * *

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In Greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

Southern literature is looking up decidedly. De Bow of the Commercial Review, has of late devoted a considerable space in that excellent publication to Belles-Lettres and thereby greatly increased its interest. The Southern Quarterly comes to us invariably filled with interesting *materiel*, and the Literary Gazette of Charleston continues to supply its weekly quota of pleasant reading. Mr. Richards is a man of industry, besides being a poet, and the Gazette bears abundant evidence of his taste and zeal. We are glad to hear of his success in his excellent undertaking. But in a recent number of his paper, among many things to delight the *litterateur*, we observed something that did not please us.

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit aliquid amari.

It was the (no doubt, accidental) appropriation of a poem which we published some time since, entitled "Hymn from the Prairies. By J. Clement." In mentioning this, we may also suggest to the compiler of "Marked Passages" in the same number of the Gazette, that it is hardly a sufficient acknowledgment of a beautiful selection, to credit it to "Tuckerman," without adding the name of the work for which Tuckerman wrote it. Yet a paragraph from this writer's characterization of Hawthorne, which has appeared no where else than in the Messenger and was written expressly for our June number, is merely attributed to the author without alluding to this magazine as its vehicle of transmission to the public.

This matter frankly stated, we must say that we hold that Southern man utterly without excuse who passes by such literary issues as the Gazette, the Commercial and Quarterly Reviews, or our own magazine—all representing the Southern mind and devoted to the support of Southern institutions, to take Northern works in no degree superior and often full of rancorous hostility to our social system.

We welcome with unaffected pleasure the appearance of "THE MAGNOLIA," a literary weekly which has just come out in this city. The editor, OLIVER P. BALDWIN, ESQ. is every way fitted to conduct it with spirit and good taste, writing, as he does, with rare facility and felicity, and having at ready command very remarkable stores of illustration drawn from extensive reading. The numbers of the Magnolia which have already been published, afford us ample ground to assure our readers that in subscribing for it they will not only encourage the much neglected cause of Southern letters, but secure for themselves a publication whose weekly visits will afford them perennial delight. Mr. Baldwin's *forte*, we think, is in essay-writing, and we are not sure that some of his efforts in this line would not compare favorably with the best vein of Leigh Hunt. We confidently expect great things of him.

George E. Dabney, Esq., well known to our readers as one of the most valuable contributors to the Messenger, has recently accepted the post of Professor of Ancient Languages in Richmond College. Mr. Dabney for many years discharged this office most worthily in Washington College at Lexington, and we are glad that the services of so useful a man are not to be lost to the public.

Notices of New Works.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA. THE POETRY OF POPE. *Two Lectures Delivered before the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society*, December 5th and 6th, 1850. By the Right Honorable THE EARL OF CARLISLE, (Lord Morpeth.) New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

There seems to be as little connection between the subjects discussed in the small volume now under our eye, as if the Right Honorable the Earl of Carlisle had bound up together a treatise on farriery and some thoughts on the National Debt. The Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society, before whom these two Lectures were pronounced, we suppose, must be responsible for the incongruous character of the publication. For ourselves we have now to do only with his Lordship's reflections on America, and we shall therefore dismiss his very extravagant estimate of the Twickenham poet, with applying, in answer to a question of our own, a single line of this writer's verse, which arises to us by association in coupling the names of Pope and Carlisle. The line is well-known as following the query,

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?

Our interrogatory is different. We ask what can relieve the silliness of a ridiculous book?

Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards!

In all candor we must say, that we consider Lord Morpeth's Lecture on his American travels, by far the shallowest thing we have ever seen from any man who had the least reputation for good sense—we will not say wit or depth of observation. If Mr. Webster or Mr. Clay had visited Europe and delivered, after his return, before any Literary association in America, an essay so distressingly void of merit as this, serious doubts would have been entertained of his fitness any longer to legislate for, or serve the American people. Indeed, his Lordship seems himself to have a very just notion of the nature of the performance, when he laments, that from the limits assigned him, his remarks "must be the merest superficial skimming of the subject that can be conceived."

Lord Morpeth, in coming to America, had one considerable advantage over the majority of his countrymen

who had preceded him, for forming just opinions of our character as a people—he had been educated a gentleman. No low or vulgar prejudices might be expected to warp his judgment. The heir of a proud title and a princely fortune, his life had not been frivolously spent in Pall Mall, nor had he fallen into the excesses which too generally debase the intellects of the younger members of the British nobility. The figure he had made in Parliament was more than respectable, it had led us to regard him as one of the most rising statesmen of the Kingdom. If any man, therefore, could with reason be relied upon to take large views of the great and growing empire he had come to visit, it was Lord Morpeth. Our expectations, in this respect, have been dashed to the ground. Of course, we have no right to look for, in this essay, such reflections as might have been embodied in a work in three volumes octavo, but we are at no loss, nevertheless, to gather from it that the author has altogether misconceived us, and gone back contented with an insight into the genius and temper of our fellow-citizens as partial as that "limited view of society through a key-hole" in which the Marchioness, according to Mr. Swiveller, was wont to indulge.

It may be, perhaps, the best place here for us to say that nowhere throughout the Lecture does Lord Morpeth for one moment lose his temper, or cease to write like the gentleman that he is. It gratifies us also to add that his style is quite pure and affluent, though never brilliant, and that he has therefore spared us the "inexpiable wrong" of making us read very superficial observations in very bad English.

The first portion of American soil which greeted Lord Morpeth's view was the goodly and godly city of Boston. His remarks upon this modern Athens are likely to be read by the modern Athenians (whom John Randolph declared it had never been his good fortune to see,) with the liveliest satisfaction. Boston he found more like an English town than any he saw during his visit to the United States and an English town being regarded as unity (in point of all social and moral excellence,) of course the nearest approach to it was the best and most worthy of honorable mention. From Boston he went to Niagara which he saw in the month of October, when the gorgeous suffusion of autumnal tints over the neighbourhood forests enhanced the mere beauty of that wonderful scene, and he describes the effect produced upon his mind with much felicity. It is worthy of remark, however, that he speaks of being disappointed in the American forest trees, and thinks them hardly comparable to the trees at Castle [illegible]ward for the reason, certainly a novel one, that they grow too high!

Returning from Niagara in the direction of New York, we regret to say that he saw no such grandeur in the scenery of the Hudson as was to be observed in Scotland. Arrived in the Empire City he took up his winter quarters at the Astor House where he met with good fare which he seems to have duly appreciated. And we may allude to it as an evidence of agreeable versatility, that Lord Morpeth often dismisses the consideration of grave affairs to discuss a new dish which his palate has approved, and flies from public schools to scolloped oysters with a grace that becomes him. Alluding to the oyster-cellars of New York, he says—

"In no part of the world have I ever seen places of refreshment as attractive—every one seems to eat oysters all day long."

We recollect a curious connection established by Sam Weller between oyster cellars and extreme poverty, in the suburbs of London. "Blessed if I don't think" declared he, (we quote from memory) "that the common people flies out and eats hoysters in reg'lar desperation." We were not aware before that intense enjoyment of the oyster was peculiar to Broadway, but with reference to Florence and Downing, we can certainly endorse the Earl of Carlisle's opinion.

After a sojourn of some weeks in New York and Philadelphia Lord Morpeth came to Baltimore, and here he takes occasion to entertain the Leed's Mechanics' Institution with his views on the subject of slavery, suggested by the fact that Baltimore is in a slave-holding State. Of course his lordship is a zealous Anti-Slavery man, and, by reason of his prepossessions on the subject, he tells his hearers

"I made it a point to pay special respect to the leading abolitionists—those who had labored or suffered in the cause—when I came within reach of them."

We own that we are not a little surprised to find, on the next page, that this "special respect" was paid notwithstanding the information communicated by these gentlemen that they were regularly engaged in negro-stealing. Observe.

"There were some who told me *that they made it a business of their lives to superintend the passage of the runaway slaves through the Free States;* they reckoned, at that time, that about one thousand yearly escaped into Canada."

On the rail road, *en route*, an incident occurred of a very affecting character which gives the author an opportunity to become very crushing in his comments:

"On the way thither," says he, "I heard a conductor say to a negro, 'I cannot let you go, for you are a SLAVE.' This was my first intimation that I had crossed the border which divides Freedom from Slavery. I quote from the entry which I made upon noting these words that evening:—'Declaration of Independence which I read yesterday—pillar of Washington which I have looked on to-day—what are ye?'"

We wonder the original draft of the Declaration in the National Institute did not consume away and the pillar of Washington crumble into dust, at this dreadful invocation. What might Lord Morpeth think of a man who, because he had seen children brutally whipped in the colleries at Newcastle, or the factories at Manchester, should cry out, "Oh, Magna Carta, oh, boasted Reform Bill, What humbugs on paper do ye represent?"

After leaving Baltimore we find the anti-slavery prejudice tinging the whole of Lord Morpeth's reflections. He nevertheless, for an instant digresses from his philanthropic regard for the blacks to dwell upon another and a more pleasant theme. In Baltimore he says:

"Good living seemed to me carried to its greatest height: they have in perfection the terrapin, a kind of land tortoise, and the canvas-back duck, a most unrivalled bird in any country."

At Richmond, we are sorry to say Lord Morpeth saw nothing, either in the way of character or of *cuisine*, that was worth mentioning. The country through which he passed "wore an universal impress of exhaustion, desertion, slavery." The legislature of Virginia, however, is honored with a passing reference, not of the most complimentary kind. "It was full of coarse-looking farmers from the western portion of the State; it struck me that the acute town lawyers must manage matters much as they choose."

We might go on to glance at Lord Morpeth in other portions of the Southern States and to quote from him what he has to say of us that is favorable. This, to be sure, is little enough, and is confined to the general matter of hospitality. But we have, perhaps, already dwelt too long upon so unimportant a publication as his Lordship's Lecture, and we must therefore bring our remarks to a close with a repetition of the opinion already given, that it is altogether as shallow, as utterly unphilosophical, and as unworthy an effort as ever came from an amiable gentleman and an accomplished scholar.

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A Historical Sketch of the Island of Malta,

OR GLEANINGS FROM DIFFERENT HISTORIES.

BY WILLIAM WINTHROP, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT MALTA.

"The imaginary sallies of philosophers and poets disguising the truth of a common origin under ingenious allegories, applauded by the vanity of the people, and intending to trace the formation of societies, the foundation of cities and the creation of empires to the children of the gods, render the history of Malta, in common with that of all other nations, obscured by fable."* Homer is the first known writer who makes mention of Malta, and at the commencement of the sixth book of his Odyssey he terms it the isle of Hyperia, Eurimidon being its ruler.† The island was then inhabited by the Phœacians, a race of giants,

> "whose haughty line
> Is mixt with gods, half human, half divine."

This idle and luxurious people "who admired nothing so much as romantic adventures," are supposed to have left as monuments of their rule the curious tower at Gozo, the huge tombs in the Benjemma hills, and those remarkable ruins which have been recently excavated and are called at this day the ruins of Krendi.‡

Floating though we now may be on the stream of tradition, and trusting to the records of a fabulous age for all we may find to write of the Phœacians, still mention should be made of their vain contest with the gods, and consequent downfall. Nauthisous, a son or grandson of Eurimidon, no sooner came to his sovereign power than he revolted against Jupiter, and for his rashness was made to suffer many reverses. This Phœacian leader, after several desperate engagements, in all of which he was routed, gathered his scattered forces together and fled with them to Scheria, or Macrin, now known as Corfu.* And it is written that as Jupiter did not pursue him to his new habitation, the remainder of his reign was passed in peace.†

* The anonymous publication from which this extract is taken, was translated by an English resident at Malta in 1800, and dedicated to Major General Pigot, the officer then in command of the forces.

† Eustathius thinks Hyperia here referred to was a city, not an island. He therefore called it Camerina, and said it was a town in Sicily. One reason given by this author is certainly deserving of attention. For he asks if Hyperia was an island, how could the Cyclops have reached its shores without boats and driven out the Phœacians who then peopled the place? That the Cyclops had no boats appears from the IXth book of the Odyssey.—See Wakefield's notes to Pope's translation of Homer.

‡ A long and interesting description of the Giant's tower at Gozo, will be found in Sir Grenville Temple's travels in Greece and Turkey which was published in London in 1843.

* How the islands of Malta and Corfu may have compared in ancient times we have not the means of knowing. But at present Corfu is the larger, finer and richer island of the two, with a better climate, and having inhabitants who, though they are of a different race, are, as we have been informed, a far more moral people, and much more enlightened. This we state as being the opinion of all the English officers with whom we have conversed, and who, during their long periods of service, have been stationed at both of the islands.

† Before we take leave of the Phœacians we must not neglect to mention that it was in a cave at Malta, that Calypso, by her charms, is thought to have held Ulysses seven years enslaved. If this is the island, and Homer has faithfully described Calypso's residence which he says afforded

> "A scene where if a God should cast his sight,
> A god might gaze and wander with delight."

then in common with other writers we can only regret the change which has taken place since her departure. Where are the limpid fountains in the neighborhood of this grotto, which we read of as throwing their streams to the sky? And where are the poplars, alders and nodding cypresses in its vicinity, which this amorous goddess gazed upon with so much delight? There are no limpid fountains now, and no streams to supply them if any were built. There are no poplars, alders, or nodding cypresses now, nor any soil in which they could flourish, if a stranger should be tempted to plant them. All is changed. A little low, dark recess in the shores of Malta is now called Calypso's grotto, which, to see from the outside, is quite sufficient, for few if any of the travellers who go to its mouth can have a wish to enter. Tradition may carry its weight with it, but surely the dirty cave which we have so often seen in the bay of Melleha, is not the grotto that Homer, in his poetical language, has so well described. No, rather could we believe, and with all due deference to Marduca's opinion, that the Abbe Fraguier is correct when he states "that Ulysses' residence of seven years in the cave of Calypso, the goddess of secrecy, may only mean that he remained so long hid from the knowledge and enquiry of all men, or that whatever befell him in all that time was lost to history, or made no part of the poem." Calimachus has written that Gozo, the ancient Gaulos, which is only three or four miles distant from Malta, is the "isle of Calypso," and that a dismal cavern in its shores is the place where the goddess resided. An idea which possibly originated in the poetical fancies of this author, and for the truth of which we can find no other foundation.

Fifteen hundred and nineteen years before the christian era, the Phœnicians, cruising along the shores of the Mediterranean, came to Malta, and finding that it possessed good harbors, a rich soil, and a temperate climate, landed three or four hundred of their people, and made it one of their colonies.* The Phœnicians worshipped not only their own gods, but also those of Egypt and Persia,† and while they held possession of Malta erected several temples, one in honor of Juno, and others to Isis, Osiris and Mercury.‡ This last was their favorite deity, as he was thought to be the protector of their commerce to which alone they owed their importance as a nation, and the island became indebted for its settlement, wealth, and consequence. By these people Malta was called Ogygia, and was then governed by kings.‖ Several monuments, two of which are of baked earth of a singular shape, can now be seen in the Maltese library of Punic origin. and covered with characters which as yet have not been deciphered.* The Phœnicians having retained uninterrupted possession of Ogygia for nearly eight centuries, were seven hundred and thirty six years before the christian era. defeated and driven out by the Greeks,† of whom no traces now exist, unless they may be in the ruins of a wall, or fort built in honor of Phalaris, the tyrant of Agrigentum, and some small sepulchral mounds which, on being opened, were found to contain nothing but bones.‡ Wherever the Greeks made a conquest and formed a settlement they always erected a temple to Apollo. One was built at Citta Vecchia, the site of which is now occupied as a public square, and will be pointed out by any cicerone, although not a vestige remains to remind a stranger of the ruins which there for ages existed. During the two hundred years that the Greeks held possession of Malta they were at first governed by a high priest whom they called Hierothites, and afterwards by archons vested with similar powers as those who, under the same name, once presided at Athens. Through the kindness of the Maltese librarian we have seen several Grecian antiquities. but all of which appear to be of a much later period than that of which we are now writing. One of the most remarkable of these remains is a small square altar, on which two figures are sculptured, in the act of offering a small fish to the

* In the words of Diodorus, Φοινικων 'άποικος.

† Wilkinson.

‡ Bosio.

‖ To write a list of the many authors who have mentioned this island in their works, under its different names, would be a difficult task, and require more research than we can give to the subject. Some writers have supposed that Malta received its name from the Greeks, and that they called it Melita, by which denomination it was known for many centuries from the fine quality of honey which to this day it produces. Others have thought it was called Melita, after the daughter of Nereus and Doris. Sir Grenville Temple not being of this opinion, says that the island neither took its name of Melita from its fine honey, or from the Nymph who, by Hercules, was the mother of Hyllus the king of Illyria. But that the name is derived from Melita a Phœnician word signifying a "refuge" from the root Malat "he delivered." The Phœnicians being a trading people may have sought a shelter in the ports of Malta from the storms which overtook them on the passage, as the Greeks and other navigators do at this time. And Sir Grenville Temple may therefore be correct in his supposition. Muratori thinks that Malta took its name from the softness of its stone, and that the word is derived from the Greek and Latin. He therefore wrote *terram, mollam, acquam, compactem, et medifactam.* The learned Bocchart differs again, and thinks the island was called Malta from the fineness of its wool, of which, in ancient times, there was a great abundance. Silius would appear to support this authority, for in his 14th book he has written,

telaque superba,
Lanigera Melita.

Other able writers there are who say that Malta is derived from Mylith, a Syrian word expressive of Juno, a goddess who was worshipped in the island and to whom a magnificent temple was dedicated. The Carthagenians knew the island by the name of Alal, as will be seen on their coins. We might quote many other authorities, but will content ourselves with those we have named. Whether Malta took its name from a god or goddess, from its fine harbors. its honey, wool or soft stone, we shall in all probability never be able to tell.

* Ciantar.

† Thucydides and Sycophoron date the arrival of the Greeks at Malta in the first year of the second Olympiad 755 years B. C. Badger.

‡ In many of the tombs which a gentleman by the name of St. John has recently opened at Malta, fragments of linen and cotton cloth have been found with which the bodies were enveloped at the time of their burial. Also red earthen jars and lamps of various forms and sizes. These remains are the most common.. And indeed while we are now writing the Rev. Lord Charles Harvey is engaged in sending to England several large cases of these articles which have been found at St. Martin, near St. Paul's bay, within the last ten days. In a few of the tombs glass and earthen candlesticks have been discovered hollow throughout and of a curious shape: in others tear drops similar to those used by the ancient Greeks when they followed a corpse to the place of its interment. An antiquarian being at Malta cannot pass a day more agreeably, if the weather is fine, than in a ramble among the tombs of the Benjemma hills, and in visiting some singular places of burial near Citta Vecchia, which are built in a rocky eminence, and with entrances many feet from the ground. These, it has been said, are doubtless the tombs of the earliest christians, who "tried in their places of interment to imitate that of our Saviour by building them in the form of caves and closing their entrances with marble or stone." A traveller when looking at these sepulchral cavities will be strongly reminded of the tombs seen by our friend J. L. Stephens in Arabia Petræa, and so well described by him in his incidents of travel in eastern lands.

goddess Proserpine, to whom the altar was dedicated.* Another is the statue of Hercules, a naked figure of white marble, well executed and in the highest state of preservation. "This figure which is crowned with poplar, and resting on a club," is supposed to have adorned that beautiful temple once dedicated to Hercules at Marsa Sirocco, which is now the most picturesque part of the island, and where many ruins are still to be seen.† Hercules, a vain and imaginary deity, was worshipped not only by the Maltese but by the people of many different nations who, when on their passages, stopped at the island to leave their votive offerings, and pray for his protection. By the Greeks he was called Alexicacos, and held in the highest veneration. The earliest inhabitants of Malta knew him by the name of Archegetes, and considered him in the first rank of their deities. Several other Grecian antiquities are still preserved in the Maltese library, and with a proper consideration for their value are kept in charge of the librarian, that they may not be scattered or lost. These are medals and coins of different sizes, with an effigy of Juno stamped on one side, and on the reverse an ear of corn with the word ΜΕΛΙΤΑΙΩΝ. About five hundred and twenty eight years before the christian era the Carthagenians made war with the Greeks and subdued them. The conquerors wishing to reconcile the inhabitants to their rule not only permitted them to worship their household gods, but generously gave them an undisturbed possession of half of the island, with all their temples and dwellings. For more than a century these people dwelt together in amity and peace. In the first Punic war of twenty-three years duration, Malta was attacked and plundered by Attilus Regulus, and seized upon by Caius Cornelius.* The Romans, however, could not have long retained it. For we read that two hundred and eighteen years before Christ the Carthagenians were again defeated by the Romans under Caius Lutatius, and Malta a second time fell into the hands of its former masters, it having been stipulated between these great powers, that all the islands of Italy and Africa should be given up to the conquerors. It was under Sempronius, in the second Punic war which continued nineteen years, that the Roman power was completely established at Malta.† The Carthagenians' rule at Malta will not be forgotten, for they left their language with the people and their ruins all over the island.‡ Among the many remains which the Carthagenians have left of their rule, are two pieces of marble that were discovered at Kortin in 1694, and are supposed to have been the "base and shaft of a chandelier," with which one of their buildings was lighted. On each of these marbles there were inscriptions in the Greek, and Phœnician languages which many have tried to translate. The shaft of this chandelier having been sent to Paris, the learned Abbe Barthelemy gave to the inscription which it bore the following interpretation: "*Domino nostro Melkarto, domini Tyri, votum fecimus Abdasar et frater meus Aseremor is filius Aseremor, filii Abdasar sic qui eos deviare fecit benedicat eis.*‖ There cannot be a doubt

* This square altar, says Wilkinson, was dedicated to Proserpine. "On its sides are sculptured two men offering a fish to the goddess, and on its front is the emblem made use of by the Syracusans to denote Sicily; it being a head with three legs, and the feet so disposed as to form the extremity of three angles of a triangle, similar to the arms of the isle of Man." This curious emblem it should be remarked was once worn by the Maltese on their breast-plates, and carried by them embroidered on the standards of their native corps. Professor Forbes, in his recent travels in Lycia, "saw some coins having upon them a figure which is a perfect counterpart of the three legged symbol of his native Man."

Literary Gazette, No. 1561.

† The temple of Hercules according to Quintino was a most magnificent structure, and incredible as it may appear, this author has stated that it covered a space of nearly three miles in extent. The learned and sarcastic Cluverio bitterly reproves Quintino for making an assertion which he says no man in his senses could credit. *En quis temere crediderit, unum templum tria amplius millia passuum occupasse?* But to show that the statement of Quintino cannot be credited, we need only remark that the celebrated temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum was only three hundred and forty feet in length, and that still more remarkable structure the palace of Carnac, "twelve hundred and fifteen feet from its eastern to its western wall." It now being well known that the Greeks and Romans "erected temples and statues to the same deities, to Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Minerva, Hercules and many others," it becomes the more difficult to discover at what age or by what people this building was erected at Malta, of which the ruins are still to be seen.

* Attilius Consul Liperam, melitamque; insulas Siciliae nobiles peru agatus evertit.—*Paolo Orosio.*

† Amilcar, the brother of Annibal, ruled at Malta when Sempronius made this attack, and was carried a prisoner in chains to Marsala, and afterwards to Rome.—*Tito Luio.*

‡ One of these Phœnician ruins must not be passed over unnoticed. And this is a tomb which was discovered at the point Beni Isa, in 1761, and bore an inscription on its face, of which Sir William Drummond has given the following translation: "The interior room of the sanctuary of the tomb of Annibal, illustrious in the consummation of calamity. He was beloved. The people when they are drawn up in order of battle, weep for Annibal, the son of Bar Malek." The Maltese firmly believe that the great Carthagenian general was a native of their island, and a son of the Barchina family once known to have been established at Malta. They also think that his remains were brought from Bithynia to be placed in the tomb of his ancestors.—*Temple.*

‖ In Boisgelins's History of Malta, this inscription is thus translated. "We, Abdassar and Asseremor, the sons of Asseremor, the son of Abdassar having made this vow to our Lord Melere, the tutelar divinity of Tyre, may he bless and guide us in our uncertain way. Dionysius and Serapion of the city of Tyre, the sons of Serapion to

that this was a votive offering made by two navigators for fine weather on their passages, and a prosperous result to their speculations.

The Romans, aiming at the supreme authority in the Mediterranean, determined, on getting possession of Malta, that they would retain it not by the force of their arms, but by granting many privileges to its Greek inhabitants, and making them happy under their domination.* The religion of the Greeks was not interfered with, and their laws and customs respected. Commerce and manufactures were so much encouraged that linen and cotton cloths of the finest texture were made and sent to Rome where they were considered a great article of luxury, and found a ready sale.† The temples were beautified and adorned, incense was offered to the protecting gods of the island and its trade, and the altars of those gods respected.‡ In excavating, some twenty or thirty years ago. at the head of the great harbour at Malta, the Roman remains of a vast mole were found which once bounded a fort. And still more recently while some workmen were engaged in laying a foundation for a monument to be erected to the memory of the late respected Major General Sir Federick Ponsonby, they came upon a pavement which was doubtless built by the Romans, and perhaps a ruin of one of their temples. The stones were laid in that shape which induced all who saw them to entertain this belief. The Romans have left as evidences of their rule at Malta many medals, a few inscriptions and a couple of statues, with the head of Augustus in basso relievo, and the bust of Antonius sculptured from native stone.* The inscriptions on the broken marbles make mention only of the repairs of the temples of Proserpine, and Apollo, and of the enlargement of their theatre, which was a beautiful building.† The medals bear upon them the head of Juno with the Latin word Melitaion, and on the reverse a triumphal chair with a Romaic inscription. But the most solemn and interesting of all the Roman remains is a large sepulchral lamp of a singular shape, beautifully and curiously made. This much-prized relic of ancient days was discovered two hundred years ago, and is now kept in the public museum, where all who ask permission can see it.‡

The Roman empire being dismembered at the death of Constantine, the Vandals A. D. 454. took possession of Malta, and held it for ten years, when they were driven out by the Goths who came in great force from Italy and Sicily, and remained as rulers for nearly a century. While these barbarians governed, villages were plundered, and commerce destroyed. Of the dominion of the Goths very little is to be met with at this day which may serve to bring it to our recollection. A small inscription in the church of St. Agatha, is their only monument. Belisarius, who was sent by the emperor Justinian to drive the Vandals out of Africa, landed at Malta A. D. 553, and united it to the Roman empire.‖ But the emperors not granting to the

Hercules surnamed Archegetes." The Greek inscription is very brief. For it simply says, "Denis and Serapion, of the city of Tyre, two sons of Serapion, to Hercules surnamed Archegetes."

* While writing this historical sketch of Malta we are continually referring to the learned works of Abela, Bosio, Boisgelin, Ciantar, Temple, Vertot, Lacroix, Mugnos, Amari and Wilkinson. A little work without the authors name, which we have already mentioned, is also valuable as a book of reference and can be consulted with advantage by those persons who may wish to become better acquainted with the inhabitants of Malta in the earliest age of its history.

† Pliny, Diodorus Siculus, Cicero and Silius, have all mentioned the beautiful fabrics, for the manufacture of which, at different periods, the Maltese have been so much and justly commended.

‡ Cicero accuses Verres of having brought disgrace on the Roman name by plundering a temple at Malta, and filling his galley with votive offerings which were sacred to a deity whom the people adored. And this accusation was so well supported that the Roman government had the ornaments immediately restored to some Maltese deputies who were sent to Rome to receive them. Abela also informs us that a Numidian general once stopped at Malta and robbed the temple of Juno of some elephants' teeth which were of a large size, and set in solid gold. Massinissa, the king of Numidia, hearing from whence they were taken, ordered his general to return to Malta and place the teeth in the temple which, "in an evil hour," he had been tempted to rob.

* Boisgelin.

† The pillars of white marble, and the beautifully sculptured cornices of the same material now to be seen at Citta Vecchia, piled away near the cathedral, are the only remains of this theatre now known to exist.

‡ It was when Malta had a Roman governor, and about the year 56, after the christian era, that St. Paul was supposed by the Maltese to have been shipwrecked at their island, and in a bay which still bears his name. But of this occurrence and the catacombs of Citta Vecchia, which are thought to have been built at the same period, we shall mention in their proper place.

‖ A large body of Greeks attended Belisarius on this expedition. And their descendants were dwelling on the island for nearly five centuries after this conquest was made; an abandoned people having none of the virtues of their ancestors, but cursed with all their pride, extravagance and follies. So odious had the Greeks made themselves to the other inhabitants, that on the island being taken by the Arabs, three hundred were condemned to be burnt, and it is recorded that all of these unfortunate people perished in this horrible way. Belisarius was also accompanied in his warlike expeditions to Italy and Africa by his wife, the lady Antonina, a woman who is represented to have been as beautiful in her appearance as she was in her character a shameless and prodigate person. It was owing to her advice that when Belisarius was in Rome, Pope Silverius was made a prisoner and sent an exile to Greece. "Belisarius, from having been born in the city of Germania, on the borders of

inhabitants the same privileges which they enjoyed under the ancient Romans, the island never became so much celebrated for its manufactures, commerce and trade as it had been ages before when known as a *municipium* and governed by a Proconsul from Rome. Of this long period of three hundred years, that is from the time of Justinian to the conquest of the island by the Arabs, no monuments now remain, unless they may be in a half defaced inscription which no one can decipher, and a small and singularly made figure of bronze found at Gozo, which represents a youth kneeling with his arms extended, and having in his hands a small bowl as if asking for charity.* This remarkable figure is covered with Greek, Etruscan and unknown characters, and is prized by the lovers of antiquity as a rare, valuable and interesting curiosity.† The Greeks who were still very numerous at Malta, after being held for a time in a state of the most servile oppression, rose against their masters, retook the island, and held possession for thirty-four years, when they were in their turn again defeated by the Arabs A. D. 904, and had their power most effectually destroyed. These barbarians having killed all those who were capable of bearing arms, disposed of the women and children as slaves.‡ The other inhabitants were treated with lenity; their religion and laws being respected, and such powerful protection given to their commerce that we read of their ships going with safety all over the Mediterranean, and trading in ports where the seamen of other powers dared not to venture. The Arabs at this period were governed by an Emir who had his residence at Citta Vecchia, a town which, with its walls and troops, he kept in a good state of defence. As evidences of the dominion of these people at this time there is a monument in the possession of Baron Zara covered with an inscription sacred to the memory of one of their chiefs, and in the cabinet of the Marquis Barbaro, many large coins which were circulated by them and are of the purest gold.‖

About the year 1000, or 1003, forty Norman gentlemen, all warriors, who had signalized themselves in the armies of the dukes of Normandy, returning from the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, arrived in Italy without arms, and only with their staff and chaplet, the usual equipage of pilgrims, and which our kings themselves in the following crusades went to receive at St. Denis. These Norman pilgrims hearing that the town of Salerno was besieged by the Saracens, were prompted by a religious zeal to throw themselves into the place. Guimard was prince of it and invested in it. He furnished them with arms and horses; and these strangers made so many unsuspected and vigorous sallies upon the infidels, that they obliged them to raise the siege. The prince of Salerno, admiring the bravery of these Normans and their skill in the art of war, offered them rich presents, and made a proposal of considerable settlments, in order to retain them in his service. But those gentlemen called home by the love we naturally bear to our country, refused every thing that was offered to them, and told the prince that they had no other view in taking up arms, but the glory of God and the defence of religion. Upon their departure, Guimard is said to have sent deputies after them, who, to excite the zeal and courage of the Norman gentry and to engage them to come and settle in Italy, carried into that province stuffs of great value, magnificent furniture for houses, and even pomegranates, oranges, lemons and almonds, which they presented to several gentlemen, as a proof of the mildness of the climate and the goodness of the soil, wherein they had the offer of lands and castles.*

The poor Norman nobles, and their needy vassals who accepted of this invitation, and came from France into Italy, with nothing but their swords, and the spirit to wield them, had made themselves masters of more territory in a few years, than that over which Ferdinand II. now

Thracian and Illyrian nations was strictly speaking neither a Greek or Roman by birth. He is now remembered as the conqueror of the Vandals and Goths, the restorer of the spoils of Jerusalem, the destroyer of the tomb of Hadrian, and the last of the Romans who triumphed leading kings captive in his train."—*Blackwood, June* 1847.

* Boisgelin.

† Abela and Badger.

‡ Ciantar.

‖ The Arabs wishing to protect the prizes which their corsairs were continually bringing into port, built a fortification on the prominent point where the beautiful fortress of St. Angelo now stands, and from which all salutes given by foreign ships to the garrison of Malta are at this day returned. How often during the past sixteen years have we heard the salutes from the American ships of war, the line of battle ships, frigates and corvettes returned from this fortification, and rejoiced at this interchange of civilities between two great powers whose interest it is, as we hope it may be their aim, to be always at peace.

* A great number of the Normans, tempted by the promises of these envoys, took their wives and children and bid adieu to their country, and for a century afterwards some of these people were continually passing into Italy. The most considerable of them were the sons of Tancred de Hauteville, a gentleman in the neighborhood of Constance in the lower Normandy. He had twelve sons, all bearing arms. The eldest, who served as a leader to these adventurers, was called William, and surnamed Bras de fer or iron arm, on account of his great strength and valor. Drogon or Dreux was the second, Humfrey the third, Herman, Robert and Roger were the three last. History has not conveyed to us the names of the other sons of Tancred, and we do not so much as know whether they passed into Italy.—*Vertot, vol. i, pp. 27–28. Idem, vol. iii, p. 334.*

reigns as the absolute king.* At the close of the year 1090, the Normans coming from Sicily, soon made themselves masters of Malta, and generously permitted those of the Arabs who might wish to return to Barbary, to leave in peace, and carry with them all their household effects. Few of these people having accepted of this proposition, those who remained were permitted to worship in their own way by the payment of a small tax, "which was only to serve as a sign of their subjection." Count Roger, a son of the distinguished Tancred de Hauteville, who made this conquest, after concluding a treaty with these barbarians that all christian captives captured at sea by their corsairs should not be held in bondage, returned to Sicily, of which island, as also of Malta, he was not long afterwards chosen the king. With so much kindness and toleration did this Norman monarch treat his Arab subjects of Malta, that he permitted them to stamp on one side of a gold coin the well known Arabic epigraph, "there is only one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God," and on the reverse, King Roger with the arms of his family:† a toleration the more remarkable in a ruler whose memory is now so intimately connected by the Maltese with his pious acts in the erection and endowment of several churches on the island, the cathedral at Citta Vecchia, the mother church being one of the number. Thirty years after the Normans obtained possession of Malta, the Arabs revolted against their rulers on a festival day, and at a time when they were at their altars engaged in prayer.‡ And these treacherous people would have remained the dominant power, had not King Roger sent his son, (A. D. 1120,) with a powerful force to quell the rebellion, and punish the chiefs who had caused it. This service was effectually performed, for the Arabs were routed and slain. Not a man capable of bearing arms being permitted to live.§ At the death of King Roger ‖ Malta came to his son Roger II., and this monarch at his decease gave it to his only daughter, Constance, who by her marriage with Henry VI., of the "House of Swabia," made it a German possession. It was when the island was under the rule of this sovereign, and his son and successor, Frederick II., that the Maltese first signalized themselves in naval warfare, and evinced that determination and courage, by which in after ages their descendants became so greatly distinguished. By their prowess alone the squadron of the republic of Pisa, was driven from before Syracuse, a town which it had been sent to blockade, and the Venetians were expelled from Candia after their admiral Andreas Dandolo, with his fleet destroyed, had been taken a prisoner.* For seventy-two years the Maltese had been held under the German yoke, when Pope Urban IV., absolved them from their allegiance to Manfred, a natural son of Frederick II., by Lanza a daughter of Count Bonafatio, the then reigning monarch, and gave them Charles of Anjou, a brother of Louis IX., for a ruler and king.† "The opposition of Frederick II., and the establishment of the Saracens at Nocera, had alienated the successors of St. Peter from the dynasty of the Normans, and when Manfred was seen to inherit the sentiments and follow the example of his father, he was doomed to destruction. The Pope who assumed the right of disposing of all the crowns upon earth, offered the investiture of the kingdom of Sicily to the King of England.‡ but not deriving the assistance he expected from that quarter, he made the same proposal in 1264 to Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis.‡ Declined at first, the offer was finally accepted. To advance the project, Urban IV. invited the Crusaders, who had just accomplished their sanguinary mission against the Albigenses of Provence, again to be the instruments of divine vengeance by directing their arms against Manfred. His call was obeyed.‖ The crusaders with the most perfect unconcern transferred themselves from France to Italy, and the Guelfs offered their assistance to the champions of the church.¶ A more illegitimate combination, or one more characteristic of the times, can scarcely be conceived —a priest giving away the crown of an independent monarch; a sovereign hunted down as a public enemy who by the order and flourishing condition into which he had brought his dominions, had shown himself deserving of the station which he filled, a people transferred like so many sheep to the stranger, and the head of the Christian church regardless of the wrongs, and the bloodshed, and the agonies which he was about

* Knight's Normans in Sicily, page 36.

† Badger's Malta.

‡ Lacroix.

§ The Abbot Alexander's Life of King Roger.

‖ A full length portrait of this Norman monarch is now to be seen in the cathedral of Citta Vecchia, and another and a better likeness in the gallery of the Roman Catholic bishop of Malta, where there are several other beautiful paintings, all worthy of a stranger's attention.

* Badger.

† Mugnos' History of the Sicilian Vespers.

‡ Mathaei Paris Historia.

§ North American Review, Number cxxxv, p. 502.

‖ A large number of crusaders at the command of the Pope seized their arms, and thereby sanctioned an unjust act which was to cause a desperate war. Many hospitaller Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, also ranged themselves under the banner of the cross, led by a courageous Prior, who by his daring deeds in the Holy Land, had been greatly distinguished.

¶ Mathaeus Paris.

to cause."* Manfred to prevent a division of his empire, and strengthen his royal house, married his daughter Constance to Peter, a son of James, king of Arragon, and raised an army with which he marched to Benevento in Italy, where on Friday, the 13th of February, 1266, he met the French prince in battle array, and in the engagement which followed, was routed and slain.† Manfred did all in his power to prevent this meeting of the hostile armies, the result of which proved so fatal to himself and his family. But Charles would not listen to a truce, and closed his last conference with some German barons, who had been sent on a mission of peace, by saying, "Go and tell the Sultan of Nocera that I will have with him neither a league, or truce, for the time has now come when I will either quickly send him to hell, or he shall me to heaven."‡ The German Emperor having received this message of defiance, buckled on his armour and made every preparation for the desperate fight which he knew must so shortly ensue. After the battle had been commenced with great bravery on both sides, and stubbornly continued for several hours, and at the moment when Manfred thought himself victorious, some officers deserted from his army and drew off their forces with them. When the Emperor observed this treacherous act, he saw with the eye of a soldier that the day was irretrievably lost. And remarking to one of his friends that he would rather perish an hundred times than save his life by basely retreating, he rushed in advance of his soldiers and fell nobly fighting in the ranks of his foes. Thus gallantly perished this Swabian monarch, who was the last but one of his line. The hostility which King Charles bore towards Manfred when living did not terminate with his death. For it is recorded that when his headless body was brought before him at Benevento, he ordered it to be clothed in a malefactor's dress and thrown into a pit dug in a desolate spot not far from the town where he fell.§ The Archbishop of Cosenza being moved by the many misfortunes of this once powerful monarch, had his remains taken from the place of their interment and buried with much pomp on the green banks of a river, where under the shade of a weeping willow a tomb was placed to his memory. Corradin, a youth of sixteen, who next came to the throne as the lawful heir of Frederick II., no sooner heard of Manfred's death, than he came forward at the instigation of his cousin an Austrian Archduke, to claim the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, of which but for the Pope's interference he had been the rightful possessor. Just as was this claim, still Clement IV. refused to grant it, and not without a reason. For when he gave to Charles of Anjou these German provinces, he secured for himself the Duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo with a yearly increase of eight thousand ounces of gold to his treasury, which were spoils too tempting for him to yield to a sense of justice when he hoped by the bravery of the French soldiers, and the valour of their commander, that he would be enabled to hold them.* Corradin finding that all applications made to the Pope for the recovery of his inheritance would be useless, raised an army of four thousand cavalry and as many foot soldiers, with which he went by easy stages to Tagliacozzo, a town in Italy, where Charles, ignorant of his strength, had determined to meet him. The king finding on the arrival of the emperor that he should have a much larger force to contend with than he ever expected, was seized with a sudden fear, and sent for his Marshal, Philip of Montfort, and another distinguished officer by the name of Araldo, to give him in this emergency their counsel and support. Philip being called upon for his opinion boldly said that "he was for fighting where they were, and if his majesty would graciously give him a position to defend, be it where it was, there he would go and in its defence be ready to die." But Araldo who had passed his life in African warfare, and was not of so fiery a temper, calmly told the king that he was in a situation of great danger, and begged that he might be permitted to suggest a plan for the battle by which he would be enabled to destroy that advantage by a stratagem, which their enemies in a fair fight would possess by their numbers, pledging himself that if this request was complied with, his arms would be crowned with success. Charles of Anjou having the greatest confidence in Araldo's skill and courage, readily conformed to his wishes by leaving everything in his hands to arrange. And by so doing, when the battle was fought on the

* Knight's Normans in Sicily, p. 106–7.

† Sismondi's Literature of Europe, 1st vol., p. 257.

‡ Muratori's Italian Annals, Mugnos' History of the Sicilian Vespers, and Knight's Normans in Sicily, p. 108.

§ In the third chapter of Dante's Purgatorio will be found the following lines referring to Manfred's death and burial:

> L' ossa del corpo mio sarieno ancora
> In co'del ponte, presso a Benevento,
> Sotto la guardia della grave mora;
> Or le bagna, la pioggia e muove 'l vento
> Di fuor del regno quasi lungo 'l Verde
> Ove le trasmuto' a lume spento.

* The conditions on which Charles of Anjou, Count of Provence, was offered the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, are all recorded in Amari's Periodo della Istorie Siciliane, del Secolo xiii, published at Palermo in 1842. It should be recorded that the writing of this work very nearly cost its learned author his eyesight, as its publication made him an exile. Amari though he cannot live in his native land, has acquired a literary reputation which the monarch who exiled him might envy.

twenty-third of August, 1268, it was with the result which he had predicted.* Philip of Montfort who had been ordered to take his ground in advance of the army with three thousand men, and meet the first onset of his foes, gallantly performed the perilous duty, and nobly fell covered with wounds, while vainly trying to hold a position which with his small force he could not defend. So long as the French had their marshal to command them, they behaved like brave and valiant men, but no sooner did they witness his fall than they turned their backs on their enemies and fled from the field in the greatest confusion.† When the German soldiers found Montfort's body lying among the slain with a crown on his head, and decked in royal robes, for thus he had been clothed to deceive them, they ignorantly supposed that the French monarch had fallen, and that with his death all their fighting had ended.‡ But Charles who had been anxiously watching the contest from a neighbouring hill, took advantage of their error by seizing the moment when he saw his enemies were scattered in close pursuit, or were wandering over the battle ground in search of plunder, to put himself at the head of several thousand men, whom he had held in reserve, and march out to attack them,§ a movement which caused among the Germans, scattered as they were, a horrible slaughter. Henry of Castile, who was honored with Corradin's friendship, and held in his country the rank of a senator, to save his life unfortunately fled to a convent, where he thought the sanctity of the place would protect him; grievous mistake, for the cruel abbot who had charge of the place having quickly betrayed his noble guest, he fell a victim to the manes of Montfort while on his knees begging for mercy. The German emperor, with his cousin Frederick and two other companions, a father and son by the name of Lanza, disguising themselves as common soldiers, fled to Terracina, a town which was on their way to Rome where they first intended to go. Corradin, on reaching this place, worn out with fatigue, and suffering from the many privations through which he had passed on his journey, determined if possible to make his escape to Sicily, where he hoped on his arrival the people would rise in a body and proclaim him their king.‖ And Lanza going to the beach in search of a boat soon found one which would answer his purpose, and some fishermen who were ready to go to Palermo, provided the large sum which they claimed for their services, should be paid before their departure.

The emperor being without money and anxious to leave a place in which he was surrounded by danger, readily gave to the fishermen a beautiful ring in pledge for the sum which they had demanded. And by this ring, which bore on its face the initials of his name and the arms of his family, Corradin was discovered by John Frangipane, the governor of Terracina, and the fate of his party was sealed. Charles of Anjou having this unfortunate monarch in bondage sent one of his mailed barons to Rome with an autograph letter, in which he informed the Roman Pontiff of his victory, and asked in all humility what should be done with his prisoners.* The answer which Charles received from His Holiness could not have been more brief or decisive. For Clement after reading the letter, simply remarked to the officer who brought it, and with all that humility which when it pleased him he could so well assume, "Go and give my blessing to your sovereign, and tell him that if he spares the life of Corradin, he will lose his own." Or to quote the Pontiff's words on this occasion—"Mors Corradini, vita Caroli, mors Caroli, vita Corradini." This cruel advice, which caused throughout the Christian world the greatest surprise, was readily seized by the Neapolitan king, as it took from him all the responsibility of Corradin's death, and effectually removed the only one who could rightfully claim the crown which he had unjustly usurped. By the decision of Robert, a Genoese lawgiver, the young German emperor was condemned to die on a scaffold at Naples on the twenty-ninth of October, 1268, and his cousin Frederick, the Austrian Archduke, who had been faithful in life, and true to the last moment of his existence, perished with him.†

The present hereditary Prince of Bavaria, claiming to be one of Corradin's descendants, being at Naples in 1847, ordered a monument to be erected to his memory in the church of the

* For a description of this monarch's character, see Sismondi's Literature of Europe, vol. i, p. 164.

† Gio Villani, 7th book, 24th and 27th chapters.

‡ Mugnos.

§ Bartelemo de Neocastro, 9th chapter.

‖ Amari.

* Mugnos.

† Several writers have stated that Charles of Anjou had a soup made of Corradin's body, believing with more than a pagan's superstition that those who partook of it would be forgiven of parricide, and any other heinous crimes which they might have committed. Dante in the 33rd chapter is supposed to have referred to this savage act when penning the following lines—

". . . Ma chi m'ha colpa creda,
Che vendetta di Dio non teme suppe."

While recording this anecdote which Amari thinks is untrue, we are strongly reminded of a Maltese superstition of the present day, that of giving hot broth made of newly born puppies to women and children to cure a sudden fright. On such occasions, this curious beverage, is thought by these people to be a sovereign remedy, and drank without the least hesitation.

Piazza del Mercato, which stands on the square where the scaffold was raised for his execution. Thus after a lapse of nearly six centuries a tardy tribute of respect has been paid to a gallant monarch, who by his many virtues and noble bearing deserved a better fate. At Corradin's death, a lamentable event filled his subjects with sorrow —the royal house of Swabia, which had given a long line of emperors to Germany, became extinct, and Malta thereby becoming a possession of the King of Naples, was given to a French officer, who took with it the title of Count.* Not long was Charles permitted to enjoy the throne which he had waded in blood to reach. For by that fatal conspiracy now known as the Sicilian Vespers, which broke out on Easter day, A. D. 1282, his kingdom was lost, and his adherents destroyed. Fortunate it was for this monarch that he was absent in Tuscany, when this rebellion took place, for all the chief conspirators had sworn to kill him should he fall into their hands, and had gone so far at one of their meetings, as to name the place where the scaffold should be erected for his execution; the square at Naples on which Corradin perished, being the spot which they in their fury selected. Charles having in vain attempted to recover the crown which he had lost by this rebellion, Peter of Arragon next came to the Sicilian throne, which he claimed through his wife Constance, who was the daughter of Manfred, as we have before recorded.* During the whole period which transpired from this monarch's accession to the throne of Sicily, to that when in 1516, Charles V. came to the throne of Spain, there is little mentioned on the page of Maltese history, which is of sufficient interest or importance to claim the reader's attention.† The only incident which occurred

* Oftentimes in looking through the history of this island, do we find the favorites of Monarchs receiving the same rewards, and enjoying the same distinction. In 1194 King Henry gave Malta and Gozo to Margaritone who was at the time Duke of Durazzo, Prince of Taranto, and Grand Admiral of Sicily. But this nobleman did not long hold the islands, or the title they gave him, for falling in disgrace in 1198, the king deprived him of all his possessions and gave them to his newly elected admiral, "William the fat," his son and successor, with whom they remained many years. In 1265 Pope Clement IV. gave the islands to Charles of Anjou, and under his dominion they remained nineteen years. Peter of Arragon on coming to the throne of Sicily in 1284, gave Malta and Gozo to his kinsman, William Raimondo Moncada. In 1300 King Ferdinand II. found another possessor in the person of his Sicilian Vice Admiral, Roger de Fior. At this nobleman's death, twenty years afterwards, the islands were given by the same monarch to his son John, at the same time with many other places, Pantellaria, Aci, Francovilla, Traina, and Castiglione, being among the number. In 1353 Malta was held by the Count of Malfi; in 1361 by Count Colisano Guidone, and in 1377 by William of Arragon, a natural son of Frederick III. Fourteen years afterwards the islands brought with them the title of Marquis, and were given to William II. of Moncada. In 1393 it is recorded that Malta and Gozo were given by King Martin to Artall of Arragon for a white horse, as an act of homage, and two basins of silver. This nobleman a year afterwards being declared guilty of treason, was deprived of these possessions by the king, who gave them again to Moncada. Thus has Malta been, as it always must be, the football of fortune.

Malta six centuries ago was valuable to its possessor only for the title it gave him. Certainly its revenue could have been of little importance, when it did not amount to three pounds a year, and this trifling sum could be paid in produce to him who had the right of collection. The island is much more valuable to its ruler at this day, for it now not only gives to its fortunate governor the title of Sir, (he being made on his appointment a knight of St. Michael and St. George,) and a beautiful palace to reside in, but also a salary of five thousand pounds annually paid for performing services which the Maltese have said many of their countrymen would be too happy to undertake for one-fifth of the sum. But would they perform the duties as well?

* John of Procida, laid his plan for the Sicilian Vespers at Malta; and was assisted in his nefarious deeds by Peter, King of Arragon, the Roman Pontiff, Nicolo III., who died without knowing the result of his intrigues, and Michael Paleologo, the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, who had a ready excuse for his conduct, inasmuch as Charles of Anjou having threatened him with a declaration of war, he had no alternative but to engage in this conspiracy to protect his own dominions. Of all these crowned conspirators, Peter was the one to win a throne, as with this monarch, "the Arragonnese dynasty commenced at Naples, and from that time to the present, Sicily has been governed by kings or viceroys of a Spanish line."

† In the chapel of Sancta Maria l'Incoronata at Palermo, will now be seen a beautiful painting in fresco representing the coronation of Peter, King of Arragon, and his wife, Constance, which took place in that building in 1282. On the right hand side of the chapel the king is represented kneeling before the bishop who is seated, and placing the crown on Peter's head. Under the figure representing the king, are the words "Petrus Aragonius." On the left Constance is seated, and the bishop standing before her in the act of placing a crown on her head, he being assisted in this service by other prelates. Under Her Majesty are the words "Regina Constantia." The circumstance of Peter's having been crowned when kneeling, and the queen when seated, has been noticed by Walter. For he says, "Petro genu flexo a sedente archiepiscopo corona imponitur: Constantia sedente at assurgente datur." Amato is another authority, for he states, "Constantia Sueva Siciliae domina sedet: Vir Petrus Arogonensis fluxis genibus; primam stans Praesul. secundum coronat sedens." In the front of the chapel are the arms of the king and under them this Latin inscription, "Hic Regi corona datur." Over a window the following verses are to be seen,

Filia Manfredi Regis Constantia Petro,
Hic sua consorti Regia Sceptra Dedit.

On the right hand—

Sponsus ut Est Templi Deus Isque Homo Virgine Natus
Sic Aquilae Geminum Cernis Inesse Caput.

On the left hand—

Cum Sis Divorum Alfrix Regum Et Regia Sedes
Et Merito Regni Dicta Panorme Caput.

In another place the Pope is represented sitting on his

in this long term of two hundred and thirty-four years meriting a notice, is that when in 1428 the Maltese subscribed thirty thousand florins to have their island annexed to the kingdom of Sicily. King Alphonso, to whom this large sum was sent, readily granted their request, and gave them many privileges. But those of electing their own rulers, and making their own laws, as the Maltese without sufficient reason assert, were not among the number. And it should be recorded that it is from this "grant" made more than four centuries ago, that the people are now claiming from England the right of having a popular council. But whether or not this prayer should be granted, is to those who wish well to the people a question of serious doubt. What, it has often been asked, have the Maltese to legislate about, if they should have a House of Assembly? Is it for the better security of their landed estates? Certainly not, for three-fifths of all the wealth of the island belongs to the crown, or the Catholic Church, and with its present owners it is long likely to remain.* A popular council will find it a difficult task to take the rentals of government out of the hands of its officers, or the revenues of the church out of the grasp of its priests. There is, however, this difference between the parties in the means which they employ to hold the large sums which England has obtained by her power, and the Church from pious bequests. Great Britain keeps hers by her cannon, and the priests hold theirs by their prayers. Against such forces what opposition can be brought to prevail? Surely none that the Maltese can bring against them, either in the shape of speeches or by the conquest of arms. Malta is at the best but a garrison town, and its inhabitants are held in a cage, which few of the nations of the world have the keys of opening. The daily parade and evening tattoo, the glittering bayonets and the soldier's measured step as they pass through the streets, the strong guards which are stationed at all the gates of the city, and the sentry's midnight cry of "all's well," as he walks his weary round, too plainly tell to the inhabitants of Valetta, that they are dwelling in a place which enjoys no other liberty than that which a liberal military ruler, or an unpopular civil governor like a Mr. More O'Ferrall, may be pleased to allow. In the words of Lord Byron, the whole island is a "military hot house," and thus for its preservation it must always be held. But doomed as the Maltese are, from their geographical position, to be vassals, they are fortunate in having the flag of Old England waving over their walls, and bringing with it that protection which her stand among the nations of the earth enables her to give to her subjects. That the islanders have some causes of complaint will not be denied, but these are not to be remedied by a national council which, in the end, if granted to the people, might only serve as an arena for personal disputes, and to cause wounds among themselves and their fellow-protestant subjects not to be easily healed.* That the English have acted prudently in not granting a "House of Representatives" to their Maltese subjects, there cannot be a doubt. A few high-minded, well-educated, and honorable persons there are in Malta who entertain a different opinion, we are ready to allow, and among them is the Baron Camillo Sceberras. But while these gentlemen are desiring a national council for their countrymen, are they not unmindful of the language of the people which is so much against them, their strong Catholic bias against the religion of the country which governs them, their rivalries and jealousies amongst themselves, their general ignorance and poverty! Differing as we do with these gentlemen in our opinion as to the propriety or justice of giving or refusing a national council to the Maltese, still there are grievances mentioned by them which England in her might should remove.

Intending to write more fully on these subjects in another chapter, we will again take up the thread of our historical sketch.

By a diploma dated at Castel Franco, on the 24th of October, 1530, and which now may be seen in Valetta, Charles V. gave the islands of Malta and Gozo to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who retained these possessions for the long term of two hundred and sixty-eight years. But in June, 1798, when the palmiest days of the knights' power had passed, they were subdued by Napoleon who landed at Malta when on his way to Egypt, where with his fleet and army

throne with the king kneeling on his right and the queen on his left. Near by St. Peter is represented standing, having the keys in his right hand and an open book in his left, on which is the motto "Petrus ero Petro Regi Siculorum." On the left of the queen St. Paul is represented holding a sword in his right hand and an open book in his left, the motto on which cannot now be read.—*Translated from Amari.*

* The remaining two-fifths of the cultivated property at Malta, is held by the nobles and merchants, persons who take but little interest in the affairs of the government, and would not probably accept of seats in a national council, if they had the power to obtain them."

* On Friday, the 15th of March, 1839, the censorship of the press was abolished in Malta, and what has been the result? That of all the journals which were published, there was at one period not a single one friendly to the local government, or which supported its acts. And if a national council was granted to the people, would not such be the case with its members? Might it not differ from all other popular bodies by being composed of men who should have but one opinion with reference to the acts of their rulers, and that should be to condemn.

he met with such a signal defeat.* Not more than ten weeks had the four thousand soldiers, whom Bonaparte left to garrison the island, been among the Maltese, before they evinced such a deadly hatred to their new masters, that they cut them off wherever they could, but never took a prisoner. And this revengeful feeling was caused among the natives solely from the French having robbed their churches of the spoils, which after the expulsion of the Order of St. John they had hoped to enjoy.† On the 4th of September, 1800, the republican General Vaubois surrendered to Major General Pigot, after having suffered during the siege, which continued for two years, the most grievous privations. "The blockade of Malta was so remarkable for its duration as well as for the sufferings of the besieged, and the unremitting watchfulness of the blockading squadron, that it has scarcely a parallel in history. It commenced in September, 1798, when in addition to the ordinary garrison, the harbour contained the line of battle ship "Guillaume Tell," and the frigates "Diana" and Justice," the three ships which reached the island after the battle of the Nile. The blockade having continued twelve months, provisions had become so scarce, that a fowl sold for 60 francs, a pigeon for 12, a pound of sugar for 22, and a pound of coffee for 26 francs. Towards the end of the second year's siege Admiral Villeneuve determined on making an attempt to send the ships to France for assistance. The William Tell was sent out with all possible precautions, but she was captured by Lord Nelson on the night of her departure. Several speronaras were also dispatched but captured. As a last means the two frigates Diana and Justice were dispatched, but on the morning following their departure. a line of battle ship passed the harbour in sight of the garrison with the Diana in company bearing the British flag. The distress of the garrison was extreme. A small measure of oil sold from 24 to 28 francs, sugar had risen from 22 to 48 francs a pound, and the same weight of coffee from 26 to 58 francs. Horses, mules, cats, dogs, and even rats had been so long consumed, that to hold out longer was impossible. The garrison accordingly capitulated in September, 1800, after a siege of two years and a day, during which period the French consumed 52,000 shot and bombs and about 700,000 cartridges. The provisions on which the soldiers had subsisted during this time would not have lasted more than seven months had they been on full allowance."*

In justice to the Maltese, and their Neapolitan allies, it should be recorded that the French garrison had been greatly reduced before the English landed on their island, and that to the Maltese peasantry and Italian soldiers much credit is due for having assisted in driving a body of men out of the island, which with all their courage and obstinacy they so nobly strove to retain.

Had England been inimical to the Maltese, this result could have never occurred. Malta in ancient times, whether in peace or war, never could produce enough from its soil to support its inhabitants, and in all probability never will, for no new land is brought into cultivation, and the number of its inhabitants is daily increasing. It cannot, therefore, be said that the Maltese caused the famine from which the French soldiers suffered so much, for the islanders had not food enough for themselves, and more of them perished from hunger, during the siege, than from natural causes or the attacks of their enemies. But for the blockading squadron which England sent to aid the Maltese in October, 1800, the French could not have been expelled from Valetta, as supplies would have reached them from France, and Malta been held under her rule. It was solely from the fear of starvation, that the French garrison was compelled to yield to its enemies, and then only to an English officer, for General Vaubois, as he remarked at the time, had been reduced by hunger, and not conquered by force of arms. That this statement is correct, is sufficiently evident from the honorable terms of capitulation which were granted by Major General Pigot to his gallant and fallen foe, and in which the Maltese were not mentioned, nor had they been consulted.

To Great Britain as a maritime power, the possession of Malta is a point of the utmost importance. While holding the island she protects her trade in the Mediterranean, has a citadel on the high road to India, holds a check on the French conquests in Barbary, and in event of another war, may send out from its harbors the ships and steamers, with which to destroy the commerce of her enemies, and make hostile descents on their coasts.† England was not long ignorant of the importance of Malta after it had

* Bonaparte found at Malta twelve hundred cannon mostly made of brass, two hundred thousand pounds of powder, two ships of the line, a frigate, four galleys, and forty thousand muskets: besides an immense amount collected by superstition. There were also four thousand five hundred Turkish prisoners whom he set at liberty. *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates—London*, 1841.

† This treasure was embarked on board of two French ships of war, one of which was destroyed at the battle of Aboukir Bay, fought August 1st, 1798, and the other captured by the English at sea when on her way to France.

* We have taken the above extract from Murray's Hand Book for Travellers in the East, a book which is invaluable to Americans who are travelling abroad, giving as it does a brief description of every interesting place which they would be likely to visit.

† Vide a report of Lord Melville's speech in May, 1803.

once come in her power, or of the value of a prize which without the loss of one of her subjects, she had thus easily won. But if such is the case, still it should be remembered by the Maltese, that it was at their request, and on their account, that Great Britain was compelled to break the treaty of Amiens and rush headlong into a desperate war.*

On Sunday evening, March 13th, 1803, two months and five days before England declared war against France, the following conversation is reported to have taken place at the Tuilleries, between Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador in Paris, and Napoleon, who was greatly excited, and spoke sufficiently loud for all the foreign ministers who were present to hear his remarks.†

Bonaparte. "You know, my lord, that a terrible storm has arisen between England and France."

Lord Whitworth. "Yes, General Consul: but it is to be hoped that this storm will be dissipated without any serious consequences."

Bonaparte. "It will be dissipated when England shall have evacuated Malta. If not the cloud will burst, and the bolt must fall. The King of England has promised by treaty to evacuate that place, and who shall violate the faith of treaties?"

Lord Whitworth. "You know, General Consul, the circumstances which have hitherto delayed the evacuation of Malta. The intention of my sovereign is to fulfil the treaty of Amiens."

Bonaparte. "You know, (with impetuosity,) that the French have carried on the war for ten years, and you cannot but suppose that they are in a condition to wage it again. Inform your Court, that if on the receipt of your dispatches, orders are not issued for the immediate surrender of Malta, then *war is declared.* I declare my firm resolution is to see the treaty carried into effect; and I leave it to the ambassadors of the several powers that are present to say who is in the wrong. You flattered yourselves that France would not dare to show her resentment whilst her squadrons were at St. Domingo; I am happy thus publicly to undeceive you."

Lord Whitworth. "But, General, the negotiation is not yet terminated, and there is even reason to believe"—

Bonaparte. "Of what negotiation does your lordship speak? Is it necessary to negotiate what is conceded by treaty—to negotiate the fulfilment of engagements and the duties of good faith?"

Lord Whitworth was about to reply, but Bonaparte made a sign with his hand and continued in a less elevated tone:

"My lord, your lady is indisposed. She may probably breathe her native air much sooner than you or I expected. I wish most ardently for peace; but if my just demand be not instantly complied with, *then war* must follow, and God will decide. If treaties are not sufficient to bind to peace, then the vanquished must not be left in a condition to offer injury."

When this conversation was reported in London, and Bonaparte's declaration made publicly known, that he would sooner have the English in the outskirts of Paris than holding the island of Malta contrary to the stipulations made in the treaty of Amiens, then it was that the people of Great Britain saw that a war was inevitable, and gallantly made up their minds to meet the desperate struggle which by a single act of their government they could not avert.* The result of this struggle is known. By the defeat of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, June 18th. 1815, England had the right to her island of Malta and its dependencies confirmed by the powers of Europe, and it has now become a possession which with her ships, her seamen and soldiers, she is long likely to hold.

* The preliminary articles, fifteen in number, for the peace of Amiens, were signed by Lord Hawkesbury and M. Otta on the part of England and France, on the 1st of October, 1801. The definitive treaty was subscribed on March 27, 1802, by the Marquis Cornwallis for England. Joseph Bonaparte for France, Azara for Spain, and Schimmelpenninck for Holland.—*Haydn's Dic. of Dates.*

Heeren in his "Historical Researches" differs from Haydn, for he says that peace was concluded at Amiens between England on the one side, and France, Spain and the Batavian Republic on the other, March 25th, 1802.

Conditions. 1. Restoration to France, and its allies, of all the conquests made by England, with the exception of the island of Trinidad resigned by Spain, and Ceylon ceded by the Batavian Republic. 2. The Porte was to be preserved in its integrity. It was comprehended in the peace, and was to be invited to join it. 3. France recognized the Republic of the Seven Islands. 4. The island of Malta, with Gozo and Comino, were to revert to the Order, to be evacuated within two months, to be occupied by Neapolitan troops, and its dependence to be guaranteed by France, England, Russia, Spain and Prussia. Neither the French nor English tongues were to prevail; the Maltese tongue was to be cultivated, and the returning Knights were to elect a Grand Master from among themselves.

† London Annual Register, 1803.

* Although the assertion made by Bonaparte that "England could not contend single-handed with France," may have caused a hostile feeling between the two powers, and obliged Mr. Windham to say in the "dying words of Lord Chatham that he would sooner pawn the shirt off his back, than submit to his enemies," yet Malta was in reality the bone of contention, as will be sufficiently seen from the correspondence of Lord Whitworth with citizen Talleyrand, and the debates in the house of Peers in which the Lords Temple, Pelham, Ellenborough, Moira, Rosslyn, Sligo and Grenville took so prominent and decided a stand. A copy of this correspondence, and of the speeches of these noble lords, will be found in the English Annual Register of 1803.

THE COMING HOME.

To the Sisters of Frances ——.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

When Memory o'er the scenes and joys
  Of childhood muses long,
And brokenly her brooding voice
  Sobs out its exile song,—
Heart-weary of life's tempest-din,
  A dove amid its foam,—
She pants to fold her wings within
  The sheltering ark of home.

Thus o'er the mountains' line of blue,
  That framed your first, sweet years,
Ye often saw the picture through
  A haze of yearning tears:
No home had elsewhere seemed so fair—
  No spot such memories gave;
Ye had been happy children there—
  There—was your mother's grave.

More beautiful the picture grew
  Beneath affection's sight,
Till *coming home* appeared to you
  The fulness of delight:
Ah! then ye had been slow to learn
  How soon the joy would wane—
How such a simple bliss *could* turn
  To such ecstatic pain.

Ye came—without *her* music gay,
  Whose was the gladdest tone—
Ye only brought the cage away
  From which the bird had flown.
The sweetness of the summer sky
  Behind your tears was hid—
Ye thought but of the fast-shut eye
  Beneath the coffin lid.

Throughout the long, dim, silent night,
  With sinking heart and head,
Ye journeyed by the stars' pale light,
  Beside your precious dead:—
To *you* the way was drear and dark—
  She, springing from earth's sod,
Was soaring, an uprisen lark,
  Beneath the eye of God!

Ye bore her as the morn brake fair
  Her native valleys o'er,
Across the dear home-threshold where
  Her feet shall tread no more:—
But did ye not remember then,
  With gush of grateful love,
That she should pass no more again
  Out from her home above?

Ye saw the lifted eyes elate
  With hope 'mid death's eclipse—
Ye heard the sweet words alternate
  Upon her dying lips,
Of "*Father!*"—"*Mother!*"—while her breast
  With equal strife was riven—
Wooed by the best beloved on earth—
  The best beloved in heaven!

But though ye fain had held her fast,
  A spirit only seen
By eyes from which the veil was cast,
  Had come your hearts between:
No wonder that such full content
  In every feature smiled;
—The angel-mother had been sent
  To summon home her child!

The spot in which they laid her down,
  A new, sad charm shall wear,
If only that your darling one
  Has asked to slumber there;
The girding hills whose depth of blue
  Her eyes such gladness gave,
Are henceforth consecrate to you—
  Their shadows cross her grave.

RIEGO, OR THE SPANISH MARTYR.*

We are somewhat at a loss to conjecture for what reason the author of this play has so studiously shrouded his name in concealment. Whether it proceeds from a morbid sensitiveness to the touch of criticism, or a wish to divert himself with the spectacle of public curiosity vainly trying to penetrate his disguise, are questions sure to give rise to much idle and unprofitable speculation, though certainly their solution is of very little moment in determining the merits of the work. With the lights before us we are rather inclined to embrace the latter hypothesis. The writer, surely, need not be ashamed of his literary offspring, nor, in our judgment, has he any just ground for the apprehension, that a bantling so fair and vigorous will meet with a rude and unfriendly reception. The richness of its diction, the glow of its poetical imagery, and the noble sentiments with which it is embellished, will assuredly shield this play, even though it may be pronounced defective as a dramatic production, from all severity of animadversion on the part of liberal and judicious critics. The author must, indeed, be conscious of his own powers—must feel that confidence in his title to public approbation, which is the uniform concomitant of genius; nor, unless he indulges an excessive sensibility to censure or ridicule, need he shrink from the critical probe by whatever hand it may be applied. Dennises and Giffords there may be enow, but their savage severity no longer harmonizes with the spirit of the age, nor would public sentiment, on this side of the Ocean at least, tolerate such an infliction on the productions of our infant literature. To write a slashing review—to torture the feelings and damp

* RIEGO, OR THE SPANISH MARTYR. *A Tragedy: In Five Acts.* Richmond: P. D. Bernard, Printer and Publisher. 1850. (Just issued.)

the enthusiasm of the timid candidate for fame by derisive strictures and uncandid representations, is no longer deemed the appropriate office of the critic, nor, in the present state of public opinion, could such a system of habitual unfairness and perversion find any countenance except from political rancour or private malevolence. Our author has every assurance, therefore, that his due meed of praise will be awarded him, whenever he chooses to issue from his covert, and exhibit himself to public observation.

The probability is, however, that he acts from very different motives—that he affects concealment, because he derives a mischievous pleasure from baffling the conjectures and perplexing the ingenuity of those lynx-eyed people, who pretend to see farther into a millstone than their neighbors. The love of this kind of innocent deception is deep-seated in the human heart, as might be shown by numerous examples, and it is a fact, attested by uniform experience, that no pleasures are so keenly relished as those which are secret and exclusive. It is not the first time that men of genius have amused themselves with inflicting the torments of ungratified curiosity upon the literary world, and we must believe that there is some peculiar zest in this enjoyment from the influence it has exercised on men of the first order of intellect. Swift, Junius, Sir Walter Scott, and many other writers of celebrity practised the same harmless deceit, and doubtless received a singular gratification from eluding the inquisitive researches of their cotemporaries. It was pleasant to them to look forth from the "loopholes" of their "retreat" upon the busy conjectures and mistaken theories of the world—to glide about in their coat of darkness, and smile at the abortive efforts to trace their identity. There was some sportive mischief, and more policy in the device. Their mysterious visor added mightily to the notoriety and interest of their writings. The literary banquet they had provided, acquired a keener relish from the condiment of curiosity. In the absence of distinct knowledge imagination took the reins, and invested the unknown author with gigantic proportions. Such has always been the effect of mystery. The man of the iron mask, whose captivity engaged for many years the strenuous investigation of all Europe, was long supposed to be an elder brother of the grand monarque, confined for reasons of State, until modern inquiry dispelled the illusion and identified the unhappy prisoner as an obscure political agent, condemned to this dreadful punishment by the insatiate vengeance of despotic power. In like manner the anonymous writer takes hold, at once, on the judgment and imagination of his readers, and is clothed with an ideal consequence fully adequate to, and often surpassing his real pretensions. We are merely depicting the natural consequences of concealed authorship, and are far from insinuating that the writer of Riego has resorted to such a stratagem as this for the purpose of entrapping popular admiration. It may be that he only contemplates an experiment, and when satisfied that his work will be properly appreciated, intends to reveal himself to the world. If so, his incognito will, we are sure, be of short duration.

From the circumstances attending this publication we are justified in supposing it to be the production of a native Virginian. We hail it, therefore, as the first offspring of the tragic muse of Virginia, and, still more, as an indication of what the long dormant genius of our State is capable of achieving. It is certainly remarkable that, while the poetic literature of America is in full effervescence in the north, and has already borne the most delicate and luscious fruit, it has remained barren and lifeless in Virginia, or, at best, has put forth some feeble blossoms that have blasted and withered in their very birth. We spurn the coarse and offensive assertion recently put forth by a northern demagogue, that the brains of the Union lie north of Mason's and Dixon's line—an assertion belied by every page of American history; neither can we believe there is any want of creative fancy, "of the vision and the faculty divine" among a people who in past times have furnished such conclusive evidences of intellectual vigor and activity. Our latitude has been thought peculiarly propitious to the growth of those powers of the mind, of that ardent and enthusiastic temperament, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the poet; and it would be strange, indeed, if our race, elsewhere so remarkable for intellectual progress, should here be moulded of such dull clay as alone to be unsusceptible of the subtle and pervading influences of climate. We hold, therefore, that all the seeds of invention—all the elements of poetic genius exist here, and will surely develope their latent energies whenever proper means are employed to rouse them into action. The ingredients of that tremendous agent which rends the solid rock and uproots the strongest bulwarks, had lain for ages powerless, until the ingenuity of man combined them in the due proportion, and from the sluggish mass prepared an instrument whose force almost rivals the lightnings of heaven. The mind of Virginia is not dead—it only sleepeth. What has produced this lethargy, and how is it to be dispelled? The causes of this apparent intellectual paralysis are, that the thorough culture of the mind is too much neglected among us—that we rest satisfied with superficial attainments—that in the pursuit of know-

ledge we are apt to faint by the wayside, and to relax our efforts before we have explored its profounder recesses—that we are deficient in laborious, persevering application, without which our faculties can never reach their greatest perfection. Whenever, (and we believe that time has arrived,) the minds of our youth are subjected to a more rigorous training—whenever they are thoroughly impressed with the great truth, that toil, intense and unintermitting, is the price of all real excellence, then it will be seen, we doubt not, that Virginia, once the mother of great men, is still fruitful in every eminent intellectual endowment.

We do not profess to be adepts in the mysteries of stage exhibition, and cannot, therefore, determine the question whether this play is adapted to the purposes of public representation. Whatever may be its success in that respect, its intrinsic merits as a composition will certainly command the admiration of every reader who has taste to relish the beauties of polished diction, or the sallies of an imagination at once disciplined and exuberant. The office of tragedy is to purify the affections by the agency of pity and terror—to be the vehicle of generous and elevated sentiments—to teach us how unstable and valueless are the gifts of fortune, since the most prosperous, as well as the best men, are exposed to such tremendous vicissitudes—to inculcate the great truth, that in a scene, so brief and fluctuating as this life, virtue alone is steadfast and enduring. Tried by this standard, the tragedy of Riego will be found to have fulfilled, in many respects, the chief end of such compositions. It presents us with a group of patriots struggling bravely for the liberties of their country against the combined efforts of kingcraft and priestcraft, and only defeated in the glorious contest by the treachery of false friends and the intervention of foreign enemies. Their leader, who gives name to the play, is gifted with every quality of mind and heart that enter into the composition of a hero. Tender and affectionate in private—fearless, disinterested, and sagacious in public life, he is loved and revered by his family and friends, while to the partisans of despotism he is an object of dread and abhorrence. Betrayed by the baseness of pretended friends into the toils of his enemies while engaged in an attempt to repel a foreign foe, and to sustain the constitution of his country, he dies with the courage and constancy of a Cato—a victim to the cruel maxims and relentless vengeance of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. It is as true in politics as in religion, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church; and the principles of civil liberty, sealed by the death of such a patriot, will be the more endeared to the heart of every lover of freedom by the memory of those who have nobly suffered in their cause.

The diction is uniformly rich and beautiful, and the rhythm of the lines smooth and harmoous. Passages of fine declamation, adorned with a chastened yet glowing imagery, frequently occur, and the whole work is replete with the purest and most elevated moral sentiments. It may be objected, perhaps with some truth, that this play seldom portrays the workings of those passions which most frequently disturb the tranquillity of private life, and which, therefore, by the law of association are most apt to touch the feelings of men—that it deals almost exclusively with themes of vital interest indeed to the whole human race, but too vague and general in their nature to excite our sympathy or move our affections. Admitting that, in common with some other celebrated dramatic performances, it may be liable to this criticism, there are still some redeeming traits of tenderness and beauty in the scenes between Riego and his wife, which forcibly depict the strength of feminine attachment eager to sacrifice every thing for the loved object, and the painful conflict in the patriot's bosom between his private feeling and sense of public duty.

In the discrimination of his characters, both good and evil, the author has marked their peculiar traits of mind and disposition with a nice and delicate pencil. He has shunned the error of French tragedy, where the march of the declamation is so uniform and monotonous, that the distinction of persons can only be ascertained by reference to the names upon the margin. Adopting the more natural manner of Shakespeare, he has labored, generally with success, to indicate his interlocutors by language and sentiments appropriate to their individual characters. We doubt, however, whether, in introducing a fool or jester, he has not gone rather too far in his imitation of the great master of the English drama. That antiquated appurtenance of a court had, we supposed, been long since discarded in Europe, nor are we aware that our author is borne out by historical fact in associating even Ferdinand VII. with so fantastic a personage. However this may be, it is altogether certain that in the time of Shakespeare and for centuries before, a jester constituted an essential part of the suite of every king and nobleman. That he should have brought such a character into his plays, therefore, is what might have been expected from one who professed to catch "the spirit of the time, its form and pressure." Nevertheless we have always thought it inconsistent with the dignity of tragic composition to disfigure its stately dialogue with the "fool-born jests" of so frivolous a character, nor has Shakespeare, with all his

eccentricities, often ventured upon such an anomaly. Some of his tragedies, however, are chargeable with this offence, and (with reverence be it spoken,) in his comedies he frequently drugs us with the buffoonery of his fools and clowns *usque ad nauseam*. Still, maugre the example of this great writer, we must adhere to the opinion that such an element in tragedy is utterly heterogeneous and inappropriate. Our author may yet plead one apology for this transgression, namely—that he never introduces his jester but for the purpose of enlivening with his absurdities the dullness of court dialogue, which, whether in fiction or real life, must always be sufficiently insipid.

Having laid the groundwork of his plot in events of very recent date, the author has given but little room for the exercise of invention. In constructing his story he is constantly hampered and trammelled by the historical fact, and his subject is destitute of that undefined and mysterious grandeur, which the haze of antiquity imparts to more remote transactions. The consciousness that he is dealing with circumstances familiar to the whole world, acts, like birdlime, on the wings of his imagination; and it is evident, that he must frequently have been at a loss to decide how far he could venture to engraft his own creations on the train of real occurrences. This was a difficulty inherent in his plan: yet he has encountered these disadvantages with no ordinary skill and ability, and has succeeded in imparting to his story a high degree of interest.

The plot of the play is simple, and chequered with but few incidents. It might, perhaps, have been more skilfully perplexed, and more artificially unravelled; yet the action never lingers or stagnates, and each successive event is made to contribute by a natural [illegible] to the main catastrophe. Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we might allege that some of the incidents are improbable, when viewed in reference to the character of the agents, and the circumstances in which they are placed; but knowing the power of invention necessary to contrive a dramatic plot, we will not be so illiberal as to animadvert on such minute defects. Were the same strict rule applied to dramatic writers of established reputation, it would be found that their productions are open to the same exception; and inasmuch as the world has pardoned their errors in consideration of their merits, we are disposed, for like reasons, to extend to our author the benefit of the same liberal indulgence.

The example of Shakespeare, and the argument of Dr. Johnson had, we supposed, settled to the satisfaction of the literary world, the question of the dramatic unities, so strenuously insisted on, and observed with such superstitious reverence by authors, who consulted rather the dictates of authority than the maxims of common sense and experience. Yet, to our surprise, an ingenious writer in Blackwood's Magazine has recently revived this antiquated doctrine, and maintained its utility and reasonableness with singular force and plausibility. This recurrence to old and exploded principles in literature is somewhat analogous to the retrograde movement of that knot of eccentric politicians, who have assumed the somewhat inappropriate title of young England, and who, in defiance of the progress of liberal ideas, profess a fanatical adherence to some of the most exceptionable opinions of Sir Robert Filmer. We have faith in the maxim, that revolutions never go backwards, and if a change, either political or literary, is impending, we scarcely think that with all their zeal, these worshippers of the past can persuade the present generation to adopt the usages of a bygone age. But if the reign of the unities is to be restored, the most bigoted stickler for their authority will find but little to condemn in the tragedy of Riego. While it judiciously avoids the absurdities which a too servile adherence to that system must inevitably produce, it preserves a sufficient regard for its fundamental principles to rescue it from the censure of those readers, who, making no allowance for the irregularities of genius, estimate the merits of a literary work, like the critic of Sterne, by rule and measure.

The scene of the play is laid in Madrid and its neighborhood; and the plot is founded upon the abortive attempt of Riego and his compatriots to restore to Spain, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty, the free institutions which had been established by the brave and enlightened men who had so nobly defended the cause of Ferdinand, and the independence of their country against the gigantic power of Bonaparte, and which that weak and faithless despot, replaced upon a throne that he dishonored, by the courage and loyalty of his subjects, so ungratefully labored to destroy. The following is an outline of the story. A plot is contrived between Saez, a Jesuit and secret adviser of the king, Alagon, captain of his guard, and other partisans of royalty to overthrow the constitution, and arrest the leaders of the liberal party on the day when Ferdinand proposed, with great pomp and ceremony, to present at the shrine of the Virgin Mary a petticoat embroidered for her with his own royal hands. As a part of their scheme they had already been in correspondence with Abisbal, Ballasteros and Morillo, three discontented members of the popular party, on whose defection they had strong reason to calculate. Riego, Mina, and their friends, receive timely notice of this conspiracy, and resolve to attend at the appoint-

ed time with concealed weapons, and in the guise of monks. In pursuance of their design the tools of despotism commence the strife, and the treacherous king, for a brief period is flattered with the belief that his enemies are routed and dispersed; but suddenly a monk rushes in, and, to his utter dismay, announces that the rebels have triumphed. Riego and his victorious comrades follow quickly on the heels of this unexpected intelligence, and seize upon the trembling, pusillanimous monarch. The fierce Morillo, feigning a burning zeal the better to conceal his treachery, offers to slay the abject and crouching Ferdinand; but Riego magnanimously intercepts the blow and disarms the assailant. Foiled in this sanguinary attempt, Morillo becomes frantic with rage, and nurses a deadly resentment against his great leader. The king, thus rescued from slaughter, is reserved by his captors for impeachment before the Cortes. Saez, the soul of the royal party, who at this crisis is unaccountably permitted to go at large, avails himself of the interval to repair the broken thread of his intrigues, and secures, by the offer of brilliant rewards, the co-operation of the venal Abisbal, the vindictive Morillo, the timid Ballasteros, and other members of the liberal party. With this aid fortified by the influence of the church and the force of an approaching French army, the wary Jesuit hopes to crush his opponents in the hour of their triumph, and revive the drooping power of his master. Ferdinand is then brought before the Cortes, over which Riego presides, and having sworn to support the Constitution, is permitted to retire on the pretence of consulting his council in reference to the expediency of his leaving Madrid. A letter from the Duke of Angouleme, announcing his approach with a French army for the purpose of reforming the government, is then read to the Cortes, and received with the deepest indignation. In the midst of the angry debates excited by this threat of foreign intervention, a messenger communicates the king's resolution to remain in Madrid contrary to the wishes of the Cortes. The most violent measures are thereupon proposed against Ferdinand; but being opposed by Riego, who is in favor of conciliation, a deputation at his suggestion is at length sent to persuade the king to relinquish his determination, who soon report that he is inflexible. Saez then appears as the representative of his refractory sovereign, and vindicates with the audacity belonging to his order, the divine right of kings and the arbitrary maxims of despotism. During the controversy provoked by this daring priest, a packet is handed to Riego, which proves to be an invitation to the French, under the sign manual of the king and the seal of Saez, to advance to Madrid. Thereupon Riego indignantly denounces the falsehood and double-dealing of Ferdinand, and Saez being strangely allowed to escape unmolested, the Cortes resolve to establish a regency, and one is accordingly appointed. A reaction then takes place among the fickle populace in favor of their worthless king, and the crafty Saez having despatched a courier to hasten the march of the French, contrives that Morillo, whose defection is still unsuspected by his political associates, shall assail in the rear the patriots, who have gone forth under the command of Riego to resist the foreign invader. By these arrangements the liberal army is defeated and Riego taken prisoner; but the indomitable Mina escapes. The captive patriot being committed to the dungeons of the inquisition, there boldly avows his acts and opinions, and defies the power of that terrible tribunal. He is then brought before the king and summarily sentenced to execution, protesting vehemently against the informality of his trial. While this mockery of justice is transacting, Riego's wife, Doña Theresa, rushes into the presence of the king, and throwing herself at his feet, implored her husband's pardon. Ferdinand is struck with her beauty, and being not less dissolute than superstitious, (a compound by no means unusual,) conceives the base design of making her anxiety to save Riego subservient to the gratification of his guilty desires. Having remanded Riego to his dungeon, he boldly proposes her prostitution as the price of her husband's safety. In spite of her grief and despair, she resists all his vicious pleadings and specious arguments, until he sternly tells her that by obstinately resisting his overtures she pronounces the doom of Riego, whose life hangs upon her determination. Shuddering at this dreadful alternative, she seems at length to yield, and upon his assurance that she may have a final interview with her husband, she promises to return and place herself in his power. We are then transported again to the cells of the inquisition, where the diabolic Saez enjoys the anguish of his victim, while he tells Riego that, provided he agrees to surrender his wife to the embraces of the king, his sentence would be revoked, and, to add to his torture, assures him that she had already yielded to the infamous proposal. In the agony of his despair, Riego exclaims that he must hear her consent from her own lips, and that if she is willing to make such a sacrifice, he would no longer oppose it. Doña Theresa is then admitted to his dungeon. In the course of the affecting interview that succeeds, she tells him that her apparent submission to the wicked purposes of the king was only feigned to save his life, and shews him a dagger with which in the last extremity she intended to secure her honor from

pollution. Riego eagerly clutches the weapon, and for a moment meditates the death of his wife; but at length shrinks back with horror from the idea of shedding the blood of one so dear to him. As the moment of their final separation draws nigh, the cell suddenly opens and displays to view the horrid apparatus of torture. Shuddering at the hideous spectacle, Doña Theresa sinks into a swoon, and while she is in a state of insensibility, a monk enters to receive Riego's confession, who proves to be his brother. The noble prisoner, mindful of others rather than himself, commits the lifeless form of his wife to the sympathizing monk, who, availing himself of the privileges of his order, bears her off, and promises to place her under the protection of Mina. That enterprising leader had devised a scheme to rescue Riego even at the moment of execution, but his purpose is anticipated by the bloody haste of the minions of despotism, and in the closing scene, he meets the bier of his murdered comrade, to whose butchered remains he pays a mournful tribute.

Such is the tale which our author has adorned with some of the choicest flowers of poetry and rhetoric. We had intended to enrich our pages with copious extracts; but this review has already occupied so much space, that we must deny ourselves the gratification of quoting as extensively as we could have wished. Yet in justice to the play, and to fortify our favorable judgment, it is proper that we should give a few specimens of our author's style.

The first scene consists of a dialogue between Riego and Diaz, the young son of Porlier, who had perished a few years before in the struggle to maintain the new-born liberty of Spain. The enthusiastic youth is deeply interested in the early history of Rome, and Riego takes occasion to impress his opening mind with the love of freedom by recounting the brilliant examples of patriotism, and public spirit exhibited in the ancient republics. The following lines, where he contrasts the Grecian and Roman commonwealths, are a splendid sample of declamation.

Greece, lovely Greece!
And Rome, majestic power! still rise before me,
Rivals, not equals in the race of glory.
In friendly links, the Grecian league appears
Like clustering vines, shooting their tendrils forth
On every side, to prop their fragile forms:
Rome, the gigantic oak, self-poised, which scorns
The whirlwind's wrath, and wars with time himself.
Resembling, one, a mighty river formed
Of many streams, lingering to enchant the eye
And fertilize the earth; the other, ocean,
In whose unfathomed depths, the mightiest rivers
Are gulfed and lost. A diadem, seems Greece,
With rarest gems adorned of every hue:
Rome shines a diamond of unclouded light.
The banded states, a constellation, whose
Mild fires invite the eye to gaze upon
Its glittering host, and trace the separate path
Of each bright star, while all as one, by chain
Invisible, move in unbroken union:
But who, undazzled, views that ancient power,
The guide and ruler of the earth; her type
The eternal orb, who soars 'mid starry worlds;
His brightness hides, nor suffers eye, save that
Of God alone, to look upon his face.

In a subsequent interview with his young pupil, Riego, still pursuing the same subject, dwells with enthusiasm on the indomitable spirit evinced by the Spanish race, through all time, in defence of their independence. He thus describes their character:

Brave foes have felt their valour;
Rome in her brighter day had honored it.
Yet proud in sooth they were; but not of gold;
Nor aught gold buys to feed the vanity
Of petty souls. Nor yet of noble blood
Made they their vaunt; its headspring in the heart
Needing no voucher from the spurious rolls
Of heraldry, but self-proved, welling forth
In noble deeds. No robes of silk disguised
Their manly form; a rude attire instead
Left bare to wintry wind, and warrior's steel,
A bosom rugged as their hills, which yet
A gem more precious held,—the soul of truth
And honor—lucid source of all their pride:
An honest pride, which at the shrine of virtue
Bowed with humility, and frowned on vice
Though seated on a throne.

He then enumerates the distinguished men who, in modern times, have signalized their devotion to the principles of free government, and when, in travelling over that illustrious roll, he reaches the name of Washington, he exclaims—

Why name that name,
Unknown to heraldry, tho' brighter ne'er
Was blazoned on the rolls of fame; which echoes
In terror from the palace-dome, but carries
Joy to the cotter's roof? His brow severe
Of native dignity, no jewelled crown
E'er tarnished; but, instead, the civic oak
Mingled with laurel boughs, his temples bound.
As by one soul inspired, the undaunted Gaul
And spotless chief breasted the storm: nor ceased
Their toils till they had won a nation's liberty;
The world's esteem; the approving smile of Heaven.
Freedom's unsceptered son, his country's saviour,
Now dwells in bliss; his glory freshening in
The stream of time: and still while that stream flows
Shall his loved memory be hymned in praise.

Never has a more just and magnificent tribute been paid to the name of that great and good man.

Saez is the villain of the piece, the master-spirit of the royal party. Able, artful, ambitious, enterprising and unscrupulous, he is the very incarnation of priestcraft—a fit representative of that dark period, when the sandalled monk put his foot upon the necks of princes. In his first ap-

pearance his aspiring nature is finely shadowed forth by representing him as awaking from a dream, and exclaiming,

How fancy hath
Beguiled my sleep, and with bright images
Entranced my soul! Bishop! 'Twas thus it ran—
Then Cardinal;—And so from high to highest.
But now, amid a gorgeous host I sat,
And felt the scarlet honor gently press
My brow. With looks submiss, the conclave eyed
Their future pontiff. Awe and hope
By turns possessed my heart; nor yet its ecstasy
Subdued:—Glittering before my very eyes
The triple tiar shone: 'twas but to stretch
My hand, and say *'tis mine!* Strange mysteries, sooth,
These workings of the brain in sleep: more strange
If meaningless.—Old seers have taught in dreams
Heaven whispers to the soul its coming doom:—
Or is't that fancy, while dull reason sleeps,
With meteor ray, points out the path which leads
To fortune? Power! chief attribute of God;
Sure heaven-born souls may covet thee, unblamed,
To grasp at once a glorious destiny?
To soar while others crawl: to bless or blast
At will; our smile a sunbeam, and our frown
The drear eclipse, making all nature sad:
To be the gaze, the envy of the world;
The one amid the million! So! this dream
Should busy many a waking thought:—it shall—
And proudest monarchs yet may bow to Saez.

In his first interview with his co-laborer, Alagon, he avows his despotic principles, and indicates the danger to regal and ecclesiastical power from the encroaching spirit of the age. He thus figuratively depicts the perils to which monarchs are exposed.

Saez. How oft is grandeur
Ruin's especial mark. Swift o'er the plain
Whirls the hurricane blast, leaving unscathed
The pigmy shrub, to battle with the oak:
The forest king contemns his ruffian foe,
And waves his head secure of victory;—
When lo! the insidious shaft, felt ere desired,
Hath pierced his heart, and scattered to the winds
His giant limbs.
Alagon. Still, from the mighty hand
Which guides the devious, yet unerring bolt
In safety o'er the heads of favored mortals,
Ferdinand hath nought to fear. Whence then his peril?
Saez. Whence comes it not? from reptiles crawling near
His path; vile insects buzzing round his couch.
In countless shapes dangers besiege the throne;
And with the throne, the church. What loyal heart
Marks unconcerned the spirit of the age?
Damnable heresies, rebellious creeds,
Spread far and wide, for which, in better days,
Faggot and fire had been the appropriate doom.
Books, by our ordinances denounced, abound
In every hovel. The low-born multitude,
Maddened with taste of fruit to them forbidden,
Plucked from the tree of knowledge, now project
Reforms of state, and prate about their rights;—
Their rights forsooth, and wrongs, whose highest privilege,
Best graved with cudgels on their memories, is
Obedience; aye, unmurmuring obedience,
To those Heaven sends to rule them. Nought divine
Nor human now—the Pope's supremacy—
The monarch's birthright—Heaven's revealed decrees—
Challenge respect. Vile Blasphemy usurps
The pulpit-seat to curse the Power that gave
Her power to curse. Treason invades the palace;
And lo! Sedition, armed with oaken staff,
Now flaunts abroad waving o'er motley troop
Her ragged flag of variegated hue,
Unveils her hideous features, and proclaims
Her hellish schemes.

He thus confirms the faith of his bigotted tool Vinuesa, the king's confessor, in the truth of dreams as a presage of coming events.

Vinuesa. And think'st them sent of God?
Saez. Undoubted revelations. Who may say,
I'll dream to-night: I'll dream of this or that:
Or *Lo! I dream:* Can man create new worlds,
Fill them with strange and ever-changing shapes
Fair as the Angelic host;—anon uncouth,
Misjoined, and monstrous; such as mortal eye
Did ne'er behold? When every sense is locked
In sleep's brief death, is it of our mere will
We rove through boundless regions, veering swift
To every point marked down in Time's old compass,
Past, present, future? Live in one short moment
Ages of misery, or bliss? Behold
Youth's sunny brow blanched o'er with sudden snows,
And age rejoicing in his auburn locks?
Bring back the absent and the dead; and moved
At their discourse responsive laugh and weep
As though they stood beside us? No: No: 'Tis
The handy-work of God.

Truly this philosophic churchman reasons so acutely on the subject of dreams, that he almost persuades us to renounce our disbelief in the realities of that shadowy world, and to attribute to celestial influences what we had been imputing to the vulgar effect of indigestion.

After Riego had so generously shielded the pusillanimous Ferdinand from the just rage of his incensed followers, Saez, who seems to have had but little faith in the existence of virtue, and certainly no respect for that quality when incompatible with his notions of sound policy, says sneeringly of the unseasonable humanity of that upright patriot—

True: in the world's cant phrase, a generous hero.
And such kind nature meant him, but o'erdid
Her work, stifling the hero's qualities
With seed of loftier virtues. Brave, she made him;
Ambitious: aye he would be great; but yet
Would shun the crooked paths that lead to greatness.
Lo! Clad in Honor's time-worn coat of mail,
And brandishing on high the rusty lance
Of Justice, like La Mancha's crazy knight,
He sallies forth to right all wrongs; aloud
Chaunting the praises of the mountain nymph
Sweet Liberty; a bold-faced wanton, eager
To meet the ravisher's embrace; in his
Enchanted eye, forsooth, a peerless angel.

In admirable keeping with this mockery of all

human worth is the contempt for mankind, which he displays when he tells the Pope's nuncio, that money is "the key of keys which opes the human breast."

Nuncio. In Saez' hands it was not like to fail.
Saez. Once found it could not fail. Entering at will
Sin's secret chamber, I explored, unseen,
Its dark recesses—read the Statesman's craft;
The Hero's fears; the Patriot's selfish schemes
For public weal; and found the paradox
A truth—that virtue is but vice disguised.
Vice—a mean coin of basest metal—passes,
Ungilded, but for what 'tis worth; while virtue,—
That same base coin with gilded coat,—is palmed
Upon the world for solid gold. Pelf rules
The mass: the elect by pride, ambition,
Vain glory swayed. Hence Scipio was forbearing;
Lucretia chaste; and Aristides just:
Hence needy Cato spurned a bribe; and Curtius
Leapt the gulf.
Passing the common herd,
I sought the aspiring chiefs; with odious truth
Painted the changeful mob: place, titles, gold,—
Convincing proofs—gave to their eager hopes;
And led them back by interest's golden chain
To duty. Well; let moralists declaim;
Say, does not Heaven itself reward repentant guilt?

When Abisbal, whose secret disaffection to the liberal party was not then fully ascertained, urges upon the Cortes to confide in the friendly and pacific professions of the Duke of Angouleme, the reply of Arguelles is a fine sample of ironical eloquence.

Abisbal. Nor will these air-gun pellets fright the French.
The Duke still proffers peace: why spurn his friendship?
Why doubt his royal word?
Arguelles. I fear my friends,
Ye're rash with our good King's good Cousin and Brother.
Hath he not led his *Cordon Sanitaire*
Across our snowy barrier, here—into
The very midst of pestilence—to fright
It off with guns and trumpets? How then doubt
His royal word—ye, who know princes are
Mirrors of truth and honor? Mark ye; *France*
Wars not with Spain—why, no! She doth but send
Her hundred thousand bayonets to ensure
Our peace! She would have us free—free as herself,—
And sends her hundred thousand slaves to teach us
Freedom! She would annul our naughty law;
Giving, instead, sage pandects—much approved
At Laybach and Troppau. She is our friend;
Our ally: come to rescue Spain from—Spaniards,
And give her to the care of Gauls and Calmucks!
How can we thank enough such friends who, from
Sheer love, would force us to be free? Wage war
To give us peace;—and merely cut our throats
To make us happy. But why—why, this vile
Hypocrisy expose; seen and despised
By every honest heart? 'Tis Liberty,
My friends,—that, that's the pestilence whose spread
These Holy Allies dread—what tyrant doth not?
But spite of open foe and prudent friends,
Spain shall be free. Let the proud Bourbon come!
When France appeals to her crusading Saint
Spain shall invoke her God—the God of Justice—
Who crowned her arms at Roncesvaux and Quentin.

There are some noble sentiments finely expressed in Riego's answer to Mina, when the latter reproaches him for having spared the life of the tyrant Ferdinand.

Mina. Why throw the mantle of the law round him
Who tramples it beneath his feet?
Riego. Because,
Like him we would not tread it under ours;
Trust me, that State's enslaved where power abides
In one, or many, greater than the State;
Tho' found in Virtue's hand, and used against
The bad: the bad in turn will wield it; then
What safety for the best? Did Mercy ne'er
Ward off the stroke of Justice, few would pass
Unscarred. 'Twere wanton cruelty to crush
The fangless adder: reft of his bloody sceptre
Let Ferdinand live: a hostage in our hands
His fears shall guarantee Spain's peace, or else
God's law as man's, give license to our swords
To hew it from his heart.

The following lines, intended to illustrate the debauched character of Ferdinand which even pervaded his dreams, are distinguished by their rich and splendid diction. The two last lines especially are beautiful, and present a very fine image to the mind.

Ferdinand, [*who has just awaked.*] I did but dream.—
But now her palpitating heart met mine,—
Which still, its wild emotion unsubdued,
Gives audible response. Methought I roved
A Paradise, like that the Moslem hopes
In after worlds:—dark eyes, and blushing cheeks,
And shapes of beauty glowed before my sight
In angel radiance, and inthralled my soul.
[*Looks out.*] How sweetly Night succeeds the boisterous Eve
Whose arrowy fires seemed pointed at my head!

The fierce, vindictive character of Morillo, and the motives of personal enmity, which caused him to waver in his fidelity, and finally to abandon his party, are strongly delineated in the following soliloquy uttered after his attempt on the life of the king.

Morillo, [*pausing.*] Was it for this we made him chief?
To yield
The spoils we had battled for,—and won?
Giving our vanquished foe his forfeit life
To take our own? Abisbal's in the right.
Aye! I mistook the leader and the cause:
Hell take them both! [*Walks on.*]
[*Pauses.*] He should have kept that canting homily
To edify the Cortes. Ha! one blow
And all was ours to carve at will. Gone—gone:—
Power, riches, empire bartered off—for glory!
A moon-made rainbow! *Hail to the great Deliverer!*
The dauntless chief, who curbed Spain's tyrant king;
Then bared his breast to shield that tyrant from
Bloody Morillo. Yes! The blacker they
Paint me, the brighter he shall shine: and here

Stand I, much like a fiend in hell that's damned
To gaze on angels soaring 'mid the skies.
But that his falcon eye met mine, this sword
Had sought a fitter sheath than Ferdinand's breast.
The turtle-hearted fool! Why, what care I?
Let Ferdinand live: 'tis just his hand prepare
The cup shall recompense his saviour's mercy.
Hell's cauldron can supply no hotter draught.

There are several scenes between Riego and his wife Doña Theresa, which breathe the very soul of the purest and most devoted conjugal affection. We want no higher evidence of the author's moral worth. than that he had the heart to feel the loveliness of this domestic picture, and the genius to describe it in such touching language. Doña Theresa is the only female character, and her first appearance announces the gentle and amiable woman. She finds her husband absorbed in solitary meditation, and strives soothingly to extract from him the secret cause of his anxiety. We give almost the entire scene.

Enter Doña Theresa.

Riego. Ah! this is kind.
Doña Theresa. Thou scarce will deem it so;
For I am come to chide thee, that amid
Health-wasting studies thou mispendst the time,
When Heaven's own wondrous volume courts our eyes,
And the young Morn sheds on its fairest page
Her magic light. O! come with me, and in
Our favorite haunt all sterner cares awhile
Forego.
Riego. So glowingly thou paint'st the scene,
My will would fain rebel against my duty.
Doña The. Inexorable duty! Ah! art thou
Her only slave, that without mercy task
On task she puts on thee? [*Sighs.*] Thou'rt sad! Riego,
That cloudy look tells of some anxious thought.
Riego. A fleeting shade thy smile shall soon dispel.
Doña The. And why, when all around is sunshine, rest
These shadows on thy brow?
Riego. With thee, Theresa,
This laughing earth were still the paradise
'Twas meant, were't not that man turns all its sweets
To poison, and with fiendish spleen along
The paths of peace scatters unwonted thorns.
Must it not pain our hearts, that he should mar
God's bounty thus—to make himself a wretch?
Doña The. Let guilt endure the penance; why shall we,
Who loathe the crime, spurn Heaven's pure gifts, and leave
Its fruits and flowers, profusely blushing round,
To wither on the stem? Come! Come! Ah me!
Some spirit whispers me, there was a time—
Some short moons since—one happy hour above
The rest, thy heart may guess—when not in vain
Had poor Theresa sued.
Riego. Nor shall she now. [*Closes his portfolio.*]
This task may be deferred; and the sweet thought
Indulged of that fond hour an Angel prompts
Thee to recall.
Doña The. Remember'st thou that hour?
Riego. Thou doubt'st it not?—More freshly than the last.
Doña The. In El Retiro's wildest walk, we strayed,—
Alone—scarce conscious that around us night
Had thrown her friendly veil. The star of faith
With fixed eye, o'er Buytrago's height
Looked down; looked down and smiled—
Riego. To view a sight
Lovelier than Buytrago's glittering peak:
Affection's crystal gem; pure as the mine
From whence it sprang; more brilliant than the ray
That lit it up; spangling thy cheek, till brushed
By my rude lip away.
Doña The. Not rude, but murmuring
Soft vows of constancy, enduring as
The hills which rose above: Forget'st thou that?
Riego. Sooner those hills shall dip their snowy plumes
In Manzanares' rill, or his scant rill
O'erleap their towering heads. Still, as in that
Fond hour, throb not our hearts in unison?
Doña The. So mine will think; then wondering asks, why kept
A stranger to the pangs that rend thy bosom?
Riego. If in that bosom, painful thoughts take root,
Confess, Theresa, 'twere no proof of love
Thence to transplant them into thine.
Doña The. When first
The germ approaches, a wife with gentle hand
Might pluck it forth, and, in its stead, engraft
The blooming bud of peace. Oh! why, Riego,
Why, from thy faithful wife, conceal aught that
Disturbs thee? Ah! if thy Theresa seem
O'er earnest—
Riego. Why 'twere but a grateful proof
Of what needs none. But think! Our country smoking
With her children's blood;—our friends beset by spies,
Knowing no safety but in mutual faith.
Think well of this:—then say, when Honour here
Hath placed the seal of silence, would Theresa—
Doña The. Nay. Wrong her not: she'd have thee guard the secret
Even 'gainst the bribery of love.
Riego. Thou dost
Forgive me then?
Doña The. Love, honour thee the more,
If that might be, for thy unswerving truth.

The last interview of Riego and his wife in the dungeons of the inquisition is extremely affecting. Riego is then on the eve of execution, his heart torn with anguish by the discovery of the foul designs of the profligate king upon his wife, and with terrible misgivings as to her fate when his approaching death would deprive her of his protection. In spite of the insinuations of the monster Saez. his confidence in her purity is unshaken, and he eagerly awaits the promised meeting to receive from her own lips the assurance of her unbroken fidelity. Doña Theresa enters his cell and exclaims, "My husband!"

Riego. Once more heart to heart; my wife!
My faithful wife! Thou wouldst not then forsake me.
Doña The. In weal nor woe; nor thou thy poor Theresa?
Riego. Not for all earthly blessings coupled with
Unfading glory and immortal life.
Doña The. Thou makest me happy! Happy! No alas!
Most wretched. Oh!—I have a pang for thee—
The cell of torture can supply none fiercer.
Riego. Nay, spare thyself, and me the harrowing tale.
Already have I heard enough.

Doña The. The monster!
A hideous scheme; yet—oh! my husband—*almost*
I wished—canst thou forgive me?—almost *now*
I wish—thou wouldst accept his cruel mercy.
Nay, cling not to me thus; else art thou wrecked.
O! ere the driving tempest send thy barque
Adrift, use the sole anchor left, and cast
Me from thee—

Riego. Into shame and misery.

Doña The. Thy freedom gained—Heaven gives the key to mine. [*Shows a dagger.*

Riego. My own Theresa! Ah! I know, I feel
Thy pure self-sacrificing love; and deep,
Deep in the bosom of my soul it dwells;
Thence ne'er by mortal hand to be divorced.
But think not thy Riego had endured
A life so saved—so cursed in saving [*eyeing the dagger.*] Ha!
Pray lend it me. [*She gives it.*] By Heaven, thou smilest as tho'
Thy beaming light were sent to guide me through
The gloom, and carve a way beyond the reach
Of brutal vengeance.

Doña The. First redeem thy wife!
The glittering blade once more my breast shall greet,
A token of love to lure me to thy arms,
My heaven of bliss—my refuge from despair.

Riego. Might Heaven approve, how sweet it were to die,
Locked in this last embrace.

Doña The. Call it not death;
Rather a brief and sweet siesta, whence
Angels shall wake us, as on high they chant
The marriage of our souls, and beckon us
To share their joys.

Riego. No! 'Twas a desperate, hideous
Fancy: Thou tempting fiend, how didst thou prompt
My hand to damning sin! But God be thanked
'Tis past. I cannot stain with blood, thy blood,
This snowy pillow of my joys and griefs,
Nor bring upon our souls the frown of Heaven.
Live my Theresa, for thy husband's sake;
Thou best canst guard his fame from those whose malice
Would stab him in the grave. Think him still near thee;
And let his image, like a pleasing dream,
Dwell with thee, till the hour we meet again.

Doña The. 'Twill not be long. [*Bell tolls.*] Hark! Hark!

Riego. 'Tis time—we part—

Doña The. Part! Part? Thou wilt not use the friendly steel,
And yet canst speak that word. We must not part:
Thus will I cleave to thee in life—in death—

The scene between Saez and Riego, just before the introduction of Doña Theresa, is highly characteristic of the sardonic malevolence and cool calculating cruelty of the former. The crafty priest steals into the dungeon of his victim, and gloats over the agonies of Riego, writhing under the false tale of his wife's willing prostitution to the king, and indignant at the idea thrown out by his tormentor, that his pardon might be purchased by giving his sanction to her voluntary disgrace. With that scene we shall close our extracts.

Saez. Didst think
To baffle Saez? What! Would Riego crown
His noble deeds with suicide? And shrink
Like common men from pain?

Riego. A moment more,
This torment he at least had shunned, of now
Again beholding thee.

Saez. And I, it seems
A pleasure lost, never to be recalled.

Riego. That—many such—may still be thine: to stretch
Thy victim on the rack—to taunt his sufferings—
To catch his bloodshot eye, while glancing looks
Would pierce or melt aught but a monkish heart—
To view his every limb and feature warped
And quivering with excess of agony!
O! 'twere a study of most rare delight:
Worthy the Devil—or Saez himself. Hell—hell
Has nothing comparable.

Saez. Rail on—then hear me.
I came to offer thee deliverance.

Riego. Thou!
'Tis thou didst plot my death; doom me to torture;
And now wouldst raise delusive hopes to glut thy vengeance.

Saez. Not mine the boon; the king would be thy friend.

Riego. Ferdinand Riego's friend! Is he not thine!

Saez. Pity, at least, it seems, howe'er misplaced,
Hath touched his heart.

Riego. As soon 'twould melt a tiger's,
As his or thine, till Heaven's avenging bolts
First rive a passage thro' your flinty bosoms.
Thou mockest me Monk; and tellest of charm more strange
Than that of old, transforming men to brutes—
A spell to change a monster into man.

Saez. A spell in sooth; wrought too by a fair enchantress.

Riego. I prithee keep this wondrous tale to adorn
Thy saintly legends; scarce I'd credit thee
Tho' newly risen from the grave.

Saez. I know,
Riego fain would die for liberty;
Martyrdom far more precious in his eyes
Than a dull life of ease and honor. Even
A widowed wife—

Riego. Draw not my thoughts that way:
Forbear! Forbear!

Saez. How else my errand tell?
For 'tis to her thou owest thy Sovereign's kindness.

Riego. Be merciful for once, and torture not
The soul. Speak what thou hast to say, or leave me.

Saez. Know then—the king's enamored of thy wife.

Riego. Impostor! Demon!

Saez. Vanquished by her charms,
He deigns to place her next the queen in rank
And first in favor.

Riego. Sure I *have been* wrenched
Upon the wheel, and with returning life
My senses stray in dreams more horrid than
The pangs it gave.

Saez. Recall thy wandering reason;
Hear all; then make thy choice—a felon's death;
Or freedom, with the rule of fair Galicia.
Nay, more—

Riego. What more? What more? Do I still breathe
On earth? Or is not this the dread abode
Where penal sufferings purify the soul
From sins done in the flesh?

Saez. Riego raves;
The firm, the resolute Riego; fancying

Insults from hands would shower bright honors on him.
Say that the Church permission gives; thy wife
Her free consent?
Riego. Say that the sun's an icicle!
The frozen pole a mass of liquid fire—
That Heaven's the dwelling place of monks: say that
There's honor—virtue—truth—in Ferdinand
And thee:—tell aught—but that.
Saez. 'Tis love of thee
Favors his suit—and would bespeak thy sanction.
Riego. Amazing liar! Could I but reach thee—I
Would grasp thee till some touch of torment thou
Should'st feel like that thou'dst give; then leave thy carcass
Fit morsel for the toads this vault engenders.
Saez. That fate be thine!—or worse. But mark me well:
Thou may'st reject the boon thy king would grant,
And not the less yield her on whom thou doatest.
Ferdinand will not be foiled in schemes of love:
When thou shalt in thy grave unquietly
Be laid, thy beauteous dame in his embrace
Shall find a solace for her loss.
Riego. Ah! Fiends
As ye are, ye dare not meet the blasting fire
Which beams from virtue's eye. Begone!
But ah!
[*Saez converses with familiars who retire.*
Then so I may again behold her face,
And vindicate her truth. Don Victor! Prithee
Return. My wife thou say'st consents? And freely?
Saez. I have it from the Duke.
Riego. Still I would hear it
From her own lips.
Saez. What then?
Riego. What then? What then?
Saez. Speak out: the pledge! Thou'lt yield her to the king.
Riego. What! Yield her—to?—If she consent, I will—I will—to him or thee.

We have been tempted to multiply our citations much farther than we intended, and must forbear to indulge our inclination lest we should be chargeable with a design to invade the copyright. The play will speak for itself, and, unless our judgment is grossly deceived, will commend itself by its own intrinsic merits to the favour of the public. We understand that it is proposed to bring it forward for representation in some of the Northern theatres. Whether it will succeed in that way we will not undertake to predict, but we feel confident that it will take its place in the library of our dramatic literature.

J. B. D.

Campbell county, Va.

EPIGRAM.

"Your slaves are a curse," the New Englander cries,
"And the man who a negro would sell—
Accursed he lives and accursed he dies;
We gladly consign him to h—l."
Kind friend, how consistent your conduct appears,
When all your good actions are done,
Why pour out *ten* curses around our poor ears,
In trying to steal away *one?*

MY FATHER.

My Father! in the mist-enshrouded Past,
My boyish thoughts have wandered o'er and o'er
To thy lone grave, upon a distant shore,
The wanderer of the waters, still at last.

Never in boyhood have I blithely sprung,
To catch my Father's voice, or climb his knee;
He was a constant Pilgrim of the sea—
And died upon it when his boy was young.

He perished not in conflict nor in flame,
No laurel garland rests upon his tomb,
Wild were his days, and clouded was his doom,
Brief was his life, forgotten is his name.

Yet have I shrined his memory in my mind,
Yet have I wrought his image on my soul—
Though fancy-painted, a most perfect whole
Of sweet conceptions, deep, though dim-defined.

His careless bearing, and his manly face,
His bold blue eye, his stern and stalwart form
Fitted to breast the fight, the wreck, the storm;
The sailor's *nonchalance*, the soldier's grace.

In dreams, in dreams we're mingled, and a swell
Of feeling, mightier for the eye's eclipse,
The music of a blest Apocalypse,
Hath murmured through my spirit, like a spell.

Ah! then! oftimes a sadder scene will rise,
A gallant vessel through the mist-bound day,
Lifting her spectral spars above the bay,
Swayed gloomily against the glimmering skies.

O'er the dim billows thundering, peals a boom
Of the deep gun that bursteth as a knell,
When the brave tender to the brave farewell—
And strong arms bear a comrade to the tomb.

* * * *

The opened sod: a sorrowing band beside—
One rattling roll of musketry, and then,
A man no more among his fellow-men,
Darkness his chamber, and the earth his bride.

My Father sleeps in peace; perchance more blest
Than some he left to mourn him and to know
The sternest, bitterest blight of human wo,
Longing (how oft!) with him, to be at rest.

She whom his love sustained, the widowed one
Is living still, but all her promised years
Have floated o'er a gloomy gulf of tears
Illumined not by starlight, nor by sun.

And now I know the Pilgrim's path is trod,
A season more, and the celestial Gate
Will open for her, where the angels wait,
To bear the "heavy-laden" up to God.

And when thou goest sweet mother! and the gleams
From sapphire thrones are 'round thy footsteps spread;
When the last offspring of thy Grief is dead,
Plead for me there, by the Elysian streams:—

For it may be a stronger, purer light
From Heaven's eternal Palaces shall pour
On the dim deserts of this mortal shore,
And the wronged human-heart be judged aright—

Then hand in hand with Him, thy spirit's Lord,
Thine earthly lover, and thy Heavenly friend,
Will the IMMORTAL for the MORTAL bend,
And pray, I too, may share thy *great* REWARD!

P. H. H.

Indian Wars of Western Virginia.*

Mr. De Hass has given us a pleasant and valuable book. These Indian wars, or as Kercheval calls them "incursions and massacres," have made memorable a thousand spots all along the frontier of the Old Dominion, from the Blue Ridge to the mouth of the Kanawha: and the men of our day, we feel convinced, will not "willingly let die" the memory of those heroic encounters and terrible sufferings which hardened so effectually the minds and frames of their ancestors, for the conclusive result of all, the war of the Revolution. It is due to those hardy pioneers that their deeds and their misfortunes should be rescued from that oblivion which is slowly but surely absorbing in its vast quicksand, their names and the localities made famous by their heroism. No hardier or more fearless race of men ever existed. No greater trials than they were doomed to suffer, and did most manfully suffer, were ever meted out to mortals. *What* they suffered and how nobly they bore their lot, the reader may find by consulting the volumes whose titles we have copied below.

The mountains and whole western frontier of Virginia nourished at that time—1750–1790— a race hardy, brave and impetuous. Civilization was but a word to them—a thing of which they knew nothing. And certainly they valued it as little. Fixed on the brow of some mountain gap, or in the embrace of some rich river-valley—such as the continuous ridges of the west enclosed with their large ramparts—the first settlers on the Virginia border lived a wild, independent life, which at last became to them a prime necessity of existence. Their time, during the short and precarious seasons of peace, was passed in a rude freedom which had for them, by dint of long use, a wonderful charm. This life finally became a passion, and it is well known that these devotees of an isolated independence would often retreat before the on-flowing tide of population, and leaving their "settlements" with all the improvements—forests hewed down, land cleared, and meadow-ground inclosed—seek farther still in the "*dark and bloody ground*" some spot which as yet no white man's foot had trodden. They wanted "elbow-room" because their instincts were all of the wilderness; and because hunting, their darling passion, could not be followed successfully in the well-settled regions.

It was not without reason that the pioneer set a high value on his skill in the chase—whether of buffalo, elk, deer or bear. This was often the only support of his family. But it was an unfailing means. These men were great hunters before the Lord, and their success was as great as their passion for it. How they yearned for the hunting-season—not, however, as with the men of to-day, the season for partridge-shooting—we are told in one of the old Border Memoirs:

"As soon as the leaves were pretty well down, and the weather became rainy accompanied with light snows, these men after acting the part of husbandmen, so far as the state of warfare permitted them to do so, soon began to feel that they were hunters. They became uneasy at home: everything about them became disagreeable: the house was too warm: the feather bed too soft, and even the good wife was not thought, for the time being, a proper companion: the mind of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and the chase. I have often seen them get up early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out and look anxiously to the woods, and snuff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture: then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of bucks's horns or little forks: his hunting dog understanding the intentions of his master would wag his tail and by every blandishment in his power, express his readiness to accompany him to the woods."*

The skins of the game taken or killed in these hunting excursions—caught in log-traps or brought down by the unerring rifle—were the sole and only links which still bound these men to civilization. The pioneer must have salt:—in process of time the luxury of earthen-ware would take the place of the strong old wooden "noggins:"—and again at the "monthly meeting"—were the settler a quaker—his wife would desire to appear in something better than the

* HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND INDIAN WARS OF WESTERN VIRGINIA. *By Wills De Hass.* Cor. Mem. of the Maryland and N. York Historical Societies. Wheeling, 1851.

HISTORY OF THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA. *By Samuel Kercheval.* Winchester, 1833.

TAH-GAH-JUTE OR LOGAN, AND CAPT. MICHAEL CRESAP. A discourse by BRANTZ MAYER, delivered before the Maryland Historical Society. Baltimore, 1851.

* Doddridge's "Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia."

coarse linsey, which at that time was almost universally the dress of women on the frontier. To supply all these luxuries it was necessary to seek in the eastern cities a market for their peculiar produce—the fur of the game which had fallen before them. Great "caravans" were formed: and the Blue Ridge and Alleghaney defiles heard nothing for a time, but the jingling of bells on the heads of the long lines of horses, which, loaded with peltry, wound their way to Alexandria and Baltimore.

Thus the borderer caught a glimpse of civilization:—but it did not attract him, as indeed why should it? We could as soon expect the hale, hearty mountaineer who brings the deer he has killed to the Virginia Springs, to envy the idlers from the Eastern cities. These "pioneer fathers" were truly and deeply attached to their wild land of mountain and stream, valley and river:—to the deer and bear and otter:—to the rude but hearty border festivals of "house-warming," "running for the bottle," and housing the new married couples. As long as they were allowed these things, with exemption from Indian inroads and massacres, the early borderers considered their lot the most attractive imaginable.

But in times of Indian-war they were compelled to put a curb on their rambling propensities: *then* there could be no more wandering, singly or in parties, amid the wilds of the mountains in search of game or new "hunting grounds:" the Indian lurked in the brushwood, and before the unhappy hunter was aware of his presence, a ball would pierce his heart and the fiery-torture of the scalping knife would mingle, in his last moments, with the triumphant war-whoop of his never-tiring enemy. During these seasons of hostility the Indian incursions took place in the spring, or, later, in the fine fall weather which the Virginians to this day know as the "Indian summer:" though they scarcely attach to this beautiful "nurse of the halcyon" the terrible memories which the early settlers were often made to. No sooner had a band of the enemy made their appearance at these seasons on the western ridges, from the Muskingum, the Hockhocking or the Scioto, than scouts were sent all along the border to warn the settlers. A slight scratch with the finger-nail on the shutter, with a whispered "Indians!" was sufficient: and the families were at once moved, with all their effects, into the adjoining "fort," of which every neighborhood possessed one. These forts often underwent long and persevering sieges, and many of the old traditions of prowess and brave exploits, refer to their defence.

Driven in this manner to regard the Indian as a never-absent and most merciless enemy, the "Long-Knife," as the Virginian was called, also discarded all pity and all mercy. In reading the details of those dreadful tragedies which stain the history of the Western Border, it is difficult to refrain from the most profound indignation against the whites. The murder of Cornstalk at Point Pleasant, the Moravian campaign and massacre, and the destruction of Logan's tribe, would seem to justify the worst accounts of the cruelty and savage hardness of the border-men at the time of those tragedies.

But these massacres and murders—they were nothing less—were the direct effect and consequence of the lessons taught them by the race on whom they took so cruel a vengeance. Let us look for a moment on the mode of life of the white-settler before the arrival of his sworn enemy. He was well-lodged; tranquil; happy in his affectionate and worthy family. His grounds, with little labor, produced enough to supply his household with a plentiful support, and he saw grow up around him, happy and innocent, tender daughters and brave sons who were to be the support of his old age. None but would have "derived advantage from the contemplation of 'their humble virtues, hospitable homes, and spirits, patient, noble, proud and free—their self respect grafted on innocent thoughts; their days of health and nights of sleep; their toils, by danger dignified, but guiltless; their hopes of cheerful old age and a quiet grave, with cross and garland over its green turf and their grand-children's love for epitaph.'"

To this happy family a warning would come that the enemy were on their march of destruction. From that moment all peace and tranquillity was gone: the men attended to their farm-labors with their weapons at hand; the mower cut the grain in momentary fear of the lurking Redskin, and was ready at any moment to rush toward his rifle which stood against the fence, near at hand.* The women plied fearfully their looms or spinning-wheels, starting at every shadow that fell upon the threshold; and the children cowered in the corners, or amused themselves with "playing Indian," that is making pretence to scalp each other with wooden knives.†

These fears were too often justified. Some day when the husband was absent in the woods, perhaps unable to resist the temptation of the "autumnal breeze," the shrill whoop would ring through the hills, and three moments of bloody work would make the pioneer a widower and childless. He would return to find his home in

*See a very entertaining anecdote to this effect in Kercheval, p. 123, wherein the well-known Peter Casey figures.

† See Kercheval and Doddridge: *passim.*

flames: his children lying dead upon the threshold: the babe at its mother's breast stretched ten paces off with its brains dashed out—the Indian mode of dealing with children.

It requires no very powerful effort of the imagination to conceive this man's feelings, standing with folded arms and swelling breast upon his desolated hearth. The sentiment of grief glides easily into grief's palliative, revenge. The settler is thenceforth a different man, and his hatred to the Indian is a passion. We cannot feel astonishment at this sentiment or at the horrible murders—that of Cornstalk and others—to which it has impelled him.

To one of these murders Mr. Mayer, in his excellent address "Tah-gah-jute or Logan and Capt. Michael Cresap," has given a close and thorough examination. We commend his pamphlet to all lovers of the old time, assuring them that they will find in its well-printed pages, not that mass of generalities which usually go to make up a "discourse," but a valuable historical essay the result of much study and inquiry: one which presents in a portable and attractive form the whole mass of evidence on that long obscured question, did Captain Cresap murder the family of the Indian Logan?

As a specimen of Mr. Mayer's address, we select the following admirable passage.

"In this genial development of our globe three classes of persons have always been needed:—the Discoverer, the Conqueror and the Pioneer.

"Emigration is the overflowing of a bitter cup. Men do not ordinarily leave their native lands and kindred for the perils of the wilderness, or for a country with which they have no community of laws, language, or present interest, unless poverty or bad government crowds them into the forest. When the Discoverer and the Conqueror have found the land and partly tamed the savage, the Pioneer advances into their field of relinquished enterprise, and his task partakes, in some degree, of the dangers incurred by both his predecessors. He is always a lover and seeker of independence, and generally pursues it with a laudable desire to improve his lot; yet the perfect exercise of this independence sometimes becomes selfishly exclusive. Its essence, in our country, is the complete self-reliance of the one man or the one family. This spirit of social, political and industrial independence, occasionally becomes wild, impatient and uncontrollable. Its mildest exhibition, under such circumstances, is in rude manners or wayward lawlessness, which outraged neighborhoods are wont summarily to redress. True civilized liberty does not countenance such mockers of justice within its pale, and thus there are multitudes who not only go voluntarily and wisely into new lands, but other heedless or scoffing crowds are scourged by society into the sombre forest. Slowly and surely are these elements of new States, gathered, purged and crystalized around the centres of modern civilization. Hope, ambition, misery, avarice, adventure, noble purpose, drive off impatient men who will not be satisfied with the slow, dripping, accretions of wealth in the old communities. They require fortune and position by a leap. Independence demands space for the gigantic inspirations of its vast lungs, and flies headlong to the forest. The wandering woodsman or hunter gathers his brothers in armed masses for protection amid this chaos of unorganized freedom, and they support each other cheerfully in seasons of danger or disease. But the social law of humanity vindicates itself against the eager spirit of perfect independence. Wherever man who has once either drained or sipped the cup of civilization is found, there must he be fed and clothed, nor does he cease to yearn for the relinquished luxuries, amusements, or comforts of the home he abandoned beyond the eastern mountains. Wherever man goes, man's representative,—money,—pursues him; and secretly he longs for the pleasing results of that civilization which he feigns to despise. Thus the Pioneer may be said to bait the forest like a trap, for the Trader. Taking up the war with the Indian where the Conqueror left it, he at once subdues the soil and the savage. The Farmer, at length, plants himself on the land that the Ranger wrests from the Indian. The Merchant covers with his sails the seas that were scourged by the Pirate. The dollar dulls the edge of the bowie-knife. Where the Pioneer treads the Missionary follows. Element by element, civilization drops in. Peace, like a cooling shadow, follows the blaze of war. Death closes the career of the primeval Forester, and the law of God, vindicating by its perfect ultimate success, the merit of Peace, whose triumphs are the only true ones, plants the Trader and the Farmer on his grave, and that which was wildly won is quietly and permanently enjoyed."

Of this "primeval Forester" and his singular habits, dress, occupations and amusements, we have ample accounts from the pens of various historians of the border; among these the first rank is due to Dr. Doddridge, who relates what he saw and lived in the midst of, and Mr. Samuel Kercheval who travelled for a number of years throughout the whole of upper Virginia, gathering with a solicitude as great as Old Mortality's, the particulars of every occurrence from the lips of the aged patriarchs who had borne their part in the "moving accidents" of the past. Their volumes are accordingly very curious.

We have in the "History of the Valley of Virginia" and in "Notes on the Settlements and Indian wars of Western Virginia," a complete picture of the old border life and men. We are told that their costume, half Indian, half forester was made of skin, their feet covered only with deer-skin moccasins, their belts adorned with the savage regalia—the tomahawk and scalping knife. "When this belt," says Doddridge, "as was often the case, passed over the hunting shirt

the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked. The young warrior instead of being abashed by this nudity was proud of his Indian-like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance, however, did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies."

We may easily imagine the amusement afforded the young ladies by this primitive style of dress, though, from the account given of their own costume by the Rev. Doctor, the "young warriors" might as easily have turned the tables on them. Clad in a full and ample gown of linsey, with deer-skin moccasins on their feet, these fair damsels we are told would ride to weddings on horses "caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters and packsaddles with a bag or blanket thrown over them, a rope or string as often constituting the girth as a piece of leather." From this description we may imagine the curious spectacle presented by the most fashionable belles of that epoch; but they well proved by their stalwart sons, their worth and usefulness. These were women indeed—fit, to use Mr. Tennyson's words, "to sit at a king's right hand and breed up warriors."

The sports of the young men of the border were scarcely such as are fashionable in our own day. Rude practical jokes, dangerous wrestling bouts, and the game of throwing the tomahawk were their favorite amusements. The two grand festivals were the house-warming and the wedding, to describe which, or even to repeat after our veracious old chronicler, we feel ourselves wholly powerless. We have only to add that a universal belief in witchcraft prevailed, and an extensive reliance on charms, to finish the outline of this strange picture: for the particulars, more especially for accounts of "running for the bottle" and other local customs. we refer the reader to Doddridge and Kercheval, promising him ample amusement and information.

Mr. De Hass' book is chiefly a compilation from the two works which we have spoken of, but much of his matter is taken from Withers' "Chronicles of Border Warfare." He is, however, on some points an original authority and hence his work is of real historical value—valuable too for the conscientious and impartial manner in which his statements are made, for the thorough research he has evidently brought to bear upon his subject and for the minute attention to dates. Again, the volumes from which we have drawn the few particulars we have given of border life—those of Kercheval and Doddridge—are scarcely obtainable; they are wholly out of print. They were both, if we are not mistaken, local publications, and as an instance of the truth of what we have said the State Library of Virginia, at this moment, contains neither. Mr. De Hass has made ample quotations from these writers—and without meaning at all to detract from the valuable character of the text, we may say that these extracts form the most attractive portion of his volume. In saying this we do not in the least degree undervalue Mr. De Hass' labors. It was materially impossible for him to write of that "haunted domain of the past" as *they* have written of it. These two historians had advantages and were placed in positions which afforded them peculiar opportunities. The one, as we have said, wrote of what he had seen and "been a part of," the other what he had heard from the mouths of the actors in the occurrences he relates.

Mr. De Hass is generally very careful in his statements of disputed facts, and in saying that "all of doubtful character have been discarded, and no evidence received but that of the most unquestionable character," we believe the reader will agree with him. An instance of this careful and guarded manner of detailing disjointed facts may be found in those pages of his work which refer to Captain Cresap and the Logan affair.

We recall but one passage, which is an exception to what we have said. It relates to the first discovery of the upper Potomac and the Ohio by Englishmen, and is directly opposed in very important particulars to the account of Kercheval. Mr. De Hass says that in 1734–'5 two men, Morlen and Salling, determined to explore the "upper country" and accordingly set out from Winchester for that unexplored region—now the counties of Randolph, Lewis, Preston, etc. Taken by Indians they were hurried westward:—

"These transactions took place in Kentucky, whither the southern, western and northern tribes resorted to hunt. By his new captors Salling was carried to Kaskaskia; afterwards sold to a party of Spaniards on the lower Mississippi, subsequently returned to Kaskaskia; and finally, after six years' captivity, was ransomed by the governor of Canada, and transferred to the Dutch authorities at Manhattan. Thence he succeeded in making his way to Williamsburg in Virginia."

At Williamsburg, Salling meets with John Lewis and John Mackey who are so much interested by his accounts of the Tramontane country that they determine to settle there, and accordingly take Salling as a guide, and, crossing the Blue Ridge, establish themselves on the James and Shenandoah.

"Early in the spring of 1736," says Mr. De Hass, "an agent for Lord Fairfax, who held, under a patent from James I., all that part of

Virginia known as the Northern Neck came over, and after remaining a short time at Williamsburg accepted an invitation to visit John Lewis."

The authority for these statements is not given, but Withers is incidentally referred to. In Kercheval we read:

"Tradition relates that a man by the name of John Howard and his son, previous to the first settlement of the Valley, explored the country and discovered the charming valley of the South Branch (Potomac) crossed the Alleghany mountains, and on the Ohio killed a very large buffalo bull, skinned him, stretched his hide over ribs of wood, made a kind of boat, and in this frail bark descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, where they were apprehended by the French as suspicious characters and sent to France, but nothing criminal appearing against them they were discharged. From hence they crossed over to England where Fairfax by some means got to hear of Mr. Howard and sought an interview with him and obtained from him a description of the fertility and immense value of the South branch which determined his lordship at once to secure it in manors."

The expedition of Salling, Mr. De Hass says, was in 1734–5–6, but on page 48 he says that England claimed the Ohio on the "absurd and untenable" plea of *priority of discovery*—"based on a vague tradition that John Howard, an Englishman, crossed the mountains from Virginia in 1742 and descended the Ohio river." We are therefore to hold Howard's expedition as decidedly apocryphal and Salling's, seven or eight years earlier, an undoubted fact. We cannot do so unless we are assured that *this* expedition also is not a "vague tradition."

Mr. De Hass ought, we think, to have sifted the truth from these traditionary legends. As it is we are decidedly of opinion that, taking the two statements as they now stand, Mr. Howard and Mr. Salling, with their wonderful adventures, captivity and eventual connection with Lord Fairfax, are neither more nor less than one person. To the future Neibuhr of this period we would also suggest that a buffalo, if not a buffalo-skin, figures in Salling's history as well as in Howard's.

Before ending our brief notice of the "Indian wars" we will glance at the much discussed, the never-ending subject of Captain Cresap and the murder of the family of the Indian Logan, one of the bravest and noblest of the whole Indian race. For three quarters of a century the name of Cresap has been connected with the murder of Logan. In Mr. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" a new currency was given to an almost expired slander. We will state in a very few words the circumstances of the affair.

In the early part of 1774 the western frontier of Virginia felt, simultaneously with the eastern states, the first breath of the wind which was soon to become the hurricane of the revolution. Dunmore, thoroughly informed of the state of feeling in England and its probable results, had already commenced, through the agency of Connolly, commandant of Pittsburg, to embroil the frontiersmen—Pennsylvanians and Virginians—on the subject of the boundary between the two states. It is true that there is no direct authority for the belief that the earl had the revolution in view, but at that day he was charged not only with embroiling the border-country but of inciting the Indians to attack the Virginians.

Certain it is that in March and April, 1774, there existed along the western border an unquiet foreboding that something unfortunate was about to happen—an Indian attack—a collision with Pennsylvania—they knew not what. Indians it was said had been long hovering on the Ohio, and their peaceful settlements at Yellow Creek and elsewhere were thought to be magazines of arms to be caught up at a moment's warning.

Mr. Jacob, in his "Life of Cresap," says that the Indians commenced by killing two men in a canoe on the Ohio, but this is a matter of little importance. At different places whites and Indians were killed—Captain Cresap, it is scarcely denied, being a leader—until the whites were thoroughly aroused for the affair in which Cresap is said to have been concerned—the murder of the Indian settlement, including Logan's family, (if indeed, as is doubted, he had a family) on Yellow creek, adjoining the most northerly part of Brooke county, where the Ohio bends toward Pittsburg.

Of this affair we have many accounts, variously making it a surprise and massacre, a wholesale murder of drunken men made drunk for the purpose, and a fair combat with a superior force of Indians *armed and painted* for battle. It is not for us, in this brief notice, to sum up the evidence on one side or the other. The statements all conflict, and instead of entering into a critical examination of the weight of the evidence *pro* and *con* we will quote Mr. Mayer's account, which is verified by a host of authorities which he cites. He denies distinctly that Cresap *was present*, and the proof is given in a letter from General Clark who was present throughout the whole affair with the exception of the attack.

"The Indian camp was about thirty miles above Wheeling, close to the mouth of Yellow creek, while on the opposite side of the Ohio, near the river bank, was the cabin of a certain Baker, who sold rum to the Indians, and of course received frequent visits from the savages. This

particularly desired by Cresap to
s, and seems to have prepared
at the time of the murder.
of April, 1774, a certain
erable man, who still
les above Stubenville,
on Pigeon creek,
lies about forty
or two before
-hunters came to
d him to accompany
and down the banks of
der to examine the coun-
ong the western shore of the
iles, the travellers bivouacked
and "hobbled" the only horse they
iem so as to prevent his straying from
np. The animal, nevertheless, rambled about three hundred yards out of sight, over a rising ground; and, soon after, hearing the beast's bell rattle violently the woodsmen seized their guns and started to discover the cause. On reaching the top of the ridge Myers beheld, near forty yards below, an Indian in the act of loosening the horse which seemed restive and anxious to break from the savage, whose gun lay on the ground beside him. Myers, crouching behind the hillock, instantly levelled his rifle and shot the Indian without consulting his companions. It was now a little after sunset, and soon another Indian, attracted by the crack of the weapon, approached rapidly armed with his rifle, but halted abruptly in astonishment as soon as he beheld his prostrate fellow. In the meanwhile Myers had reloaded his rifle, and before the savage could recover from his surprise he too fell before the forester's fatal aim. In the distance the camp of the clan, spread with deer and bear-skins, was visible, and as prompt succor was at hand the Americans did not pause to see whether the Indian's wounds were deadly, flying from the spot, recrossed the river for safety, and hastened to the neighborhood of Baker's cabin.

"The evening or night, before the tragedy which I am now about to narrate was committed at this cabin, a squaw came over to Baker's and aroused the attention of the inmates by her tears and manifest distress. For a long time she refused to disclose the cause of her sorrow, but at last, when left alone with Baker's wife, confessed that the Indians had resolved to kill the white woman and her family the next day, but, as she loved her and did not wish to see her slain, she had crossed the river to divulge the plot so as to enable her friend to escape. The savages had most probably been roused to revenge by the unfortunate rencounter of Myers with their slain or wounded clansmen!

"In consequence of this astounding information, and in dread of the meditated assassination Baker summoned twenty-one of his neighbors, who all reached his house before morning, when it was resolved that the strangers should conceal themselves in a back apartment, whence the assailing Indians might be watched. It was also determined that if they demeaned themselves peaceably, they should not be molested; but if hostility was manifested they should show themselves and act accordingly.

"Early in the morning a party of seven Indians, composed of three squaws, with an infant, and four unarmed men, one of whom was Logan's brother, crossed the river to Baker's cabin, where all but Logan's brother obtained liquor and became excessively drunk. No whites, except Baker and two of his companions, appeared in the cabin. After some time, Logan's relative took down a coat and hat belonging to Baker's brother-in-law, and putting them on, set his arms akimbo, strutted about the apartment, and at length coming up abruptly to one of the men, addressed him with the most offensive epithets and attempted to strike him. The white man,—Sappington,—who was thus assailed by language and gesture, for some time kept out of his way; but, becoming irritated, seized his gun and shot the Indian as he was rushing to the door still clad in the coat and hat. The men, who during the whole of this scene had remained hidden, now poured forth, and, without parley, mercilessly slaughtered the whole Indian party except the infant! Before this tragic event occurred, however, two canoes, one with two and the other with five Indians, *all naked, painted, and completely armed for war*, were decried stealing from the opposite shore where Logan's camp was situated. This was considered as confirmation of what the squaw had said the night before, and was afterwards alleged in justification of the murder of the unarmed party which had first arrived.

No sooner were the unresisting drunkards dead than the infuriate whites rushed to the river bank, and ranging themselves along the concealing fringe of underwood, prepared to receive the canoes. The first that arrived was the one containing two warriors, who were fired upon and killed. The other canoe immediately turned and fled; but, after this, two others containing eighteen warriors, *painted and prepared for conflict as the first had been*, started to assail the Americans. Advancing more cautiously than the former party, they endeavored to land below Baker's cabin, but being met by the rapid movements of the rangers before they could effect their purpose, they were put to flight with the loss of one man, although they returned the fire of the pioneers."

Infuriated by this massacre in time of peace, Logan threw off all moderation and took part in all the wars which marked the succeeding years.

In the fall of the same year the family of John Roberts was cut off to the last and youngest child. Attached to a war-club was found the following letter written in "gunpowder ink," by a white captive of the Indian party.

"CAPTAIN CRESAP,

What did you kill my people on Yellow creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; and I have been three times to war since;—but the Indians are not angry—only myself. "CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

"*July 21st*, 1774."

This is the first intimation we have that Logan connected Cresap with the murder, "who," as Mr. Mayer says, "while these events were transpiring had not only left the Ohio river but had returned to his wife and interesting family in Maryland."

We next hear of Logan, at the battle of Point Pleasant, as one of the most efficient leaders. The battle was won by Lewis, and soon after the Indians sued for peace. The whole of the Indian chiefs who had fought at Point Pleasant assembled in Dunmore's tent at Camp Charlotte to agree on a treaty, and it was there that the heroic Corustalk delivered his great speech.

"But," says Mr. De Hass, "there was one who would not attend the camp of Lord Dunmore and that was *Logan*. . . . . He remained at a distance brooding in melancholy silence over his accumulated wrongs during most of the time his friends were negotiating. But Dunmore felt the importance of at least securing his assent, and for that purpose sent a special messenger, Colonel John Gibson, who waited upon the chief at his wigwam. The messenger in due time returned bringing with him the celebrated speech. . . . . It is due, perhaps, in candor to state that the authenticity of this celebrated speech has been questioned. To all, however, who have examined the testimony carefully and with an unprejudiced eye the conclusions in favor of its genuineness are overwhelming:" and we agree with Mr. De Hass. The speech is certainly such as we might expect from an Indian of Logan's character, under all the circumstances, and after hearing the whole argument against its authenticity we believe it to be the answer given—whether orally or in writing—to Colonel Gibson. As to the slight discrepancy existing in the several copies nothing could be more natural. We give one of the two or three French versions collected by Mr. Mayer and the ordinary English version.

FRENCH VERSION.

From "Recherches historiques et Politiques sur les Etats Unis de l'Amerique Septentrionale," 1788. vol. iv, p. 54.

"Y-a-t'il un homme blanc qui puisse dire qu'il soit jamais entré ayant faim dans la cabane de Logan, et à qui Logan n'ait pas donné à manger, et que Logan n'ait pas revêtu! Durant le cours de la dernière longue et sanglante guerre, Logan est resté oisif dans sa cabane, exhortant sans cesse ses compatriotes à la paix. Telle étoit son amitié pour les blancs, que ses frères, le montrant au doigt en passant, disoient: 'Logan est l'ami des blancs.' Il voulòit même aller vivre au milieu de vous, avant qu'un homme, le Colonel Cresap, au printems dernier, de sang froid et sans provocation, eût assassiné tous les parens de Logan, sans épargner même les femmes et les enfens. Il ne coule plus maintenant aucune goutte de mon sang dans aucune créature vivante. J'ai voulu me venger; J'ai combattu: j'ai tué beaucoup de blancs. J'ai assouvi ma vengeance. Je me réjouis pour mon pays des approches de la paix, mais gardez vous de penser jamais que cette joie soit celle de la crainte. Logan n'a jamais connu la crainte: Il ne tournera jamais ses pieds pour sauver sa vie. Qui reste-t'il maintenant pour pleurer Logan? Personne."

ENGLISH VERSION.

From the "*Virginia Gazette*" of Feb. 4, 1775.

"I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked but I clothed him. In the course of the last war Logan remained in his cabin an advocate for peace. I had such an affection for the white people that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have ever lived with them, had it not been for Colonel *Cressop*, who last year, cut off, in cold blood, all the relations of Logan, not sparing women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in in the veins of any human creature. This called upon me for revenge; I have sought it, I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad that there is a prospect of peace on account of my nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that any thing I have said proceeds from fear! Logan disdains the thought! He will not turn on his heel to save his life! Who is there to mourn for Logan? . . . . No one."

Well it seems to us very plain that the French is the correct version, and the version of the "Gazette" purporting to be what was "said to be the message" is wrong. The speech was made or sent in October. 1774; in May of that year the murder at Yellow creek took place. Logan could not have said "last year" in reference to that event. We think the speech perfectly authentic.

Cresap in this manner became connected with the murder of Logan's people; that chief, as has been shown by Mr. Mayer, taking it for granted that the renowned "long knife" commanded, when he was in truth absent in Maryland—and the wide circulation of Mr. Jefferson's notes (where Cresap is spoken of as "infamous for his many Indian murders") has fixed the stain of that event upon his memory. We hope that Mr. Mayer's masterly vindication of his memory may be scattered as broadly as the "Notes" of Mr. Jefferson, that the antidote may go with the poison. We have seldom met with so much minute information presented in so small a space and so very agreeably; and this will make "Tah-gah-Jute" a most popular production with all lovers of history, apart from its value as a vindication of the "meritorious Marylander" Captain Cresap.

Mr. De Hass promises a second edition of his "Indian wars" and a volume on the old coun-

ties. We look for this latter work with great curiosity, for we are convinced that so conscientious a searcher after relics of the old time as Mr. De Hass will bring together for us, much of interest and value from that old buried past of Virginia, of which we know so little.

Virginia, July, 1851.

LA BELLA MARGHERITA.

[In the following attempt to render into our language a specimen of Italian ballad poetry, the translator has, he fears, succeeded only in preserving a strict fidelity to the words and metre of the original. Its musical flow, so characteristic of the tongue in which it was written, seems almost impossible to be attained in a translation. The subject of the ballad—which, by the way, however it may read here, is one of the most simple, harmonious little things of the kind, in its own native garb, that we have ever seen—appears to relate to the poetical origin of that "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower"—*la belle Marguerite* of the French Trouveres and the favorite May-bud of all rural bards. In every land, the Daisy seems to have its poet laureate.]

"Who knocks so at my wicket?—
Who rattles at my pane?"
—"Oh, it is I, your true love,
Come far across the main."

"And if it be my true love,
Right soon I'll ope the door."
The lady in her night gear stood
Upon the threshold floor.

"Speak low, my pretty swectheart—
Where may your husband be?"
"My husband need not trouble us;
He sleeps beyond the sea."

"But look, my pretty sweetheart—
These features seest thou now?"
—The lady gave one fear-struck glance—
Her husband she did know.

Upon her bare knees weeping,
For pardon loud she prayed.
"I'll ne'er forgive the woman
Who has my love betrayed."

And straight from out its scabbard
His cruel sword he drew:
To the middle of the chamber-floor
The lady's head it flew.

In the middle of the chamber
A flower may be espied—
It springs from Margherita,
Who for her true love died.

The dirge of Margherita
The church bells ring out wide—
The dirge of Margherita
Who for her true love died.

Philadelphia. W.

TUPPER'S WORKS.*

Mr. Longfellow, in four lines more beautiful than any other English hexameters that we know of, has thus typified the history of his heroine, Evangeline—

"Something there was in her life, incomplete, imperfect, unfinished,
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended,
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen."

It has occurred to us, that Mr. Martin F. Tupper, whose complete works have been recently issued to the public by authority, is probably destined to a similar fate. He rose gloriously in England. He travelled on his western path to the meridian of America. He illuminated for a brief space some two or three of our Atlantic cities; and then, retracing his steps, has sunk into a twilight in his native land, which, we venture to predict, will gradually become darker.

We have no disposition to be unjust to Mr. Tupper. It must be frankly confessed that he is not one of our favorites. At the same time, we disclaim any feeling of hostility. We have never heard any thing alleged against his private character. He is, apparently, a man of good heart, correct morals, and kindly feelings. The burden of much that he has written is—love from man to man; and, especially, good will between John Bull and Brother Jonathan. In all this we heartily concur. We are favorably disposed to writers of motives and aims so unexceptionable. We are inclined to be indulgent; even though their sentiments be mainly common-places, and their rhymes not superior to those of the Poet's corner in a Saturday newspaper. We are content to take the will for the deed: and to endure, now and then, a few sorry stanzas in consideration of their object, as we tolerate a dull sermon for the sake of its wholesome doctrine.

So do we feel towards Mr. Tupper. We have forgiven his occasional hovering about our ears, hoping that, like uncle Toby's fly, he would go elsewhere in the wide world to finish his buzzing. We saw that he belonged to an ephemeral race, and were satisfied that he too should have his day—

"Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes."

But patience, like all other virtues, hath its just limits. Mr. Tupper is fond of proverbs.

* The Complete Works of Martin F. Tupper, D. C. L., F. R. S., in 4 vols. *Authorized edition*, Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1851.

There is one which tells us that "there is a time for all things." The time hath long since arrived when Mr. Tupper should have held his peace, and he did not. On the contrary, he hath become more clamorous. Encouraged by his success, he hath flown, like Napoleon's eagles, from belfry to belfry, and rung out a notable peal to announce his coming. He hath invaded our continent. He hath trespassed upon our ground. "*Clausum fregit*"—he hath broken into our freehold—planted his foot upon our soil—and scattered, far and wide, his notices of "continual claim." Hear him addressing "The Thirty Noble Nations"—

> ——— "My prayer is one of right;
> And while in grace ye listen,—
> For tenderness I know,
> Your eyes shall dim and glisten,
> Your hearts shall *thrill* and *glow*.
> For, on those hearts is written
> *The spirit* of *my song*."

Our hearts do thrill and glow indeed! But not with the spirit of thy song. It is with the spirit of old Rob Roy—with the sense of undeserved inflictions, and the resolution to submit no longer. "Cawmil" (Campbell) me no Cawmils, Mr. Osbaldistone—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor!" We tell you, Mr. Tupper, that this must have an end. We love our native tongue, and revere the true classics who have displayed its force and its beauty. We are proud of our heritage in Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and Locke. We honor Scott, and Byron, and Campbell, and Moore, and Macaulay, and a hundred others. But, sir, be it known, we take you to be not *of* them if *among* them. Though every dapper cockney be their countrymen, he is not therefore their compeer. We confer not upon such the rights of naturalization. We scorn their pretensions as we do those of the degenerate coxcombs, who boast of their nativity in the land of Washington, and Lee, and Henry, and assume to represent the "first families" of the Old Dominion. We apply to you, as to them, the standard of actual measurement. So far from ranking you among the grenadiers, we would scarce have you among the drummer boys. "Away with him—let him be hanged with his pen and ink-horn about his neck!"

We are aware that our author has admirers and partisans in the midst of us. We know that he is a great light in the literary circles of Lowell: and that, elsewhere, his worship is cultivated by others who ought to have known better the value of such an idol. There are many who read only to kill time, and who are addicted to books which do not give them the trouble of thinking. There are others who affect a more solid taste, but are secretly repelled by the severe simplicity of "the great old masters." It is to them an attractive novelty, when they find something having the name and semblance of wisdom, bound in gilt cambric, and adorned with all the glories of fashionable typography. Among readers like these, Mr. Tupper enjoys his chief popularity: and we are sensible that many good people will be grieved at what they may consider harsh criticism. But, nevertheless, as loyal citizens (however humble) of the Republic of Letters, it is our duty to examine the merits of one who asserts a right to honor and distinction therein: and, so far as in us lies, we mean to discharge it faithfully, offend whomsoever we may.

In the first place, Mr. Tupper is not devoid of talent or scholarship. He has enough of both to pass current in educated society: enough, with diligence, to have attained mediocrity, perhaps something more, in a learned profession: certainly enough, if prudently used, to have set up a contributor to a second rate magazine. But he committed, early in life, the mistake of overrating himself. He set out with the conviction that he was a man of genius: and to this be added the belief that his genius was both versatile and prolific. A copious flow of words aided the deception, and encouraged him to undertake task after task, finding them (in his way) *so* easily accomplished: while his false estimate of his own powers prompted him to enterprises that a man of sounder self-judgment would have shrunk from attempting.

* "Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri."

Oh! that Mr. Tupper could or would have profited by the advice of the Roman poet.

The publisher's preface to the first volume of this edition gives us an insight into the author's habit (we cannot say method) of writing, not unworthy of notice.

"All who have had the good fortune to meet Mr. Tupper during his visit here, have been struck with his characteristic impulsiveness. In accordance with this feature of his mind, nearly all of his most successful performances have been occasioned by something altogether incidental and unpremeditated—the result of an impulse accidentally, shall we not say providentially,† imparted. It was so with the first work in this

* Choose subjects not too weighty for your Muse;
Think, what her strength will bear, and what refuse."

† "*Providentially imparted*.." The publisher talks reverentially, as one might do of the discoveries to which Newton was led by the fall of the apple. "The principle of Gravitation"—and "The Crock of Gold!"

series, respecting the composition of which he has given the following account.

"Some years ago, he purchased a house at Brighton. While laying out the garden, he had occasion to have several drains made. One day observing a workman, Francis Suter, standing in one of the trenches, wet and wearied with toil, Mr. Tupper said to him in a tone of pleasantry, 'would you not like to dig up there a crock of gold?'

"'If I did,' said the man, 'it would do me no good, because merely finding it might not make it mine.'

"'But, suppose you could not only find such a treasure, but honestly keep it, would you not think yourself lucky?'

"'Oh yes, sir, I suppose I should—but,' after a considerable pause, 'but, I am not so sure, sir, after all, that that is the best thing that could happen to me. I think on the whole I would rather have steady work and fair wages all the season than to find a crock of gold.'

"Here was wisdom. The remark of the honest trench-digger at once set in motion a train of thought in the mind of the author. He entered his study, wrote in *large letters* on a sheet of paper these words, 'THE CROCK OF GOLD, *a tale of Covetousness*,' and in *less than a week* this remarkable story was finished. By the *advice of his wife*, however, he spent *another week* in re-writing it, and then gave it to the world in its finished state."

Can a more ordinary incident be imagined than this, which has swelled into such importance in the eyes of Mr. Tupper and his eulogist? Certainly, it was a sensible thing in the laborer to apply the lesson which had been taught him from his infancy, that the fruits of honest and regular industry are more profitable than sudden wealth. But who, beside our author himself, would have grasped the saying as a "providential" inspiration, and hurried off, full of the divine afflatus, to dedicate himself to the great work of proclaiming it throughout the earth—to register his vow by a flourishing inscription "in *large letters*, on a *sheet of paper*"—to baptise the prodigy, which he designed to bring forth, almost before its conception? And then there is the rapidity of its execution—actually written in less than a week—"this remarkable story" finished between two Sundays! He has no need of the *labor limæ*: his work leaps from his brain full-formed and perfect. The "*nonum prematur in annum*" maxim may do for men of meaner parts: for him it is an obsolete idea. *Nine days* is too long a period of gestation for the quick genius of this age. Indulgent to his Eve, with her weak woman's fears and doubts, he does condescend to spend one other week in re-writing it, and then—"*gives it to* THE WORLD *in its finished state!*"

We quote again from the publisher's preface.

"With respect to the origin of Proverbial Philosophy we have been able to gather the following particulars. At the age of *seventeen* he was engaged to a young lady, now his wife, but whom he did not marry till nine years afterward. 'I wished,' says he, 'to give her my ideas of marriage, but I did not care to write them in a sermon, nor yet to put them into rhyme: so I wrote, *in a style of my own*, my article on 'MARRIAGE.' This naturally suggested 'LOVE,' and I composed a piece in the same style on 'FRIENDSHIP.' The young lady put them away in her escritoire, and I thought no more of the matter. A year or two after our marriage, a literary friend of mine, who was publishing a magazine, came to me and told me he wished me to write some poetry for him. I told him I couldn't write poetry and wouldn't *write in magazines*. He then asked my wife if she had any thing of my composition. She looked among her papers, and found the three pieces I had written for her. He urged me to publish them, or to write a book like them. In *ten weeks* from that time the first series of 'Proverbial Philosophy' was in the printer's hands. I wrote it *at odd times*, and *on scraps of paper*; often in the midst of all sorts of business and pleasure.'"

Here we see the destiny again—the crisis and the hero—"The Hour and the Man." It reminds one of Bonaparte's triumphs, only that the Corsican victor had to work so hard for his success. It was no after dinner amusement for him—at odd times and on scraps of paper—like the sport of this British Bard, which in *ten weeks* threw the first series of the "Proverbial Philosophy" into the hands of the printer—another treasure to be bestowed upon *the world!* Invaluable Gifts! Munificent Mr. Tupper!

The second series of Proverbial Philosophy, as we learn from the same authority, was commenced at the desire of a friend, who very judiciously "backed his request with a handsome present of books." Such unlooked for liberality brought out the chapter on "GIFTS."* Soon

* We have some curiosity to know which of the following lines in that poem (?) had reference to the case of the donor of the books.

"Go to, then, thou that sayest—I will give and rivet the links,
For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver from him.
* * * *
There are who sow liberalities, to reap the like again;
But men accept the boon, scorning the shallow usurer:
* * * *
Nevertheless, give, for it shall be a discriminating test

after Mr. Tupper was obliged to cut down an elm tree: and he was led, preternaturally we suppose, to study *the concentric rings* which mark its annual growth. The occasion might have passed unimproved with a personage of less wisdom: but our author was struck for the first time with the analogy between the life of trees and the life of man! "YESTERDAY" was the result of this original thought: which, of course, was followed by "TO-DAY," and that in its turn by "TO-MORROW," in such haste that the sun could hardly keep up with them. It became a question, like that at St. Patrick's birth, whether "the child was too fast or the clock was too slow." At all events Mr. Tupper, like a stalwart champion of *the Ring*, proved to be always *up to time*.

"This is his manner of writing," says his publisher. "He composes only when some striking occurrence suggests an idea."

We have seen what sort of occurrences are striking to Mr. Tupper; we have seen how precipitately he flings himself upon the ideas which they suggest; and it would not be difficult to foretell what kind of books would result from his manner of writing. Possessing some natural ability, improved by instruction at school and college, he could not fail to produce, now and then, whether from invention or imitation, something that was readable; but it was impossible that he should compose so much and so hastily, without writing a vast amount of common-place or senseless trash. There have been men gifted with glowing fancies, fed with full streams of learning and knowledge whose literary achievements appear almost miraculous: but these efforts belong to an order of intellect far different from that of Mr. Tupper. The eagle may stoop from his eyrie and carry off the lamb in his talons; the crow, who essays to imitate him, will only entangle his claws in the fleece, and fall an easy prey to his captors.

A cursory examination of Mr. Tupper's works will confirm our expectations. They extend to four volumes of some 400 pages each. They are in prose and verse: embracing poems of all sorts, sonnets, ballads, translations, didactic proverbs, and imaginative tales—and prose as various, consisting of stories, essays, visions, reveries, speculations and rhapsodies. It would be untrue to say that there was no wheat in all this mass: but it is true that the chaff predominates so largely as to make the grain not worth the labor of threshing it out. We are fully convinced that the world would have lost nothing if they had never been published. They present us with little that is new, and nothing valuable of which we were not already possessed from other sources. As to diversion—there certainly is no accounting for tastes; but we find them the stiffest reading through which we ever toiled, not excepting Coke's Institutes. We are of the same mind with a friend of ours, who once told a fluent book-seller, in the midst of an extravagant eulogy upon Tupper, that he would not read the "thousand lines" if he were to receive the "Proverbial Philosophy" for so doing. The average of the whole is flat and dull, and a fit emblem would depict the author standing amid the low prairies of our western country, where

> ——— "From the bounded level of his mind
> Short views he takes, nor sees the lengths behind."

It is difficult, if not impossible, to criticise them: for they are so destitute of salient points, that the eye ranges in vain for prominent objects. Their chief characteristic is *quantity*, and their merits have been already summed up by the great critic.

> "*Words* are like leaves: and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

By way of illustration, however, we will furnish our readers with a few samples from Mr. Tupper's writings. Let us begin with his Proverbial Philosophy, the work by which he is best known, and which has the rare advantage of having been the product of his early energy, perfected by the experience of after years. We see nothing in it but a heterogenious collection of old maxims, strung together with little or no connexion, and without a key to reconcile their occasional contradictions. Whatever does not fall within this description is only a "bald disjointed chat" of the author with himself, uniting the other portions as links of an old chain are tied together with bits of rope. Take, for example, the following from "Love" and "Marriage."

> "And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of love?
> Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer perceive it?
> Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its purity?
> Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?
> Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying its own,
> Chaste, and looking up to God as the fountain of tenderness and joy.
> Quiet, yet floating deep, as the Rhine among rivers,
> Lasting, and knowing not danger—it walketh with Truth and Sincerity.
> Love—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
> A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
> The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
> What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!"

> Separating honesty from falsehood, weeding insincerity from friendship.
>
> * * * *
>
> *Give to merit, largely give;* his conscious heart will bless thee."

There is certainly no lack of hyperbole in the last lines—the fancy of the poet is all abroad. But he comes down to a very matter of fact view of things again, in the next extract.

"When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself,
But of those God may give thee of her, that they reproach thee not for their being;
See that he hath given her health, lest thou lose her early and weep;
See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy little ones perish not before thee:
For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,
And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare of madness.

Very salutary cautions, undoubtedly: but somewhat unusual to be found in a love letter to a modest young girl from an inexperienced youth of seventeen. It must have been a source of high satisfaction to the chosen one, that she had undergone a medical inspection so vigorous and searching, and been found worthy after all to transmit to posterity the illustrious name and fortunes of the house of—TUPPER.

The author hath a becoming sense of the dignity of his calling: which he thus exalts, though of course with a protestation that he is not talking about *himself*.

"Great is the dignity of authorship: I magnify mine office:
Albeit in much feebleness I hold it thus unworthily.
For it is to be one of a noble band, the welfare of the world,
Whose haunt is on the lips of men, whose dwelling is in their hearts,
Who are precious in the retrospect of memory, and walk among the visions of Hope,
Who commence with the good for everlasting, and call the wisest brother—
Whose voice hath burst the silence, and whose light is flung upon the darkness," &c.

* * * *

"What, if the prophet lacketh honor? for he can spare that praise:
The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by pigmies;
Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humoredly: *blame him,—thou tiltest at a pyramid:*
Yet just censure of the good never can he hear without contrition:
Neither would he miss one wise man's praise, for scarce is that jewel and costly:
Only for the herd of common minds, and the vulgar trumpetings of fame,
If aught he heedeth in the matter, his honor is sought in their neglect," &c.

Have a care, master Tupper! Take care how you despise the herd of common minds. Make not your auditory too select, lest it may chance to be even smaller than you reckon upon. As for ourselves, we do not disclaim the title of pigmies, and we forbear to pat you on the back: but we pray to suggest one emendation of the passage, in which you speak of "tilting at a pyramid"—we opine it is much more like tilting at a windmill.

But, in sober truth, what is all this worth? To cite no meaner book, what is there in it all, which is not found, condensed and compact, in the Hebrew Scriptures? Lay the book side by side with Ecclesiastes or the Proverbs, and the proof will stare you in the face. We fully admit that the ideas are clothed in very different language, and that there is much more of it. Mr. Tupper is something like the lilies of the field: for though he has toiled, and spun innumerable coats of cobweb, yet truly "*Solomon* in all his glory was not *arrayed* like one of these." The solid wisdom of the sage has been hammered into foil too thin to hide the dull metal beneath. The pithy and sententious truth is diluted in a sea of words, vast enough to satisfy the most diffusive Homœopathist. Whatever was once substantial is soaked and sodden into thorough insipidity.*

We come now to regard Mr. Tupper in a phase in which we had never seen him until the appearance of this edition. In our business streets, we sometimes meet with a sign such as "JOHN DOE, successor to RICHARD ROE," in the hardware or grocery line; the new trader thus soliciting the patronage of his predecessor's customers, and promising them a continuance of the good wares and fair dealing which had first attracted them. Mr. Tupper has imitated this laudable custom in his capacity of poet: but we are somewhat more than doubtful of his having fulfilled the implied conditions. We think he has undertaken a rather difficult business for any body to carry on successfully—one that is, beyond question, too much for his capacity. His sign runs thus—"GERALDINE: a Sequel to COLERIDGE'S CHRISTABEL: by *Martin Farquhar Tupper*, D. C. L., &c., &c." Yes! he is the self-appointed successor, or executor, of Samuel Taylor Coleridge: to complete his unfinished work: to settle his accounts with posterity, and receive the balance due him in posthumous fame. This at least implies an intimate knowledge of his affairs, and a familiarity with his own views of them, for which we should not have given Mr. Tupper credit at first, and which he is very far from proving to us in the course of his administration. Had a common stone-mason undertа-

* In an English book-catalogue we noticed the other day, among the paragraphs that embellished it, the following specimens of "Irish Proverbial Philosophy," which we take to be as good as any page of Mr. Tupper's—

"Money they say is the devil—and God is good, that he keeps it from us."

"Our old friend *Tim* with an *e* to his tail will soon settle all this bother." *(Time.)*

ken to restore the TORSO, we should have thought the attempt not more presumptuous nor less likely to succeed: and if Mr. Tupper's friends could be induced to back him in such a wager, we will produce the stone-mason, and bet that he out-does the poet. Meantime, we think that Mr. Tupper's surviving the effort is the best proof that he must have (honestly or otherwise) a sprig of laurel somewhere about him; for without its protection we do not see how he could have escaped the indignant lightnings of Phœbus—

——"mediocribus esse poetis
Non Homines, non Di, non concessêre columnæ."

"Small poets neither gods nor men can brook,
Nor those who strive to sell the stupid book."

Fortunately for Mr. Tupper the bibliopoles and the reading public no less than the god of song, are more placable now-a-days than they were in old Rome.

Is there any body who has not read Christabel a dozen times? If so, let him go and read it again, that he may have it fresh in his memory, when he compares it with the continuation. He will find that the imitator has very naturally picked up some of the quaint and ungraceful oddities of his great model: for mimics always find it easier to represent some peculiarity of a great man's gait or gesture, than to rival his noble thoughts, or his dignified eloquence. But when Mr. Tupper essays to reproduce some striking picture of the original poem, his pitiable failure becomes painful to contemplate. The colors, whether of Titian or of Rembrandt, are beyond the mixtures of his palette; and the caricature only preserves so much resemblance to the portrait, as to show what likeness may exist between comeliness and deformity. Where Coleridge would have thrilled the heart with tenderness and pity, Mr. Tupper babbles after this fashion—

"Desolate hearted Christabel,—
Hapless, hopeless Christabel,—
Nightly tears have dimmed the lustre
Of thy blue eyes once so bright,
And, as when dank willows *cluster*
Weeping over marble rocks,
O'er thy forehead white
Droop thy flaxen locks:
Yet art thou beautiful, dear *girl*,
As *angels in distress*,
Yea, comforting the soul, fair *pearl*,
With thy loveliness," &c.

What empty jingle have we here? *Cluster* and *droop* are employed to describe the same thing, as if they were synonymes, instead of opposites. "Dear girl" and "fair pearl" are clumsily stitched to the ends of two lines, where they have no earthly business but to make a rhyme. So, with "loveliness," and "angels in distress," comforting the souls of beholders. We never saw "angels in distress" before; but *these* give us no feeling of comfort. We look on them with compassion, and would most gladly deliver them from Mr. Tupper's hands, if it were possible: but we do not enjoy their presence at all. "*Hapless, hopeless* Christabel" reminds us of the twang of an old nursery rhyme, that ended always with "single'em, sangle'em, Buck!"

Coleridge leads us into scenes of wild and solemn mystery, and awes us with the vague and shadowy terror of the shapes which people them. Mr. Tupper thinks he is doing the like, when he tortures honest English words into fustian phrases that have no meaning at all, or enters into a minute description of some unimaginable, but disgusting, metamorphosis. We have no design to prolong this article by going into the story, as he has wrought it out: we shall only introduce our last quotations by saying, that they describe Geraldine at some hellish incantations in the forest—

"The gibbous moon, all chilling and *wan*,
Like a *sleepless eyeball* looketh on,
Like an *eyeball of sorrow*, *behind a shroud*,
Forth looketh she from a torn gray cloud,
Pouring sad *radiance* on the *black* air,
Sun of the night, what sees she there?

O lonely one, O lovely one,
What dost thou here in the forest dun,
Fair truant—like an *angel of light*,
Hiding from Heaven in deep midnight,
Alas! there is guilt in thy *glittering* eye,
As *fearfully dark* it looks up to the sky;
Alas! a dull unearthly light
Like a *dead star bluely white*,
A *seal of sin*, I note it now,
Flickers upon thy ghastly brow,
And about the huge old oak
Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
And terrible shapes with evil names,
Are leaping around a circle of flames,
And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,
And the rent earth quakes charm-riven,
And—art thou not afraid!"

* * * * *

"Art thou not afraid?" A pertinent question, truly. There are strange portents abroad. A chilling and wan moon looks out like the eyeball of a dead man through a torn shroud, and illumines the black air in some unexplained way with a sad radiance: the illumination effected, the moon again resumes the office of vision, and sees an angel of light, hiding from heaven in deep midnight, (in spite of all the radiance just spoken of,) but looking up nevertheless with an eye that is at the same time glittering and fearfully dark. The brow of this angel flickers with a light of its own, which is the seal of sin, and consists of a dead star, bluely white; and about the huge old oak there are the usual accompani-

ments of fire, smoke, devils, earthquakes, and hurricanes. This would probably be a very frightful picture, if one could see any thing at all; but, though the author himself is evidently much scared at his own work, we confess it is so utterly unintelligible to us that we are conscious of nothing but weariness. The mind is fatigued with grasping at shadows, and wasting its strength in the vain attempt. But we confess to a more decided impression, on reading the transformation of the heroine—

"Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin,
And sulphurous flashes blear and singe
That sweetest of eyes with its delicate fringe,
Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,
The eye of a *snake blinks* deep in her head;
For raven locks flowing loose and long
Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,
And sea-green scales are beginning to speck
Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening neck;
The white round arms are sunk in her sides;—
As when in chrysalis canoe
A May-fly down the river glides,
Struggling for life and liberty too,—
Her body convulsively twists and twirls,
This way and that it bows and curls,
And now her soft limbs melt into one,
Strangely and horribly tapering down,
Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen
A serpent-monster, scaly and green,
Horror! can this be Geraldine?"

This "*procès verbal*," as the French call it—this detailed account of the manner in which a beautiful woman changes herself into a filthy monster,—we do acknowledge produced one effect upon us—it filled us with great disgust and contempt for the taste of the author. We thought it might be considered as a type of the manner, in which he had abused the mighty dead: debasing the wild but imaginative creations of Coleridge, into the loathsome reptiles that crawl and twist about Mr. Tupper's pages. Nor could we help being struck with the coincidence of his description, in the most minute particulars, with that which Horace has sketched as the extreme absurdity of a disordered fancy—

"Humano capiti *cervicem* pictor *equinam*
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, *ut turpiter atrum*
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?"*

We have observed, more than once, that Mr. Tupper did not seem to pay much respect to the canons of composition, transmitted to us by the most elegant of the Latin poets; and we thought it possible, though very strange, that he might never have read Horace. We are now convinced of our error. Mr. Tupper is furiously orthodox in his opinions. He doubtless looks upon the old Roman as a heathen, whose false religion infected with its taint his every sentiment and opinion: and Mr. Tupper, therefore, makes it a point of conscience to do exactly what he forbids to be done. We cannot otherwise account for the exact correspondence between the two pictures, even to the "cervicem equinam," and the "bristles a red mane, stiff and strong."

We are done with Mr. Tupper, as we fondly hope, now and forever. We have bestowed more time upon him than we intended, when this article was begun—more than we should have been willing to spare from better employment. Better employment, indeed, we could not have had, if we shall succeed in giving a just and true direction to the taste and judgment of some young reader; but we dare not flatter ourselves that our efforts will be productive of effects so important. We shall be content if, while affording our readers an hour's amusement, we may have inspired them with the resolution to scrutinize, before they acknowledge, the pretensions of the next literary adventurer.

* Suppose a painter to a horse's neck
Should join a human head, and then bedeck
The shape with feathers: adding limb to limb,
Torn from all things that walk, or fly, or swim,
Till the fair woman, white above as snow,
Sinks to a foul and squalid fish below:
Suppose yourselves admitted to the sight,
And tell me, friends, would you not laugh outright?

TO ——

They say good angels watch o'er men
From the first hour of birth,
Until some mortal sin affrights
The seraph forms from earth—
Angels of many-hued delights,
And high, celestial worth.

My angel left me long ago,
Alone upon the sea;
No blessed starlight on my way—
Love! I encountered thee—
And thou art now that spirit-ray,
My angel used to be.

I know thou cans't not pass
From out my inmost heart—
Not ev'n if Heaven that sent thee here
Should call thee to depart;
For in the bright, eternal sphere,
Thou *wilt be* as thou *art*.

And if the soul thou guard'st thus,
Be summoned from *thy* side,
Thou wilt go with me to the brink
Of the death-sounding tide;
And soon the bitter cup I drink
Will pass unto my bride.

Then bless thee, bless thee, oh, my love!
My *second* angel sent
To be unto my fainting hopes
A sweet-aired instrument:
Each drooping flower in glory opes,
An iris—beauty-blent.

O! linked forever! there are chords
Within our being bound,
That move in endless symphony
With an ethereal sound—
A prelude of the love to be
Eternal in its round.

Thus, blessing, blest, I look to thee
Not as an earthly child,
But something beautiful in dreams,
When my first summer smiled—
A heavenly fount of happy streams,
A rainbow o'er a wild.

P. H. H.

Winderhans and the Gentleman in Black.

A TALE OF RICHMOND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

EDITOR SOU. LIT. MESSENGER:

Dear Sir.—On a visit to Richmond last year I was much entertained with the singular myth on which this sketch is founded. Of the existence and annual appearance of the dog in question I believe there can be, in intelligent minds, no sort of doubt, and to such I address these details of his personal history, which I have gathered with much trouble from sources very difficult to arrive at.

Should you find it suitable, insert it in your magazine as a companion-piece to your "Revelation of the Spirits."

Yours, truly.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR WINDERHANS.

There is a tradition among the Virginia State Guard that for a number of years a very singular object has appeared, or seemed to appear, on every recurring thirteenth of December, at the iron grate in front of the Capitol. You are told that on dark and tempestuous nights, when the solitary sentinel is blowing his fingers and wrapping more closely around him his large white cloak: when the winds howl around the old edifice, and the tall trees wave in the blast like gigantic spectres bowing and nodding to each other—then, you are told, the sentinel hears a sound at the iron grating in front of the basement which thrills him with dread, and beholds a sight which makes him tremble more than the icy wind. The sight is that of a large black dog with fiery eyes, who endeavors in vain to tear down the grating with his teeth, and the sound is the growling and moaning of the before-mentioned animal in his disappointment. Why he thus "makes night hideous with"—howling, I am about to relate.

Thirty or forty years ago there dwelt in Richmond a certain Professor Winderhans who had acquired much reputation for his knowledge of geology, engineering and accounts, in all of which branches of science he was an adept. He held some government office: *what*, I have never been able exactly to ascertain. It is now, I believe, extinct however, whatever it may have been.

The Professor who was much beloved for his generous and benevolent nature, was a little dingy man with a snuff-colored coat of antique cut, a queue behind, and immense spectacles on an enormous nose, which stood out like a promontory over the wide opening of his mouth. Though personally popular the Professor was scarcely intimate with a dozen persons, and this arose from the inordinate delight he took in discussing all matters of mystery and superstition involving those "things in heaven and earth" undreamt of in general philosophy. He was apt to protrude these subjects on all occasions in general conversation, and he was known to have once held Mr. Jefferson a whole hour by the button disputing with him on the question of the truth or untruth of Lord Littleton's celebrated vision.

The Professor was a late sitter and an early riser. But little sleep sufficed for him. His custom was to sit up working in his little office, situated in the Capitol basement, long after midnight had driven honest folks to rest, and his solitary light would gleam from far through the trees, long after every other light had been extinguished throughout the whole city.

On these occasions passers-by—gay young men, or portly citizens—coming from the Theatre or late parties, would say to each other, "there is that old dried-up Winderhans killing himself with work"—or "the devil will fly away with that old philosopher some day!" But the Professor, like a wise man who follows his own wishes before those of other people, held on the even tenor of his way, caring nothing for all these reflections and speeches:—for Winderhans was a philosopher:—Winderhans was a dreamer:—Winderhans, we may even say, in his spare moments, was a mystic. He couldn't usually afford the time.

One night the Professor was working late in the basement and very wearily. His eyes were dim, his head dizzy, his back ached and he was nearly overcome with sleep and fatigue. Nevertheless he made another effort to decipher the vile scrawl before him which it was his place to read and report the contents of. One word puz-

zled him. That word was either *treasure, leisure* or *bearer.*

"It do'n't make sense!" exclaimed the Professor breaking the profound silence with an impatient voice, "it is 'treasure,' or may the devil take it."

"Ha! ha!" said a subdued voice at the Professor's elbow accompanied by the creaking of the door. "The fact is then, my dear Professor, I have no right or title to it. It is TREASURE."

Winderhans turned round.

"Wh—who are you?" said he.

"I?" said the voice which belonged to a personage in mourning, who, led by a fiery looking chain a large black dog whose very color was the deepest mourning. "Ah, I understand—ha, ha!"

And the visitor nodded as if the jest was not bad. The Professor was amazed.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Gentleman in Black, "very good."

We say *laughed*, but in using this term we perhaps are conveying a wrong idea. The Dark Gentleman did not move his lips in laughing and his misty eyes were motionless:—the sound, however, was certainly produced. There it was—"ha, ha!"

"Sir," said the little Professor frowning, but still slightly trembling, "I demand definitely an answer to my question."

"Your question?"

"Yes, sir! my question, sir!"

By this time Winderhans was mustering courage.

"You wish to know me?"

"I *demand* your name, sir.'

"Well Professor, come don't quarrel. If you but knew it:—like many others you are ignorant of it:—we are the best friends in the world."

"I never saw you in my life before, sir:—and then that horrid dog!"

A strange noise issued from the mouth of the black dog.

"Silence, sir," said the Dark Gentleman sternly to his dog, "I am surprised at your conduct, sir! Don't mind him," continued he turning to the Professor, "he's an ill-trained imp, and besides was only licking his lips."

The Professor afterwards declared that the sound was, in its character, decidedly cachinnatory.

"I care not for your dog," said Winderhans, "but I again demand your name and business:—a friend of mine indeed!"

"Was not Captain Kyd your great grand uncle?"

The Professor turned in his seat.

"You know that?" said he with a start.

—

CHAPTER II.

WINDERHANS DISCUSSES HIS GENEALOGY.

The Gentleman in Black greeted this unconscious movement with a smile which revealed a row of long sharp teeth, like the tusks of a wild boar.

"Do I know it?" said he, "certainly, my dear Professor. How should I be ignorant of the Captain's descendants? He was one of my most intimate and valued friends; he and Morgan I ever held in the highest esteem and respect."

"*You* knew Captain Kyd?"

"Yes, we are still excellent friends: in fact we live together yet."

The Professor's hair rose up.

"You are,"—he stammered.

"Joking, my dear friend—true, but this humor seizes me at times, and then I delight in feigning great age like Cagliostro, who is another of my—but these little matters cannot interest you.

"How did you get in, sir?"

"I found the door in front open."

"Ah, yes," said the Professor, "I left the key in the lock—the door open."

"We were speaking of the Captain," said the Dark Gentleman looking with a stern and warning air at the dog. "You knew then of your relationship?"

"Yes."

"How do you look upon it?"

"As a disgrace," said Winderhans shortly.

The dog growled.

"Did you ever read his will?"

The Professor, who was again becoming irritated at the intruder's easy air of friendship and intimacy, was at once mastered by a strange curiosity.

"His will?" said he. "Why Kyd had no will."

"Undoubtedly he had, my dear Professor, and I could convince you by ocular demonstration."

"You!" said the Professor pushing back his chair.

"Certainly," said the Dark Gentleman.

"You!" repeated Winderhans in amazement.

"Yes, here it is"—and the Dark Gentleman drew from his pocket, or some mysterious receptacle, an old and discolored parchment, worn in places, and stained with sea water.

"Look," said he unrolling a part. "I know your acquaintance with Spanish to be almost as perfect as my own."

Winderhans read thereon what, translated, was to the following effect:

"These convents being satisfied and the said churches being rebuilt, I do bequeath and give in fee to Isaac Von Winderhans of Amsterdam, to him and his heirs forever, all my buried treasure

on the shores of James River, adjoining the Falls, near—"

The parchment was suddenly rolled up.

"I beg pardon, my dear Professor," said the Dark Gentleman smiling politely this time, "in this age of commerce and '*considerations*' I also must have a consideration for giving up this secret, as my natural love of justice has compelled me to do. I alone know the spot of this treasure and," putting the parchment in his pocket, "I demand an equivalent."

"Kyd's will," murmured Winderhans thoughtfully, "can it be?"

"To be sure it can be. Silence, sir," continued the Dark Gentleman sternly to his dog, "I am surprised, shocked, sir. Let there be no more of this."

"Of what?" said Winderhans, "we were talking of that old scoundrel Kyd and his will."

This time the dog yelled. No sooner had he done so than his master let go the chain, gave him a kick which sent him three paces, and frowning, commanded him to "go and watch by Morgan."

The dog disappeared at one bound with an infuriated growl.

"Who is Morgan," asked Winderhans, "did you speak of the Buccaneer of that name?"

"Hum!" said the Gentleman in Black, settling his black neckcloth and looking a little mysterious, "did I say Morgan?"

"Undoubtedly you did."

"Well, Morgan was my particular friend and I name my black horse after him."

"Now no more jesting!" said Winderhans "I won't stand it. Morgan your particular friend and he dead two hundred years!"

"Not at all, Professor. Only a hundred and fifty or so. I knew him well poor fellow. He lived much feared and respected, but that treatment of him, in his dying agonies by Dr. Quashie, was, to say the least, not genteel."

"Dr. Quashie?"

"Yes, a flourishing black doctor some one hundred and seventy years ago."

"Who the devil *are* you?" said Winderhans angrily.

"Precisely—you are right—very true—undoubtedly—exactly so"—said his visitor with much volubility, "we were speaking, I believe, of Kyd's will and treasure."

The Professor's eyes glistened in spite of himself.

"But," said he hesitatingly, "did the captain ever navigate the James to Richmond?"

"Certainly and every large river on the coast, my dear Professor."

"How do you know it?"

"Never mind. That I know the fact is sufficient, and should you consent we will take a view of the spot and the treasure."

"The treasure? Yes, when?"

For Winderhans *was* slightly devoted to money.

"This very night," said his visitor.

Winderhans trembled.

"To-night?"

"This very night."

Winderhans looked suspiciously at his visitor who smiled.

"How?" he asked.

"On horseback, Professor."

"You have two horses?"

"No—Morgan will bear us both."

The Professor was sunk in troubled thought.

"Come decide," said the Dark Gentleman, should you refuse, as you are the last heir, I shall consider myself the lawful owner by right of *treasure trove*. By the by, Professor, have you obtained that Stradavarius of 1660 which Issachar—my friend the Rabbi—has offered you for two thousand five hundred dollars?"

The Professor was a passionate lover of the violin. He trembled.

"No," said he with a cold sweat upon his forehead, "I am too poor."

"The fact is," said the Dark Gentleman fingering his ebony watch chain, "the violin is not dear and it is a real Cremona."

"Genuine—a finer never was made."

"Yes, I was paying Issachar a visit the other day to pay him some money I owed him on a bond, and I tried my favorite air from 'Robert Le Diable.' I was much pleased."

"It is worth its weight twice over in virgin gold," said Winderhans turning pale.

"And you can't buy it?"

"Never."

"I'm sorry: Paganini, I understand has heard of it, and his agent is now *en route* with authority to buy it, even if it cost a thousand pounds sterling."

An icy sweat burst out on the face of Winderhans.

"Paganini! buy *my* violin!" he murmured.

"My dear friend, it is not yours permit me to suggest, but the property of that man who is able to pay the price demanded."

"Paganini," murmured Winderhans, "a thousand pounds!"

"He will give that."

"It is worth it."

"Certainly it is."

"It is worth two, three, ten thousand!"

"It is a *treasure*," said the Gentleman in Black with a mild glance of his fiery eyes.

At this word treasure, uttered by his sombre visitor, Winderhans started.

"What did you say?" said he.

"That it was a treasure—and that the treasure of gold which we were speaking of will enable you to purchase it."

"Where is it?" said Winderhans, setting his teeth.

"Ah!" replied his visitor laughing noiselessly this time, but apparently with much satisfaction, "*that*, I am obliged by my want of —— cash, for cash buys—yes, by my want of cash, to conceal—hum!"

And the Dark Gentleman looked mysterious.

"I will go. What is your condition?"

"Sign this paper."

"Why it is Sanscrit."

"No, it is a patois of *Greek* and *Etruscan* which my secretary, Machiavel, made by mistake."

"What's this—*Psuchay*?"

"The Sanscrit for *soul*, precisely."

"What about a *soul?*"

"Is it possible, my dear friend, that you have not yet divined my character? Have you not perceived from my conversation and appearance that I am an eccentric gentleman of large means?"

"Why—hum—as to the *eccentric*"—

"Ha, ha!" interrupted the Dark Gentleman, "very good! You were about to say that I *am* eccentric and you were noticing that very beautiful carbuncle on my hat."

"I was, but you were looking at the parchment. How then in the devil's name—"

"Precisely so, my dear Professor," said the Dark Gentleman, "undoubtedly—beyond mistake."

The Professor made an angry movement.

"Come finish!" said he, "for as God sees me"—

His visitor started.

"Come, come, Professor," said he in a troubled tone, and looking around him suspiciously, "no profanity! You shock my moral sense, sir. Let me have no more of these irreverent expressions."

"My God!" cried Winderhans, nearly puzzled out of his understanding, "what have I done or said?"

The Dark Gentleman trembled and looked indignant.

"Mr. Winderhans," said he, "I have but one word more to say. If these expressions, which I look upon as highly improper, are repeated, I leave you for ever and carry this paper with me."

The Professor changed his position hurriedly.

"We were speaking of the *Psuchay*," said he.

"Or *soul*. You are right."

"What has that parchment with ancient red letters to do with it?"

"It is a jesting compact which I shall request you to sign, giving to the bearer, when he shall demand payment, the possession of your immortal soul."

The Professor turned pale.

"It is merely a jest," said his visitor. "Here trace your name at this point. It is nothing."

Winderhans shrunk back in horror.

"Never," said he trembling.

"And the Cremona?" said his visitor.

"Oh! Paganini, *my* Cremona!"

"Come sign."

"Never, never. Avaunt!"

The Gentleman in Black laughed heartily.

"What do you take me for?" said he; "come change your mind, or if you are unchangeably determined not to sign now, as your eyes tell me, why give me your promise to do so, in case you find the treasure to your liking and you reap the benefit of it."

This seemed to Winderhans more reasonable and sensible.

"Agreed!" said he with alacrity, his manner changing from horror to a sort of restless excitement.

At the same moment his eyes twinkled with a sudden thought. The Gentleman in Black shrugged his shoulders and only said,

"Come, then, Professor, we really have no time to lose." Then with a mocking smile he added, "No, it is useless—leave that Bible behind. We shall not want it!"

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CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT RIDE WITH THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

They thereupon issued forth and stood upon the hill. It was a clear moonlight night, and the beams lay like an ocean of light on the innumerable roofs:—the night wind stirred the thick leaves of the elms and poplars—and the roar of the falls but slightly softened by the distance came distinctly and musically to the ear.

Far off a glimpse was caught of the rock-ribbed stream, and a solitary light gleaming from Belle Isle, to the Professor's imagination resembled a lonely Cyclopean eye, whose gigantic possessor reclined at full length in the river's bed, and disturbed the silence with a continuous grumbling and murmuring.

On the second descent stood a coal black horse of enormous size, who tossed his head, pawed the earth, and neighed impatiently. Near him lay crouched, as if to spring on and worry him, the black fiery-eyed dog.

"Morgan is impatient," said the Dark Gentleman; "he was not used to being made to wait."

"When?" said Winderhans.

"During his former life. Pythagorean you see, Professor!"

This was said with a laugh which somehow

chilled the Professor's blood—it was so ironical and sarcastic. Then it had a far away, absent sound, so to speak, as if the cause of laughter and the laugher were at a great distance.

They reached the vicious animal, and the Dark Gentleman laying his hand on his back, the horse shrunk and trembled as if he had been touched by a hot iron.

But they had no sooner mounted—the Dark gentleman insisting with much politeness that Winderhans should sit before on the seat of honour—than the black horse started at a furious, but horrible to say, a perfectly noiseless gallop.

As they neared the iron gate a gust of wind happened to blow it back on its rusty hinges, and they passed through like a meteor.

Through the streets like a shadow!—on the banks of the river!—plunging through its waves!—all was the work of a moment! Winderhans found himself embraced by two iron arms, a hairy thong whistled round his ears as it rose from the horse's flank and again descended, and the Black Dog ran and swam with fiery eyes at his side. One thing he observed more especially—that the horse and the dog both made violent efforts to drink large draughts of the water; but the Dark Gentleman restrained the first by his chain bridle, and the dog by a single warning look.

Some are of opinion that the spot at which the Gentleman in Black on that night halted, was the old house above Manchester, which to this day is called the "Haunted House" for that very reason:—but this we have reason to consider a mistake, as Captain Kyd would scarcely have gone so far from shore to bury his gold.

Wheresoever it may have been, however,—on the lofty hill or the sloping bank, amid rugged rocks or sandy coves, which are here scattered all along the rush-clad shores,—they certainly came to a halt at last.

And that night strange scenes were enacted and strange rites performed;—and at dawn Winderhans returned home weighed down with a heavy burden which his cloak concealed from view.

Behind him walked the Black Dog.

—

CHAPTER IV.

WINDERHANS BUYS HIS VIOLIN.

On the following day Winderhans called on Issachar the Jew, who inhabited one of the most dingily picturesque mansions in the beautiful and salubrious quarter of the OLD MARKET.

He demanded with a cheerful look, and in a gay tone, a sight of the "Cremona." The Rabbin, who was glad to have a friend among the Government officers, hastened to obey. First he took from his girdle a key which he inserted into the lock of a wall-closet, which opening disclosed an oblong box of iron-bound oak. This in turn was opened, and from an ebony case bound with silver bands, the Rabbin with great care raised the antiquely-shaped violin.

Winderhans trembled with joy. He took it—grasped the bow, and struck up the *Si cerca se dice* of Pergolese.

The Rabbin listened with feigned or real ecstasy.

"It is unharmed," said the Professor.

This being settled, Winderhans after much circling round the subject, began to bid. The Jew called on Moses, Eli, Jacob and other venerable characters of antiquity to witness his assertions. Winderhans persisted. At length, at the end of three hours, the negotiation was ended by Winderhans paying into Issachar's hands, in ancient coin of Spanish stamp, the good and lawful sum of $2,000.

Then seizing his prize he clasped it in his arms, kissed the image of the Virgin on its handle, and striking its rich strings ravished the Rabbin again with its delicious melody.

As he proceeded the musician's soul was rapt in the harmony, his eyes melted or fired, his long and mobile fingers played over the strings like lightning.

The Rabbin clasped his hands in ecstasy.

The Professor stopped. A radiant look of joy shone on his features.

"It ish a vicious dog you has Mynheer von Winderhans."

"The devil!" said Winderhans, suddenly letting fall his hands. "D—n that dog."

"Look—look! he ish hide his head: he ish laughing," said the Rabbin.

Winderhans made a kick at the dog, who offered no resistance, and in doing so stumbled and fell. Issachar caught the Cremona as it was about to touch the floor. The dog disappeared with a bound.

After these annoying circumstances, the Professor returned homeward. At the "Rising Sun" he was stopped by a friend.

"Ah, good morning, Professor," said he, "anything new?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," said Winderhans, "except that one of my old relations has been kind enough to leave me a tolerable sum of money—so, so, that is."

"Let me congratulate you. Now if you do not sit up so late in the Capitol pouring over musty parchments—if you do not labor so much as heretofore"—

"Well, I think of resigning soon."

"Indeed! Bye-the-bye, what a fine dog you have there."

"Cursed dog," muttered Winderhans.

But the Black Dog stuck to the Professor like his shadow, and what annoyed nim most of all, was apparently ever under the invisible eye of the Dark Gentleman. Often, too, in dense clouds Winderhans imagined he saw a Gentleman in Black on the alert, but who always disappeared on finding himself observed.

"May the foul fiend seize him," he muttered one day, as the dark figure caught his eye then disappeared in a public meeting. "Does he think, perchance, that the presence of this vicious imp will compel me to sign his bond? Fool!"

But fool as he was, the Professor was ere long compelled to acknowledge his devilish ingenuity. Everywhere the Black Dog, like his shadow, followed at his heels, and continually by some vexatious accident he was made to feel the brute's malicious character.

One morning he lounged into Fitzwhylson's bookstore, and glanced over the new books which had just been issued.

The Black Dog stretched himself at ease on the floor.

Tho Professor's attention was attracted from the book he was reading, by the entrance of a lady, and this lady proved to be a widow fair, fat and forty, with the addition of a tolerable fortune, for whom the Professor had long felt a tender interest.

She carried a white lap-dog about the size of an orange, her gait was languishing and graceful, and she asked for "Angelina Courtenay," a novel of the die-away school then very popular.

The Professor assumed his best smile, and was engaged in a most agreeable and flattering conversation, when a dreadful howl was heard from the lap-dog, which had escaped from the lady's fair hand to the floor.

What was the Professor's horror, on turning round, to find that Fido had ventured too near the Black Fiend, as he now considered him, and had consequently received a stroke of his paw which dislocated nearly every bone in his diminutive body.

The lady shrieked, took up her pet and, casting a reproachful glance at Winderhans, went out muttering an imprecation on that "dreadful animal!"

Winderhans was about to hurl the book he held at the dog, when his eye caught the title. It was Irving's story of the "Devil and Tom Walker."

His eye was glued to the page and he only stopped reading to take out his purse, pay for the book and return with it home. The dog who had watched him with sleepless eyes arose and followed him. Winderhans had made up his mind what course to follow.

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CHAPTER V.

WINDERHANS AND THE BLACK DOG.

The dog followed him, and even before arriving at his master's residence had managed to make his presence felt in a way which would have driven an individual of ordinary patience almost mad.

But Winderhans was affectionate and gracious to his black guardian.

The Professor stopped to chat a moment with his Excellency, the Governor, at the old Coffee House. The Black Dog in the very midst of the conversation ran between the Governor's legs and very nearly made him lose his balance.

"Whose dog is that!" he cried, much exasperated.

The dog showed his teeth while watching to avoid a kick from both quarters—his master and the Governor.

"Mine," said Winderhans with a smile, "he is sometimes a little rough, sir, but it is only playfulness, mere fun. It is an excellent and most faithful animal—follows me everywhere:—in fact his affection for me is so great that he will never leave me—ha! ha!"

This "ha! ha!" was distinctly echoed by another "ha! ha!" but so strangely accented, that every one looked round. It was a laugh in which much *astonishment* was discernible.

"Who laughed?" said his Excellency.

No one answered.

"It must have been my dog Nero," said Winderhans, smiling; "he is a very facetious animal. But really I must hurry home—business, you know, Excellency. Come Nero!"

The Black Dog followed sullenly.

Thereafter the Professor's treatment of his dog much changed. He supplied him with tit-bits of meat, a magnificent kennel was ordered home, and he was decorated with a silver collar on which was inscribed "Professor Julius Winderhans, from his great uncle, Isaac Von Winderhans." The whole city was ringing with the luck of the Professor, who in his old age had been suddenly declared the only heir of the opulent Mynheer Winderhans of Amsterdam.

What the animal thought of the change is, I imagine, at this late day, wholly undiscoverable. His vicious conduct, however, rather increased. He became the torture and the curse of Winderhans' life:—still Winderhans was gracious.

A month had now elapsed, and the Professor

had not yet resigned his place, when one night in his office under the Capitol, he thus addressed himself to the dog.

"Nero," said Winderhans, "I make bold to say that I have treated you well. I have given you to eat all that a reasonable dog could desire, and if I have not been able to administer to that intellectual and poetic temperament which I perceive in you, I am sorry and I ask your pardon!"

Here the Professor took a pinch of snuff.

The Dog growled approvingly.

"Your name of Nero was not given you for the purpose of inducing invidious comparisons between you and that monster of blood—not at all!"

Nero laid a paw upon his heart.

"Had I called you Morgan, like the Black horse of my friend, your master, or even Captain Kyd, the bold buccaneer, I should mean nothing—I would not on my soul!"

Nero positively grinned.

"I feel," continued the Professor, "each day for you a stronger and stronger affection, and though as a dog of candor you must confess that you are occasionally slightly, very slightly mischievous, I can pardon that."

Nero made a grateful acknowledgment with his fore-paw.

"It was to assure you of these friendly feelings towards you," continued Winderhans, smiling in an affectionate manner, "that I have entered on this discourse. To prove at once my attention to your comforts, I would say that at a considerable outlay of trouble and expense, I have provided for your entertainment three small cats, which, when you desire it, I will let loose."

Nero's eyes glistened.

"I will bring them hither," said the Professor, going out carelessly and easily.

Nero arose suspiciously, then lay down with a look which almost pierced the Professor's heart. That look said, "I rely implicitly on your honor, Winderhans."

The Professor, we have said, went out carelessly and slowly;—when a few yards from the door, he increased his pace and looked round suspiciously; he commenced running then along the echoing passages. Suddenly another noise was heard. The Black Dog, who had watched him through a crack, had bounded through the door and was pursuing him. Winderhans felt his blood run cold; his hair stood on end, and his body trembled as he pushed his short legs to their best speed. Behind came the Dog almost catching, in his furious jaws, the flying coat-tail:—he heard his footsteps and his panting.

Suddenly Winderhans struck his foot against the sill of the iron door. He darted through, closed it with a clang and turned the key.

Nero threw himself, uttering a sound like laughter, on the heavy iron grate.

He recoiled, yelling.

Winderhans had replaced the circular lock with a long, powerful bolt of his own invention. This bolt bore the form of the cross.

In vain the Black Dog howled in tones of menace, entreaty and reproach. Winderhans was immovably fixed in his resolution. He wrapped his cloak around him, returned home, and the next day resigned his office.

Three months after he married the fair widow and played on his Cremona happily, and without disturbance, to the end of his days; never thinking, it is said, of the Black Dog, but with an inward chuckle, and never repenting of the bargain he had made.

There are those who say that the Professor fell asleep in his chair one night and dreamed all that is here narrated. But this, besides robbing the tradition of much of its interest, is much more improbable than that the whole occurred precisely as is here set down.

There are those again who say that the whole is a fable, and that Professor Winderhans in reality never existed.

To sceptics such as these, we have nothing to say.

M—, Va., Aug., 1851.

SONNETS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

I.

What can I wish thee? thou whose flute-toned voice,
In my dream-mood, comes floating back to me,
Like music floating 'cross a silvery sea—
What shall I wish thee? that thou may'st rejoice
In length of days—in fortune, friends, and fame?
That thy high deeds may win the world's acclaim?
That genius-gifted,—(borne on Learning's lip,)
Thy name may circle through the admiring throng?—
Or link in grand and glorious fellowship
With those to whom is given the gift of Song?
Or would'st thou wake in *one* fond *Human Heart*,
A love as pure and perfect as thine own?
Soul of thy Soul—Life of thy Life a part,—
Content to make the happiness of *One?*

II.

What *can* I ask for *thee? thou* hast but known
Of Life its fairest poetry and flowers;
Time hath yet lent his downiest plume alone
To speed thy step amid the rosy hours.
On zephyr-wings, through Hope's enchanted bowers,
Thy heart's young dreams glide a perpetual crowd—
Thy passing days are shadow'd by no cloud—

And all thy tears are brief as April showers!
What *shall* I wish thee? could the power be mine
For aye, to rule thy horoscope of doom;
Good angels should a radiant wreath entwine
Of fadeless flowers, around thy path to bloom.
Thy Future Life should be, fair as its glowing morn—
And 'mid Earth's roses thou should'st never feel a thorn.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

Sept. 1.—A fine rapid clear stream this! Six miles from Council Grove—famous as Council Bluffs. It is a tributary of Grand river, more prettily and distinctively called by its Indian name Ne-osho (water-white or clear; the Indians, like the French, give you the adjective last.)

We will wait here in this shady grove and let the horses eat the luxuriant wild pea-vine until the wagons come up. This baggage is to an army what a wife and children are to a man—a soldier at least—a necessity and a comfort while a trouble and embarrassment.

Oh, my books! my favorite authors, how I miss you! My call is to "spirits from the vasty deep." Not even Shakspeare; and Walter Scott, what a camp library would his works be. Professedly an imitator of the great and philanthropic Edgeworth, he dated a new era, built up a new school, and then—ruined it: for he reduced authorship to a trade. Yet, who can but admire his enthusiasm of old age; his faith (and industry) which *did* remove a mountain—of debt!

And James, his follower,—his almost rival in the race of usefulness and fame, he never equaled Ivanhoe, but has written perhaps more books, and never descended to the level of Castle Dangerous and some others. The author of Attila and Philip Augustus must rank with the first.

Imaginary Friend. "Do you not think his Black Prince and the Last of the Barons may be classed together, whether as historical or romantic?"

"Decidedly so, without pronouncing on their comparative merits; the last, though admirable, is too voluminous and heavy for a romance. Your remark might have been more just if the philosopher, his daughter and her plebeian lover had been left out, and the work better for a more artistic unity."

"And D'Israeli, the younger, the sparkler! whose first book is his best and is immortal. I read an odd volume of Vivian Grey every year.

"And Lever!—the bright coiner—so they say—of other men's ore!

"And Cooper! the American Scott, who still more than his model, wrote his brain as dry as a broken ink stand!

"And Willis! the Irving of 'periodical literature,' and the Poet.

"And thou, immortal creator of Little Nell! whose genius could make classical the name of Twist!"

I. F. "He, too, founded a new school, of 'serial' writers."

"And it bids fair to complete the work of literary deterioration. Oh, Dickens! the Atlantic was thy Rubicon; on its broad waste thou didst shipwreck much Fame and Honor. Wonderful indeed that thou shouldst, in a day, turn two millions of admirers, friends, into despisers! Whilst the arms of millions were outstretched to receive thee, and their eyes glistened with welcoming pleasure, in thy heart thou betrayedst them, and sold them to a publisher!"

I. F. "A dip into a good author, old or new, is often a mental shower-bath; it sets one's ideas in motion; is in some sort a substitute for the active emulation of the world!"

"But that is essential to real progress. Something may be learned from every one we meet; an ox-driver may teach us some point of philosophy."

I. F. "Not mechanical philosophy, for all wagoners live and die in the belief that small forewheels make a wagon run lighter!"

"By meeting and conversing with new people we gain new ideas, and are set a-thinking; that is the greatest benefit of travel. It is the throwing the ideas and experience of a multitude into a joint stock, that makes such world's wonders as London."

I. F. "Allow me to say that you are to-day quite as interesting—as original."

"Well, shall we '*talk prairie*' alone? Shall we discuss whether this beautiful purple flower, the bulbous root of which overflows with balsam, would bear transplanting into a flower garden—a lady's bower! No? Well give me another trial for something new on my subject. Man's improvement depends upon his being gregarious or not; which circumstances control; in Mexico, Peru, &c., where kinder climates multiplied the Indian I attribute their great advance in civilization solely to their living in crowds, villages, cities. Our sparse hunter-tribes seem incapable of improvement; our own race, when they have fallen into the same circumstances, have grown barbarous."

I. F. "True enough perhaps; but New Mexico, to which you are wending your weary way, owes its name and its superiority when discovered,

to savage tribes to its south, which long kept back its Spanish colonizers; they were then manufacturers of cotton cloth, and in fact improved very little on the slight Spanish infusion to the date of this trade."

"(Which is of precious little advantage to any one else.) I will give you a better than the usual answer to a stumper—'the exception proves the rule.' Their circumstances were very peculiar. Nearly isolated by wide deserts on every side, their arid and barren country only admitted the occupancy of valleys, where they must have congregated, and in fact, were found in villages; excluded from these shelters wild animals were repelled from their country, and they then became, per force, herdsmen instead of hunters. So much for these Native Americans!"

I. F. "'Americans.' Can that name continue to distinguish the citizens of the United States? It has been suggested, that even now, the name of the continent may be (and should justly be) changed to Columbia and that thus we may secure our appropriated title."

"It is impossible to give so general and pervading a motion to the human mind as to change the name of a continent! Could vast bodies be easily set in motion, their momentum would soon overwhelm the world?"

I. F. "Are you reading there the book of Regulations?"

"Yes; they are changed and added to so often that it seems no one pretends to know what they are. Here is something on courts martial; it is copied from the British."

I. F. "Do young officers become your judges as well as jurors, by instinct? I believe no examination into their qualifications is required before they are allowed to sit in judgment?"

"No—it is a sore spot in our system. Something might be made of your idea."

I. F. "The Attorney General (or a Judge Advocate General,) an Inspector General and a Professor of *Ethics*, might make a good Board?"

"We have no Judge Advocate General; there is a Judge Advocate I believe, but there being no law for his appointment, he keeps as close as a mouse. I rather incline to a radical change; the trial of all important cases by a kind of Circuit Court, of few members; officers of rank and experience, selected and appointed to perform this duty exclusively for a term of years."

Sept. 1.—To-day we arrived at Council Grove and were received with "presented arms" by a company of dragoons—which makes a fourth. What a collection of wagons! there are hundreds, and nearly all have Mexican owners; look at their men! they show ivories as white as negroes; they are Indians, but New Mexicans as well, and speak Spanish. There are herds of mules in every valley, on every hill, and hundreds of oxen too. It is unhealthy here; many who have stayed a week are sick, the dragoon company has been waiting three days, and they are already suffering.

The sun set this evening with a phenomenon of marvellous beauty; from purple and blue clouds, gorgeously edged with gold, or rather celestial fire, shot up a "glory," a face of pencilled light, expanded to a great circle through the zenith, and from this same base another, in reflected symmetry, converged to the eastern horizon!

Council Grove is a luxuriant heavily timbered bottom of the Neosho, of about 160 acres, and there are several rather smaller in the vicinity. I can perceive no trace of fortifications, or other antiquities which some fanciful writers have discovered here, though the ground is very uneven. It is a charming grove, though sombre; for we love the contrast to the vast plain, hot and shadeless.

Here we shall fairly launch into the green waste of the "grand prairie." Behind we have had a sparkling rivulet every few miles.

I. F. "Yes, far sweeter than this dark forest, fit haunt for Druids! There were *bowers*, fragrant with rich wild blossoms, vocal with the songs of birds! Under their arching vines the eye enjoyed a picture where the light danced upon bright leaves, shaken by gentle airs and which the smooth green hills and distant groves completed!"

"No fancy picture either! But I am not in that vein. How long will your "bowers," scanty though they be, escape the Vandal axe! How long will the law, the parchment defence of the weak red man, resist the Saxon? I foresee that agriculture will soon make here its mark, (and perhaps here it may pause again.) The migratory wave will extinguish the prairie fires, and corn fields and young forests will make these beautiful prairies a memory!

Sept 3.—Diamond Spring. A true "Diamond of the Desert," a Pearl of the Prairie—were pearls but as transparent as its cold and crystal waters?

I. F. "You were too busy yesterday at the Grove to ride with me and enjoy the beautiful scenery; there is unusual variety, even rocky cliffs were not wanting. I saw too much wild flax with its pretty blue blossoms, and sage, and sun-flowers twelve feet high, but with very small flowers."

"Busy! Sixteen hours of labor! I only chanced to notice the extraordinary repetition of the same strange and beautiful sunset, but not so beautiful as the night before: lightnings played among the darker clouds, and with rolling

thunders gave portent of the stormy night we had, and the slippery roads to-day."

I. F. "Yes truly, and when will all those five ton wagons come up? I saw, that with all your work of organization, examining papers, writing last letters, &c., that a committee of Mexican owners waited on you."

"I told them that I must and would come to-day. Many of their men—half-starved wretches!—are ill. It was time for action, to escape the malaria of those bottoms which were lately overflowed. They said they had some expectation of meeting an escort, but that we would be well received, if we went to Santa Fé, which is more than doubtful."

Cotton Wood Fork, Sept. 6.—Marching this morning in a dense fog, about 7 o'clock, before the caravan.—as I thought—I soon discovered, like spectres, the dim outline of a seemingly endless column of wagons which had glided ahead of me; nine miles it took me to get in front on the well-beaten road.

The breeze now rattles merrily overhead through the tall cotton woods which shade my tent; the light clouds of the broken storm fly like shattered fleets before a gale; now and then are heard distant cheers, or unearthly yells, and volleys of whip-cracks from the Mexicans, who are carrying their overworked mules up the steep bank at the ford.

I find Mr. Robidoux here, with a dozen light horse-carts; he has a trading house three hundred miles beyond Santa Fé. The snow-storm of the 8th of last November, fell upon him in this vicinity; more than a hundred horses and mules perished, and indeed one man; he had lost his only axe, or he could have cut down cotton woods for food to save his animals.

Robidoux undertakes to give me the boundaries of the buffalo grass, which extends to the Missouri river, and within eighty miles of the State boundary; he says, "that throughout New Mexico, where the buffalo do not keep it down, it grows a foot high; his cattle and sheep live on it exclusively, and keep fat in winter; and improve in size on the original breed; the mutton is superior in flavor to ours.

This man prays for the annexation of New Mexico, as necessary to develope its mineral riches: he asserts, "that he knows districts where, for twenty miles, it is impossible to find a handful of dirt without gold."

"Why in the world have you not made your fortune collecting it?"

"I sunk," he replied with a true Frenchman's shrug, "eight thousand dollar."

Sept. 8.—*I. F.* "You appear to be uncomfortable?"

"To ride in rain is common enough, and a man or woman either can stand it without much inconvenience, but this cold September rain, is unpleasant when the reflection is made that it is twenty miles to the first tree or bush for fuel, and that heavily laden wagons must bear one company; but it is the villain musquitoes that fill the measure of 'discomfort;' you perceive they take refuge from the rain within my greatcoat collar, and beneath the pent-house of my regulation visor, although it is not large enough to cover the end of my nose."

I. F. "Perhaps they seek its atmosphere? it looks fiery."

—"True: from yesterday's sun and high wind. This 'Turkey Creek,' which I left this morning, should have a truer name; it is a cold and rainy place, without fuel, and no turkey or other living thing did I ever see there, save a squad of horse-stealing Indians, which we once surprised there at dark, after a forced march. Three months ago we had nearly frozen there in a rain; and I observed last night, 'we shall not find it as cold here in September as June,' when suddenly a north wind belied me."

I. F. "But this grumbling! it is worse than your late discussions of mules, oxen, sheep—but above all, buffalo grass!"

"Bah! one cannot sink the shop; but you must know that this grass is my hobby. I have attempted to introduce it at the East. Yesterday's infamous roads and this rain are worst in the prospect of the great detention they will cause to the caravan; it will prove equal, I fear, to the Walnut creek loss of twelve days in June; but now every hour counts, and is one nearer to frost and snow."

I. F. "You got some orders to go to Santa Fe and winter in the Rocky Mountains at your first camp; was additional clothing all you sent back for?"

"Sir, I saw how matters would go, and the moment I was put in charge, some twelve days beforehand, I took measures to double the outfit which had been ordered. I knew the Southern Department would not furnish an escort capable of relieving me. So, against advice and opinions of ——, and protesting quartermasters and other small fry, I kept my steady course."

I. F. "But what if you had complied with the letter of the order; which could only have been expected, considering you had just come back from a long and tedious march, and with "worn down horses," as even those acquainted with such matters thought?"

"Nearly three-fourths of the horses are the same. But I will tell you what would have been the consequence—I should either have had to march back to Fort Leavenworth where I got the new order, and attempt to make a new outfit,

or have come on and utterly failed of means to accomplish the objects of the expedition. I am now certain that the first alternative was impossible; for as it was, I was just in time at Council Grove."

I. F. "Well, failing to accomplish the object of the escort, you would have pointed to your orders?"

"Yes, but *success* is the military test, touchstone, talisman! If disaster had occurred, a thousand judges with goosequill in hand and printing press at elbow,—if they had noticed,—would have condemned me unheard: the soldiers of a Republic have a narrow path to follow, and answer to two tribunals—the Government and the people."

I. F. "What are these beautiful animals?"

"Antelopes—the first we have seen. There are four of them; two are this year's fawns. What fidelity for brutes! They are a family. It is here we first saw some in June,—I dare say they are the same."

I. F. What singular tails! They look like bunches of cotton as big as my hat."

"It is two bunches or spots of white hair adjoining the tail which you see. They are a rare animal; I have never seen them in the States: they are the link between deer and goats."

I. F. "Have you ever eaten their flesh?"

"Often: it is much like mutton. They are the fleetest of prairie animals; but are so curious, and so faithful to their young, that they are easily killed. An Indian brought one into our camp near here, in the summer, a singular looking little pet, with a spoon-shaped nose and muzzle and a black tongue; its bleat was exactly the note of a puny trumpet, its legs of the size of your finger, ridiculously long; but the eyes were beautiful as those of the gazelle: it sucked sugar and water and flour; but we turned it loose."

I. F. "It is a wonder how these young animals, not to say the old ones, escape the wolves."

"It puzzles me; the wolves cannot be numerous here; even as much so as near the forts and settlements. Poor devils! like the Indians, they follow the buffalo."

I. F. "What! are they their victims? Will they attack a grown buffalo?"

"Not in *prosperity*. I have observed numbers of the largest wolves familiarly mingled with buffalo, which were utterly careless of them; but besides accident and sickness, how many are killed and crippled by hunters! and when the wolves are famished, they attack and kill those unprotected by numbers: they eat also grasshoppers."

I. F.—"What a beautiful plant with the striped white and green flower!"

—"Those are the leaves; the flower—look closer—is diminutive and of a delicate white; it is a species of milkweed, and is called, I believe, the variegated euphorbia. But yonder is land on our lee bow,—as a sailor might say—(the flat, wet prairie is usually like the sea; a little further on, and it is salty.) It seems a city! those white sand bluffs and forests mingled; a beautiful city with spire and dome, and cottage too! all *white*, and mingled with shade trees. How pleasant the first far-off view of the Arkansas! for there are its hills of shifting, impalpable sand. Those dark, green spots far in front, are a few trees on the Little Arkansas: a big name, in fact, for a branch a few feet wide and inches deep; it *imitates the Great*, however, and is treacherous at bottom."

I. F. "Look at that gentleman! he has an ague; what a day, and what circumstances for a sick man!"

"Bad enough; I must force him to get into a wagon; it is hard to make him give up: he has caught the accursed disease by his four nights at Council Grove. And that too puts a 2nd Lieutenant in command of a squadron. I was years a Captain before I commanded one even on exercises."

I. F. "That was pleasanter than this: and what is the *honor* here?"

"Pleasure and honor are somewhat matters of imagination or fashion; but there is *danger* here;—danger of dishonor,—that is, disaster, at least."

I. F. "'Fore Heaven! what from? Can't you see the 'ends of the earth,' and all a plain, naked as barren?"

"You are a novice on the prairies, and I hope will remain one, as to its dangers, whilst in my company; but Cooper could tell you better than that. Why, sir, an Indian will personate a wolf, and spy out your weak points over a distant swell of the seemingly level surface. In '29 it was so: and we saw nothing—marching for months. Few would credit that there were human beings within a hundred miles. Well—one day four discharged men set out for home; they had gone about twelve miles when they were surrounded and one slain on the spot. About that time, a little off our guard, the cattle were suffered to graze a mile from camp, when lo! 500 Indians ready mounted sprang forth as from the earth and captured most of the cattle and horses, slew a man, and were only beaten off by grape shot and our determined force. The prairie is very deceiving. Mendall tells of a chasm, 800 feet deep, and not very narrow, which they did not perceive in open prairie, until within a few yards."

I. F. I remember that; it was on the unfortunate Texan expedition against Santa Fe."

"Yes: they might easily have captured it, as

there was great dissatisfaction against the government, if they had only had discipline. It shows the difference between the bravery of bowie-knife broils, and that high courage which supports one amid a long train of difficulties and disasters—which braves the wear and tear of adverse circumstances, famine, fatigue and continual dangers: these only inspire the veteran with heroism! They had one such among them. Armijo has confessed that he could have succeeded well-backed by a hundred men; or, as Robidoux said the other day, 'if they had fired three guns.'"

Sept. 9.—All day it has rained. We have been lying still, trying to keep dry and warm, on the bank of the Little Arkansas. There are a few green trees and bushes, but little fuel. Worst of all is the case of the poor horses—they are starving and freezing before our eyes, for the grass is very coarse and poor; they have shrunk very sensibly in 24 hours.

Fiercer and colder rages the storm; faster pours the pitiless rain: it does us more injury than a forced march of sixty miles;—and the traders! where are they? What obstacles are in their way! What a great detention there must be!

Late at Night.—The cold north wind, laden with ceaseless rain moans dismally through the dank cotton woods: dark, deep beneath, through its slimy banks creeps the sullen stream; the earth, our bed, is soaked; the tall, rank grass seems to wail to the watery blasts. 'Twas *here* that a cry to God, wrested by human fiends from a brother man, fell unanswered,—echoless on the desert air. It was here, in this solemn wilderness, where man, it would seem, of necessity must sympathize with his fellow,—that human beings, eight or ten, fell upon a friendless one, and for vile pelf slew him! Here without a tear, a word, a look of human sympathy, was poor Charvis deliberately murdered. The famished howling wolves do not tear their kind! Ah! it was enough to freeze into palpable shape the ministering spirits of the air. Oh! methinks I hear *his* spirit moaning in the midnight storm. Yes, moaning for his kind. One tear of sympathy! there, you have it!—may your spirit rest.

Oh! how much better to die *thus*, than that there should enter into the soul, the hell which must accompany the conception of such a deed!

Sept. 11.—If "time waits for no man," Heaven knows what this chronic rain stays for. We wait on it; but if anathema or any kind of curses, sacred or profane, could avail, it had inevitably gone to—the driest place we read of.

A squadron of dragoons came last evening from the South; according to *their* order, to relieve us; but they are broken down and on the back track. Having pretty thoroughly exhausted the prairie plumb crop, and the buffalo being washed away to far hill-tops—they were now prone to the land of pork and beans.

What with inspections, re-organizations, writing reports, &c., I have worked sixteen hours to-day; and it is the least in the world singular that I should be now writing for my own amusement; for any other's, quite absurd! There must be something *dry* about it for recommendation. Oh! expressive and honest Saxon monosyllable!—dry!—thy very sound is pleasing—the idea rapturous! Only think, though it *be* extravagant, at this hour of inevitable repose, of a dry blanket! think too of dry wine!

Sept. 12.—Even until this morning did the cold rainy weather hold out. Now, it is gloriously clear, and the wind settled at the northwest. The Falstaff company have gone, except a platoon I have retained; and after a general forced contribution one of them lacks a wool jacket.

This is the fifth day that the caravan has been coming 43 miles, and I know not where they are, but have sent to see.

I set all hands to drilling this morning, and took an invigorating gallop along the bluff tops of the Little Arkansas; beautifully fresh and green looked the groves and trees on its banks. But ah, the killing frost must soon come; and then, where shall we be?

Strange, indeed, that of ten young officers, not one brought a Don Juan into the wilderness. Is it possible that already the torrent of *steam literature* has cast Byron into the drift? How many verses of the sublime, of the beautiful,—of love, of hate, of joy and grief, of pathos and most comic bathos, does that name bring crowding on my memory.

How wonderful is the contrast of true greatness and even sublime genius. Washington stood among mankind as the Apollo among statues. No other man has exhibited his perfect proportion, his sublime symmetry of character, of public and private virtues, of mind, manner and person. (Too perfect, I imagine, for the sympathy of human love.)

Sept. 14.—Owl Creek. A bright noonday, a fresh breeze rattling among the shining green leaves overhead, belie the ill-omened name.

* * * *

On this occasion, as De Retz says, I made the following observation: *When we should expect the exercise of judgment, we generally find a display of feelings and motives.*

Having built for them a causeway, the traders have managed to bring up to the Little Arkan-

sas about one-fourth of their wagons: 43 miles in six days! A wintry prospect.

I. F. "You have neglected me since your *new* friends have come."

"Excuse me; they have helped much; two came at Council Grove, and two more the other day; and men with heads. But, in truth, this inactivity stagnates my faculties; and you forget I have still newspapers to read. I am bringing up, as from daily mails, the daily news of some two weeks which I had not time to read at the Fort. I have them snug in layers—strata—as to date and character too. What a study—if one stopped to study—a detailed history of the world for a fortnight! One hour I read the National Intelligencer, full of sanguine Whiggery—grave, dignified, with an occasional streak of cream in an ocean of milk and water. In the next, I am attentively perusing the abusive, yet vigorous, the self-important Globe, which has got a way of late of frequently stumbling upon truths. Again, I am absorbed in the able and interesting columns of the New York American; but there is a certain obliquity about the paper I do not like. Sometimes I am amused at the Herald; that strange compound of originality and enterprise, meekness and strength, and egotism so excessive as to reach within one step of the sublime! I read, too, occasionally, a St. Louis Republican, which ranks high from age and commercial support; it resembles the Intelligencer, substituting a little abuse for a little ability. You see, sir, I read both sides and neutrals, and promise to become a knowing politician—*for the Prairie!*"

I. F. "Admirable!—in one quality—their fondness for the sound of their own voice."

"Frank as a bear hunter! Let us change then the subject."

I. F. "No. I tried to get in a word, some time ago. Do you call severe cavalry exercises twice a day, and an almost daily change of camp, inactivity? a re-organization of your command too! I fear it is slothful inactivity of *mind* which has made you neglect me in the leisure I admit you have had."

"It may be so; but it is a tempting recreation to recline against the shady side of one's tent, to smoke and watch the curling cloud ascend with fantastic grace, until lost in the blue ether—to dream dreams too transparent and airy, or too selfish for other's uses."

I. F. "Bah! Better continue your catalogue *raisonnée* of newspapers. What immense sheet is that?"

"The Weekly Louisville Journal; an excellent farmer's paper. Prentice has a characteristic quality which now needs a name—better than *repartee writer*. But, heaven and earth! he is the best abuser too of his time—an exotic in a genial soil."

I. F. "I like a man hearty in every thing; and he seems a favorite of yours—though hard to please."

"Bad luck to him! I don't know why he should be; he lost for me my last copy of a political pamphlet I wrote when I was a lad."

I. F. "When a lad! What was it?"

"Oh, some Utopian scheme for curing the dishonesty and rancour of national politics; but masses cannot reason, though they may grow corrupt. The idea, I remember, was for each party to elect three: no, it was to elect three persons to draw lots for the Presidency; but the most interesting particulars I now remember are, that it cost me half a month's pay."

I. F. "And not even thanks in return."

"I read the other day in the Journal, a very pretty account of a ramble or voyage to the Falls of St. Anthony. I even remember an idea, or sentence—'a new and virgin moon was just hung out like a coronet of pearl on the brow of evening.'"

I. F. "Beautiful!"

"We frequently meet with a gem amid newspaper rubbish. It sends a modest ray to tremble a moment in a troubled atmosphere, and then vanish forever."

I. F. "May not the figure apply also to books! I read one a long time ago called the Vestal, which pleased me very much; but never have I seen it since, or heard it spoken of. An author of renown writes on the same subject—borrows largely, for what the world knows—and produces 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' which the world is fully prepared to laud in advance!"

"Here is another newspaper gem: N. P. W's letter about Glenmary."

I. F. "Yes: by-the-by, he has imparted of late a spicy flavor to the National Intelligencer, which must have increased its readers, if not subscribers."

"Willis has an inexhaustible fund of novelty and originality in him; he is a sparkling and polished writer—but often of nonsense."

I. F. "'The Adventures of a Younger Son,' by Trelawny, is another instance; a book which I have read twice with delight; but it is out of print; I know no one who has read it."

"Excuse me, but *I* have,—and laughed till my sides ached. What a keen sense of the ridiculous. An original work altogether."

I. F. "And how superior to the sentimental tribe of heroines, is the Arab bride: and Van Scalpvelt is a jewel."

"Yes, the eccentric and inhuman martyr of science; he is food for much laughter."

I. F. "De Witt and the nameless hero, are every inch sailors and soldiers too."

"Do you remember the Malay chief and his red horse?"

I. F. "Remember them! It is a splendid picture of glorious bravery—of heroic action!"

"And now, sir, your eloquence must not detain me from 'drill.' There are a half-dozen fine young fellows here who have not had even so good an opportunity as this to put in practice their theoretical knowledge."

Sept. 17.—We have had some luck in incidents on this desert; or, the "trace" is growing a frequented highway. The day before yesterday eight horsemen approached the camp from the west. I thought they were Indians, or possibly part of a Mexican escort. Before they were recognized, another column of horse, apparently, rapidly approached. I was much urged to prepare "to horse!" was just breathing into the trumpets, when, catching sight of wagon tops, I prevented the "alarm." They were the spring caravan on their return; and a drove of mules were the column of horse. They bring the first certain news of their having reached Santa Fè in safety. They returned by Beat's fort, and so can give us but little information of the daugerous part of the direct route which the present caravan is to follow. They had unexpected success in disposing of their goods, the Governor of Chihuahua having brought to Santa Fè a thousand troops in consequence of the alarm of the Texans in June. No escort to relieve me had been heard of; and so my going on seems settled. They departed yesterday morning, as I marched hitherward; and one of them will offer five wagons for return frieght, which would relieve some of the over-laden wagons in the rear.

Soon after leaving Cow Creek we saw buffalo; and on our approach to Walnut Creek—where the camp now is—they were, as usual, numerous. One was chased and killed by an officer. Very sweet, after a nine hours ride, was the meat: it is certainly superior to beef.

Last night, for the first time, was warm; and I bathed in the stream which is four or five feet deep. This morning the wind came rushing down from the north as the sun rose, and instantly it was quite cold.

A careless, poor fellow of the guard, just before I marched from Cow Creek shot himself: his carbine chamber was sprung, and thus it was discharged as from a pocket pistol: the ball was deeply buried in the shoulder, and, it is feared, has injured the joint.

I have been reading an article from the London Literary Gazette, excusing Americans for using the expressions, "a tall time," "a loud smell," as stated by Dickens; it gives instances among the English and French of somewhat similar misuses of words, as a *long* man, for a *tall* man, &c. The English it would seem, *cannot understand* us. (Dickens had no disposition to do so, or report us correctly.) It is very probable he heard many such expressions, but he criticises with ill-natured seriousness a mere fanciful exuberance of spirits, or slang affectations intended as small wit to amuse. An Englishman judges the well-fed, careless, jolly, *poor* American by the standard of his over-worked "operative," for whom to be alive to small fun of this sort, in sober moments, would be almost a miracle indeed: there is very little joke, I imagine, in his composition.

Sept. 18.—Arkansas River.—*I. F.* "Ah, why so dull? For a good half hour you have sat in your tent under the cotton-wood, with book at your knee and pen at hand, ready to take down in short hand a conversation, yet have not had life enough to bid me welcome."

"True, most welcome friend! true all—I am as dull as the leaden wheels of the motionless caravan. What on earth is there here to excite an emotion, or even a solitary idea? A vast expanse of prairie bottom with clouds of mosquitoes; there is a river close by, but it cannot be seen for tall grass; these half dozen trees would not, to a stranger, mark its vicinity. The day is warm, not a creature, not even a solitary buffalo dots the flat surface of the earth. I waited five days, and in five more, marched but forty-five miles, and still the traders will not come up; the clouds and north-east wind this morning threw me into despair. Another rain and they peradventure would never cross this soft bottom."

I. F. "Pshaw! Cheer up! You will soon have new scenes; perhaps will be able to give a picture of the much talked of Santa Fè."

"That is the sore point; if I had got my present roving commission in my spring campaign, what a pleasant, easy matter to have gone there and returned; but *now* if I go I shall stay until it sickens us to the heart of its barbarous death of all mental and creature comforts: for five or six months would some of us think of little but home! No! I shall accomplish all the public objects of my mission and *return* by some hard-worked expedient.

I. F. "But still you will see the Rocky Mountains."

"At a respectful distance Pike's Peak perhaps. I had a terrible disappointment yesterday! My daily allowance from the strata of newspapers, turned out I thought a prize, a number of Chuzzlewit; with the accustomed anticipations of pleasure or amusement from his writings, I lay down to read it. Martin had just arrived in New York; never were my feelings so revolu-

tionized; on the dull prairie I could have relished novelty or wit at the expense of my very friends; any mortal poison if it were tart, but lo, it was dull and disgusting; I could scarce wade through it; as the essay of a nameless author it could never have paid the printing; it has proved the very Muzzlewit to Dickens."

I. F. "Talk of dullness! and you are half asleep, and have just made a pun that is malicious premeditated dullness."

"You remind me of an excuse once made for shabbiness, that a patch was deliberate premeditated poverty; ha! am I awake? But I plead guilty; to what can I attribute so *extraordinary* a circumstance? perhaps it is extreme fatigue, from an attempt to chew the coating of the hump rib of a late bull; or more likely it results from having read through a Philadelphia weekly."

"Farewell! We shall see the Pawnee rock to-morrow, and perhaps have a cow chase!"

Sept. 21. 'Coon Creek. Phœbus! what a name. There is a tribe of them: long, crooked, shallow beds, with a string of pools in each, and if it be a dry time they are rendered undrinkable by the buffalo; this is the 'same coon' where there was no grass in the summer; but now it is better; it is buffalo grass, and has taken its second growth since the fall of the grain in July, and the late rains.

I. F. "Ah, please describe no more this barren region with a solitary animal and vegetable production—buffalo and buffalo-grass—'prairie dogs and grasshoppers.' Pray do not interrupt me. You described it more than sufficiently in your last journal. You dismissed me abruptly three days ago?"

"In the accursed camp of swamps; it made us all sick, and next day in a mile—of the best road we have had—three wagons broke down; singular that? One was repaired and sent home empty; so I had letters to write. Yesterday at the Pawnee Fork."

I. F. "You forget the Pawnee rock?"

"True—it is a natural monument inscribed with the names of all the fools that pass this way."

I. F. "But its name?"

—"Came from a siege there, once upon a time, of a small party of Pawnees by the Camanche hordes; the rocky mound was impregnable; but alas for valor! they were parched with thirst; and the shining river glided in their sight through green meadows! They drank their horses blood and vowed to the Wah-con-deh that their fates should be one. Death before slavery! Finally, in a desperate effort to cut their way to Liberty, they all met heroic death; ushering their spirits with defiant shouts to the very threshold of the happy Hunting Grounds! The Camanches, after their melancholy success, were full of admiration, and erected on the summit a small pyramid which we see to this day."

I. F. "Pure fiction!"

"Inspired by a supper of two pounds of the fattest cow that ever—"

I. F. "Worthy of its source.

"Do you really think this meat better than fat beef?"

"As superior as a young grouse to a long legged chicken; and I might as well say infinitely at once."

I. F. "What is that! it seems an echo to your Elysian shouts."

"Ha! another; something is wrong out there! By heaven those buffalo will be on us! and the squadrons are just unsaddled:—here they come! shout! fire your guns or our horses are gone! They stop on that swell—they turn to the right. Here they *come* right on! A general shout and discharge of some arms—again they pause. One shake from that veteran's shaggy front and they will dash over us:—a new movement, see! to the right and left; that bull has lost the lead;—how they roll at us their fierce eye-balls as they pass—the very earth trembles. The horses are frantic—the men can scarcely hold them! But we have escaped!"

I. F. "That's right! pepper them well; a lucky shot! that fat fellow will pay us for our fright. I assure you I did not breathe!"

"They caught us at the weakest moment; though the videttes should have been out. What a tremendous momentum! We are fortunate. I have repeatedly seen a single bull charge through men, horses and wagons.

I. F. "Is not this near the scene of your wonderful bull-fight in June?"

"Yes; a few miles back; wonderful it was to think that a bull after being wounded and stunned by a twelve pound shell, should rush upon a great column of horses, and heedless of a hundred shots and twenty wounds, with a bull-dog to his lip, should toss a horse and rider like a feather! They all fell of a heap! before the dust cleared up the man who had hung a moment to a horse by his waistband, crawled out safe—the horse got a ball through his neck while in the air, and two great rents in his flank."

I. F. And *then* ran off! it was time. "But you have told me this before."

"Well, good night!"

St. Geo Cooke

Sheridan was remarkable for reproducing his epigrams. The famous remark he once made of an antagonist in debate, that "the gentleman drew upon his imagination for his facts and his memory for his wit," was brought out by him in another form in speaking of a wine-merchant who had turned musical composer—that "the fellow composed his wine and imported his music."

THE MOON.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Silvered shreds of clouds hang round her,
  Deep and dark ones round her too;
Like a head enwreathed with lilies,
  Like the hair of darkest hue.
Underneath, two rosy-tinted,
  Blush-like cheeks Aurora dyes;
And the lustrous brow is orbéd
  As a cloud before her flies.

Loving, praising, ever bolder
  We will still adore thee, Moon:
Symbol of a worship older
  Than the birth of magic rune.
Type of beauty, type of fairness,
  Type of purity divine,
Round the lore of Mage and Merlin
  Doth thy radiant beauty shine.

Worldly wisdom scorns thy teaching,
  Darker ages hide its light;
Mortal loves and hates are buried,
  Still thou shinest calm and bright.
Dream of bard and hope of maiden,
  Aye embalming all that's pure,
Ever hast thou been love-laden,
  Ever trusty keeper sure.

Science calls thy light reflection;
  Love and Poesy assent.
By the sun of true affection
  All thy radiance is lent.
While the face of God is beaming
  With the light of truth and love,
For the hopeful thou art seeming
  Like a promise from Above.

All abroad thy beauty's beaming:
  All the clouds have passed away,
And the lovely Night is dreaming
  Of a gorgeous Sovereign Day.
If they ask me why I love thee,
  Ever praying, ever praise,
I will question Philomela
  Why she nightly trills her lays.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, July, 1851.

Application of French Laws on the Press.—The French Republic vs. Le Messager de l'Assemblée.—The French Republic vs. L'Evénement.—Victor Hugo on Capital punishment.

About three weeks ago, on the morning of the 10th of June, unusual animation pervaded that portion of Paris which is distinguished from other quarters of the capital by the particular designation of *la Cité*. From both sides of the river unwonted numbers of both sexes, and of all conditions of society were observed passing the bridges leading to the island, and directing their steps to a certain point upon which the interest of all seemed to centre. That point was the former residence, during four hundred years, of the first Kings of the Capetian race. But royal personages have long since abandoned *la Cité*. The Louvre, the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud and Versailles have been built, and by a singular coincidence, which is not without its lesson to the reflecting mind and the moralist, the ancient palace of the despotic Kings of France has become the palace of a power which, in modern societies, is sovereign alike over kings and people—Law. It is now the *Palais de Justice*, or in our republican phrase, the Courthouse.

But why was it that on the morning of the 10th ult. such numbers at so early an hour were seen wending their way to the *Palais de Justice?* Why was it that long before public legal proceedings were to commence, all the passages leading to the hall in which the Court of Assizes of the Seine holds its sittings, were thronged with a crowd in which the silk of the fashionable lady of the *Chausée d'Antin* rustled familiarly against the calico of the humbler denizen of latin quarter, in which broadcloth and the *blouse* were mingled in such intimate and indiscriminate confusion as to for a moment suggest the idea that "equality" and "fraternity" were something more than a mere name in France? Why, this was the day assigned for the trial of two interesting prosecutions under the late law against the press; and in one of the cases, a son of Victor Hugo was defendant: and it was generally known that Victor Hugo himself, the illustrious democrat and socialist, ex-peer of France, the most distinguished literary man, and one of the most distinguished orators of his day in France had asked and obtained permission to appear at the bar, and make an argument in defence of his son.

The moment that doors were opened, a universal rush and scramble for seats took place, which you can best form an idea of by recalling the scenes which travellers are fond of describing as occurring in American hotels at the opening of the doors of the dining-room. For ten minutes utter confusion prevailed, during which, in the desperate struggle for a place to sit or stand, ladies forgot their reserve, gowned lawyers their dignity, and all Frenchmen their politeness. At last a calm succeeded, every one being satisfied that no better place was to be gotten than that which he actually occupied. But the President from his bench casting his eyes over the motley assembly, saw that upon this occasion the battle had been too exclusively to the strong, and that there remained many ladies amid the crowd without seats. He immediately made in their behalf an appeal to the members of the bar, many of whom had succeeded in gaining their

accustomed seats, and were comfortably disposing themselves to hear and criticise their illustrious *ex tempore* brother. It was with evident reluctance that they yielded to the suggestion of the President and resigned their seats to the ladies who were standing. The court was then ready for business.

The first case was not the most interesting one. It was that against the *Messager de l'Assemblée*, an indictment for the publication, with bad faith, of an item of false intelligence, of a character to trouble the public peace. I shall occupy but little space with this trial. It possesses a political interest here, and was accompanied with incidents, that have made it since more frequent matter of comment than the case which immediately succeeded it upon the docket: but a long report of it would ill suit the columns of the "Messenger." A short notice, however, and a translation of the article which was the ground of the prosecution, may well find place in your pages from purely literary considerations. They will show in connection with the case which follows, the extent to which, in this country, which pretends to possess, and to be worthy of possessing republican institutions, the press, that inestimable guard and guide of the liberties of the citizen, is trammelled and oppressed in spite of the clearest constitutional guaranty.

Le Messager de l'Assemblée is an organ of the exclusive Orleanists. It has recently been placed under the political direction of M. Thiers. Thoroughly reactionist and anti-republican, it advocates the return to constitutional monarchy under the count of Paris and a regency. It eschews with equal bitterness the imperialist pretensions of M. Bonaparte and the divine right legitimacy of Henry V., to the support of which M. Guizot and a few followers have gone over with apparent sincerity. The manager of the journal and M. Forcade, one of the editors, were prosecuted for the following article which was published in the *Messager* on the 14th of May last.

"AN ORDER OF THE MINISTER OF WAR.—We receive from a sure source a piece of information which will produce a lively sensation unless ministerial explanations shall promptly appear in extenuation of its gravity.

"The fourteen regiments of the first military division which do not make part of the garrison of Paris, have just received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march upon the capital. This order, we are assured, has been given to the colonels *confidentially* and directly by the Minister of War, who indicated at the same time the route of each regiment and particular instructions to be observed by the troops on the day when orders to march should be issued.

"What does this mysterious order mean? With what intention, from what motive, is the government preparing this concentration of troops?

"The fear of an insurrection cannot now be a serious motive. Government knows that the present state of the public mind, and the notorious intentions of parties, render insurrection impossible.

"The 4th of May, which, in anticipation had excited such lively alarms, conclusively showed that the reds do not at the present moment think of reconstructing the barricades. What then are the interests which the *confidential* orders of the Minister of War would protect, and what the interests they may menace?

"It is true, the frenetic Decembrists loudly say that it is high time to make a finish of it: they announce that the solution will not be long waited for now; and that all will be over by the 15th of June. We reject the idea that the Minister of War can consent to become the instrument for the execution of these absurd and unworthy projects which after all would conduct to a result different from the one which is announced. But unless the Minister of War is willing that the public should place an evil construction upon the orders he has given, it is his duty to explain them."

It is usual in France for judges to examine the defendants in open court. Upon this occasion the following conversation took place between the President of the Court and M. Forcade, the editor defendant over whose name the above article appeared.

The President.—"Are you the author of the article incriminated?"

M. Forcade.—"Yes sir."

The President.—"When you were declaring in that article that you had your intelligence from a sure source, did it really appear to you to emanate from such a source?"

M. Forcade.—"Yes: and it still appears to me to have done so."

The President.—"What was that source?"

M. Forcade.—"The nature of the note itself indicates the source. The intelligence could not have been communicated to me but by superior officers."

The President.—"Might it be some one of the colonels to whom you allude in your article?"

M. Forcade.—"I will not designate any one by name. I have not at present any explanations to give upon this point. I received the information from men in whom I have every confidence, and upon whose word I would not hesitate to pledge my word of honor. But I wish to hear what is to be said in behalf of the State. I do not yet thoroughly understand the prosecu-

tion. I will see as the trial proceeds if I think it expedient to enter more fully into particulars."

The Attorney General then proceeded with his argument in behalf of the State. The defendant's counsel replied at length. The defendant refused to make any further revelations in relation to the source of his information; and the jury after a short deliberation brought in a verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances.

The defendant was sentenced to three months imprisonment and 500 francs ($100) fine.

The case of the *Evénement* was then called.

MM. Victor Hugo and Cremieux, the latter an advocate of the bar of Paris and ex-member of the Provisional Government of 1848, appeared and took their seats upon the bench of the defence. M. Hugo appeared as counsel for his son, Charles Hugo, and M. Cremieux for M. Erdan, manager of the journal, who was prosecuted as the principal offender.

L'Evénement is one of the most, perhaps *the* most ultra of the democratic journals of Paris that have been able to struggle on against the very severe, unrepublican and unconstitutional legislation of the day against the press. It is the most amusing and the most daring of the evening journals; and has a more extensive circulation than any of them. It is published under the inspiration and political guidance of Victor Hugo. He is for this journal what M. Thiers is for the *Messager*, though neither of these gentlemen ever write in these papers over their own names. Berryer occupies the same relation to the legitimist journal, the *Union*, and Guizot to the *Assemblée Nationale*, (fusionist,) and Lamartine to the *Pays*, (republican.) The last named gentleman alone condescends sometimes to come down from the lofty regions of his political station and break a lance with his adversaries as a simple journalist in defence of the republic. He occupies several times a week, with his *premiers-Paris* the first two or three columns of his journal, *Le Pays*. Well, the *Evénement*, which I had like to have forgotten, is said to be owned by Girardin of the *Presse* and Victor Hugo. Certain is it that Girardin has always evinced a most paternal anxiety whenever the youthful indiscretion and intemperance of the *Evénement* have involved it, (as they often do,) in difficulties with the police. He was present at the trial of which we are speaking on the 10th and 11th ultimo, and followed the various phases of the case with an interest evidently distinguishable from that of a mere curious spectator. And certain it is too that besides the pecuniary interest which he may have staked in the journal, M. Victor Hugo has two sons active members of its editorial corps, Charles, the defendant in this prosecution, a very promising young writer twenty-five years of age, and his brother, F. Victor Hugo, a youth of twenty-one. The two other principal editors of the *Evénement*, are Paul Meurice, (brother of the noted jeweller, Froment Meurice,) whose *debuts* in literature, prior to his becoming journalist, were of a highly flattering character, and Auguste Vacquerie, the most devoted of all Hugo-worshippers, and who is himself not without some literary pretensions. His brother married a daughter of V. Hugo. M. Erdan, is a very young man, manager of the journal, and co-defendant with Charles Hugo in the present indictment.

The origin of the present prosecution is as follows:

During the second week in May an atrocious malefactor, in one of the distant departments, a man who had committed several murders of the most aggravated character, whose desperate lawlessness had for many months before his arrest kept the whole department in which he lived in mortal terror, was conducted from his prison to the public square of the town for execution by the guillotine. An immense crowd had assembled and was surrounding the fatal instrument in anxious expectation of the terrible scene. Arrived at the spot the sight of the gleaming knife and its ghastly appendages inspired the miserable wretch with such a terror of death that he refused to mount the scaffold. The chief executioner and his three assistants laid hold of him with the intention of forcing him up the some half dozen rude steps which led to the fatal platform, above which the knife was suspended. With desperate energy the criminal struggled in their grasp. He howled in agony, and called loudly upon his acquaintances, among the spectators, to come to his assistance. "*Je ne mourrai pas! à moi mes amis! à moi!*" (I will not die! Help! my friends, help!) Forced to the bottom of the steps the wretched being wound his legs about them, and his four executioners, with all their efforts, found it impossible to tear him from them. No one came to his aid from among the crowd: nor would any one advance either to lend their assistance to the servants of the law. They stood by motionless but horror struck witnesses of the terrible scene. After an hour's constant and unavailing effort, the culprit, bloody and his garments torn to tatters, but still strong and invincible with the energy of despair, the executioners exhausted and convinced of the utter futility of further strife—the attempt to consummate the execution was actually abandoned and the victim was conducted back to his prison. This was early in the morning. At a late hour in the evening of the same day, the same parties again made their appearance upon the public square at the foot of the guillo-

tine which had been left standing, and which was now surrounded by even a denser multitude than in the morning. This time the sufferer had been bound hand and foot before leaving his prison. Resistance was impossible. He was borne in the arms of men to the platform, attached without struggle to the fatal plank, and in a moment more the falling knife severed head from body. Human justice was satisfied.

It was upon the occasion of this terrible and shocking execution that Charles Hugo wrote and published in the *Evénement* of the 16 May the following article which immediately provoked the seizure of the journal and the destruction of all the numbers upon which the police could lay their hands, and finally became the ground of the present prosecution.

"THE EXECUTION OF MONTCHARMONT.

"Four days ago, upon the public square of a city of France, in the face of the sun and of civilization, the law, that is to say the divine and holy force of society, laid hold of a miserable man who was struggling and yelling in desperation, seized him by the neck, by the arms, by the legs, dragging him by the hair, and tearing the flesh from his body in an attempt to force him upon a scaffold. Four days ago, in presence of a whole populatiou smitten with consternation and profoundly excited during one entire hour, was the law engaged in personal struggle with crime. What had this man done to society? He had slain his fellow. What was society doing to this man? She was making a martyr of him.

"Partisans of the penalty of death what was your object in conducting to the guillotine this miserable assassin? Ostensibly it was to exhibit to all eyes human justice in its force and in its majesty, to quicken in the minds of the masses the sentiment of right, by causing them to be present at the chastisement of a guilty wretch, it was to perform a solemn, imposing, terrible act.

"What have you done? You have committed a violent, horrible, deplorable act. Instead of enlisting upon the side of the law the multitude who were looking on, you have almost forced them to take the side of the sufferer! That man who was filling them with horror before, you have converted into an object of pity. Two of you, four of you, and finally we don't know how many, set regularly to work to kill that man who would not let himself be killed. The first butcher failed. You caused a second one to come up: and at last, after half a day's labor and efforts, you succeeded in despatching him, and then you wiped the blood from your knife and the sweat from your foreheads!

"No, you have not been imposing! No, you have not been solemn! No, you have not been terrible! An execution, whether well or ill-performed, is never a spectacle in which society presents itself in a lovely aspect. No matter whose the hand that commits it, homicide is never a moral lesson. However upright and conscientious may be your tribunals and your judges, it is never by slaying that you will prove to men that they must not kill. The *lex talionis* has been condemned by modern civilization. To practice it still is to retrograde, it is to wrest from society, from justice, from the judicial magistrate a portion of the consideration which they ought to inspire. Every time that you accomplish a public execution, you cause law to descend in the public respect, by just so many steps as you make it mount to the scaffold.

"If you will in spite of every thing maintain your barbarous penalty of death, do as they do in America, don't let yourself be seen, hide yourself! Invite not every eye, all France, the whole press to see you, and all souls to judge you, when you are performing such things as these, when your butchers themselves so ill do their duty and your guillotines are as badly made as your laws!

"As for ourselves we feel sad and profoundly grieved: alarmed even for those so dear and sacred interests upon which the public peace reposes. We protest and we will ever protest against these spectacles which belong to another age—spectacles in which society, forgetful of the gospel, drags a wretched human being to a horrible punishment, holding up to him, on the way, an image of the Christ whose teaching she is at the very moment treating with contempt.

CHARLES HUGO."

M. Erdan, manager of the *Evénement*, is charged with "having committed the offence of an attack upon the respect due to the laws" by inserting in his journal the above article. Charles Hugo is charged, as author of the article, with being Erdan's accomplice in the offence by having furnished him with the means of its commission.

The president of the court addressed to the defendents the usual questions prescribed by the code of criminal instruction, asking of each his name, age, profession, residence and place of birth. He then, as required by law, reminded M. Cremieux, counsel for Erdan, of the provisions of Art. 311, regulating the manner in which he must conduct the defence. After which, addressing M. Victor Hugo particularly, who being no lawyer by profession, was pronounced to be ignorant of Art. 311, he said:

"Monsieur Victor Hugo stand up. You have asked of us permission to conduct in person the defence of your son. Your request has been

granted. It is our duty to remind you that you must not, in any particular, depart from the respect which is due to the laws, from decorum or from moderation."

It will not be amiss to transcribe here the oath which, standing and uncovered, the jurors receive from the mouth of the president of the court.

"You swear and promise before God and before men, to examine with the most scrupulous attention the charges which shall be preferred against ——: not to betray either the interests of the accused or those of society which accuses him: not to communicate with any one until your verdict shall have been rendered: to listen neither to hate or evil-mindedness, neither to fear or affection: to make up your mind from the evidence for and against the accused, according to your conscience and your intimate conviction, with the impartiality and the firmness which become an upright man and a freeman."

M. Erdan, interrogated by the President, declares that he recognizes the article alluded to in the indictment and accepts its responsibility.

The President. "Erdan, have you any observations to make before the advocate-general commences his argument?"

M. Erdan. "One only. I have accepted as manager of the journal the responsibility of the article of M. Charles Hugo: but it was not my intention to countersign an attack against the application of a law in force: I meant merely to countersign a general criticism on the penalty of death."

The President. "And you, Charles Hugo, have you any remarks to offer?"

M. C. Hugo. "None, Mr. President."

The day being now considerably advanced, the first trial having taken up much time, the court adjourned to continue next morning the case of the *Evénement*.

Next morning, early as on the preceding day, the crowd of spectators thronged all the avenues to the Court-room, certain of enjoying the treat of eloquence which had been denied them yesterday. But the scene of confusion and violence which had marked the opening of the first sitting, was not repeated. Knowing now what to expect, the police regulations taken in advance, were so efficient that in a few minutes after the opening of the doors the hall of justice was filled as densely and as brilliantly as before, but without the slightest disorder. No further evidence was adduced and the argument commenced.

I pretermit the speeches, more or less technical, of the advocate general and of M. Cremieux. They do not derive sufficient interest either from their matter or from their authors' names, to deserve translation to the pages of the *Messenger:* and I come directly to the great incident of the trial, the speech of Victor Hugo, which is admitted by all to be one of the most splendid and able of the efforts which illustrate the oratorical career of this distinguished man. The moment that M. Victor Hugo was seen to rise, the profoundest silence prevailed-to be remotest corner of the room. As he rose, he passed a cambric handkerchief, of purest white, over his broad, voluminous forehead: and he stood for a moment regarding the auditory with that thoughtful, almost sad expression, he habitually wears. What a contrast did his slight, small frame, his almost boyish person, his perfectly unpretending yet not undignified air, present to the tall, commanding form, the high borne head, the dramatic *pose*, and glance, and gesture, which his great rival in poetry and eloquence never fails to employ! And Lamartine could so well dispense with all that! He is so capable of commanding attention, respect and admiration, without resort to these oratoric tricks of less able men! The best proof of this is, that he does always command attention, respect and admiration, in spite of his employment of these artifices. Victor Hugo's pale, intellectual face, suddenly lighted up, and he thus spoke:

"Gentlemen, jurors, I thought for a moment, while the advocate general was uttering his first few sentences, that he was about to abandon the prosecution. But the error was not of long duration. After making fruitless endeavours to circumscribe and belittle the debate, the counsel for the State was, by the very nature of the subject, drawn into developments which have reopened all the aspects of the question; and in spite of him the discussion has resumed all its grandeur. I do not complain of this.

"Now I address myself immediately to the accusation. Let us begin by establishing a complete understanding between us respecting a certain phrase. Good definitions make good discussions. That phrase—'Respect due to the laws'—which serves as base to the indictment, what bearing has it? What does it signify? What is its true sense? Evidently, and the prosecuting officer himself seems to me to have voluntarily declined asserting a contrary opinion, the phrase cannot, under the pretext of respect, mean the suppression of the right to criticise the laws. The phrase imports then, purely and simply, respect for the execution of the laws; nothing more. It permits criticism, it permits blame, even severe blame. We see instances of this every day: and even with respect to the constitution, which is superior to the laws. The phrase permits the invocation of legislative power for the abolition of a dangerous law. It permits, in a word, that you oppose to the law a moral ob-

stacle, but does not permit the opposition of a material obstacle. Let a law be executed even if it be a bad, an unjust or a barbarous law. Denounce it to public opinion, denounce it to the legislator, but let it be executed: say that it is a bad law, say that it is unjust, say that it is barbarous, but let it be executed. Criticism, yes! Revolt, no! There is the true signification, the only signification of the phrase, 'Respect of the laws.' Otherwise, gentlemen, weigh well this: in that operation of the elaboration of laws, an operation which includes two functions: the function of the press which criticises, which counsels, which enlightens, and the function of the legislator who decides: in this grave operation, I say, the former function, criticism, will be paralyzed, and by necessary consequence the latter will be so too. The laws would never be criticised: there would therefore never be any reason for ameliorating and reforming them. The national legislative assembly would become perfectly useless, and there would be nothing to do but to close it. This I presume is hardly what is desired.

"This point being cleared up, and all ground for equivocation dissipated, touching the true meaning of the phrase, 'Respect due to the laws,' I enter now into the quick of the question.

"Gentlemen, jurors, there is in what may be called the old European code, a law which for more than a century, all philosophers, all thinkers, all true statesmen, have wished to efface from the venerable book of universal legislation: a law which Beccaria declared to be impious, which Franklin declared to be abominable, and yet neither Beccaria or Franklin, were indicted for so doing: a law which pressing especially upon that portion of the people, already borne down by ignorance and misery, is odious to the democracy, but which is no less rejected by intelligent conservatives: a law of which the king, Louis Philippe, whom I will never allude to but with the respect due to old age, to misfortune, and to a tomb in exile: a law of which the king, Louis Philippe, said—'I have detested it all my life'; a law against which M. de Broglio has written; against which M. Guizot has written: a law of which the chamber of deputies, twenty years ago, in the month of October, 1830, demanded the repeal by acclamation: which at the same epoch, the demi-savage parliament of Otaheite erased from its statute book: a law which the assembly of Frankfort abolished three years ago, and which the constitution of 1848 has only maintained with the most painful indecision, and the most poignant repugnance: a law which at this very moment is the subject of two propositions for abolition, now lying before the assembly: a law, in fine, of which Tuscany wants no more, of which Russia wants no more, and of which it is time that France should want no more: this law from before which the human conscience recoils with an anxiety every day becoming deeper, is that which sanctions the infliction of the penalty of death.

"Well, gentlemen, it is this law which has provoked the trial which we have now in hand. It is this law which is our adversary. I am sorry for the advocate-general, but I perceive this law just behind him! (Strong sensation in the audience.)

"It is now twenty years that I have been of the same opinion upon this subject, as writings of mine which might be read will show, with M. Leon Faucher, who in 1836, published in an article in the *Revue de Paris* the following passage: 'The scaffold,' says he, 'now only appears upon our public squares at rare intervals, and as a spectacle which Justice itself is ashamed of.' For twenty years I have thought that the guillotine, since we must call it by its name, was beginning to do itself justice, to feel itself rebutted and was resigning itself to its fate. It no longer exhibited itself audaciously in broad daylight to assembled multitudes upon the *Place de Grève*. It no more caused itself to be proclaimed in the public streets and announced as a show. It had begun to do its deeds, which it called making examples, as obscurely as possible, by twilight, at the *barrière St. Jacques*, in a desert spot and before few witnesses. It seemed to me that it was beginning to hide itself, and I rejoiced at the exhibition of this apparent shame of exposure. (Sensation.) Well, gentlemen, I was in error. M. Leon Faucher was in error. The guillotine has recovered from this false shame. The guillotine feels now that it is a social institution, to use the language of the day. And, who knows! perhaps the guillotine is ever dreaming, it too, *its restoration*. (Laughter.) The *barrière St. Jacques* is its banishment. Perhaps we shall see it one of these days reappearing upon the *Place de Grève*, in broad midday, before the multitude, with its cortege of executioners, and gendarmes, and public criers, beneath the very windows of the *Hotel de Ville* from which one day, the 24th of February, men had the insolence to stigmatise and to mutilate it! In the mean while the guillotine is straightening itself preparatory to its complete restoration. It feels that, menaced and shaken, society has need in order to recover wonted health and strength, to use another phrase of the day, to return to all ancient traditions. And the guillotine is an ancient tradition. It is protesting against those brawling demagogues whom we know by the names of Beccaria, Vico, Filangieri, Montesquieu, Turgot, Franklin, whom we know by the name of Louis Philippe, whom we

know by the names of Broglie and Guizot, men who dare to believe and to say that a machine for the cutting off of heads is superfluous in a society which possesses the Holy Gospel. (Sensation.) The guillotine becomes indignant at the sight of these utopian anarchists and it actually insists, after one of the most deplorable and bloody scenes over which it has ever presided, it actually insists upon your admiration! It would compel you to render to it marks of respect! If not it declares itself insulted, and straightway hies it to the court-house, and sues you for damages!" (General and prolonged hilarity.)

The President. "All tokens of applause in this house are expressly forbidden, as are all expressions of disapprobatiou. This merriment is unbecoming upon an occasion of this solemn character."

M. Victor Hugo. "The guillotine has had blood. But this is not enough! It is not content. It is clamorous for fine and imprisonment also!

"Gentlemen, jurors! the day that they brought to my house, for my son, that sheet of stamped paper, that summons for this prosecution, which I find it difficult to qualify in a becoming manner—we see very strange things these days, and we ought to be accustomed to them by this time—I was, I confess, smitten with stupor, and I said to myself—'What! and have we come to this? What! by dint of aggressions one after the other upon good sense, upon reason, upon freedom of thought, upon natural rights, have we reached this point, that they now come to require of us not only material respect, that no one contests—we owe it, we give it—but moral respect also for those legal penalties which open deep gulfs in men's consciences, which make any one who thinks turn pale, which religion abhors, *abhorret à sanguine;* for those legal penalties which know they may be blind yet dare to be irreparable: for those legal penalties which dip their finger in human blood that they may write therewith the commandment, *thou shalt not kill!* for those impious penalties which make men doubt humanity when they fall upon the guilty, and doubt God when they fall upon the innocent! Never! Never! Never! We have not come to this! No! (General and deep emotion.)

"For, since I am compelled to say so, let me tell you, gentlemen, jurors, and you will understand now how profound must be my emotion upon this occasion, the really guilty person in this affair, if guilty person there be, is not my son, it is I! (Sensation.) The really guilty person is, I insist upon it, myself—I who for twenty five years have been combatting in all their forms, irreparable penalties! I, who, during the last twenty-five years have asserted upon all occasions the inviolability of human life. This crime of defending the inviolability of human life, I have committed long before my son, and much more than he—I denounce myself to you, Mr. Advocate-general! I have committed the crime with all sorts of aggravating circumstances, with premeditation, with perseverance; I have committed it over and over again! Yes, I affirm it, this remnant of savage pains, this old, unintelligent *lex talionis*, this law of blood for blood, I have struggled against it all my life, gentlemen, jurors, all my life! and so long as a gasp of breath shall heave my bosom, I will continue to struggle against it with my whole strength as writer, by all my acts, by all my votes as legislator! I pledge myself to this work," (exclaimed the orator, pointing with his outstretched arm to the figure of Christ upon the wall over the tribunal,) "I pledge myself to do so in presence of that victim of the penalty of death, who is there—who is looking down upon us, and who hears us! I swear it upon that gibbet, upon which for the eternal instruction of mankind human law nailed the divine law!" (Profound and immense sensation in the auditory.) "What my son has written, he wrote, I repeat, because from his infancy I inspired him with it; and because while he is my son by the blood, he is my son by the spirit also; and because he would perpetuate the tradition of his father. Perpetuate the tradition of his father! There is indeed a strange offence, and one for which I may well wonder that a man should be prosecuted! It was reserved to these exclusive defenders of family to exhibit to us this novelty! (Laughter.)

"Gentlemen, I confess that the accusation, in presence of which we find ourselves, confounds me. What! A law may be deplorable; it may offer to the multitude spectacles the most immoral, dangerous, degrading, ferocious; its tendency may be to render the people cruel: it may one day be productive of the most horrible consequences, and we are forbidden to point out and deprecate these possible, horrible consequences! And the doing so would be called failing in respect! and would render one responsible to the judicial tribunals of the country! and would subject one to so much fine and to so much imprisonment! Very well then, close your legislative halls, shut up your school-houses, progress is no longer possible, and call yourselves Mogul and Thibet. We are no longer a civilized people! Yes, this is soonest done—tell us that we are in Asia—that there was formerly a country called France, but that country is no longer in existence, and that you have replaced it by something which is not monarchy I grant,

but which is most assuredly not republic either." (Renewed laughter.)

The President. "I repeat my observation and recommend the audience to be silent, otherwise I shall be compelled to order the hall to be vacated."

M. Victor Hugo. "Come, let us now apply ourselves to facts. Let us place the phraseology of the indictment in juxtaposition with realities. Gentlemen, jurors, in Spain the inquisition was once the law. Well, it must be admitted there has been witnessed a 'want of respect' to the inquisition. Torture has been the law in France. Well, I am compelled you see again to say it, there has been a 'want of respect' to torture. The cutting off the wrist has been law. There has been a failure—I myself have failed in 'respect' to —— the chopping knife! Red hot iron has been the law: and there has been a failure of 'respect' to red hot iron. The guillotine is law! *Eh bien!* It is true—I do admit—there is felt a 'want of respect' for the guillotine.' (Sensation.) And do you know why, Monsieur Advocate-general? I will tell you why. It is because we wish to heave the guillotine into that gulf of execration in which have already been cast with the applause of all mankind the branding iron, the chopping-knife, the torture, the inquisition! It is because we wish to banish from the august and luminous sanctuary of justice that form of evil omen, sufficient of itself to fill the sanctuary with horror and darkness—the public executioner! Yes! and because we wish this, we are forsooth shaking and disturbing society! And we are very dangerous men! We desire to suppress the guillotine! and lo! what a monstrous thing! men cry.

"Gentlemen, jurors! You are sovereign citizens of a free nation, and without departing from the strict limits of this debate, it may be well permitted that I address you as political men. Well then reflect upon this, and since we live in revolutionary times, deduce its legitimate consequences from what I am going to tell you. If Louis XVI. had abolished capital punishment as he did abolish torture, his own head would not have fallen—Ninety-Three would not have been armed with the fatal axe—there would have been one bloody page the less in history—the mournful date of 21st January would not exist. Who would have dared, in face of the public conscience, in face of the civilized world, who would have dared to erect the scaffold for the king, for the man of whom it could have been said—'it was he that threw it down!' (Prolonged sensation.)

"The editor of the *Evénement* is charged with having failed in respect to the laws! with having failed in respect to the penalty of death! Gentlemen, let us place ourselves a little above a disputable text—let us rise to the principle which lies at the foundation of all legislation. When Servan—advocate-general though he was—stigmatized with this remarkable censure the criminal laws of his day—'our penal laws open all doors to the accuser and close almost all to the accused:'—when Voltaire thus qualified the judges of Calais. 'Ah! don't talk to me of those judges, half monkeys, half tigers!'—when Chateaubriand, in the *Conservateur*, called the law of double vote 'an absurd and wicked law:'—when Royer Collard, in full assembly, while discussing, I do not remember now what bill of censure, uttered that famous cry—'if you pass this law I swear to disobey it!'—when those legislators, and magistrates, and philosophers, great intellects, men some illustrious and others venerable, were speaking thus, what were they doing? Were they 'wanting in respect to the law,' to local and temporary law? It is possible the advocate-general may tell you so: I know not what he will do: but this I do know, that those men were making themselves the religious echoes of that law of laws, universal conscience! Were they committing an offence against justice—the justice of their day—a transitory fallible justice! Perhaps so—I know not. But this I do know—that they were proclaiming eternal justice!

"True it is, that now-a-days they do us the favor to tell us even in the tribune of the National Assembly, that they will drag into court the atheist Voltaire, immoral Moliére, obscene Lafontaine, and demagogical Jean Jacques Rousseau! That is what they are meditating—that is what they are avowing—that is what we have come to! gentlemen jurors you will appreciate these facts.

"Gentlemen, this right of criticising law, of criticising it with severity, and more especially penal law which, with so much facility, receives the impress of barbarous manners: this right of criticism which is placed side by side with the duty of amelioration, as the torch is placed beside the work which is to be done, this right of the writer not less sacred than that of the legislator, this necessary, this imprescriptible right you will recognize by your verdict and you will acquit the accused.

"But the prosecution contends, and this is the second argument in behalf of the State, that the criticism of the *Evénement* went too far and was too severe. Ah, indeed! Gentlemen jurors draw up and examine closely the fact, that frightful fact, which was the inducement to this pretended misdemeanor which they have had the courage to lay to the charge of the editor of the *Evénement*.

"What! A man, a miserable condemned man,

is dragged one morning upon one of our public squares. He finds the scaffold there. He revolts, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is quite young yet—hardly twenty-nine years of age.... Mon Dieu! I know very well you are going to tell me—'this man was an assassin!' But listen! Two executioners lay hold of him—his hands are bound, his feet are bound, he repels the executioners. A frightful struggle takes place. He twists his shackled limbs about the steps by which he was to mount to execution using in his defence the scaffold against the scaffold. The strife continues and horror pervades the assembled multitude. The executioners, with sweat and shame upon their foreheads, pale, panting, terrified and desperate—desperate with a most horrible despair—bowed down beneath that public reprobation which ought to be satisfied with the infliction of the pain of death, without crushing the passive instruments, its butchers—the executioners make renewed and savage efforts: for force must rest to the law—it is the maxim. The man clings to the scaffold and screams for mercy: his clothes are ripped from his body, his naked shoulders stream with blood: the struggle continues without intermission. At last, after three quarters of an hour—three quarters of an hour!" (the advocate-general makes a sign as if to dispute the correctness of this statement. when M. V. Hugo proceeds.) "They are higgling with us for minutes: well thirty-five minutes if you please! of this monstrous effort, of this nameless spectacle, of this agony—agony for all parties mind you—for the people who were there looking on, as well as for the criminal—after this age of anguish, gentlemen jurors, they lead the miserable man back to his prison: and the people breathe now more freely: for the people, with its prejudices of old humanity, the people clement because it feels itself sovereign, the people believes that the man is saved. But no. The guillotine is vanquished, but it still remains standing: and there it stands during the whole day in the midst of a population smitten with consternation. The evening comes, they call up a reinforcement of executioners. They bind and lash down the man till he becomes nothing but a mass of inert matter; and at night fall they bear him back to the public square. He weeps and yells as they bear him along. He is haggard, and all besmeared with blood. He begs piteously for his life: he calls upon God: he calls upon his father and upon his mother, for, in presence of death, this man had become a child again! They hoist him upon the scaffold, and his head falls! And then there was a shudder that passed over the frames of all men! Never had legal murder been presented to them under circumstances of such abomination, and with so shameless a front. Every one felt as though he had, so to speak, a share in the odium and responsibility of this mournful transaction: and every one felt within himself an emotion similar to that he would have experienced, had he beheld, in the midst of France, and in the full light of the sun, civilization insulted by barbarism. And it was at this moment that a cry escaped from the bosom of a young man, from his bowels, from his heart, from his soul, a cry of pity, of anguish, of horror, a cry of humanity: And you would punish this cry! and in presence of the astounding facts which I have just been laying before you, would say to the guillotine 'you were right!' and to pity, to holy pity, 'you are wrong!' This is not possible, gentlemen jurors!

"Look you, M. Advocate-general, and I say it to you without bitterness, you are not defending a good cause. It is in vain that you engage in unequal strife with the spirit of civilization, with humanized and mollified manners, with progress! You have against you the intimate resistance of the heart of man: you have against you all those principles by virtue of which, during the last sixty years, France has progressed and made the world progress: the inviolability of human life, fraternity toward the ignorant classes, the dogma of amelioration taking the place of the dogma of vengeance! You have against you every thing which enlightens the reason, every thing which vibrates in the souls of men. Philosophy and Religion are against you—Voltaire and Jesus Christ! In vain will you strive! This frightful service which the scaffold pretends to render to society, society in its heart holds it in horror and abhorrence. Society would none of it! You will strive in vain! And the friends of capital punishment, (you see we do not confound society with them,) the friends of capital punishment will labor all in vain. Never will they succeed in establishing the innocence of the *lex talionis:* never will they be able to wash white those hideous texts upon which for so many long, long ages has been dripping the blood of severed heads!

"Gentlemen, I have done." (Then turning toward his son Charles, who was sitting near him on the bench assigned to criminals, Victor Hugo, in whom at that moment the inspiration of the prophet, the fervor of the philanthropist, and the pride of the father, were beautifully and sublimely united, filling his countenance with a splendor that awed beholders, thus concluded his harangue:)

"My son, it is a high honour that you are receiving to-day! You have been adjudged worthy to combat, perhaps to suffer, in the holy cause of truth. From this day forth you enter upon

the veritable manly life of our generation—you have your part in the struggle whose object is the conquest of the just and the true. Rejoice and be proud, my son! you, who are only a simple soldier of the humane and democratic idea, you are seated upon the bench where Beranger has been seated—where Lamennais sat! Be unshaken in your faith! And now I have but one more word to say to you—If you have need of some animating thought, a thought to make you strong in your faith in progress, in your confidence in the future, in your religious love for humanity, of a thought that will make intenser and intenser your execration of the scaffold and your horror of irrevocable and irreparable penalties, think that upon the bench where you now sit once sat Lesurques!"

And Victor took his seat amid the universal murmur of applause and admiration, which generous thoughts eloquently expressed never fail to produce in a numerous mixed assembly. Beranger and Lamennais alluded to in the closing sentence of the speech, you of course know: with Lesurques' name you are probably not familiar. He is one of the most lamentable victims of "irrevocable and irreparable penalties." Tried, condemned and executed for robbery and murder, his innocence was not long afterwards clearly established.

But I am almost at the end of my sheet. Let me hasten to tell you the result of this trial. Mr. Erdan was acquitted. Charles Hugo was found "guilty with extenuating circumstances." The sentence of the court founded upon this verdict was 6 *months imprisonment and* 500 *francs* ($100) *fine*. He has appealed. The appeal is not yet decided. The moment that Hugo and his son appeared at the door of the Courthouse on their way home, after the trial, loud shouts of "Vive la Republique!" "Vive Victor Hugo!" rose from the crowd that had assembled outside upon the public square. The acclaim continued till he reached his carriage. The Hugos replied with repeated shouts of *Vive la Republique!* The popular triumph consoled them for their defeat in the Courthouse. W. W. M.

SONG.

The hall is light and gay within,
And out upon the breeze
The music of the violin
Floats through the linden trees,
Commingled with a merry din,
Like to the hum of bees.

Yet not to night I'll join the dance,
But 'neath the clambering vine,
Inwrapt in love's delirious trance,
Delighted I'll recline,
Beside the sweetest girl of France—
My gentle Madeline.

Notices of New Works.

ULRIC; OR THE VOICES. By *T. S. Fay*. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1851.

Fielding somewhere digresses from the plot of one of his inimitable fictions to tell us, that he who speaks ill of a book by necessity slanders the author; for, says the novelist, no one can call a book stuff, horrid nonsense, &c., without calling the author a blockhead. Now, in rendering our judgment upon the merits of 'Ulric,' we would not be understood, by any means, to write Mr. Fay down an ass, because we know to the contrary. He has written very respectably in prose, and if this were not sufficient to repel the presumption of stupidity which Ulric might raise, (according to Fielding,) we might refer to his services in the diplomatic corps of his country.

In verity, however, 'Ulric' must be regarded in the light of a very melancholy failure. It consists of scarcely less than four thousand lines of octo-syllabic verse, of which it would be liberal to consider seventy-five either vigorous or striking. The story is in this wise. Ulric, a knight of the middle ages, is attended every where upon his adventurous pilgrimage by two viewless spirits, who, ever and anon, whisper words of widely diverse counsel in his ear—the one being a spirit of light and purity, and the other an emissary of the devil. A very animated contest or rather debate ensues between these 'Voices' in the hall of Ulric's heart, where the Principle of Good finally overcomes her wily antagonist, and directs aright all the young man's impulses and desires. It is quite delightful to note how very *apropos* are invariably the suggestions of the celestial voice—coming in, on one occasion, just in time to rescue Ulric from the little impropriety of running off with somebody else's wife. The general reader will readily detect the close similarity in design which this poem bears to the very remarkable poem of Tennyson, "The Two Voices," in which the argument is carried on between faith and skepticism. As it is impossible that so cultivated a man as Mr. Fay can not have read the Tennysonian poem, we are compelled to suspect that he has taken the idea of his present effort from the Laureate.

The most pleasing portion of 'Ulric' is the description of scenery along the Rhine, in which Mr. Fay indulges, playing the part of Murray's Guide Book to the reader, only expressing his hints in verse. On the whole, we think Mr. Fay had better get back to prose composition. If he offends in poetry again, he will be regarded as a "Culprit Fay" and be treated accordingly.

The book is for sale by Morris & Brother.

COLLEGE REFORM. *By* FRANCIS H. SMITH, *A. M., Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics of the Virginia Military Institute, &c., &c., &c.* Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1851.

This little pamphlet presents, in a rapid but intelligible review, the principal defects in the existing collegiate system of the United States, and submits some suggestions for their reform. Among the former, Colonel Smith mentions the government of colleges by self-constituted, irresponsible and overgrown Boards of Trustees—the inadequate salaries given to professors—the great field of study over which the learner is hurried in a brief space of time—the too general adoption of lectures as a mode of instruction, &c.: and for each of these evils he gives us what he considers the proper mode of remedy. We

think there is great force in what Colonel Smith says of the impropriety of compelling all students—no matter what may be their intended pursuits in life—to go through exactly the same course of training, and that course designed only for the lawyer, the physician or the divine. The plan suggested for *classical*, *agricultural* and *industrial* colleges, all distinct from each other, it seems to us, would present opportunities for the education of young men of all classes and all possible shades of intellectual character.

One word of objection, however, for the author's own benefit. Why need he go to Philadelphia to get so small a pamphlet printed? Is Virginia so deplorably behind the age, that he could not find a respectable press within its borders?

SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS, and *Buds and Blossoms;* or Leaves from Aunt Minnie's Portfolio. By *Georgie A. Hulse.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1851.

We have been able to bestow upon this handsome volume, for young people, but a superficial glance, but we may venture to recommend it as a very genial and appropriate gift-book. It is a story simply of the affections—nothing more—and as such is of far more value and interest to those for whom it was no doubt intended by the fair author, than the more solid and serious volumes which attract the attention of adults. Mrs. Irvine Brandon "principal of a select seminary for young ladies near New York," is well hit off, as well as *Mr.* Brandon who "seldom said anything beyond *probably*, *possibly*, *not sure*, and such like dubious expressions." Carrie, Gertrude and Eulalie will fasten strongly on the feelings of all young readers.

We attach very great importance to publications of this nature, meant for the young in that most impressible era of life—later childhood, and we thank author and publisher for giving us so acceptable a volume.

For sale by J. W. Randolph, and Nash & Woodhouse.

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES, *etc., During* 1849 *and* 1850. By the Lady *Emmeline Stuart Wortley.* New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

Lady Wortley, by reason of her connections and rank at home, was peculiarly well fitted to write an impartial book on America; since, secure of her position at Belvoir Castle, she had no motive to abuse us, such as has actuated Dickens, Hall, Trollope, Martineau and the rest of our English defamers. A desire to appear accustomed to a much more cultivated society than these latter tourists say they found in the United States, and an itching for the praise of the aristocracy prompted the utterance of all their sarcasms. Lady Wortley, every body knows to be altogether above such pitiful considerations. No affectation of disgust at the uncouth manners of the Americans could raise her higher in the social scale, even if this vulgar trick were successful in the general. What she writes therefore may be read as the opinions of a refined and highly educated woman, who has mingled in the courtly circles of England and has no interest in misrepresenting what she sees.

The reader will not be surprised, then, when we say that Lady Wortley's volume has afforded us great delight. Of course it is agreeable enough to read praise of ourselves, nor could we probably do entire justice to a work which offended us by abuse. But we think we may express the conviction, that altogether apart from the soft incense of approbation which surrounds her sketches like an atmosphere, the book is exceedingly clever and readable. Some faults of taste and some offences against a strict propriety there are; but withal such downright good sense, such a genuine receptivity and such an unruffled serenity of temper, under all circumstances, that we are disarmed of any critical severity as to trifles. Lady Wortley, for instance, is much amused with the slang which she hears spoken in some parts of the country, and, it being fresh to her, she falls into its adoption. We regret this, not so much as a blemish upon her pages as that it will afford to such reviewers in her land as are evil disposed to America (and their name is legion) matter for ridicule, and thus weaken the effect of the volume upon the minds of her countrymen. Lady Wortley takes a very sensible and liberal view of slavery, which has already been satirized by Punch in some pointless, though ungentlemanly paragraphs and some stupid wood-engravings. This portion of Lady Wortley's book we may possibly recur to, at a future day, in a more extended and satisfactory review.

The volume is well printed and may be found at the book store of Morris & Brother.

GODFREY MALVERN, *or the Life of an Author.* By Thomas Miller. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

If this Thomas Miller is the same who is known as the "poetical basket-maker," and has written some very pleasant descriptions of rural life and scenery, we should seriously advise him to forego the somewhat difficult line of fiction, and do anything else that suggests itself. If he can not make better baskets than novels, he will never get his bread at his original business, that is clear enough. "Godfrey Malvern" is intensely vulgar and stupid, and some of the illustrations of Phiz which embellish the volume are quite as bad as the text.

The book has been sent to us by Morris & Brother.

PRIZE ESSAY *on the Principles and Operations of the Order of the Sons of Temperance.* By *Leroy M. Lee,* D. D., Grand Worthy Patriarch of Virginia.

PRIZE ESSAY on same subject. By *Alexander Martin.* Richmond. H. K Ellyson, Printer, 147 Main Street. 1851.

We are indebted to T. J. Evans, Esq., Grand Scribe of the Order of the Sons of Temperance of Virginia, for copies of the above publications, wherein the whole system of the Order is set forth, and the popular objections to it considered. The names of the authors furnish a sufficient guaranty of the able character of the essays.

They can be furnished by Mr. Evans or McDonald & Lyons at the rate of $4 per hundred.

COSMOS: *A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German. By *E. C. Otte.* Vol. III. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1851.

This volume completes the great work of Humboldt. The contents are of an astronomical character, chiefly concerning the revelations of the telescope. It is of course unnecessary for us to say anything of the great continental philosopher. The Cosmos finished, he need write no more for fame, but spend the evening of his days in its enjoyment. Those who have purchased the two volumes of Cosmos, already published, will of course desire the

third, not merely because it completes the work, but because of the index it contains for the entire series. Mr. Bohn's edition is exceedingly handsome and cheap. It comes to us from the American agents of the English publisher—Messrs. Bangs, Brothers & Co. of New York.

Harper & Brothers have also published a good edition of this valuable work.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. *By the Rev.* INGRAM COBBIN, M. A. New York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau Street. Nos. 23, 24 and 25.

We have so frequently taken occasion to commend to our readers this beautiful edition of the Bible, that we deem it quite unnecessary to say anything more here than to inform them that with the Nos. now on our table, the work is completed. In good binding the volume will be a magnificent one. The entire series may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

HISTORY OF CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.* BY *Jacob Abbott.* With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 82 Cliff Street.

All the events connected with the life of Cleopatra are here told by Mr. Abbott in that simple and lucid style which distinguishes the former juvenile histories from his pen. Mr. Abbott's design, as he tells us himself, has been to present a practical, rather than a poetical, view of historical personages and their times, and to give the leading outlines of their lives in place of needless reflections on their characters and results. His series is likely, we think, to prove more useful than any other of the kind that has ever appeared.

The History of Cleopatra may be obtained in Richmond of Morris & Brother.

THE FRUIT GARDEN; &c., &c. *Illustrated with upwards of* 150 *Figures, &c.* By *P. Barry*, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

We confess ourselves very incompetent to judge of the merits of such a publication as "The Fruit Garden" We can only say that the author seems to understand thoroughly what he is writing about, and gives the fullest possible information on the subject of the fruit tree, and all its *branches;* with which indifferent pun, we dismiss the work, commending it to all who are fortunate enough to have orchards and vineyards in which they can try experiments in arboriculture. Mr. Scribner's part of the volume has been well performed, and he deserves a large sale of the edition. We have received it from Nash & Woodhouse.

BERTIE. *A Humorous Novel.* Philad. A. Hart.

MISSISSIPPI SCENES. By J. B. Cobb. Philad. A. Hart.

The above are two works, recently issued from Mr. Hart's press, which have two merits well calculated to prejudice us in their favor: they are both written by Southern men, and describe Southern scenes. Bertie is a North Carolina story, the hero of which is a knowing Yankee, self-styled a Professor, who manufactures hydraulic cement and constructs rain-water cisterns. His adventures in the old North State are made the means of giving a lively and entertaining account of the habits and charactor of its people, and the condition of its slave population. Mr. Cobb's book is of the same complexion—but is made up of "Sketches," by no means devoid of spirit or sprightliness. His description of the negro population in the Southwest has an air of veracity about it which makes it interesting to inquirers on the slavery question. The books are very readable, and furnish us with an opportunity of noticing the disposition to encourage Southern literature exhibited by Mr. Hart.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY *and its Connected Sciences.* By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D. President of Amherst College. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Co. 1851.

President Hitchcock's work, though so recently published, has already attracted much attention. As we purpose expressing our opinion of it more at length on an early occasion, we shall do nothing more at present than recommend its perusal.

For sale by G. M. West & Brother.

HOME IS HOME. *A Domestic Tale.* New York: D. Appleton & Company. 200 Broadway. 1851.

This volume is well described in the title-page. It is "a domestic tale" and nothing more. Novel it can not properly be called, since it has not sufficient depth of plot, nor originality of design to set it apart as such. The youthful reader, however, will be agreeably entertained with its sketches.

Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse have the work for sale.

"*Stuart of Dunleath*" and "*Eastbury*" are the titles to the last two of Harpers' brown-covered novels. The former from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, is lighted up on almost every page by the sunny imagination of its gifted authoress, and is, perhaps, the best novel of the season. 'Eastbury,' by Anna Harriet Drury, is a tale of the present time, excellently well told, not particularly brilliant, perhaps, but yet a capital thing to put in one's pocket on the eve of starting for the country.

Morris & Brother have both for sale.

A kind friend who is spending the summer at Newport, sends us a sermon recently preached in Trinity Church in that town, by the Rector, the Rev. Darius Richmond Brewer. The subject discussed is "The Errors of Ultraism in Morals and Religion." The worthy divine says very many wholesome things in his discourse, and thus pithily disposes of the ultra doctrines entertained by some of his fellow citizens as to the guilt of slavery—

"They who maintain that slavery is in all cases a crime, to be at once repented and abolished, cannot fairly and honestly call themselves believers of the Bible, as a revelation from God. To say nothing of its recognition in the law given by Moses, even in the Ten Commandments, how can the precepts and the conduct of the Apostles, with reference to slavery, be reconciled with the theory that it is in itself and in every instance a sin? Why did they not go about preaching 'immediate emancipation,' instead of the relative duties of masters and servants? And how, on this theory, can the Epistle of St. Paul to Philemon, be received as a portion of that Scripture which is 'given by inspiration of God?' It is not strange that the most notorious and most zealous abolitionists have become infidels. The Bible stands as much in their way as the Constitution of the United States."

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII. RICHMOND, OCTOBER & NOVEMBER, 1851. NOS. 10 & 11.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD

AND THE

VIRGINIA BURGESSES.

AN UNPUBLISHED HISTORICAL EPISODE.

The following extract from "Chalmers' Colonial History," is a fit introduction to the Journal of the Council of Virginia, (sitting as the upper house of Assembly,) contained in the succeeding pages. This Journal was obtained from the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and, with the exception of some immaterial entries, is a complete copy of the original. It is deemed of some value, as giving a juster view than can otherwise readily be had of the rather anomalous constitution of the Colony at that day, in its practical working, of the energetic, though somewhat haughty spirit, of Lieut. Governor Spotswood, (perhaps the best loved and honoured name among the Colonial Governors of Virginia,) and of the liberty-loving but factious disposition of the House of Burgesses. It will also, taken in connection with the notes appended, particularly note A, give a better knowledge than can be gained from any history, of the almost desperate condition of South Carolina at that period, from a general combination of the Indians in and around her, and of the imminent danger to Virginia, apprehended by the Governor from the same source. Upon this last point Chalmers is incorrect, stating as he does that the Indians had ceased to be objects of dread in Virginia. But to return to the extract from his history.

"Divided already [in the first year of George I.] into twenty-five counties, this Dominion enjoyed a royal government; composed of a governor appointed by the King, who nominated inferior magistrates; of twelve counsellors, who, created by the regal mandate, enjoyed, from the constitution, considerable authority and aimed at greater;* of fifty-two burgesses, who, elected by the freeholders, generally spoke their sentiments, either illiberal or refined. The standing revenue, which had been established at the restoration, and which now produced four thousand pounds sterling, being unequal to the payment of the civil list and other contingent charges, was aided by three hundred pounds from the quit-rents, the private estate of the king. The aborigines had long ceased to be objects of dread, since they were now subjected to vassalage; the alien Indians were overawed by a militia of fifteen thousand men, formidable to them, though unfit for regular service. And, secured from foreign and internal foes, and protected in their privileges, the Virginians augmented their numbers, their commerce, their wealth and their power, during the inattentive administration of George I., beyond the example of other colonies.

"It is to be lamented, that they continued to be too much animated by the unhappy principles which they had imported from the north during the reign of William, and by the seditious example that had been recently set before them by their neighbors on the south. Owing to these causes, the provincials 'chose such burgesses as had declared their resolution to raise no taxes for any occasion whatsoever.'* And, urged by this temper, during the session of 1715, they 'expelled two members for having the generosity to serve without pay, which they termed bribery.' It is apparent from the proceedings of both parties, during that convention, 'more remarkable for its votes than its laws,' that they were all actuated by faction. Conscious of the superiority of his talents and the independence of his station, Spotswood offended by his neglect the counsellors' pride, and by his haughtiness, the rising spirit of the burgesses. When measures were therefore proposed, that reduced the governor to the dilemma of either disobeying his instructions or raising popular clamor, he dissolved, with unjustifiable circumstances of contempt, an assembly, which had exhausted five weeks in fruitless altercation. Though the Board of Trade commended his general conduct, they disapproved of his speech to the burgesses, 'who, though mean, ignorant people, and did not comply with his desires, ought not to have been irritated by sharp expressions, which may not only incense them, but even their electors.' From the date of that event, anonymous letters were constantly transmitted against him to the Board, who gave him an opportunity of evincing, by the vigor of his answers, that the province prospered under a wise administration, though trivial discontents had arisen from petty offences given and received. And, while Spotswood complained of 'this treacherous method of assaulting his reputation,'

* "Their assent was necessary to all the Governor's official acts; they constituted one branch of the Assembly; they exercised the principal judicial authority as judges of the General Court; they were at the head of the militia as lieutenants of the counties; they acted as collectors of the export duty on tobacco and the other provincial imposts, and generally also, of the parliamentary duties, while they farmed the king's quit-rents at a very favorable bargain."—*Hildreth's U. States, vol.* 2, *p.* 234.

* These quotations are probably made from Governor Spotswood's letters to the Board of Trade.

he insisted, 'that some men are always dissatisfied, like the tories, if they are not allowed to govern; men who look upon every one not born in the country as a foreigner.'*—*Vol. II., pp.* 71, 72.

At a General Assembly, begun and held at the Capitol, the third day of August, in the first year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.—Annoq. Dni. 1715.

PRESENT.—The Hon'ble Alexander Spotswood, His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor; Robert Carter, James Blair, Philip Ludwell, John Smith, John Lewis, Wm. Cocke, Nathan'll Harrison, Mann Page and Robert Porteus, Esqrs.

William Cocke, Mann Page and Robert Porteus, Esqrs., appointed by the Governor's commission to administer the oaths enjoined by law to the Burgesses returned to serve in this Assembly, reported that they had accordingly administered the said oaths to forty-nine members of the House of Burgesses, who are now mett in their House.

Ordered:

That the Clerk of the General Assembly go to the House of Burgesses and command their immediate attendance on the Governor in the Council Chamber.

The Burgesses attending, the Governor spoke as follows:

"*Gentlemen*:—The first step to be proceeded in towards the business for which you are assembled is that you, Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, repair to your House and make choice of a Speaker."

A message from the House of Burgesses to the Governor, by Mr. Corbin and others, that the House had made choice of a speaker, and waited his Honor's commands when to present him.

Whereupon the Governor was pleased to appoint to-morrow at 11 o'clock in the Council Chamber.

And then the Council adjourned till to-morrow morning, ten o'clock.

THURSDAY, AUGUST THE 4TH, 1715.

Present as yesterday.

The House of Burgesses (according to order) attended the Governor in the Council Chamber, and presented Daniel McCarty of the County of Westmoreland, Gent., as their Speaker, who being approved by the Governor, made the usual Petitions for the ancient priviledges of the Burgesses of freedom in their persons and estates from arrests and other disturbances, that in all their debates they may have liberty of speech, and as occasion requires free access to the Governor's person, assuring his Honor that this House of Burgesses will endeavour to merit the continuance of those privileges by behaving themselves as become dutifull subjects to his majesty, and discharging the great trust reposed in them according to the oaths they have now taken.

To which the Governor answered:

"*Gentlemen*,—I have no intention to invade any of your priviledges, and you may depend that all the just rights and priviledges enjoyed by any former House of Burgesses shall be confirmed and continued to this."

After which the Governor made the following speech:

"*Gentlemen of the Council and House of Burgesses:*

"Nothing less than a very important occasion could have urged me thus suddenly to call an Assembly and to convene you at this season of the year. I judged it high time to have recourse to your advice and assistance when the safety and honour of this Colony lyes dangerously at stake.

"What has lately befallen our fellow-subjects in South Carolina, is surely a dreadful warning to this government, whose inhabitants live as much exposed: and I am not now to whisper to you (as formerly) my apprehensions of future dangers and practicable attempts: Murders, massacres and tortures already committed on your neighbours, loudly call upon you to arm and secure your people from a treacherous and merciless enemy: and after such an ultima ratio, such ultimate reasoning, words must add little towards convincing you of the necessity of a more usefull militia, and of providing better for the defence of your frontiers.

"Since you, Gentlemen of the Council, have concurred with me in all the measures hitherto taken for the relief of our distressed brethren in South Carolina, and have resolved with me to afford them all the assistance that lyes in our power to give, it now rests solely on you, Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, to determine whether or no that oppressed province shall owe its deliverance to Virginia.

"I question not but in the deliberations of your House, you'll find that duty, honour and interest engage you to give immediate succour, and I hope these motives will enable you to overcome the difficultys which humour or prejudice may cast in the way.

"It is the maxim of your mother country, to defend its neighbouring States (though foreign

* From the succeeding part of Chalmers' account of this administration, it appears that these attacks upon Spotswood were continued until his removal was procured.

subjects) from all ambitious invaders, and it would argue a strange degeneracy in you to refuse aid to your neighbours and fellow subjects, when they are attacked by a powerful confederacy of the most barbarous and blood-thirsty foes that ever were upon the face of the earth.

"We must appear to have neither policy nor bowells of compassion, if this government can remain unconcerned while savage Pagans are overrunning one of our adjacent provinces and inhumanly butchering and torturing our brethren.

"Commissioners from South Carolina have been here to solicite this government for a supply of men and arms, and I have made a treaty to aid them with both, as far as the condition of this colony can spare.

"The encouragements given by these poor people to the forces we lend them, are as great as can reasonably be expected from them in their present circumstances, and I must recommend to you to do somewhat on your part that may facilitate the levys on this occasion, and render that service more acceptable to our people.

"The raising of men for the assistance of that Province, and other preparations of war made for the security of this, could not be effected without expense, and that I sincerely believed the measures I have taken were immediately necessary, I can give no greater proof than my postponing the payment of my own sallary, by employing on this emergency the fund given for the maintenance of your Governor.

"And this I have done, trusting that the impending dangers will awaken the representatives of the people to a just consideration of supporting the Executive power which at present is most dangerously restrained by the deficiency of the revenue from duly providing against calamitys that our neighbours are actually labouring under; and hereupon I am obliged earnestly to press you, Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, to give some supplys in order to redress this grievance of the Government.

"That you may have before you the full state of affairs, I must further acquaint you, that I have lately received from some of the nations now warring against Carolina, offers of an accommodation: but the prospect of such a treaty ought by no means to divert or retard the preparations of defence that I am now exhorting you to; for the surest way to bring these Pagans to our terms is to let them see our demands backed with a force.

"And in my opinion never had Virginia so fair an opportunity as now to acquire glory, and appear to the Heathen the most formidable Dominion in America. Such a reputation may at this juncture be purchased with a small expence and will I'm persuaded guard your country hereafter better than some hundreds of rangers kept in pay upon the frontiers.

"Gentlemen:—It has already been signifyed to you by the writts which called you hither, that the chief matter I had to consult you upon was what I have now laid before you; and this affair being of a nature that requires immediate dispatch, I shall forbear to offer any thing else at this time to your consideration, being desirous to make this a short session, that I may be able to treat with ye Indian chiefs whom I expect, in the manner I judge most advisable, that is, at the head of a body of men on the frontiers."*

And then the Burgesses returned to their house.

MONDAY, AUGUST THE 8TH, 1715.

The petition of Sarah and Elizabeth Fenwick, the wives of Robert and John Fenwick of South Carolina, praying that thirty-one slaves, which they were obliged to bring from that province in its present calamitys, may be exempted from the payment of the dutys here—read and referred to the consideration of the House of Burgesses.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST THE 10TH, 1715.

The House of Burgesses (according to the Governor's appointment) attended the Governor in the Council Chamber and presented the following address:

"*To the Honorable Alexander Spotswood his Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of Virginia.*

"THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES:

"*May it please you, sir*—

"We think ourselves obliged to return your Honour the thanks of this House for the favour of your speech, in which you are pleased to express so great care and concern for the safety of this Colony, and do assure your Honour we are heartily desirous to joine our endeavours in giving ye best advice and assistance we can for the better security and defence of our country.

"It would be very agreeable to this House to have the militia of this Colony under a better regulation. And we shall esteem it a particular favour if your Honour will be pleased to propose a method by which it may be rendered more usefull.

"We are deeply touch'd with a sense of the miserys with which our fellow-subjects of South Carolina are oppressed, and are willing to contribute towards the relief of that Province, so far as the circumstances of our country, under its present misfortunes, can admitt: and that the succours we shall afford may be given in ye most

* See note A.

acceptable manner, we entreat your Honour to acquaint this House what application the commissioners from South Carolina have made, what treaty your Honour did enter into on that occasion, and what supplys may be required to enable your Honour to perform the same.*

"We cannot but think it a great misfortune to this Colony that ye fund given for ye support of this government should prove deficient at a time when there are so pressing occasions for money, and the people so unable to afford any supplys; and we humbly hope by your Honour's favourable representation of the address from ye Council and Burgesses of the last Assembly to our Sovereign Lord the King, His majesty will be graciously pleased to supply ye deficiency of that fund out of his revenue of quitt-rents.

"We do assure your Honour, since you have thought fitt to assemble us at this time for our advice and assistance, we shall make it our endeavours to perform ye duty incumbent on us, without regard to any other end than the glory of God, the service of our King and the welfare of our Country."

To which the Governor made the following answer:

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses.*

"I shall lay before you ye severall matters desired in your address; but I must tell you, that since you have rejected the grievance of the government which I called you to redress, I have nothing now to recommend to you more advantageous to your country than despatch; for I consider, that under the present misfortune of poverty which you tell me of, your House sitts at nigh fourscore pound a day charge to this Colony."

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry ye following message from the Governor to the House of Burgesses.

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses.*

"In answer to that part of your address which relates to the applications made from South Carolina, and the measures taken thereupon, I send you the letter from the Governor and Council of that province sent by their commissioners, with the treaty concluded for their assistance. The number of men which, by the advice of the Council was thought fit to be furnished, from hence is 300, of which there are 150 already dispatched. I cannot lay before you an exact computation of the charge, because the expence of provisions depends upon the time the men last embarked shall be in their passage, and the facility or difficulty of listing and transporting those that are yet to be raised, but I judge that the whole expence of listing, fitting up plattforms for the men, supplying some of them with cloathing, advance money paid for the encouragement of others, subsisting them till their embarkation, furnishing provisions for their passage, and cleaning and fitting their arms, &c., may amount to thirty shillings a man or thereabouts.

"I judge it would render this service much more acceptable to our people, if provision were made for such of them as shall happen to loee their limbs or be otherwise disabled: and that those who have or shall engage be exempted from payment of levys, both for this year and such further time as your House shall think fitt, with what other priviledges you judge proper for their encouragement: and if these shall not prove effectual for obtaining the number of men desired, that power be given for impressing.

"And as by the treaty with Carolina, you will observe that a number of slaves are to be returned hither to be employed for the benefite of the men engaging in this service. I recommend to you to provide that such slaves or so many of them as shall not thereafter be sold in ye country, be exempted from the payment of the five pound ℔ head; and that the vessells in which they are imported be also exempted from the payment of port dutys and other charges."

A message from the House of Burgesses to the Council by Mr. Goodrich and others, who brought a Resolve of that House upon the petition of Sarah and Elizabeth Fenwick of South Carolina, to which they desire the concurrence of the Council.

And the said Resolve being read.

Resolved, nemine contradiceate,

That no duty be demanded from either of the petitioners for the importation of the thirty-one negros or slaves belonging to the petitioners untill such time as it shall appear that the petitioners or one of them do design to settle or continue in this Colony or by sale to dispose of any of the said slaves.

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the following message from the Governor to the House of Burgesses.

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses.*

"In answer to a verbal message which I last night received from you by one of your committees, setting forth, that your House having had under consideration a petition of the Nottoway Indians, has now sent it and referr'd it to me, with your desire that I would be pleased to give them relieff therein; I must informe you that it

* See note A.

is not solely in me, no more than in your House, to repeal or dispense with laws (which is the plain purport of their grievance) nor am I of myself to make void solemn treatys when once they have been approved by our Sovereign.

"If their representative, whom it seems they have in your House, can make appear to me that they have been wrong'd by any one in this Government I shall take care they be righted as far as my authority and the laws will allow of; nor shall I deny them, upon account of this misbehaviour of theirs in applying to your House, the continuance of the same protection which they ought ever to have had."*

FRIDAY, AUGUST THE 12TH, 1715.

Resolved, That a bill be brought in for remedying certain inconveniencys in the act passed in the 12th year of her late Majesty's reign, entitled an act for preventing frauds in tobacco payments and for the better improving the staple of tobacco.

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the following message from the Council to the House of Burgesses.

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses.*

"The Council taking into consideration that in the present calamitys of the province of South Carolina, several of the inhabitants may probably remove their familys and slaves hither: and your House having judged it reasonable that the slaves already imported by Mrs. Sarah and Elizabeth Fenwick should be exempted from the payment of the dutys of five pounds and six pence ℔ head, the Council propose that the same exemption be extended to all others coming from that province under the like circumstances."

Ordered:

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the following message from the Governor to the House of Burgesses:

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses:*

"According to your desire in your address, I now lay before you some proposals for making your Militia more usefull, in which I have set forth some of the inconveniencys under which the people labour by the present Constitution, that I may shew you that I am not for abrogating old laws without giving my reasons. I shall leave to your judgment to make such additions as you find necessary when these heads come to be framed into a bill, and if I find anything further wanting, it may be properly supplyed when that bill comes before the council."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1715.

A message from the Burgesses to the Council by Mr. Robinson and others, who brought a Resolve of the Burgesses, relating to the slaves imported from South Carolina during the present calamitys of that Province, to which they desire the Council's concurrence.

And the said resolve being read was agreed to by the Council, and is as follows:

Resolved and accordingly ordered:

That all slaves imported into this Colony from South Carolina during the present calamitys of that province be exempted from the payment of the dutys of five pounds and sixpence per head, unless the said slaves, after their importation, be exposed to sale or be continued and settled in this government.

And the Governor was pleased to sign his assent thereto.

A message from the Burgesses to the Governor by Mr. Armistead and others, that the Council and themselves had passed a Resolve for exempting the slaves imported from South Carolina by Mrs. Sarah and Elizabeth Fenwick from the payment of the dutys of five pounds and six pence ℔ head, to which they desired the Governor's assent.

Whereupon the Governor signed his assent to the said Resolve. A bill was (according to order of Friday last) prepared for remedying certain inconveniencys in the tobacco law—and the said bill was read the first time and ordered a second reading.

A message from the Burgesses to the Governor by a committee of their house, who brought the following address:

"*To the Honorable Alexander Spotswood, His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of Virginia.*

"THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

"*May it please your Honour.*

"We, His Majesty's most dutifull and loyal subjects the Burgesses assembled, do humbly beg leave to represent and lay before your Honour that Richard Littlepage and Thomas Butts, Gentlemen were by warrant from the Speaker of this House of Burgesses taken into custody for misdemeanours by them committed, and so being in custody, in contempt of the authority of this House have made their escape: whereupon another warrant being by order of this House issued to the messenger to pursue and retake them, the said Richard Littlepage and Thomas Butts, the said messenger made return of the last mentioned warrant, that he had been with Mr. Rich-

* See note B.

ard Littlepage and Mr. Thomas Butts, and required them both to give obedience to the said last mentioned warraut, by surrendering themselves into his custody; but they both refused, saying they knew no authority the House of Burgesses had to send for them, nor would obey any of their warrants on account of the above charge. And the said messenger, for want of force sufficient to put the said warrant in execution, not being able to perform his office and duty therein, we, trusting your Honour will support and maintain this House in their just rights and priviledges, humbly pray you will be pleased to give such orders and directions for bringing the said Richard Littlepage and Thomas Butts to answer their repeated contempts and misdemeanours before this House as to your Honour shall seem proper."

To which the Governor said, he would return the House an answer in writing.

THURSDAY, AUGUST YE 18TH, 1715.

The bill for amending the tobacco law (read first on Tuesday last) was read the second time and committed for amendments.

A message from the Burgesses to the Governor, by Colonel Corbin and others, who brought the following address:

"*To the Hon'ble Alexander Spotswood, His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of Virginia.*

"THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

"*May it please your Hon'r:*

"We, His Majesty's most dutifull and loyal subjects the Burgesses assembled, being moved with the utmost concern for the support of the rights and priviledges of that House whereof we are at this time members, do most humbly supplicate your Hon'r that you will not resent our importunity in making this second address, and intreating your Hon'r to reflect on the reiterated contempts and violation of the ancient and undeniable priviledges of our House, committed by Richard Littlepage and Thomas Butts, of New Kent County, sett forth in our address to your Hon'r of the 16th instant.

"'Twas your authority, Sir, derived from our Dread Sovereign Lord the King that brought us hither, and your wonted goodness and justice gave us hopes that the same power that convened us, would skreen us from the contumacy not only of those two persons, but also from the calumnys and reviling expressions of some other persons of less account, whose insolence we conceive had birth from the impunity of those two gentlemen.

"If our meritt can plead no claim to your Honor's favour, yet we hope that when your Honor takes into your consideration how great encouragement the unpunished escapes and open contempts of these may afford to other licentious persons, you will concur with us in our sentiments, that the freedoms and priviledges of this House are in danger of being utterly subverted, and that ye rights and priviledges it has heretofore from its infancy enjoyed, may be defended to succeeding Assemblys, whom we pray may have no less concern but far greater opportunity to promote the honour of this Country, than we have now under its present pressures of poverty.

"We, trusting your Honor will defend and maintain this House in their ancient rights and priviledges, assured to us by your Honor at the opening of this session, humbly intreat your Hon'r will be pleased to give such immediate orders and directions for the speedy bringing the said Richard Littlepage and Thomas Butts before this House, to answer their said contempts and misdemeanours, as your Hon'r shall judge most effectual for that purpose."

FRIDAY, AUGUST THE 19TH, 1715.

A message from the Burgesses to the Council by Mr. Clayton and others, who brought a bill entitled An Act to repeal certain Acts and Clauses of an act therein mentioned, and for making payments of publick tobacco good and convenient, and for laying a duty on tobacco—to which they desire the Council's concurrence.

Ordered:

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the following message from the Governor to the House of Burgesses:

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses:*

"I am sorry to find your utmost concern to be about what you call the rights and priviledges of your House, while you seem to reserve none for the distressed condition of your neighbours, and testify the greatest indifference for the safety and honour of your country.

"I cannot but think that what I recommended to you at ye opening of this session is more material and of a nature more needing dispatch than what you on the 16th instant addressed me for. And if I waited six days for your answer, and still acquiesce under the prospect of no performance on your part, methinks you also might have had patience for some time longer than two days, ere you expected I should fully comply with what you had asked.

"I am ready to assist your House in the maintenance of its just rights and priviledges, but you must excuse me from aiding in any of your invasions on the prerogative. Nor can I joine to defend all that you may call your ancient priviledges; for then your House might reassume the power of appointing all the Justices of Peace as

it did in former days, and such an authority vested again in you will not be more repugnant to the constitution of England (which these Colonies are to conform to) than that which you are now pretending to, viz. that your House shall be the Court of Judicature where Justices are to be tryed, and final sentence passed upon them, for their judgment given upon the bench, even in matters that do not concern the Burgesses in Assembly.

"You have an officer authorized to bring before you all persons whom you want to examine, and likewise to keep in custody all them you find guilty of a breach of your priviledges. And I have not understood that any one yet has refused to appear and answer to any accusation of that kind, or to submitt to ye censures of your House for any offence committed against it. Even the two gentlemen you complain of, obediently and respectfully attend pursuant to your orders; but if you will charge them with only misdemeanours, which ought not to be in judgment before you, and they will not submitt to the sentence you pass upon them for the same, I for my part must desire to be excused from medling in a contest that I observe has been very irregularly begun.

"And seeing your proceedings make the load of government sett already heavily enough upon my shoulders, I have the more reason to decline taking up any other burthens in this perrilous juncture of affairs, than such as regard the present safety of the country."

The amendments to the Bill concerning the tobacco law, which was committed for amendments on the 18th inst. being read and agreed to,

Ordered, that the said bill be engrossed.

SATURDAY, AUGUST THE 20TH, 1715.

A Bill sent up from the Burgesses on yesterday for the repeal of certain acts and parts of an act relating to tobacco and for other purposes, was read the first time.

And thereupon, the Council taking into consideration that the tacking things of a different nature to a money bill is an encroachment on the priviledge of the Council—it is therefore

Resolved, That the said bill be rejected.

MONDAY, AUGUST THE 22D, 1715.

The bill ordered to be engrossed on the 19th instant was read the third time with the amendments.

Resolved, That the bill with the amendments do pass.

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the said bill to the Burgesses and acquaint them that the Council desire their concurrence thereto.

TUESDAY, AUGUST THE 23D, 1715.

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the following message from the Council to the House of Burgesses.

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses.*

"The Council having had under consideration a Resolve of your House of Saturday last, in these words, viz: '*Resolved*, that this House have an undoubted right of receiving, hearing and redressing the grievances of the inhabitants of this Colony when legally certifyed;' by which it would seem as if the Burgesses would assume to themselves alone a power which neither House can challenge singly, nor both without the Governor's concurrence, The Council therefore hope that as the Burgesses cannot be ignorant that the power of redressing the grievances of the people is lodged in the whole General Assembly, and not in any one part thereof, your House will either recede from or explain the aforesaid resolve, that the rights and priviledges of the Council in Assembly may not be infringed thereby.

"It is plain by the very words of the law that all propositions and grievances ought to be certifyed to the General Assembly, and it has been the constant practice heretofore that such grievances as have been so directed have been first presented to and considered by the Council and then referred to your House; yet it appears that sundry propositions and grievances directed to the General Assembly have been this session considered in your House without being ever communicated to the Council, as of right they ought to have been as they are the upper house of Assembly. The Council therefore expect from the justice of your House, that whatever of that kind may have happened through inadvertency shall not be drawn into precedent for the future, to the prejudice of the rights and priviledges of the Council."*

FRIDAY, AUGUST THE 26TH, 1715.

A message from the Burgesses to the Council by Mr. Clayton and others who brought the following message in writing:

"*May it please your Honours.*

"The Burgesses having taken into consideration the message sent by your Honours to this House the 23d instant, whereby your Honours desire this House to recede from or explain a resolve made on Saturday last, by which this House hath asserted their undoubted right of receiving, hearing and redressing the grievances of the inhabitants of this Colony when legally certifyed.

"We do assure your Honours this House did

* See note C.

not intend by the said resolve to assume to themselves a right of redressing grievances exclusive of the Council or the Governor, and with due submission to your Honours do think the words of the said resolve do import no more than that this House hath right to receive and hear grievances legally certifyed in order to prepare bills for redressing such of them as we shall judge proper for the concurrence of the Council thereto.

"The law does require all propositions and grievances to be certifyed to the General Assembly, and be delivered to the Burgesses by them to be presented accordingly. The manner of directing them is not appointed by law, and it has been done after diverse forms, and sometimes they have been presented without any direction. And as this House constitutes that part of the Legislature which represents the people from whom the propositions and grievances have their rise, we humbly conceive this House may properly and lawfully receive and hear in order to redress, all propositions and grievances not particularly addressed to the Council or the Governor.

"Nevertheless, this House being desirous to establish and maintain a good understanding with your Honours of the Council, and to give you the fullest light we can into the state of the affairs of this country, are very willing to transmit to your House all such propositions and grievances as now are or at any time hereafter shall be delivered to this House, for your perusal, when you shall think fitt to require them, and humbly hope your Honours will believe this House will not at any time attempt to invade any of the priviledges of the Upper House."

Ordered,

That the said message ly upon the table for further consideration.

SATURDAY, AUGUST THE 27TH, 1715.

A message to the Governor from the Burgesses by Mr. Clayton and others, who brought the following address, viz:

"*To the Honorable Alexander Spotswood, His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of Virginia.*

"THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES:

"*May it please your Honour.*

"We, His majesty's most dutifull and loyal subjects, the Burgesses now assembled, humbly beg leave to represent to your Honour, that we having considered the grievance presented to this House from severall of the inhabitants of the County of James City, that by application of four of the justices of the said County (when the Court consisted of six) the Court for the said County is lately removed from James City to Williamsburgh, which last mentioned place being situated at almost the extreme end of the said County is very inconvenient to the greatest number of the inhabitants thereof, whose business requires their frequent attendance at the said Court, more especially to those who ly on the western side of the river Chicahominy, and divers of the said inhabitants having proposed to this House to erect a court-house, together with all other buildings by law required to be built as incident thereto, at their own proper cost and charge, without burthening the people with a levy for that occasion, if your Honour will be pleased to permitt the said Court to be held at some other place more convenient to the inhabitants of the said County than ye City of Williamsburgh.

"We therefore in most humble manner beg leave to represent the case of the said inhabitants to your Honour for your favour therein, and intreat your Honour that you will be pleased to permitt the said inhabitants to provide a court-house and such other necessary edifices as are by law required to be erected, at their cost and charge, without laying a levy for the same, either at James City where the Court for the said County hath been kept time out of mind, or some other place near the center of the said County, and that you will be pleased to order the justices of the peace for the said County to hold the court at such place."

To which the Governor answered:

"I know by what malignant person that grievance was drawn up, and in what unlawfull manner it was got signed; and after five years residence upon the borders of James City County, I think it hard I may not be allowed to be as good a judge as Mr. Marable's rabble, of a proper place for the court-house.

"To remove a County Court upon the application of its justices (as I have done) is expressly according to the law of this Colony, and I am not inclinable to do extraordinary acts merely to gratify the humour of some persons who make it their greatest merit with the people to oppose whatever may be for the interest and dignity of His majesty's government."

The Governor having received an address from the House of Burgesses of the 22d instant in the words following:

"*To the Honourable Alexander Spotswood. His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor of Virginia.*

"THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

"*Hon'd. Sir:*

"We, the Burgesses now assembled, are heartily sorry that your Honour is not better apprized of our concern for the distress of our neighbours; and that you should have any apprehension of an indifference in us for the safety of

our country after we have given so full assurances of our unfeigned zeal for its preservation.

"In our address to your Honour of the 9th instant, we declared our intentions of giving all the supplys to the support of South Carolina that the State of our country would afford, and therein signifyed that we should not act from any other motive or principles than a zeal for ye glory of God, the service of our King and the welfare of our country.

"And we cannot believe that your Honour is unacquainted with our resolutions and endeavours to bring our promises into real performances; but if the low condition of our country, which is reduced to the last degree of poverty by the many engagements it lately lay under, and the general grievance of those people we represent, claimed any part of our consideration, we hope your Honour will excuse our not answering what you were pleased to recommend to us in reference to South Carolina, till we had considered how to fall upon such measures as should be most agreeable to redress them and least burthensome to ourselves.

"To manifest our commiseration toward those people we have pass'd a bill for raising what money your Honour proposed would be needful for the relief of that Province. And to evince your Honour that we have no other means to redress them than by easing our own people of those burthens which they complain ly so uneasy on them, and which are represented to us as the general grievance of this country, we have made provision for both in one bill, without which we are not of ability to afford any such supplys as are required.

"If we deemed ourselves under an obligation to expedite our second address to your Honor for your assistance in defence of those rights and priviledges which our ancestors for a long and uninterrupted series of time enjoyed under ye administration of all your predecessors, and which we believed were infringed not only by Mr. Littlepage and Mr. Butts, but also by others encouraged from their unjustifiable contempts, we hope the resolutions of our House may entitle us to your favourable construction upon our proceedings and plead for our impatience.

"We assure your Honour that no desires of invading upon the Royal prerogative shall have the least entertainment in our breasts, neither do we pretend to claim any priviledge of constituting the justices of the peace: but suffer us, sir, to say that when justices in cases where they are not judicial but ministerial only, will assume a jurisdiction, and by their judgment debarr the people and their representatives of ye rightfull ways and means prescribed by law for redressing their grievances, by excluding them from a true representation thereof, we believe that such matters do concern the Burgesses in Assembly, and we rather incline to that opinion because the law has not made any other provision in that case.

"Surely the case of those two gentlemen has been represented to your Honour in more favourable colours than ever it appeared to us. We assure you, sir, that one of them never appeared before our House, and he that did, by his behaviour shewed so much disrespect that every word and action carryed with it an air of scorn and contempt.

"Our respect for the authority vested in your Honour excites us to exert our utmost efforts to amove whatsoever may obstruct the facility of your Honour's government, and we shall always shew a dutifull regard to your Honour's commands, with a steady resolution to act nothing that shall tend to the present or future disadvantage of our country.

"Suffer us yet (without incurring your Honour's displeasure) to say that these beginnings, if we have not yo'r Honour's assistance, will be so improved, that whatever is resolved in our House contrary to the humour of any disaffected persons will be turned into ridicule by them, and the authority of the House of Burgesses will fall away insensibly till it becomes nothing but shadow and name. And as we believe Mr. Littlepage and Mr. Butts grounded their contempts upon some assurance of our disability, without some other aids, so we are fully convinced that their unpunished misdemeanours will lay the foundation of such future attempts as a sad experience will inform us had better have been suppressed in their rise than punished in their full growth."

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the following message from the Governor to the House of Burgesses in answer to the said address:

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses.*

"I understand by the question yesterday in your House, whether the necessary business should be proceeded on, that you expect an answer to your address of the 22d instant; and thereupon I say, that if the full assurances, the unfeigned zeal and the real intention which you now tell me of, have been couched in such dark terms that my understanding could not find them out, in either your publick resolves or address of the 9th instant, yet have you had sufficient time to explain your true meaning by your proceedings.

"The surest information I can have of your

resolutions and endeavours, is from the bills you send the Council: but I can therein no more discover any measures taken for the security of your frontiers than any supply granted for the support of your neighbours; unless you will reckon four hundred and fifty pounds which you tack'd to a bill that you were sensible would never pass the Council or me.

"When you speak of poverty and engagements, you argue as if you knew the state of your own country no better than you do that of others; for as I that have had the honour to preside for some years past over this government do positively deny that any publick engagements have drawn any more wealth out of this Colony than what many a single person in it has on his own account expended in the time, so I do assert that there is scarce a country of its figure in the Christian World less burthened with publick taxes.

"If yourselves sincerely believe that it is reduced to the last degree of poverty, I wonder the more that you should reject propositions for lessening the charge of Assemblys; that you should expell gentlemen out of your House for only offering to serve their countys upon their own expence, and that while each day of your sitting is so costly to your country you should spend time so fruitlessly; for now, after a session of twenty-five days, three bills only have come from your House, and even some of these framed as if you did not expect they should pass into acts.

"I am not surprized at your laying an extraordinary stress upon the papers of grievances which have been delivered to this Assembly, since I know them to have been originally framed and drawn up by many persons among you; and perhaps their bearing so near a relation to your House may incline you to judge it a breach of your priviledges that some justices in the Courts held for certifying grievances have declared them to be false and seditious, and given them some obstruction in their passage.

"If you look back into the journals of former Assemblys, you may find that the people's propositions and grievances have frequently failed of the County Court's attestation; yet have they not been thereby debarred from having them under the Assembly's consideration, since it has been ye practice of your House to admitt them without that form, so soon as the cause of the failure has been sett forth; and even all ye uncertifyed grievances of this session make in your journal of the 10th instant as lawfull an appearance as any at the introduction of that bill which the Council flung out at the first reading.

"So that the people's rights and libertys cannot be subverted (as your Resolve of the 20th instant will have it) by justices refusing to receive and certify their propositions and grievances: And if in this case you will reckon them only ministerial officers, and divesting them of their judicial capacity, expect they must certify all remonstrances, whether true or false, lawfull or seditious, and in what manner soever they be presented, then I cannot see to what end the laws for presentation of grievances have been made or of what signification the justices' attestations are.

"As I have remarked that your predecessors have often in this case wanted the Court's certificates, so I dare say you are the first House that ever has proceeded to punish the justices for the same: And if you will judge otherwise of your rights and priviledges than your ancestors have done, and will aim at greater power than ever the Commons of England pretended to, you must expect to be baffled while you have a Governor who is resolute in the maintenance of a Constitution conformable to that of England. Nor is a sett of men who came hither obstinately bent to do nothing for the safety and dignity of His Majesty's government, but upon the hardest conditions, likely to work upon him to yield them up any part of his just authority.

"But for brevity sake to wave replying to sundry of your arguments and apologys which have little weight in them, and to explain myself as clearly as I can upon the point in contest, I do assure the House of Burgesses, that my authority is ready to compell to appear before them any person whom they have occasion to examine, or whom they ask to be delivered up to their justice, for an undoubted breach of their priviledges: But when they charge men with arbitrary and illegal acts and misdemeanours, and thereupon pass resolutions that they ought to be punished and compelled to answer at the bar of their House, I must plainly declare that I will not assist in the bringing of any of his Majesty's subjects to plead to a charge of crimes and misdemeanours at the Burgesses' bar."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST THE 31ST, 1715.

A message to the Council by Mr. Merriwether and others, who brought the following bills, viz: A bill entituled An Act to disable persons holding certain places of profite in this Colony from being members of the House of Burgesses, and a bill entituled An Act for the frequent meeting and calling Assemblys, to which they desire the Council's concurrence.

And the said bills were read the first time and ordered a second reading.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER THE 1ST, 1715.

A bill entituled An Act for the frequent meet-

ing and calling of Assemblys, read the second time and committed for amendments.

A bill entituled An Act for disabling persons holding certain places of profite in this Colony from being members of the House of Burgesses, read the second time, and the question being put that the bill be read a third time, it passed in the Negative.

The Council being mett after adjournment—

A bill entituled An Act for the frequent meeting and calling Assemblys—read the third time with the amendments.

Resolved, That the bill with the amendments do pass.

Ordered, That the Clerk of the General Assembly carry the said bill to the Burgesses, and acquaint them that the Council have pass'd the same with some amendments, to which they desire the concurrence of that House.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER THE 2ND, 1715.

A message from the Burgesses to the Council by Mr. Clayton and others, that upon consideration of their Honours amendments to the bill entituled An Act for the frequent meeting and calling of Assemblys, they have agreed to some of the said amendments and to others had disagreed, and desire the Council to pass the bill without those amendments to which their House have disagreed.

Then the amendments disagreed to being read,

Resolved, That the Council do adhere to all their Amendments to the said bill.

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the General Assembly return the said bill to the Burgesses and acquaint them that the Council adhere to all their amendments thereto.

A bill entituled An Act for encouragement of such persons as have gone and shall go voluntarily into the service of South Carolina, read the second time and committed for amendments.

The Council having adjourned for an hour, and being again mett—

A bill entituled An Act for encouragement of such persons as have gone and shall go voluntarily into the service of South Carolina—read the third time with the amendments.

Resolved, That the bill with the amendments do pass.

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the Generall Assembly carry the said bill to the Burgesses and acquaint them that the Council have pass'd the same with several amendments, to which they desire the concurrence of that House.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER THE 7TH, 1715.

The Council having taken into consideration the Resolves of the House of Burgesses of the 2d instant—

Resolved,—That a message be prepared thereupon to be sent to the House of Burgesses.

After several adjournments—the Council being mett, the message to the House of Burgesses being prepared and approved

Ordered,

That the Clerk of the Generall Assembly carry the said message to the House of Burgesses—which is in the words following:

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses:*

"The Council having seen some Resolves of your House of Friday last, of a very extraordinary nature, and drawn in such a style as if they were designed to expose the Lieutenant Governor and themselves as well as the last House of Burgesses; and to appeal to the people for the justification of your proceedings; think themselves obliged both in vindication of the truth, which in their opinion is in some things grossly misrepresented, and for the preservation of the peace of the Country, which they take to be very much endangered by such a strange conduct, to take ye said Resolves into consideration, and to endeavour either to persuade you into a better mind, or at least to justify the Governor and Government from such harsh and undeserved aspersions.

"1. Whereas, in the first of these Resolves, ye declare that the Lieut. Governor by his agreement with the House of Burgesses at their session in 1714, hath engaged to defend the ffrontiers of this Colony untill December 1716, for the several summs of money and tobacco then given him for that purpose. We can't believe you could be ignorant that all that defence related only to the settled pay of the Rangers, and the building the ffort at Christanna, and some other things there enumerated; and that it could have no reference to any such extraordinary emergency as has happened to our neighbours of South Carolina, or may happen to us by the invasion of any enemy whatsoever; and especially since in your first address to the Governor, you assure him that you are heartily desirous to joine your endeavours in giving your best advice and assistance for the Better security and Defence of your Country. We are therefore amazed that ye not only neglect the providing for the defence of the Country in a time of apparent danger, but would insinuate to the people that it must be the fault of the Lieutenant Governor, if they are not well defended, he having received a sufficient

fund for that service, when to our knowledge the engagements entered into by the Lieutenant Governor last session of Assembly eased the people above two hundred thousand pounds of tobacco in their last year's levy, and the whole ffund was solely appropriated by the Assembly, and not one farthing of it given to the Lieutenant Governor for any other occasion.

"2. In the second of these resolves we can't but think it strange that you speak of a real intention to relieve South Carolina; when ye have shewed it no other way but by tacking an offer of four hundred and fifty pounds to the repeal of the tobacco law; surely ye could not be ignorant (it is a thing so well known) that all tack'd bills are of course to be rejected by the standing rules of our House. And if ye had had such a real intention to relieve Carolina ye have had time enough to do it by a new bill without any clog or tack.

"3. In your third resolve, we cannot wonder enough that ye complain so heavily of the agent's fees, and yet refused to join in a bill for lessning the same one half upon all crop tobacco.

"4. In your fourth resolve, tho' there is a law ascertaining the Burgesses' sallary, we know neither law nor practice either of England or Virginia to hinder any gentleman generously to offer to serve his country gratis, and can't reconcile it, that your House, which complains so much of the poverty of the Country, should be the first to discourage such a generous practice in these gentlemen and so frugal to the publick.

"5. As to your fifth resolve, we can't see how the dispute between the Lieutenant Governor and you should ty up your hands all this time, that you could not form one bill to answer the good design of your meeting, viz. the assistance of your distressed neighbours and the defence of the Country; there being nothing more common in our Mother Country than to have disputes about priviledges at the same time that ways and means for the publick safety and defence are diligently contrived and put in execution.

"6. In your sixth resolve, the libertys of the people are a plausible plea, but we see not how the justices being upon their oaths are obliged to certify anything they think false or seditious; or as the grievances of more persons than are ready to own it in their presence.

"7. As to your seventh resolve, it is not your opinion of what is false or seditious, but their own judgments and opinions that the magistrates upon their oaths are to be governed by; nor if they transgress their duty, does it follow that they are answerable at the bar of your House except for the breach of your (not the people's) priviledges.

"8. As to your eighth resolve, we are sorry for the imputation in the Lieutenant Governor's message, that you are a sett of men obstinately bent to do nothing for the safety and dignity of His Majesty's government. But we are of opinion that it is not words but actions that will wipe off this imputation. If the Heathen enemy should fall upon us as they have done on our neighbours, have ye done anything for our defence? And tho' in your zeal against the late law for preventing frauds, &c., ye assert that it is no ways for the safety, support or dignity of this government, it will require something more than strong assertions to convince the world that fraud and trash are as much for the dignity or interest of the government as honesty and fair dealing. And as for the better provision you speak of for the clergy and publick creditors and officers, by the bill ye now offered, than by the law ye would have repealed; we are well satisfyed the clergy and publick officers are of another opinion, as having long suffered by the old fraudulent way of packing and paying away tobacco, the worst of it being commonly put upon them, tho' even then they had more unbyassed and disinterested judges to view it than by the bill you prepared, whereas by the present law their payments are of equal value with that of other people.

"9. As to your ninth resolve, that the refusal of the Hon'ble the Lieutenant Governor to grant his aid to compell Richard Littlepage and Thomas Butts of New Kent county to appear at the bar of your House, is a denial of your just rights and priviledges, though we are unwilling to enter into a dispute about your priviledges, we must do the Lieutenant Governor right to bear witness, that if ye would have separated what was your undoubted priviledge in that matter, (namely, the retaking a prisoner that had escaped from your messenger,) from another more difficult point, (which was the erecting of yourselves into a court to try crimes and misdemeanours at the bar of your House,) he always declared his readiness to assist you with his authority; but your stiffly insisting on both those points was the sole cause of his denying you that assistance you desired.

"10. But your last resolve, that the message from the Lieutenant Governor of the 27th of August last, contains in it undeserved and scandalous reflections upon the persons and proceedings of this House of Burgesses, is contrived in such haughty and indeed scurrilous terms, and so unbecoming the respect due to His Majesty's Representative, and the gratitude the country owes to Col. Spotswood for his vigilant and just government, and his zeal both for His Majesty's and the Country's service, that we are mightily surprised at it, as savouring more of passion than

deliberation; and no doubt will reflect more on the breeding and good manners of the country than convince any indifferent person who compares the message and the Resolve together that it deserved any such harsh or disrespectfull censure. We are willing to believe most of your House were surprized into it, and upon second thoughts will be for razing it out of your journals, that it may not expose our undutifullness to His Majesty or ingratitude to so good a governor to the view of posterity."*

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER THE 7TH, 1715.

Ordered,

That the clerk of the General Assembly go to the House of Burgesses and acquaint them that the Governor commands their immediate attendance on him in the Council Chamber, and that they bring with them such bills as are ready for his assent.

The House of Burgesses accordingly attending, presented the following bills, which were signed by the Governor and the Speaker of the House of Burgesses—viz:

An Act for encouragement of such persons as have gone or shall go voluntarily into the service of South Carolina.

An Act requiring the Vestry of the Parish of Henrico to build a chappell in the said parish, and

An Act for raising a Public Levy.

And then the Governor made the following speech:

Gentlemen of the
House of Burgesses:

It has been practised by former Assemblys at the close of a session, to give a summary of their proceedings; but as I question whether you have truly considered what you have been doing, I judge the task would be too difficult for you to undertake, or too ungratefull for your Speaker to deliver. I shall therefore spare you the confusion of telling your own actions, and shall summ them up for you, with such faithfulness as may be proved from your journals, with such resentment as becomes a Governor who has at heart the safety and honour of his province, and with such boldness as he may venture, who no ways apprehends a charge of one unjust, illegal or corrupt act, during his whole administration.

I assembled you to provide for the security of the Country in a most perrillous juncture, and that you might upon that point consult the people you represent, I plainly declared in my writts that it was the main occasion of my convening you.

At the opening of this session, I laid that matter before you in the most pressing terms I was master of, and did both then and since sett forth, that unless you used dispatch you did not serve your country.

But as if the King of Great Britain's Represeptative was fallen below the regard of the Planters of Virginia, neither his writts nor his speeches seem to be of any significancy with your House. Matters entirely foreign to the end for which you were called have been first entered upon: The insolent remonstrance of refractory Indians, (drawn up by a member of your House, and presented and encouraged by others among you,) has been taken into consideration before your Governor's speech; and the giddy resolves of the illiterate vulgar in their drunken conventions you hold for the most sacred dictates to your proceedings.

'Tis fitt the world should know what those people would have, and what you prefer to the defence of your country or relieff of your neighbours.

They tell you that those laws shall be repealed which prevent frauds in tobacco payments, and restrain them from lessning the King's customs by shipping off their trash; that those shall be altered which oblige them to pay duly the King's quitt-rents, or enable the Governor to inform His Majesty of the increase or decrease of the Colony: That the act for regulating trade and propagating the Christian faith among ye Indians shall be abrogated, the school for teaching their children be demolished, and the gentlemen at whose charge it was erected be banished out of America and their estates confiscated: That officers' fees shall be reduced below what other Assemblys have judged reasonable, and that they shall not be allowed to be distrainable: That creditors shall be satisfied with such payments as the debtors shall think fitting to make: That in ordering the militia, securing the frontiers, commissioning justices and placing courts, the notions of the people shall be rather followed than the judgment of the Governor: That the power of the Crown shall be clipt by a Triennial Bill, and by excluding all officers of profite or trust from sitting in the Assembly: In short, not to mention all the ridiculous propositions and grievances which the seditious or ignorant vulgar have set their marks to, you are by them directed to reverse such laws as the last Assembly raised upon the basis of religion, justice or honour, and to make those which will square only with the conveniencys of the meaner people.

'Tis fit also to remark the countenance you have given to these papers.

Many of them are drawn up in the hand-writing of your members, and in violation of the

* See Note D.

laws for presentation of grievances have been signed at election-fields, horse-races and other drunken meetings: Your doctrine is, that no Courts must dare to question the truth or reasonableness of them; and justices, on pain of your highest displeasure, must attest them—tho' even against their knowledge—to be the general propositions and grievances of their Countys.* Nay, such gentlemen as being on the bench have taken themselves to be judges in these cases and refused to act against their consciences, you have sent for in custody, voted guilty of illegal and arbitrary doings; and you have strenuously endeavored to erect yourselves into a court of judicature to try and sentence them at the barr of your House for misdemeanours.

Your design in laboring first to procure grievances, and afterwards to vindicate them, appears plainly enough, when you made a long train of them serve in a formidable manner to introduce a most unrighteous bill; and tho' you would set forth that 23 countys expect it should pass, yet 'tis evident all the subscribers will not make up half a County: Nor shall a seditious paper signed by five obscure fellows, who must have a scribe to write all their names, ever pass with me for a county grievance.

To shew the regard you have for religion, you at first sight rejected a proposal for Christianizing your slaves; but at the same time another proposition for discouraging the propagation of the Gospell amongst the Indians was referred to your Grand Committee's consideration, as if the preaching of the Gospell to the Heathen were a crime which ought to be restrained by law. Nay and a bill has been brought in and passed your House for suppressing that society, one of the main ends of whose institution is, to promote Christianity among the Indians, as is manifested by the school they have erected, the Pagan children they have been concerned in baptizing, and the subject they have chosen for their anniversary sermon. And I must recommend that bill to the publick, for a testimony of your truth, your policy, your moderation, your reason and your justice.

The respect and duty you bear to your Prince is displayed, by the care you take to support his government: By your persecuting his commissioners of the peace and assuming to yourselves the power of judging and punishing them for their proceedings on the Bench: By ordering absolutely of yourselves his Attorney General to commence prosecutions: By offering to bring his Governor and Council's proclamation under the censure of your House, even when you had nothing to object against the form and substance of it: By your unparalleled rudeness to his representative, when your Resolves declare in express words his message to be scandalous: By your aiming to be at liberty to defraud his Majesty in the payment of his quitt-rents: By your pretending to impose rules upon him for the calling Assemblys; and to exclude out of them all persons whom you apprehend to be devoted to his service: And by your irregular treatment of the only charter that ever was granted by your sovereign for a member to sitt in your House; for without any complaint of an undue election, and even after a resolve had passed that the return had been made according to law, you expelled the elected person, who had presided for many years with honour in your House, and kept him out severall days before any manner of hearing.

You have sett forth the Colony to be greatly impoverished by its engagements, yet would you give no attention to what either the people, the Council or myself have told you of the charge of Assemblys, which has far exceeded all the publick levys: And you that complain of your Country's being reduced to the last degree of poverty, have provided against its being relieved from its heaviest burthen, by resolving it to be bribery for Burgesses to serve without their allowances, and by expelling gentlemen for offering to do it.

You that complain of the hardships in the Tobacco law, and the extraordinary impositions thereby, have denyed to take under consideration the Council's bill for reducing the Agent's fee to half, and for amending that law conform to the reasonable desires of the people: And you persist evidently to act by a principle which some of your members have been weak enough to declare, as well in the House as out of it, viz: That it is your business to keep the people enemys to the tobacco law, and that you fear amendments would reconcile them to it.

You fain would pass for Patriots who strive to indulge the poorer sort of people, yet have you refused to ease them of a burthen which they very unjustly bear; for certainly the charge of securing a Country ought to be laid proportionably to the estates that are to be defended: And upon this maxim did I form my scheme for providing the poor with arms and paying them by the rich whenever they were called from their homes to musters and other publick services. But you have chosen rather to keep your old militia law, which obliges the men who have generally the least stakes in the country, to be at the expense of arms and ammunition, and at the trouble of attending musters, while the wealthier sort contribute not one farthing thereto, nor are under penalty for non-appearance.

Your spending time about bills which you

* See Note C.

knew very well could never pass, was surely done more with regard to your own profite than the Country's advantage. And what could you mean by such a composition of indefinite sentences as you gave me in answer to my speech? And afterwards when you found I questioned your intentions, to address me with full assurances of your unfeigned zeal for the preservation of your country and commiseration for your distressed neighbours; I say what could you mean thereby, but to engage me to keep you on foot to make your allowances considerable? for the event has shown that you never designed to provide either for the security of the one, or for the assistance of the other.

To deceive me still further with an expectation of your doing something for the defence of the Country, you desired me to lay before you a scheme for the better regulating the Militia. But as if you meant only to learn my notions thereof that you might the more certainly act counter to them, you upon receipt of my scheme gave instructions to your committee to draw up a Militia bill upon a quite different foot, and after you had long kept it depending you destroyed it in your own House.

After I had at your request laid before you the Government of Carolina's application to me for supplys, and the treaty I made thereupon, was there a man that pretended to fault the same? No—You voted £450 to enable me to comply with it; but then I must have it upon terms which the yielding to would be so high an act of injustice as would render me unworthy to be a Governor; for I must assent to the repealing a law, upon the faith of which at least seven thousand pound had been expended last year in storehouses, wharfs and scales, and no equivalent or compensation made in your act to the persons who had disbursed the same.

So, then, all the assistance you have given me to perform my treaty is a trivial Bill to excuse a few of the Carolina volunteers from paying this year's levy, which I think even without such an act cannot fairly be demanded of them, since they are not inhabitants of this colony. And more strange is your caution of enabling me to defend your country when you have rejected a claim of nine shillings for the ferriage of three horses which I sent to draw canon to the frontiers.

Will not the world say, it is below the dignity of the Representative Body of the King's first Colony to trick and trifle thus with their Governor? To assure him on the 8th day of their Session, that they are heartily desirous to joine their best assistance for the better security and defence of their Country: To repeat on the 20th day Full Assurances of their Unfeigned Zeal for its preservation: And at last on the 31st day of their Session to Resolve that it is wholly incumbent on him to defend it.

If I proposed to the last Assembly a more frugal method for securing their frontiers, and contrived that the same sum which they had given to defend the Country till January 1714, should serve to secure it untill December 1716, sure no man of common sense and justice will from thence infer that I am bound to provide any other safeguard than according to the establishment that the Assembly made upon my proposal.

And it is black ingratitude in your House to insinuate, by one of your resolves, as if I had already been sufficiently paid for guarding the Frontiers for both this year and the next: for I defie even a Conway, a Corbin or a Marable to make appear that the money given by the last Assembly will enable me to pay one man more than what have constantly been and actually are kept on foot.

Trees are to be known by the fruit they bear; and 'tis not your rash resolves, but considerate acts, that can clear you of the imputation of being a sett of men obstinately bent to do nothing for the safety and dignity of His Majesty's Government; and now after a session of 36 days, I challenge you to tell of one single thing done for the benefite of the same.

And when you deny to give any thing towards defending His Majesty's Government, is it a time to ask to be at liberty to defraud your Sovereign of thousands of pounds in his quitt-rents?

When the publick levy which you have now laid is but 71,230½℔ of tobacco, and the Burgesses' allowance for this session, with their officers, amount to above 338,000, is there any motive to the Crown to yield to be tyed up to frequent Assemblys?

And now, after such an expence. pray Mr. Speaker, what acts is your Assembly to be recorded for? None truly that will be admitted into the statute books; for the three inconsiderable ones which I have now passed are only private and temporary acts.

Considering the length of your session, and the general accord in your House, where you have not had above five or six gentlemen who have withstood your proceedings, 'tis strange that you have not been able to fall upon any just measures to redress the weighty grievances you came fraughted with, or to frame one bill of moment which the Council could in reason pass.

The opinion of this Body must have great weight with me who know with what deliberation and temper they have handled your bills, how truly desirous they have been to redress real grievances. and how zealous to bring you to measures for that purpose, which might be agreeable

to justice, honour and the publick welfare of their Country.

This body of gentlemen, as well as those few among you who have all along dissented from your wild proceedings, must be allowed to have far greater concerns in Virginia, than all the grand governing body of your House; so cannot be suspected of having less at heart than you the interest of the Country; and considering their parts and stations I must acknowledge them to be the best judges thereof.

But, to be plain with you, the true interest of your Country is not what you have troubled your heads about. All your proceedings have been calculated to answer the notions of the ignorant populace; and if you can excuse yourselves to them, you matter not how you stand before God, your Prince and all judicious men, or before any others to whom you think you owe not your elections.

The new short method you have fallen upon, to clear your conduct by your own resolves, will prove this censure to be just; for I appeal to all rational men who shall read the Assembly Journals, as well of the last session as of this, whether some of the resolves of your House of the 2nd instant are not as wide from truth and fair reasoning as others are from good manners.

In fine, I cannot but attribute these miscarriages to the people's mistaken choice of a sett of representatives whom Heaven has not generally endowed with the ordinary qualifications requisite to legislators; for I observe that the grand ruling party in your house has not furnished chairmen for two of your standing committees [Priviledges and Claims] who can spell English or write common sense, as the grievances under their own hand-writing will manifest. And to keep such an Assembly on foot, would be the discrediting a country that has many able and worthy gentlemen in it.

And therefore I now Dissolve you.

NOTES TO THE FOREGOING

(Note A.)

The following extracts from previous proceedings of the Governor and Council, (acting in their executive capacity,) will throw additional light upon the subject of this speech. They will show how great was the peril of South Carolina, from the combination of the Indians on her borders, and how much cause there was to apprehend an invasion of Virginia by the same enemies; as also what measures had been taken for the relief of South Carolina and the defence of Virginia.

At a Council held at Williamsburg the 26th of May, 1715, the Governor having laid before the Council a letter which he received yesterday by an express from Colonel Cravin, Governor of South Carolina, dated from Charles Town the 12th of this month, the same was read at the Board, representing the unhappy circumstances into which that Province is lately fallen, by the unexpected defection of their Indians, and a general combination of all the savage nations round them to extirpate his Majestie's subjects; That they have of a sudden broke out into open hostility barbarously murdering many of the inhabitants and destroying their habitations; and thereupon earnestly desiring a speedy supply of arms and ammunition from hence, to enable the people of that Province to defend themselves the better against the numerous nations of Indians by which they are attacked. This Board taking into consideration the deplorable state of his Majestie's subjects of the said Province, and the fatal consequences which may ensue to all his Majestie's Dominions on this Continent if the Indians should be able to overrun South Carolina, are unanimously of opinion that it is absolutely necessary for his Majestie's service that such a supply of arms and ammunition as the condition of this colony can spare be dispatched thither with all speed; that for furnishing such arms as are most fit for service the musquetts now in the Governor's hall, being a hundred and sixty in number and in very good order, be sent to South Carolina: That since there is too much reason to apprehend from the generall confederacy of so many Indian nations this Colony is in danger of being also invaded, in which event the ammunition in his Majestie's Magazine will be wanted for our own defense, and that the same ought not to be lessened without sending for a like quantity, it is ordered that the directors of the Virginia Indian Company be forthwith desired to meet, to whom it is recommended to take out of his Majestie's Magazine the ammunition necessary for the immediate relief of South Carolina or their resque [rescue,] and according to the directions of the act of Assembly by which the said Company is constituted to return the like quantity into the said Magazine by the first conveniency, that so this Colony may not be unprovided for its necessary defence. And for the more quick dispatch of the said several stores of war, it is the opinion of this Board that his Majestie's ship Valeser now in Maryland cannot be more usefully employed than in this service, and that the Governor give order for the speedy repair of that ship hither and to engage the commander thereof to undertake so necessary an expedition.

And whereas this Board are informed that the fortifications now in Charlestown are out of repair, and that being the only place of defence to which the inhabitants are most likely to retire for their security, it is the opinion of this Board that the Governor of Maryland, New York and New England, be exhorted to send with all speed his Majestie's ships of war attending those stations, to Charlestown, as well to animate the people as to be assisting in the defence of the place when the same shall be put into a tenable condition: And because it is probable that great part of the open country must be deserted, and that the inhabitants crowding to Charlestown, may not only occasion a scarcity of provisions, but, which is frequent in hot countries, pestilential diseases, in case the place should be blockt up, it is resolved, that the Governor of South Carolina be invited to send hither their women and children, and such other persons as are useless in the war, where, upon a reasonable notice given, all due care will be taken for their accommodation and for the security of all such effects as they shall think fitt to bring with them.

Whereas it is advised from Carolina that the Southern Indians now in war with that Province did, under pretence of going to war with the Senequas and other Northern Indians, employ them against his Majestie's subjects: and there being also certain information that there has been for some time past a more than ordinary inter-

course between the said Southern and Northern Indians, by which it may reasonably be suspected they are all in the same combination: it is therefore thought necessary that these advices be communicated to the Governors of his Majestie's Northern Plantations, and more especially to the Governor of New York, that he may have a watchfull eye upon the Senequas and others of the Five Nations, lest under the like pretence of making war with the Southern Indians they should act the same treacherous part with his Majestie's subjects in those Plantations.

For the better defence of the two frontier settlements of Christanna and Germanna, it is ordered that their [probably *three*] small pieces of canon be sent to the former, and a supply of ammunition to the latter, and that the canon already there be forthwith mounted.

Whereas the Nottoway Indians have given just cause to suspect their evil intentions towards his Majestie's subjects, by their continued disobedience to orders of this government, and their refusing to comply with their treaties and engagements, the Governor, with the advice of the Council, hath thought fit to order, as it is hereby ordered, that the said nation of Indians and every of them be forthwith disarmed, and Colonel Nathaniel Harrison is hereby impowered to put the same in execution in such manner as he shall judge most proper and effectual, and to lodge the arms of the said Indians where he shall judge the same most secure, taking with him for that purpose such a number of the militia under his command as he shall find necessary. And for preventing the desertion of the said Indians, and their joining the nations now in war with South Carolina, it is ordered that publick notice be given to the said Indians by the interpreter, that if any of them shall be found off the land assigned them by the government without a passport under the hand of Colo. Harrison, who is hereby impowered to grant the same, except only in their going and returning to and from their land on the south side of Nottoway river, every person so found shall be taken up and conveyed prisoner to Williamsburgh, there to be disposed of either by transportation or otherwise as the Governor with the advice of the Council shall think fit. And for the encouragement of the neighbouring Inhabitants to apprehend such of the said Indians as shall be found off their land contrary to this order, the Governor with the advice aforesaid doth hereby promise a reward of twenty shillings for every Indian so taken up and delivered to the keeper of the *gaol* at Williamsburgh, of which Colonel Harrison is hereby impowered and desired to give notice.

June, the 15th, 1715.

Whereas the Governor of North Carolina hath made application, that some course may be taken in this government, for preventing the inhabitants of that Province deserting the same in this time of danger, as severall of them are now preparing to do, upon the apprehension of an Indian war, it is ordered that a proclamation issue, requiring all magistrates and officers in the Counties bordering upon North Carolina, to take up all inhabitants of that Province, who shall be found travelling into this Colony, without a passport under the hand of the Governor or of some magistrate within that Province, and to send such persons back, from constable to constable, till they be delivered to some officer in that government.

For the better subsistence of such forces as shall be thought necessary to be drawn together for the security of the frontiers, in case any attempt should be made thereon by the Southern Indians, it is ordered that two thousand weight of bisquet be forthwith sent to Christanna, and lodged there, for the use aforesaid.

June the 20th, 1715.

Upon reading at this Board a letter from the Governor and Council of South Carolina, dated the sixth instant, and sent by Arthur Middleton Esq. their agent, representing the great distress in which that province now is, and their inability to defend themselves long against the numerous nations of Indians now confederated against them, without speedy succours; and desiring an immediate assistance of men from hence, upon such terms as shall be agreed on by the said Mr. Middleton on their behalf: This Board, taking the same into consideration, do unanimously resolve that an assistance of men be forthwith sent to the relief of that Province; that the said assistance be the number of three hundred men, if so many can be got to go voluntarily into that service: and Mr. Middleton being thereupon called into the Council, and heard what he had to offer in behalf of that government, touching the encouragements proposed to be given to such men as shall list themselves, made the following proposalls, which were agreed unto by the Governor and Council.

[The proposals offered were—to pay each man thirty shillings per month, the State of Virginia becoming security for the payment; to send to Virginia slaves equal in number to the volunteers, which slaves were to work on the plantations for their benefit, and to be retained until the pay and other charges contracted by the Government of South Carolina for these forces were fully satisfied; to victual and clothe them (the Government of Virginia paying for the clothing, and that of South Carolina agreeing to repay the amount;) and to send back the survivors at the termination of the war, or sooner if required by the government of Virginia.]

—And then Mr. Middleton being withdrawn,

This Board taking into consideration the great expence the government of South Carolina must be under [during] their present pressures, for the pay and subsistence of the forces necessary for their defence on this occasion, have resolved,

That the government will defray the charge of provisions for the forces raised here, untill they arrive in South Carolina; that the said charge be advanced out of his Majestie's revenue of two shillings per hogshead; but forasmuch as the said revenue is much in debt, the Governor and Council do unanimously agree to postpone their own sallarys rather than the said service should suffer, and it is further recommended to the General Assembly to refund the said charge as a charitable contribution towards the relief of our distressed fellow subjects.

Ordered that the levies for the service of South Carolina be made in the inland counties, where they may be best spared as being more remote from the danger of an invasion from the Indians, and that if any masters of white servants will allow such servants to list in the service, such masters shall be entitled to the same pay and advantages as are herein before mentioned.

[Here follows another order providing the mode of payment of the men, intended chiefly to secure the creditors of such as had debts out of their pay.]

This Board, taking into consideration that a detachment of the Indians tributary to this government may be of service to the Province of South Carolina in their present war, and that by drawing off for that service the young men of the Nottoway and Maherine nations those Indians will be less able to put in execution any ill designs they may have against his Majestie's subjects here, it is accordingly ordered that Colonel Harrison do demand of the Nottoways twenty of their young men and ten of the Maherines, to be ready when required to go with the detachment intended from hence for the assistance of South Carolina, and that he cause their arms to be forthwith brought to his house and lodged there untill

the Indians shall receive orders for their march; and for the encouragement of the Indians to serve in this expedition that he let them know they shall be furnished with cloaths and provisions, that upon their return each man shall receive a reward of two blanketts and flapps, that they shall have the benefit of what plunder they can take in the war, and if any of their guns be lost or made unserviceable the same shall be repaired at the expense of this government. And it is further ordered, that in case the Nottoway Indians shall readily comply with what is hereby required of them, the former order for disarming them be suspended.

For the better providing for the defence of the country in this time of danger, it is the opinion of this Board that an Assembly be forthwith called. And accordingly, ordered, that writts issue for electing the members of the House of Burgesses to meet at Williamsburgh the 3d day of August next.'

Whereas sundry of the inhabitants of South Carolina whose plantations have been destroyed by the Indians, are desirous to withdraw their slaves, and to transport them hither as to a place of safety untill the event of the war with that Province, this Board being desirous to favour as much as lies in their power those persons whose misfortunes oblige them to take sanctuary in this Colony, have thought fit to order, as it is hereby ordered, that the payment of the duties for all slaves imported here from South Carolina, during the present war, be suspended untill the meeting of the General Assembly that further directions be given therein. And the collectors of the said duty are not to demand the same, unless such slaves shall either actually be sold here, or that the owners thereof do settle themselves and their said slaves in this country.

JULY THE 18TH, 1715.

The contract or treaty made between this government and the Province of South Carolina, for the forces to be raised here for the assistance of that Province, pursuant to the resolutions of the last council, was this day laid before and read at the Board; and ordered to be entered in the council books.

The Governor acquainted the Council, that in pursuance of the contract entered into with the government of South Carolina, he had on the 5th of this month embarked a hundred and eighteen men for the assistance of that Province; and that there being about forty more listed since who are impatient to be sent thither, and also a hundred musquetts come from New York, which he was desirous to forward to Carolina for the compleat arming of the Virginia forces, he had thought fit to treat about the hyring of a sloop for the transportation of the said men and arms, and desired the opinion of the Council therein. It is accordingly resolved, that a vessell be hyred, and the said men and arms dispatched to Carolina, as soon as may be, for the further relief and assistance of that Province.

The Governor communicating to the Council the proposals made by the King of the Saraw Indians, who came to Williamsburgh on Saturday night, viz: That if he may be assured of a peace and a free trade with this government, he is desirous to remove his nation nearer to Virginia; and that he is also impowered by the chiefmen of the Catabaw Indians to desire the like liberty of trade for them, upon which the said Indians will engage to cease all further hostilitys against the people of South Carolina. And for the better establishing a peace as well with this government as with the government of Carolina, he doth promise to bring to Williamsburgh as soon as possible some of the great men both of the Catabaws and Chirokee Indians, to treat upon the terms of the said peace. And if the same be agreed upon, that the said Catabaws and Chirokees, will join with the government of South Carolina in cutting off the Yamasees and others their enemies. The Council are unanimously of opinion, that the offers made by the said Saraw King be accepted as the most probable way of putting an end to the war and restoring the tranquillity of his Majestie's subjects of South Carolina; and that it is for his Majestie's service that the Governor do use his endeavours by means of the said Saraw King to bring those nations of Indians to a treaty, and for that purpose that a passport be sent them under the seal of the Colony for their safe going and returning. And for the encouragement of the said Saraw King, it is ordered that he be presented with a strow'd water blankett and flapp, and that one blankett a piece be given to each of the three Saraw Indians who accompanyed him hither.

[The following extracts are of dates subsequent to the dissolution of the Assembly; but referring as they do to the general subject of this note, they are deemed of sufficient interest for insertion.]

OCTOBER THE 18TH, 1715.

The King of the Saraw Indians, accompanied with one of the great men of the Catabaw nation, having upon the Governor's safe conduct come to this Colony in order to treat of a peace with this and the neighbouring governments, this day came before the Governor in council; and Colonel George Evans and Captain Robert Fenwicke Commissioners from the government of South Carolina being present, the said Indians were asked several questions touching what they had to propose: to which they made answer, that their intention was to desire a peace with this government and a liberty of trade; declaring that all the Catabaws and other neighbouring Indians are very willing to lay down their arms, and to give no further disturbance to any of the English plantations. And being asked by the Carolina Commissioners what induced them to join the Yamasees and Appalatchees in the war against South Carolina, they answered, that they were informed by a woman belonging to the Weesock town, who had been prisoner in South Carolina, that the people of that Province had killed a great many of their Indians, and they were also threatened by the Yamasees that unless they joined them they the said Yamasees would cut off their nation as soon as they had destroyed the white people, and then put themselves under the protection of the Spaniards; but that now both the Saraws and the Catabaws are willing to make a peace with Carolina, seeing they cannot live without the assistance of the English. And being asked why the chiefmen of the Catabaws did not come in hither, and why they did not bring with them the two negro slaves Pepe and Pompey belonging to South Carolina, according to what had been promised when they were last here, they answered that the chief man of that nation was sick and unable to travel, and the negro Pepe was carried away to the Sarano town, and as for the other they were ready to deliver him up to any Englishman that should come to demand him, they being very desirous to see some of the inhabitants of Virginia among them whom they could trust. Whereupon, the Governor, with the advice of the Council, was pleased to tell the said Indians that he could not enter into any treaty unless the great men of each town of the Catabaw nation and their confederates particularly the Cherokees do come in and consent to what shall be promised; neither are the said Indians to expect any supplys of arms or ammunition from hence untill such a peace be concluded: that they may therefore return with this answer to the respective nations, and let them also know that while they forbear giving any disturbance to the people of South Carolina this government will not molest them; and like

wise that whenever they shall give reasonable satisfaction for the injurys they have done to South Carolina, and such assurances as may be relyed on of their future peaceable behaviour towards his Majestie's subjects of these Plantations, the same freedom of trade shall be allowed them as before the breaking out of this war.

And then the said Indians desiring they may be permitted to purchase coats, shirts and other necessarys with the skins they have now brought with them, by consent of the Commissioners of South Carolina their request is granted—provided that under pretence thereof no persons shall presume to furnish the said Indians with any arms or ammunition whatsoever, the same being hereby strictly prohibited.

NOVEMBER THE 1ST, 1715.

Whereas, by the information of the Saraw King as well as by other circumstances, it appears that the Indians now in war with the Province of South Carolina depend upon the Spaniards at St. Augustine for supplys of arms and ammunition, It is the opinion of this Board, that it is for his Majestie's service that a letter be forthwith dispatched to the Governor of St. Augustine, representing that his permitting any of the said Indian enemies to be supplyed with stores of war from thence, or affording them any other countenance or protection is expressly contrary to the first article of the last treaty of peace between the Crowns of Great Britain and Spain, and therefore demanding the observation of the said treaty; and that for the more safe and speedy conveyance of the said letter, and adding the greater authority thereto, his Majestie's ship Shoreham attending this government be dispatched therewith.

FEBRUARY THE 22D, 1715.

The Governor acquainting the Council that the King of the Saraw Indians, together with some of the great men of the Catawbaw Indians, Sugar, Quianway and Weesock Indians came hither on Monday last upon the faith of a passport he had sent them last October in order to treat of a peace; but that they had not observed the terms injoined them in the said passport, which were that their whole number coming in here should not exceed forty men, and that they should bring in and deliver up two slaves and a white servant belonging to South Carolina who had taken arms with the Indians against the people of that Province; that nevertheless he thought fit to hear them in Council upon what they had to offer: And accordingly the said Indians were called in, and being first asked why they brought into the Colony a greater number of men than was allowed by their passport, they answered that they had war with the Senequas and knew their partys were on the way to intercept them, and therefore durst not venture out with a less number, that they had been actually attacked on this journey by a party of the Senequas and had lost three of their men in the engagement: and being also asked why they did not bring in the two slaves and white servant aforesaid they assured that ye two slaves are at the Sugaree town and the white servant at the Weesocks, but that it was not told them that the slaves and servant were demanded of them, otherwise they should have brought them; but since they knew it to be the orders of this government they will bring in the said three persons with all speed after they return from hence. Then the said Indians were asked what they had to propose to this government; to which they made answer, that they were sent by their several nations to desire a peace with the English and a trade with this Colony as formerly; that since their first orders were sent them from hence by the Saraw King they had given no disturbance to the people of South Carolina, and are very desirous to renew a friendship with them and all the English: and being asked what security they would give that they will hereafter live in peace, and whether they will give hostages to be kept at the fort of Christanna, viz: two children of the great men of each town, to be educated at the school there as the Saponie children are, they readily agreed to the same, promising with all convenient speed to bring them in.

Whereupon, the Council taking the whole matter into consideration are of opinion that it is fitt to encourage the said Indians to enter into a treaty with the government, as well to secure the peace of this Colony as Carolina, which will be best effected by obtaining hostages for their fidelity; and that the said Indians be now sent back to further the treaty with their respective nations. And forasmuch as the said Indians have represented that in their way hither they were attacked by a party of the Senequas and three of their men killed, and have prayed for as much ammunition as may be necessary for their hunting in their way home and for their defence against any party of the Senequas that may still lye in their way, it is accordingly ordered that one pound of powder and two pound of shot per man be given them as a present from the government to encourage their friendship to the English; but that no liberty be granted them to trade for any stores of war untill the peace is concluded. And it is also ordered that the chief man of each town now here be presented with a Stroudwater blankett, and that the Saraw King as a reward for his pains and trouble in coming three times into this government in order to the bringing about a peace with ye Catawbaw and Cherockee Indians, be further presented with a gun; and that a passport be granted the said Indians for their safe passage home and returning hither with their hostages.

[No further entry relative to this negotiation appears in the Council Journal.]

(Note B.)

AUGUST THE 5TH, 1715.

Whereas it appears to the Board that the Nottoway Indians, instigated by some evil disposed persons, have sent a petition to the House of Burgesses, highly reflecting upon the justice and honor of this government, demanding the repeal of the laws made for the better rule of the Indians and preserving the peace of the Colony, and to be freed from certain engagements to which they are bound by their treaties: for preventing the ill consequences which may be occasioned by suffering the Indians to be possessed with a notion that there is a power in this Dominion to which they may apply superior to that of the Governor and Council, it is ordered that the Interpreter forthwith bring before this Board the Teer-heer of the Nottoway Indians, commonly called William Edmunds, together with the Indians commonly known by the name of Collo. Hill, Frank, Robin, James, John, Tom, John and Frank junr., to answer to such matters as shall be laid to their charge in relation to the subject matter of the said petition and the non-performance of their treaties.

AUGUST THE 10TH, 1715.

The Nottoway Indians appearing this day before the Governor in Council were asked whether they would comply with their treaty by sending twelve of their boys to be educated at the school at Christanna and removing themselves to the land assigned them at Tomahitions, and they obstinately refuseing to do either, it is the opinion of the Council and accordingly ordered that the great men of the said nation who are now in town be forthwith

put in irons during the Governor's pleasure, and untill this Board shall consider of further measures for obliging the said Indians to perform their treatics. And

Whereas the said Indians have upon their examination declared that John Simonds of the County of Surry was the person who advised and persuaded them to petition the House of Burgesses and brought the petition to them to sign, it is ordered that the said Simonds be sent for to attend this Board to answer his offence in seditiously stirring up the said Indians against the established laws of this Colony.

The great men of the Nottoway Indians being called before the Board and asked if they had received any injury from any person in this government, made answer that they had no complaint to make against any person whatsoever.

August the 13th, 1715.

Upon the submission of the great men of the Nottoway Indians and their promise of future obedience to the government, and particularly of their sending twelve boys to the Saponie Town before the next Generall Court, they were ordered to be released.

August the 15th, 1715.

John Simons of the County of Surry appearing before the Board, to answer the charge against him for his seditious practices with the Nottoway Indians, acknowledged that the Nottoway Indians only desired him to draw a petition for them to the Governor for having a school at their own town and a store of goods settled there for their conveniency, but that he afterwards drew up the heads of the petition now presented to the House of Burgesses, and gave them to Mr. Edward Goodrich, who put them into forme and directed them to the House of Burgesses, and having returned the same to the said Simonds he got it transcribed in another hand and the Indians signed it at the Caire (?) of claims in that County: Whereupon it is ordered that the said Simons be dismissed his attendance for the present upon his promise to transmitt to the Governor the original petition drawn up by the said Goodrich.

[No further proceedings appear to have been had in this case.]

(Note C.)

August the 24th, 1715.

Whereas this Board are informed that contrary to the plain directions of the act of Assembly made in the year 1680, entitled An Act for presentation of Grievances, severall seditious and scandalous papers have been framed and signed, and the people called together in a riotous manner to sign the same; and the said papers, not presented in Court as the laws direct, have nevertheless been certifyed to this Generall Assembly as the generall grievances of the freeholders and inhabitants of the Countys where the same were signed, altho' only subscribed by a few obscure persons: For preventing the like evil practices for the future, it is ordered by the Governor with the advice of the Council that a proclamation issue enforcing the laws relating to the signing, presenting and certifying grievances to the Generall Assembly—and a proclamation was prepared accordingly.

September the 6th, 1715.

Whereas divers persons take upon themselves to practice as Attorneys in the Courts of this Colony, without being qualifyed with a sufficient knowledge in the laws, nor having that integrity which is requisit for such an imployment, and by their evil practices amongst the ignorant and illiterate people many unnecessary suits and controversys are moved and carryed on, to the great vexation of his Majestie's good subjects. And it appearing also to this Board that sundry of the said pretended Attorneys, in order to persuade the vulgar into an opinion of their capacity as well to direct the State in making new laws as to interpret the old, suitable to the humours of those who have the folly to confide in them, have taken upon them to frame scandalous and seditious papers under the title of grievances to this Assembly; and by their insinuations procured thereto the subscriptions of diverse unwary people: For prevention therefore of the further ill consequences which such practices may occasion to the publick peace of the government, and the interests and estates of his Majestie's subjects, it is the opinion of the Council and accordingly ordered that from and after the publication hereof no person be permitted to practice as an Attorney in any Court within this Colony, except such as shall be approved by the Governor and Council; and the Justices of the respective County Courts are to take notice hereof and to cause the same to be duly observed.

(Note D.)

September the 6th, 1715.

This Board taking into consideration the disrespectfull behaviour of several members of the House of Burgesses towards his Majestie's Lieut. Governor, in their resolves of the second instant, are unanimously of the opinion that such members of that House as concurred in the said resolves have thereby offered an high indignity to his Majesty, and that the expressions therein are so scurrilous and unbecoming the respect due to his Majestie's Representative, that what persons soever presume to justify or declare their approbation of the said ignominious resolves are unfit to serve his Majesty in any office of trust or profit within this government.

NATURE'S VOICES.

Nature hath voices for the listening ear,
Voices of strange, wild harmony; the roar
Of ocean, angry floods, tornadoes wild,
Fierce howling storms, dark hurricanes which tell
The fearful struggle of the tempest wild;
And elemental war; these are voices
Speaking of power which fills the mind with awe,
With terror, and alarm, to hear them rage
Chainless and free, conscious that none on earth
Can stop the flood, stay the wild storm, or bid
The fierce tornado slack his furious speed,
Calm the rough wave and bid the sea be still.
These are the organ tones of nature's harp
Which rules man's heart with a resistless sway—
They rouse his fears and make him stand aghast
At demonstrations of a mighty power
Before whose beck he feels that he must bow
As bows the flexile weed: that he must lean
On other arm than that of earthly mould—
The arm of Him who rules o'er wave and storm;

Who when he wills it bids them both be still.
And there are voices in the dim old woods
When Autumn clothes them in its solemn hues;
The winds sigh sadly through the fading leaves
Waking a sound like some sad funeral wail;
Nature seems dying: and the russet hue
Of fern, of trees and all earth's lovely things
Seems the fit shroud of faded loveliness.
Each fitful gust that shakes the solemn grove,
Scatters dead leaves, which sadly fall to earth
To be the sport of winds, and in their fall
They faintly murmur forth a dirge-like strain.
They had their spring—a glad and joyous time;
They sported in its breath, they drank the dew,
Played in the sun, then calmly sunk to rest
Beneath night's quiet eye, to wake at dawn
Sparkling with dew drops bright, which 'neath the blaze
Of day, rose up like incense, from a thousand
Emerald censers flung.
But this hath past
And each sere leaf speaks of decay and death,
Their hollow rustling tells the tribes of men,
That like the Autumn leaves they too must die.
There is a voice in winter's hollow blast
Telling that desolation has been wrought;
That spring's bright promise, and fair summer's bloom,
Have all been shrouded in its mantle white;
Or firmly bound up in its icy bands;
To wake no more, until the balmy breath
Of spring's mild zephyrs bids the streams to flow;
Flowers to come forth; and trees to bud and bloom;
To wake the songs of birds, and hum of bee,
Proclaiming that stern winter's reign is o'er,
These are all voices solemn, wild, and strange,
The harsher tones of nature's well-strung harp;
Which all give place to voices full of harmony.
The ocean's wave will calmly sink to rest,
Its dashing wild change to the ripples play
Where breakers late broke wildly on the strand;
Wavelets shall chase each other to the shore;
Storms will at last be hushed to sweet repose,
Tornadoes fierce soon cease their frantic rage;
While the bland breezes, and the zephyrs mild,
Wave the bright leaves, or fan the fragile flower;
Skim the smooth lake, or waft ambrosial sweets,
To fill with perfume all the balmy air.
The fallen leaves at length will pass away,
Bright ones again will deck the summer boughs,
The rose will bloom anew, and spring's mild power
Burst the ice-fetters of old winter's sway.
The rainbow's hues will deck the storm cloud's brow
And cast upon the world a smile of peace.
All these are voices, whispered tones of love
To cheer man's hours of gloom and loneliness.
They say, though life with cares be clouded o'er
A brighter sun than ours shall pierce the gloom;
Though sorrow's waves swell high, and madly rage,
There is a voice can hush the waves to rest
And bid a bow shine through the clouds of grief
To cheer the heart in its deep wretchedness.
Though like the leaves, and fading flowers, we fall
'Neath the chill hand of death, and seek the tomb,
We too shall have our spring; a glorious
Resurrection, death's winter shall not last;
But yield unto a spring without decay.
These all are voices, voices too of love,
Which fall upon the heart with magic power;
Calling us back from sin, and folly's maze,
From all the transient, and the fading here,
To where eternal bloom, and sunshine reign.

AZIM.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Of Cities in general—Of Virginia Cities in particular.

The history of the chief town of a nation is the history of that nation. From its position as capital, and its influence as chief town, it concentrates mainly within itself the wealth and intellect of the country; and is the place where councils and conventions are held, where leading measures originate, and from whose standard society takes its tone in manners, in morals and in politics.

As the sun influences and represents the solar system, so do great capital cities stand in place of their countries. Thus, France may be said to be concentrated in Paris, and Austria in Vienna. It is true that this rather belongs to European countries and to a European state of society; and is the result of the state of civilization in ancient times, when cities alone possessed laws and regulated society, and when an entire nation, as Rome, Athens, or Sparta, was comprised in the walls of a single city. Still, as our population increases we are adopting somewhat European customs, and coming under similar influences.

If we look over history to find in what manner cities existed, we see that they marked the progress of civilization and of emigration in ancient times; we find that when a colony was sent forth, it was not to settle a country, but to build a city; that to put up walls, to gather men within them, and to arrange the government of a city, were the first things done by the colonists.

The earliest colony we hear of was that of Cain, and he builded a city in the land of Nod. A similar mode of colonizing belonged to the Greeks, Carthagenians and Romans. The custom was a good one; for, not only in those barbarous and unsafe ages was the protection of a city needed, but also from the fact of their being no books or writing, or if writing no printing, and few means of transmitting knowledge of the arts and sciences, the cities were necessary depositories of learning, mechanic arts, forms of government and law and traditionary knowledge.

In cities also arts and learning had their origin, and received improvement in the most ancient times; Tubal Cain and the other learned and wise men of that day, whose vast powers and acquirements gave rise to the report that they were giants, were men of cities. For a pastoral and agricultural people would never have originated the arts of working in metals, or

invented the harp and the science of music. If a barbarous people were collected in a city and kept there, they would, from the collision of mind with mind, and from the necessity of self-defence, and for obtaining a support, invent science and art; and for their amusement create literature and the fine arts.

This we see also carried out in greater perfection in the cities of Greece and Rome, when like bright stars in a world of darkness they shone in arts, arms, literature, music, poetry, painting, oratory and government; all the result of that stimulation of mind which a safe, wealthy and luxurious society can create. In them were preserved just principles of liberty; and some of the sublimest efforts of the human intellect were there produced. City civilization was the peculiarity of the ancient world.

This state of things was overthrown by the hardy tribes of Germany and Scandinavia. Most of the cities were destroyed; all of them were weakened as they were the readiest objects of attack and afforded the best plunder, and the life of cities became disreputable, being despised by the warlike races accustomed to country life; and barbarism and ignorance prevailed throughout Europe in consequence. Some glimmerings of science and learning were however preserved in those communities of monks, that in their city-like life and condition in some measure resembled the ancient communities.

From this night of ignorance and barbarism arose some light that has gradually dawned into perfect brightness; the League of the Hanse Towns, the independent democratic cities of Italy, and the chief cities of other countries gradually acquired numbers, wealth, power and privileges from the trade brought into Europe by the crusade, from the purchase of rights on the decay of the power of the nobility, and from the spirit of manufacturing. These cities kept up a spirit of freedom, encouraged and extended commerce and made themselves acquainted with their power and their rights. The unsettled state of Europe caused their increase; because all flocked into their open gates who had dared to think and speak of their rights, or had resisted unjust authority, or who were not able to build castles and collect forces for their own protection. A walled city was then safe from attack; the rules of modern military science render them easily taken. Thus they became formidable.

In these times the monasteries and the large cities were the only places where there was at once protection and freedom; there learning, science and the arts in some degree flourished. From them sprung law, the science of free government, just maxims to regulate commerce, some faint knowledge of the rights of man, and efforts to obtain them, and ultimately our present privileges and powers as free citizens.

In looking over Europe then we find those countries most free where there were most large cities; the very word citizen, now applied to all the freemen of a land, means a city denizen, and shows the character of freedom in ancient times.

Yet while the cities of Europe by obtaining power and privileges had obtained liberty, their freedom was of an isolated character; each city by itself was free, and had all the powers and prerogatives of a State.

This liberty was apt to be tumultuously exercised, and the more violent to rule over the peaceable by force and clamour. Thus we find the free cities of Italy continually engaged in war with one another, unable to unite for the common good, and wasting their strength in this unfraternal strife. Their assemblies partook of the mob order, and the purity of liberty was impaired by the violence and corrupted by the luxury of the citizens.

A community collected in cities could never form a representative republic, and thus gather its people into one great and united nation; it could only be a collection of disunited democracies, an easy prey to any powerful invader.

In the middle ages then liberty dwelt isolated in the castle of the noble, in the monastery of the monk, and among the democracy of the city.

It was when this kind of liberty had passed away, and when the *people* of England had become free in their villages and on their hills and valleys as well as in their crowded cities, that this country was settled. The principle of representation began to be understood and carried out with regard to all the freemen of a land; so that all, wherever dwelling, were alike citizens. It was this that marked the chief difference between the colonies of England and those of France and Spain; and the result was that the latter adopted the ancient plan of colonizing; they built up large towns, erected fortifications, placed troops in them, and set up at once all the machinery of government. Our ancestors spread over the country, became attached to the soil, and retained no very strong fondness for the mother country in a land so totally different, and where there was no strong fort or large city to represent the old land and to control the resident citizens. It was well for us that it was so; the cost of building up a city would settle a colony, and we should have been habitually overawed by the presence, and crippled by the expense of maintaining, our great city and its officials.

Our power would have been thus collected in one place to our disadvantage, and we should have been as weak, as much manacled by the

government of the mother country as was Canada or Cuba.

We were not, and we never have been a people of cities; the spirit of our nation was not curbed in the business, or frittered to nothing in the fashionable pursuits of large cities; it was free as the air we breathed and as untrammelled as nature itself.

Brought up with a large share of individual liberty, the very name of oppression galled and irritated us, and thus we as a people were more likely than the men of any other nation to throw off the power and declare ourselves what we really were, independent of Great Britain. It is a common mistake to suppose, and to say in 4th of July orations, that we cast off the yoke of Great Britain, freed ourselves from imaginary chains, and from a state of thraldom almost amounting to slavery became free and independent. This error may be accounted for by remembering that most of such speeches are made by seekers of political notoriety who naturally deal in exaggeration and hyperbole; or by youths just released from the dominion and the rod of the schoolmaster, and who naturally imagine their new found freedom to be like that of their ancestors; who assimilate the rod to a sceptre, the fiat of the teacher to the commands of a king, and consider the resisting colonies like so many rebelling schoolboys. No greater error can exist; for no generation of men born in, and freed from, slavery, is fit to be free. History affords no example of a people freed from slavery that were able to form a government that was free, or to exist in any manner as a free State; they naturally glide into anarchy or despotism. Hispaniola is an instance of this. Even the nation of Israel, that was freed by God's hand from Egyptian taskwork, was rather a subject nation than an enslaved race; and they were purified by a forty years' residence in the freedom-inspiring deserts of Arabia, where the old custom-bound generation that had served in brick and mortar died out, and a new race trained in the most perfect liberty were brought into being. We were ever a free people; from the first we had stood alone and free in this wild country of ours, to which our fathers fled to escape the tyranny and oppression of the world. They brought with them the principles of liberty; and these principles grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength.

From an oppressed ancestry we came forth a free people; and in making our Declaration of Independence, made a Declaration of Rights and of the attempted infringement of those rights. It was not a statement of grievances made by an oppressed and enslaved people petitioning for redress; but the voice of a free people declaring that their rights had been trampled on, that their liberty had been assailed, and that they would no longer submit to such injuries. The most peculiar change among us as a people is shown in the fact that our cities have increased in number and size and influence to so great a degree, that they now stand, especially in the north, as representatives of our States. It is probable that had we been as much a nation of cities then as now, we would not have entered upon the war of the Revolution, as we should have been more accessible to attack, and more dependent on foreign nations; by destroying our chief towns our courage and strength would have been broken, and we should have been afraid to begin, or unable to carry on the struggle.

For a feeble country to possess large cities is a great error: from the various connexions made with other parts of the country through trade, manufactures and commerce, and from position also, a large city in a feeble country will so concentrate the force of the country it represents, that if the city be captured the country is taken. Havanna is so entirely Cuba, that if Havanna be in the hands of the invader, Cuba is subdued.

While in feeble countries where cities are few, the effect produced by a foe's invasion of the capital city is rather to excite than to intimidate.

Bonaparte made two great mistakes in supposing Madrid and Moscow the capitals, that is, the concentrated power of their respective countries; his invasion only roused the spirit of the people to resistance, and from these mistakes began his downfall.

The British were continually disappointed by finding no good effect follow their occupation of our capital cities in the Revolutionary war; and the insulting invasion of Washington during the last war, served only to exasperate and unite us against them; so that we presented a more firm and menacing front in consequence of that disaster than we had ever done before.

Not only is a young and feeble country better able to defend its liberties, if it have no great and powerful city, but it will also fall more naturally into the form of government that is a representative republic. Each part will be as powerful as the other; jealousies will not therefore arise, nor will one place receive the chief advantages derived from the labour of all; and an equal government with no fear of concentration, whose powers being derived from all alike, will act similarly on all, will result. Woe! to the country that is feeble in strength, and whose energies are weighed down by the incubus of a great city; it can scarcely hope to obtain freedom, or if it does, it will be impaired by the source through which it is derived. The body politic, like the human body, must have its energies properly dissemina-

ted throughout the system before physical or political health can be enjoyed. Feeble nations, with large cities, are like feeble frames where the apparent size and strength is the result of congestion or dropsy. Had the South American colonies been settled as were those that became our States, they would have resulted earlier in free commonwealths, and would now have enjoyed, what they are yet ignorant of, an equal representative government. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the influence of great cities upon the community in point of morals, or as places of trade and business, nor is it necessary to speak of the important benefits that spring from them. These and other kindred subjects will be discussed in speaking of the history and progress of Richmond.

This conclusion may be drawn from the success or failure of the efforts of the American colonies to establish free governments: That no colony can obtain, or keep in purity, republican freedom if it has strengthened and enlarged its cities at the expense of the rest of the country.

Virginia has been peculiarly exempt from the possession of large cities. Settled mainly by the sons of county gentlemen, who brought the love of country life with them across the Atlantic and infused it into the mass of the population, her citizens have ever preferred that life; and the title of county gentleman, implying the possession of landed estate, has been always esteemed more honourable than any other.

The ready intercourse afforded by our rivers, and the immediate sale of the tobacco raised on their banks, prevented the necessity of taking it to a city market; whatever was made being sold in the raw state, and no manufactures, or place of manufacturing, existing in the colony; the trade too being in the hands of foreigners, all tended to encourage the existence of an agricultural community alone, and thus to forbid the building up of great cities.

Accordingly we find that the colony of Virginia scarcely possessed a single city that deserved the name. On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Norfolk, the largest, had a population of only 6,000.

During all our history we have not really had any great capital city; all the many efforts made by individuals and companies, and all the Acts of Assembly creating cities, brought forth only villages and ports of shipment. The disposition of our citizens was too strongly in favor of country life to be overcome by the wishes of the mother country or the enactments of the House of Burgesses.

Our very capital has never been firmly fixed, but has been of a migratory character; first in Jamestown, then in Williamsburg, in Richmond, in Charlottesville during one period of the Revolution, and even in refuge at Staunton in another; and now for some time past in Richmond. Only within a few years has this been a town of any size or importance, and although it has made great increase in population and is the city of the State, it numbers only some 35,000 inhabitants. All our cities are of foreign origin; their first and chief inhabitants being Scotch or English merchants, and their households.

Around the seat of government clustered the public buildings, schools, hotels, mercantile establishments, and the residences of the officials, and of the wealthy planters who passed their winters in the amusements found at the seat of government. These, with the shops of a few mechanics, constituted the city of Williamsburg in olden time.

The meeting of the House of Burgesses brought together in the capital the talent, beauty and wealth of the colony; it was as much the custom for the gentry of Virginia to assemble for the winter in Williamsburg, as for the nobility and gentry of England to spend the same season during the session of Parliament in London. A miniature court was thus kept up; and the Governor's levees, attended by all the dignity and wealth and loveliness of the Old Dominion, compared favorably in every respect, in pride of birth, in dignity of carriage, in intellectual wealth, and in the entailed possession of landed estate among the men; and certainly surpassed in grace of manner, loveliness of person, and warmth of heart, the ladies of the Court of St. James.

These were the palmy days of the Old Dominion, when she gathered into one brilliant point the scattered rays of intellectual and physical beauty she so abundantly possessed. No colonial capital could equal her in this respect, for none possessed such abundant and varied resources, and she stood then pre-eminent, as she has ever since done, for the beauty and grace of her daughters, and the dignity and intellect of her sons. This floating population, however, did not make a city, for not only was the gay crowd that enlivened Williamsburg during the winter months scattered in the summer, but the Governor also was generally absent, travelling through the colony or residing on his plantation.

The capital of the colony was by no means a large city; it had only an intermittent existence and was periodically great and small.

The towns of Virginia were built up by the tobacco trade; and as this was altogether in the hands of foreign merchants, these men through their agents, really founded the towns and cities of the Old Dominion. Wherever a market was likely to be found, there they established a trading post, built up warehouses, furnished stores

with all the articles needed by the wealthy and luxurious planters.

Around these stores and warehouses, the dwellings of the merchants and their factors, with the buildings put up for the mechanics and servants employed, first arose and made the beginning of the town; other dwellings and inhabitants gradually collected, until in the course of time a charter for a corporate town was asked and granted from the House of Burgesses.

In this manner were built up all the towns in lower Virginia.

While tobacco was the chief, it was not the only article sold in these trading posts; our wealthy planters had many of them their own merchants in London, to whom they shipped the produce of their plantations and from them exported directly the things they needed. Shiploads of emigrants were brought over; either criminals condemned to slavery for life, or indentured servants, sold for a limited time to pay the expense of transportation. Slaves from Africa were brought in English bottoms, or in the ships of New England, and sold in our rivers or in our market towns. No Virginian engaged in trade or commerce; certainly no Virginia ship or citizen ever took part in the African trade; that traffic so much denounced by those who originated it, and who only discovered the holding of slaves to be a sin, when their own pockets could no longer be filled by their transportation.

The instructions given to the factors of foreign merchants, and carried out by them, exerted a very injurious effect on the prosperity of the colony.

They were these; to seek to ingratiate themselves with the tobacco planters and to obtain their custom; to charge high prices and to give long credits to all who were able to pay; at the end of the year to close up the account by bond and to open another; at the end of the second year to put together the account of that year and the bond with interest of the preceding one, including all under another bond. This process was repeated every year, compound interest being thus obtained, until the amount of the bond approached nearly the value of the planter's property, when the credit was withdrawn and a settlement of the account required.

The planter, in the meantime, generally putting his tobacco in the merchant's hands, with power to sell, often not stipulating for any particular price, but simply requesting him to sell to the best advantage and credit his account with the value.

This plan ruined the planter, enriched the merchant, drained the country, and failed to build up the towns of Virginia. As the tobacco trade declined, the towns it had brought into existence declined also, until some of them that were ports of entry and departure, and possessed fleets of vessels in their harbors are scarcely known, or have ceased to exist. Being merely depots for the shipment of the unmanufactured article, and aiding not at all the country which they so much injured, they were no more likely to exist as towns, and to increase as such, than are the trading posts established for the fur trade likely to become cities when the animals are all destroyed.

Yorktown was one of these places; it was the chief port for the entire Virginia trade, and once presented a busy scene of commerce and wealth; its glory has now departed.

Hanovertown on the Pamunky was another; settled before Richmond, it was at the era of the Revolution a place of more importance; and wanted only one or two votes of being then chosen as the Capital of the State. It is now a ploughed field.

Leedstown, in Westmoreland, on the Rappahannock, is a striking instance of the decay of these tobacco-built towns; founded in the same year with Philadelphia, it was intended as a rival city, and in its beginning was far more prosperous.

With a richer country around, it possessed a more extensive and more valuable trade; its warehouses were better filled, and its intercourse with England more regular and more lucrative than that of its sister city.

It has now ceased to exist; as the tobacco fields became poor, its trade ceased and it dwindled away; one small county store, badly supplied, is all that now remains of the rival of Philadelphia.

It is not wonderful, then, that our ancestors opposed the building of cities, and preferred country life; or that the opinion of Thomas Jefferson was endorsed when he said that "great cities are sores on the body politic." Thus it happened that when our revolutionary war began, we had few cities, and those of small population; and in those cities the men of trade were mostly foreigners from England or Scotland. It was because of this prejudice against trade; owing partly to the cavalier descent also, and to the fact that the commerce of the colony was in the hands of men bound by strong ties to the mother country, that a law was proposed to the effect, that "no merchant or tradesman should sit in the House of Delegates, or hold office under the commonwealth.

The war caused a cessation of trade, and our towns took a new character; they became places for holding public meetings and conventions, depots for arms, and manufactories of the munitions of war.

Each became a centre of influence, where enlistments went on, and where the news of the

war was heard and discussed; and near some, and in others, battles were fought. After the war, it was found that all our towns of importance had been in the enemies hands and were more or less severely injured; some never recovered the injuries received and the gradual declension of trade; others stood still, until within a few years past more activity has been manifested in our cities and more improvements have taken place. Richmond, from her position and from her being the State Capital, has taken the lead; from her abundant resources as a manufacturing power; from the numerous lines of travel centring in her, and from the spirit of enterprise manifested by her citizens, promises to retain it.

My intention is, in the following pages, to show the rise and progress of this city, to speak of it as it has been, as it is now, and to imagine its future.

To write the history of the city of Richmond alone, would be to write on a very meager subject; to write the history of the Capital of Virginia, is to follow out some of the most interesting events that the records of our State can furnish. And I think that the history of a city consists rather in narrating the important transactions that have taken place in that city, with their historical influence; and in mention and description of the men who brought them to pass, than in speaking alone of the beauty of situation or of buildings; yet these should also be described, as they are the framing to the picture.

I will speak then of the great men who have acted, and the great events that have arisen in Richmond; of the conventions held in it; of its public or peculiar buildings; of its position as a place of trade and manufactures; the beauty of its situation; its healthfulness as a city, and the habits and manners of its inhabitants. Whatever else of incident or anecdote that can be gathered from records or from memory, shall be made use of to illustrate, and, perhaps, to enliven the dryness of the narrative.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Richmond under the Indian Rule.

The Indian Race had made the neighbourhood of Richmond a place of settlement long before the white man had set foot in this country. It was a kingly residence when they began to explore the rivers, and to ascertain the size and value of the land of Powhatan.

Even then the wild race who hunted in the woods and fished in the waters of Virginia, had marked the falls of the chief river as their seat of empire; and here Smith, the energetic and talented leader of the colony, and Powhatan, the embodyment of all that was wise and powerful in the Indian character, first met one another. They were types of their respective races; and as the astute intellect and firm character of Powhatan succumbed to the superior genius and stronger mind of Smith, so has the one race yielded and been overcome and destroyed by the other. (May, 1606.) Beautifully must the landscape have appeared in the evening sunlight, as Smith and his bold companions made their way up to the foot of the falls. The mighty river rolling and tumbling down its rocky bed, dashing and roaring among the rocks that impeded its course, spreading placidly out into a broad bay below; the various islands that dotted its surface; the low grounds now cultivated and the site of Manchester covered with dense forests in the full leaf of summer; the high hills around, made still more high by their crown of tall trees, glancing and waving in the sunlight, and casting a sombre shadow on the turbid waters below; the Indian village in the distance, with its smoke columns ascending for the evening meal; and a troop of painted savages on the shore, watching the boat's crew and forbidding their landing, made up a scene of wild and picturesque beauty. So accurately does Smith describe the residence of Powhatan, by the beauty of situation, the quantity of arable land around, the three islands opposite and the distance from the falls, that it will be at once recognized as the place called by his name, and now owned by Col. Mayo. The Indian chief had chosen his residence well; cultivated fields lay around; his town was well palisadoed and thoroughly protected; the falls of the river lay a short distance above, affording every opportunity for the use of the spear or the trap in catching fish, and hunting grounds densely wooded, stood on each bank.

It was truly an Indian Paradise; affording all that savage life requires, security, abundant food, and the pleasure of hunting.

How much it would astonish us if the scene could be now restored in all its wildness and with its former inhabitants! As much would Smith and his companions, or Powhatan and his wild followers be startled at the present aspect of the place. Not only is the land bare of its forest covering and hidden with paved streets and houses, the river spanned with bridges and its banks formed into docks and quays; but the high and steep hills have been cut down, the valleys filled up and the very surface of the land so changed, that even if deprived of buildings, Powhatan would not know his old hunting grounds, and Smith would look in vain for former landmarks.

The English were kindly received and treated

by Powhatan in his village; Smith seems to have been much struck with the appearance and the power of the old chief, and to have made quite a favourable impression himself; the sagacious savage must have perceived the decision of character possessed by his guest. and seems at once to have respected and feared him. Here, too, it is likely that Pocahontas must have seen Smith, and have become interested in the gallant and powerful stranger, whom her wise father seemed even to regard with reverence. Nor is it too much to assert that the visit of Smith to the falls of the James river, the acquaintance made and the interest excited, prompted the sudden impulse which so happily saved his life at a later period. Here, on the site of Richmond, the Indian and the white man first met; and here began that intercourse which terminated in the preëminence of one race, and the entire destruction of the other.

This visit of Smith was merely of an exploratory character; it was not until Sept. 1609, that on the arrival of some 500 unruly emigrants from England, Smith in sending out colonies to occupy different parts of Virginia, dispatched 120 men under Captain West, to make a settlement at the falls of the James. These men, like the rest of the emigrants, were utterly unfit for establishing wisely a colony; they stupidly placed themselves on some low grounds, subject to inundation, consequently unhealthy and liable to many other inconveniences. From the description given, the first settlement of white men near Richmond, must have been about where Rocketts now stands. When Smith visited them and saw how disastrously they were placed, he purchased from Powhatan his village; stipulating for the price, and promising to defend the frontier against the Manacan tribe; and then endeavored to remove his men there. They refused to obey his commands or to acknowledge his authority; determining to hold the country for themselves, and to keep in their own possession the gold mines in which their diseased fancy believed it to abound.

He went boldly in among them, with five men only, and seized the ringleaders; and although the whole band rose up against him and forced him to retire, he took possession of their vessel, won the mariners to his side, and after trying to expostulate with them, and finding it useless, sailed off for Jamestown.

The colonists had, by their arbitrary conduct, made themselves enemies of the Indians, and these, finding that they were not protected by Smith, attacked the post, slew several, and so frightened the remainder that they sent in all haste for Smith, humbled themselves before him and submitted without stipulation to his mercy. He arrested the ringleaders and imprisoned them, purchased the fortified village from Powhatan and placed them in it, and pacified the Indians. The place from its beauty and its many advantages, was called Nonsuch. Yet no sooner had these mutinous scoundrels obtained their vessel, and recovered from their alarms, than they released the prisoners, and unchecked by their imbecile leader, West, vacated Nonsuch and returned to the inconvenient fort built below the falls.

Smith, finding it impossible to do any thing with so disorderly a body, sailed down the river, and left them to their fate. The accident that so severely injured him, and compelled his return to England, happened on this voyage; and the colony lost the only man capable of protecting them against each other or against the Indians. His character is so well known, and his praises have been so often spoken, that it is unnecessary for me to discuss his merits or to praise his deeds. Had that man been left out in the first ship load of emigrants, had he been the victim instead of the conqueror in his battle with the Turk, the fate of the whole colony would have been different. They would have perished as the former colonists of Raleigh did on the coast of North Carolina, and the settlement of this country would have been averted for a century or perhaps directed to another part of the coast. In that single man's life lay the destiny of Virginia and of this country. His education had fitted him for toil of every kind, taught him self-reliance and qualified him to command and guide wherever courage, sagacity and hardihood were required. Although the pedantic James of England might take the merit of writing constitutions and organizing governments for the new world; although the gallant Raleigh and his associates might spend means and effort and life too, in the attempted settlement of Virginia; or London merchants contribute their funds and their ships towards the new colony, to none of these belongs the honour of planting civilization in this land. We owe our birth as a nation, and our present privileges and position, not to king or potentate, to powerful noble or to wealthy merchant; but to the son of an obscure Lincolnshire gentleman, who had been prepared by a life of wandering throughout Europe, by fighting with the savage Turks, and by captivity in a barbarous land, for the toils and perils of a new colony, and for the wiles and assaults of a savage foe. The little boat that bore him to the falls of the James, held in it the present existence of the colony, and the future greatness and power of the State of Virginia. No where do we see better shown the influence of a single man upon the destinies of a nation and of the world; as the acorn holds

the oak, so did this man hold within himself the germ of a great people, and the influence of his life upon our nation has been so decided and so great, that we may consider him as the type and pattern of our race. He has imparted his own bold, energetic and chivalrous character to the American people; infused into them that love of enterprise, and that shrewd practical sense, as well as the spirit of personal independence which belonged to himself.

We hear nothing farther of West's fort, or of his men, until the great Indian massacre of 1622, when this with other places was attacked and the inhabitants entirely destroyed. The colonists were reduced from eighty plantations to eight, and consternation spread through the country. I will not enter into a detailed account of the miseries of this bloody time, nor of the war of retaliation that followed; as they are not connected with the history of Richmond.

A fort seems to have been again built in this neighbourhood, which was destroyed in the second massacre of April 1644; when all the frontier posts seem to have been taken and burnt. It was this massacre that caused Sir William Berkeley to lead in person an expedition against Opechancanough, which broke the power of the Indian confederacy, subdued their spirit, took their great chief prisoner, and reduced them from independent nations to subject allies. They were to keep peace with the colony, to pay tribute and to march in its armies when called upon.

In the latter part of the same year, a stockade fort was built near the falls of the James, and called Fort Charles, in honour of the king's son. So important was this spot esteemed, that it had been expressly stipulated in the treaty, that the Indians should give it up. By them and by the whites it was considered the key of the country; because, from its inaccessible position it was easily defended, and from lying near the falls where the river could be easily crossed, a body of Indians fortified in that post commanded both sides of the river and spread terror and alarm along its banks.

The fort however does not seem to have been well built or much cared for, as we find in the Acts of the General Assembly for the year 1646, the following: "Whereas there is no plantable land adjoining Fort Charles, and therefore no encouragement for any undertaker to maintain the same, It is therefore thought fit and enacted, that if any person or persons purchasing the right of Capt. Thomas Harris, shall or will seat or inhabit on the south side of James river, right opposite to the said fort, so it be done this or the ensuing year; that he or they so undertaking as aforesaid, shall have and enjoy the housing belonging to the said fort for the use of timber or by burning them for the nails or otherwise, as also shall be exempted from the public taxes for the term of three years, provided that the number exceed not ten, as also shall have and enjoy the boats and ammunition belonging to the said fort."

No farther notice appears of this place until in the year 1654 a fierce and powerful tribe came down from the mountains, and seizing on the fort at the falls, strengthened themselves and commenced depredations; they were called the Rechahecrians. Alarm spread through the colony; troops were raised and placed under the command of Col. Edward Hill; the subject Indians were called on for aid, and under their king Totopotomoi, marched an hundred warriors to battle.

We have no records of the fight, except that the Rechahecrians, probably well entrenched on the summit of Richmond Hill, succeeded in defeating the English and their allies with much slaughter; killing Totopotomoi and nearly all his warriors.

Col. Hill escaped to be tried and cashiered for misconduct; a part of his sentence seems to have been that he should himself bear the expense incurred in purchasing peace with this warlike tribe; and the inference must be drawn from this fact and from the silence observed in regard to the war, that the Indians had decidedly the advantage.

After the breaking out of Indian hostilities in 1675, preceding and giving origin to Bacon's Rebellion, a fort was again built at the falls; fifty-five men from James City were appointed its garrison, under the command of Col. Ramsey. Before this, however, the land on which Richmond now stands, was owned and divided between Nathaniel Bacon and Col. Byrd. Bacon's plantation stood near the branch bearing his name, and extended over Shockoe Hill; Col. Byrd possessed the lower part of the town.

The Indian tribes had been subdued, and many of them rendered tributaries; they still lived, however, among their own people apart from the whites, and governed themselves by their own laws. They could never forget their former condition of freedom and their supremacy; their irritated feelings must have been constantly excited by the visits of the Southern tribes passing through Virginia on trading excursions to New York. It is probable that the fierce tribe, called the Rechahecrians, may have been from one of these powerful confederacies now called Creek or Cherokee. That these, their former allies or subjects, should now find them subject in their own land, must have been a constant source of annoyance to them, and served to stir them up to revolt again and again.

Frequent causes of quarrel arose in acts of aggression by both parties, until in 1676 war broke out; the Southern Indians and the surrounding tribes massacred all at the falls on Bacon's plantation, and in the neighbourhood; and establishing themselves in a stockade there proceeded to ravage all around them. They probably used the remains of the old fort, adding to its defences; and in it collected their women, their aged and their children.

The colonists were already at issue with their Governor, because of certain arbitrary acts on his part, and from his general haughtiness of bearing. This sudden disaster furnished the opportunity for an explosion of popular sentiment that drove him from power. An army of 500 men had been raised for the defence of the colony; the Governor fearing to trust others with arms, had ordered them to disband, and thus to leave the whole frontier exposed. The people after petitioning leave to march against the Indians at their own expense, finding their petitions rejected, volunteered an army of a 1000 men, elected a general, and compelled the governor to furnish a commission and marched against the enemy.

Nathaniel Bacon was the man chosen to the command; one of the most remarkable men this country has ever produced; he was impelled by the desire to revenge the injuries inflicted on his own property and on his country, as well as by the desire of power and influence, so natural to his age.

Rapidly driving the Indians before him, he defeated them in several engagements, destroyed their towns and compelled them to retire from the peninsular formed by the James and York rivers, until they were congregated in large numbers at the falls of the James. Here, in the limits of the City of Richmond, is pointed out the battle-field where his most bloody engagement with the Indians was fought. Certain it is, that from this campaign the Indian power disappeared, and many tribes became extinct; they never after rose in arms, and the colony enjoyed freedom from the most alarming of all terrors, that of midnight massacre. I give a description of this decisive battle, taken from the pages of a work called "The Cavaliers of Virginia," and intended to illustrate the time of Bacon's Rebellion. The army of the colonists numbered 1000 men; the Indian force could not be ascertained with accuracy; it was supposed to be three times that number.

It is an imaginative description of a fierce battle, which decided the superiority of race between the Indian and the white man, and which was fought on Richmond Hill.

"The army under the command of General Bacon had succeeded in concentrating the confederated tribes, which had so long annoyed its flank and rear at the falls of the Powhatan.—Here they had erected a rude fortification, composed of fallen trees, having an entrenchment surrounding it, with the excavated earth thrown up as an embankment. The army of the colonists arrived within sight of the Indian fires just after the sun had sunk behind the horizon. . . .

"The night scene presented to the view was reviving and exciting to the imagination. The ascending columns of fire upon the hill, reflected the trees and other objects upon its brow in gigantic shadows over the plain beneath. The bright red light fell upon the broad sheet of water below the falls, in long horizontal rays stretching far away over its shining surface toward the opposite shore. The island in the centre of the stream a little higher up than the point of encampment, was clothed in verdant impenetrable shrubbery—the darkness gathered around its shores, more probable from the contrast of the neighbouring fires. The roar of the falls fell monotonously upon the ears of the soldiers, ever and anon interrupted by the sharp shrill whoop of some overjoyous savage, engaged in orgies within the fort surmounting the hill. . . .

"General Bacon determined to give way to the martial ardour of his troops, and at once storm the strong hold of the enemy. His battalions of foot were wheeled into a solid column of attack on the northern side of the stream, while the mounted cavaliers were stationed as a reserve on the right. The former were marched in compact order directly up the face of the hill, not a trumpet or a drum disturbing the silence of the funeral like procession. General Bacon assumed the immediate command in person; he sat upon his impatient charger, on the right wing, and examined the ominous appearance of the enemy's camp with intense interest. Not a warrior's head was to be seen above the breastwork, as they approached. All was silent, gloomy and portentous; not a sound was heard, save the measured tramp of his own troop, as they moved up the hill. When the front lines had arrived within some forty yards of the dark and frowning breastwork, a sudden and momentary check was given to their farther progress. A rushing sound as of the flight of many birds, and the clatter of Indian arrows against their arms and persons simultaneously struck upon their senses, followed by the fall of many soldiers, and exclamations of pain from others. Trumpets and drums instantaneously broke the stillness of the march; and a discharge of musketry was poured into the palisade.

"The breastwork was so constructed, that while it admitted the discharge of missiles from

within, it afforded some protection against the musketry of the assailants. In this emergency Bacon ordered the walls to be torn down. These, as before related, were composed of large trees, piled one upon another, with their green boughs still protruding in many places over the shallow intrenchment, and the earth excavated from the latter thrown up on the outside, against a rude wicker work of fine bushes filling up the interstices of the trees. Some two hundred of the stoutest and ablest bodied of the soldiers, were marched up to the projecting limbs of the largest tree forming the basis of the breastwork. They had already seized the projecting limbs and were shaking the frail protection of the savages to its very foundation, when simultaneously a thousand lights gleamed over forest, hill and dale—a thousand voices united their shrill clamours in one deafening yell of savage ferocity. In an instant, and apparently at a given signal, the whole of the rude terrace surmounting the fortification literally swarmed with painted warriors, each bearing in his left hand a pine torch and in the right a tomahawk, a war club, or a battle axe. They sprang from their commanding position into the midst of their assailants and scattered through that part of the army which had advanced to the breastwork. Human ingenuity could not have devised a mode of warfare better calculated to suit their numbers, position, time, courage, and limited means of resistance. It at once rendered the mounted troops useless—prevented the colonists from using their fire-arms, because those immediately engaged were at too close quarters, while those at a greater distance were as likely to kill friends as enemies. The savages dealt their murderous blows with wondrous rapidity and precision, and though the hardy planters turned on them with the butt ends of their muskets, they had evidently the advantage. The blazing fagots were often thrust into the very faces of their opponents, and while writhing under the confusion and agony of the fire and smoke, they were stricken down like helpless beasts.

"Bacon saw the imminent peril of his men; and immediately placing himself between the forces engaged and those rushing to their rescue, wheeled these latter into line on the flank of the contending parties, and brought his mounted cavaliers round to the position just occupied by the foot; and then ordered the struggling troops to give way. The retreat was sounded from the brazen mouths of the trumpets over their heads, and Bacon and his aids rode recklessly and perilously among them, crying for them to fall back toward the line stationed on the right.

"No sooner were the engaged troops made to understand the orders and induced to recede, than a partial separation was effected which was fatal to the Aborigines. The retreating colonists were almost immediately under the protection of the line already braced in solid column. A company of the mounted cavaliers was broken up into squads, and these were actively engaged in bewing down the pursuers or cutting off their retreat into the fort.

"In a short time a complete line of separation was formed between the two armies, save where here and there two athletic men of the opposite races, having lost their arms in the contest, struggled in the death gripe. Here, an iron-handed mechanic of the city, clenched a warrior's throat, the eyes of the victim protruding frightfully from his head in the glaring light, and his tongue hanging from his mouth like that of a rabid animal. There a grim warrior struggling with another, making desperate efforts to reach his knife, which the soldier is struggling to prevent. Yonder among the heaps of slain, lay two of the differing races fallen to the earth in a mutual and deadly clasp. A volley of musketry was poured among the scattered savages along the face of the hill. A simultaneous movement of horse and foot now swept the brow of the hill; the horse charged immediately in front of the palisade, while the infantry drove in the extended line of savages at the point of the bayonet. The most inextricable confusion ensued in the ranks of the red warriors; the cavalry cut them down on one hand, and the bayonets of the infantry transfixed them on the other, as they tumultuously leaped over the palisades. Some hung by the projecting branches and others fell on the terrace and were trodden down by their companions; multitudes were cut to pieces. In a short time the open field was left in complete possession of the whites—the brow of the hill was literally covered with the wounded and the dead. Orders were again issued for tearing down the palisade, while a chosen band of marksmen were stationed at the distance of some thirty yards to shoot down the savages as they should show their faces above the breastwork. Instead of the infantry being stationed to protect the miners as before, the cavalry formed a column flanking the marksmen, so that they could rush in between the descending hordes and the corps engaged in pulling down the barricade. Again the trees composing the palisade were seized by the projecting limbs, and with a sudden wrench the large tree which had been before shaken, came crashing over on its limbs, and bringing with it those piled above, thus exposing to view the interior of the fort.

The whole colonial army broke tumultuously in, and the long disputed contest soon drew to a close; the Indians fought desperately, as long as there was a hope left of repulsing the troops,

who rushed in at the breach burning with ardour and roused to indignation by their wanton cruelties; but the superior arms and skill of the colonists rendered the contest in a short time utterly desperate on the part of the besieged. When farther resistance was put out of their power, by the besiegers closing in upon them on every side, and thus confining their exertions within a narrow space in the centre of the fort, the stern warriors threw away their tomahawks and war clubs and fell prostrate on their faces. This prostrate attitude was by no means intended to express an abject petition for mercy; it was the custom established by their people and its impulse was utter desperation. They neither desired nor expected quarter, but threw themselves upon the earth to signify their willingness to meet the tortures of their enemies. . . . . Never had such a battle been fought in Virginia, either as regards the number of Indians engaged, the consequences depending on the result, or the sanguinary nature of the conflict itself. It was the last struggle for supremacy between the whites and the Indians of the Peninsula."

Perhaps where St. John's Church now stands, and on the now quiet grave-yard, this bloody battle was fought; where the Word of God is read with reverence and the holy anthem is solemnly raised in his worship, where men meet together in peace and quietness to learn lessons of love and forbearance, there the fierce yell of battle was heard, the cursing and the strife of men struggling in mortal combat; the oath and the groan and the yell of war formed an anthem of hell-worship that must have pleased the devil himself.

Dead corpses lay piled. mangled, stiff and bloody where now God's altar stands; the charging shout and the word of command are heard in place of the message of peace, and the groan of the dying goes up before the judgment seat instead of the prayer of the penitent.

Tradition states that the stream was so mingled with blood from the multitudes slain that its waters were dyed with it, and its name now attests the bloody nature of the struggle. It is probable that no quarter was shown on either side, that it was a war for supremacy of race and for possession of soil and, therefore, a war of extermination. With this struggle ends the Indian history of Richmond, and we will close this section by speaking of the importance of the place to them as a seat of sovereignty and with delineations of some of the characters already mentioned.

The falls of the James not only commanded the lower country and was important as a frontier post, it was also a stopping place for trading parties of Indians in their journeys north and south, a place for them to leave their sick, the weak or the aged to fish or hunt and recruit until their return from war or trade.

Many of the southern tribes were under Powhatan's sway or were his allies, or at least feared him.

Opechancanough was known to have come from some far southern tribe, and, by his sagacity and valor, to have raised himself to the chieftainship of the Pamunkies and to great power among the confederated Indians of Virginia. At certain seasons Powhatan held his court here for the purpose of receiving southern allies, deputies, tributaries or traders. The savages were well accustomed to trade, and Powhatan seems to have as well understood the principles of barter as he did those of war or of diplomacy. He appears to have had two capitals, one at Richmond as the centre of his influence, although it was the frontier of his dominions, as he ruled over all between the head of tide-water and the ocean. The other capital was in Gloucester county, central to his true dominions, and allowing him free intercourse with his tributaries and subjects in Accomac, Maryland and about Norfolk. Like most savage nations he, as king, had several places of abode, all of which bore the title of capital, yet from the fact that the town on James river and the one in Gloucester were the only ones properly built and palisadoed it must be inferred that they were his chief capitals. Much ink has been shed and much discussion carried on to decide where Smith was saved by Pocahontas, and where also Powhatan lies buried. Smith shows in his history I think conclusively that he was saved at Werowomico on York river in the present county of Gloucester, and that it was one of Powhatan's chief residences.

If Werowcomico means, as I think it does, chief city or capital, as from similarity of name to Werowance, chief man or king, is likely, the name may be applied to both places. We hear too that Powhatan left his York river capital from its nearness to Jamestown and from the annoyance his English neighbours gave him and went to Orapax. The obscurity that rest on all the early history of Virginia gives us no information of the particulars or place of his death, nor any account of the latter years of his life; his death itself being only mentioned incidently.

Tradition points out his capital on the James, below Richmond, the hereditary seat of his empire, as the place where his last years were spent, where he also died and where his tomb is now shown. A large rough stone, on the estate that still bears the name of the Indian King, marks his grave, and although the stranger race possess the land he ruled over, and their chief city rises on the place where his seat of empire stood, the

memory of the rightful sovereign of the soil is still reverenced by the many who make pilgrimages to his grave.

It is pleasing to us to reflect that the Indian in his sagacity marked out the future capital of the State, or rather that nature had so combined advantages and scattered beauties and arranged circumstances that no other situation could so well mark out the capital, either for the confederated tribes of Indians or for the collected counties that form the State. And far better would it have been to have retained the name of the Indian capital instead of taking the present name, for then the city of Powhatan would have awakened recollections of the mighty emperor, of the pitying Pocahontas and of the brave and wise Smith that the English name of Richmond can never arouse.

In considering the characters of the men who have flourished in Virginia, there is no one who deserves better a place in history than Powhatan. Richmond may be proud of him as a genuine son of her soil, for none loom larger or appear with more imposing dignity.

Smith describes him as being tall, well proportioned and gray headed; a man evidently of noble presence and of great natural dignity of bearing; "every inch a king." Crafty and deceitful as all his nation were, he was yet capable of generosity in his dealings, and exhibited often magnanimity in his conduct. He was wise and possessed of sound judgment and great sagacity. The head to plan, the heart to dare, and the hand to execute belonged to him,—by his valor in war, his talents for government and his personal influence, he had subdued or allied to himself all the tribes from the sea coast to the falls of the James; his power extended into Maryland and to some distance south, and his alliances probably also reached the southern confederacies of the Creeks and Cherokees lying in Georgia. He at once saw the dangerous consequence that would arise to his own people from the settlement of the turbulent and mutinous colonists, well armed and led by such a man as he saw Smith to be. We may well believe that cause of provocation was soon given by these dissipated fortune seekers, and that their conduct first provoked and finally enraged the Indians. Nor can we blame Powhatan for wars declared and deeds of violence done when we remember that he was on his own soil, and that these were intruders. Like a true patriot he endeavored to drive from his country a set of invaders, far below his own people in respect to industry, virtue and obedience to law. It speaks well for the subsequent comers and for the laws established that an orderly, virtuous community has arisen out of the dissolute and lawless band that began the colony.

The spirit of Powhatan still lives among the people of Virginia, and resistance to foreign oppression and invasion will ever characterize them. Although I admire the man for his power of intellect and capacity to rule,—for he appears to have governed his subjects as much by the love they bore him as by force or address, possessing that greatest of all qualities in a leader, the power of attaching persons to himself and ruling with gentle firmness a large and disjointed empire,—still it is far more to his praise that he possessed the feelings of a man and the affections of a father.

No one can contemplate the interposition of Pocahontas in the effect on her father without seeing the humanity of the man and without being struck with the affection of the parent. The storm king executing the law upon an invader of his country, moved to pity by a woman's tears, and sparing a life justly forfeited according to Indian law at her supplication, presents a scene unparalleled in the history of savage nations. He could not have been altogether a savage, some sparks of pity and humanity existed in him, and although we praise Pocahontas for her impulsive and disinterested kindness, more credit is due to him who, in obedience to the law of love and for a woman's tears, stayed the execution of his country's law upon her worst enemy.

Nathaniel Bacon may be classed among the men of Richmond because he owned and cultivated land now covered by her streets and houses, and he fought and gained a bloody battle within her limits. Unfortunately for his fame, his early death and the subsequent persecution of his party have made obscure the motives that actuated him, and left no clear account of his actions and no vindication of his course. That a young man, long absent from his native country, should on his return to it inspire so much confidence as to be appointed leader of opposition to government, should by eloquence and address unite a discordant multitude into one compact mass and bend their purpose steadily in one direction. That without military education or training he should organize and lead an army not only against the native tribes whom he subdued but also against the military force of the Governor, and succeed in all his efforts; that he should by argument and eloquence convince his hearers of the necessity and persuade them to the accomplishment of destroying their own property by firing the capital of the colony, thus showing the governor and his minions that the men who exposed their lives and destroyed their property for the sake of liberty were invincible. That he should be able to receive the government laid down by Berkley, to exercise it quietly and judiciously in maintaining justice and in passing

wise and necessary laws, and finally to die in his bed, surrounded by friends, successful to the last, and not a hunted fugitive; to do all this requires a combination of eloquence, judgment, address and personal influence rarely met with in a single individual, and especially in so young a man. Had he lived in early ages he would have been a hero; had he lived in the era of our revolution he would have been one of its most eloquent advocates, one of its most daring and able leaders, and would have obtained high honors and extended fame. The burning of the Virginia capital was a deed of deliberate moral courage, similar to and in some respects superior to the burning of Moscow. The Virginia capital was the only town in the colony; it was burnt by its own inhabitants and proprietors, with their own hands setting fire to their habitations, and thereby intimidating their adversaries; whereas Moscow was not even the capital of Russia, nor was it burnt by its inhabitants but by hired incendiaries after its population had left it. The act of Bacon and his followers with an enemy in the rear savage and implacable, with an enemy in front even more savage and implacable, better armed, disciplined and appointed, relying on the vast power of England to support them, has something of sublimity in its lofty spirit and defying courage that stamps the man with the mark of superiority above his fellows.

Of Pocahontas I might speak in the highest terms that admiration and reverence could inspire; her fame is as well known as it will be everlasting, and simply to mention her name is to speak her praises.

I accept her as a glorious type of Virginia womanhood. And while the spirit of Powhatan resisting foreign oppression and invasion, and the spirit of Bacon overcoming domestic tyranny and internal misrule will ever characterize the men; the gentle virtues, the active self-denying kindness and the pure disinterested love of Pocahontas will always belong to the women of Virginia.

D. Little.

SONNET.

A mournful message unto me hath come—
My darling child! that danger is beside thee!
That thou art passing to thy last long home—
Wo—that from *me*, long weary miles divide thee!
Oh! if to fold thee in one more caress—
Might but *this* blessing unto me be given!
But *once* again thy fading lips to press—
I might perchance, *then* yield thee back to heaven!
Have mercy on this anguish deep, my God!
And listen to this stricken heart's appealing,
O! turn aside thy sore-chastising rod—
And on his young life pour the oil of healing!
Spare him, O Father! raise his feeble head—
If but till I can reach my darling's dying bed.

E. J. E.

SHADOWS OF THE PINE FOREST;

SIX LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

PINEWOOD, VA., 30 August, 1851.

Sojourning here for a time amid the picturesque and variegated scenes which go to make up Virginia country life, I have determined to throw upon paper for your inspection—should you elect for the inspection of your readers—some of the idle and wandering thoughts which, born of shadow and sunshine, flit across the mirror of the brain. Virginia is and ever will be beautiful and attractive; whether it be the Virginia of the Peaks of Otter and the Hawk's Nest, the Blue Ridge and the Endless Mountains where steep above steep the continuous ranges mount toward the clouds and mingle their pine forests, blue in the vapory distance, with the deep blue sky;—or that other Virginia—so different from the rugged West,—which the stately rivers of the East flow through, watering its rich low grounds waving with tasselled corn and broad leafed tobacco; where no mountain breaks the level horizon with its azure peaks, and above whose wide-spreading old-fields or its humid cypress swamps, rise those ancient edifices which looked upon the troops of Bacon in 1676, and to this day flourish in a hale and vigorous old age, sheltering still the families of the race who raised their massive walls. And why should I point you to that beautiful valley which lies like a rich jewel in the embrace of the Blue Ridge and the great North Mountain; which is traversed by the bright waters of the Shenandoah and a dozen other sparkling streams; and where the healthful and bracing airs wander over a region a thousand times more beautiful than the virgin land which Spotswood first gazed upon when he led thither the adventurous Knights of the Horse Shoe.

Observe how I wander from the pine-forest here around me to those other forests which have so often gladdened my sight. But this beautiful day in August is dreamy in its influence. The airs faint and die away in the pine tops yonder, and scarcely bring to my ear the lazy "caw! caw!" of the crow who flaps his black wings on the topmost bough of the tall oak which rises,—across the fields—to the right of the old gate; scarcely is there breeze enough to move along the large mass of snowy clouds which August has piled up against the deep blue sky in careless magnificence. You do not breathe this air in town, O unfortunate and busy, (which is thrice unfortunate,) denizen of streets! These woodland odors never come to assail your eager nostrils, and the green leaves which the sunlight is

gleaming through around my window, do not move for you in that dreamy and musical rustle which revives slowly but by sure degrees all the life and splendor and passion—partly the sadness too—of the beautiful past! Heaven must have meant it as a punishment that you behold not that cloud-shadow floating over the fields, rapid as a flying herd of buffalo, indistinct in the distance!—that you hear not the multitudinous whisper of the pines—the ψιθυρισμα of Theocritus—which murmur and wail and laugh in the warm and sparkling sunlight!

But it is not all things in this region that the mind,—however disposed to agree with Pangloss that this is the "best of all possible worlds,"—can turn to and dwell upon with pleasure. Afar yonder, in the distance where the fallow-land ceases as though man had been suddenly warned to desist by some of the Immortals who had there their dwelling-place—yonder where the sunlight lies as fair and rosy as elsewhere; where the winds play as gaily as over the silken corn;—there the vision embraces that sad and disheartening sight, the waving fields of the broom-straw. Oh! how these vast fields shock the sight, how the very heart turns away from this mournful and desolate expanse over which rise at intervals the stunted but vigorous firs, which have come here to point out to man the evil of the *pine-barren*!

And why does this poor plant so shock the vision? Because it is the evidence—the unmistakable evidence—of utter *exhaustion*;—where it springs up nothing else will take root, as it only appears where no other vegetation can find nourishment.

But let me abandon so disheartening a subject,—turn my eyes from that sad spot in the landscape. Before me is the "Farmer's Register," a very famous work in its day, before "The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil," "The American Farmer," and other agricultural journals became its rivals for public favor.

Mr. Ruffin the Editor, you know by his volume on Calcareous Manures, but his editorial notices here are equally valuable, and now the closely printed pages in which his sapience and that of his correspondents was recorded are my amusement on this idle forenoon of the year of grace 1851. For all those things which are swallowed up in the irrevocable past, we are ever ready with a "*sic transit gloria mundi*," but the "Register" is an exception; for not only are the volumes preserved with care and regularly consulted, but—as I perceive from the papers—a "set" of the work was the other day offered as a premium. Yet I prefer to the "Farmer's Register" Pierce Egan's "Sporting Anecdotes," wherein are detailed with profound and exhilarating gusto, the exploits of all men, horses and dogs who have been distinguished *on the turf*; wherein you read of astonishing feats in boxing, miraculous wind and speed in men, infinite swiftness and sagacity in dogs and horses. The poetry too is very striking—in fact far more original than any we find in these degenerate days when our ungallant bards leave "Chloes" "Auroras" and other fair ones quite untoasted. I should like to quote you "Chloe's Vexation"; in which that young lady demands, with well feigned surprise, why her Colin rose so early, and receiving the explanation, turns on her couch with "Oh deuce take the first of September!" but I must allow the gem to remain in its present antique setting, lest having transferred it to the pages of the Messenger its shape should challenge surprise and criticism.

Beside these two works I have well-stored shelves to amuse my idle hours, which perhaps I may show you should a rainy day inflict its *ennui* on the household—though assuredly at Pinewood that word is merely a word, nothing more. Now the caw of the crow yonder impatiently calls me. To the woods! to the woods!—to the pine-forests where the shadows play, and the leaves glitter and rustle;—but not as the thoughts of men—those leaves of the mind—which flash and glitter and rustle along the pathways of passion and ambitious desires!

Pinewood, 1 September.

You would not to-day find amusement in my scribblings, and I much fear, these "Shadows of the Pine Forest" will partake much too largely of their title,—be merest shadows, in truth. Therefore my letter shall not be long, and though it shall take you to the woods, and though your companion will not be gay, it shall be full of no murmurings but the murmur of the trees, which wake up from their inmost depths at the rumor of the coming wind, and soon are vocal with those unwritten melodies which are the music of the woods.

It is not in every mood of the mind that you can enjoy and appreciate in their fullest extent the beauties and the harmonies of nature—much more is this the case when those beauties are the monotonous and simpler ones of the Lowland. In the vast mountains there is something for every mood of the mind;—grandeur for lofty thoughts,—beauty for poetical dreams, which rejoice in every shadow that gallops along the belts of pine,—dimness and misty outlines for curious thought and wandering speculation.

Here in this lowland country you have pine woods and oak, hills slightly rolling, and low-

grounds in which the broad-leafed tobacco basks in the sun, or waves in the wind its banner-like leaves, which some heavy rain has turned upward. Yet this land is beautiful and attractive as I have before said; and in the forest yonder, are those winding roads which remind you of English park-roads; and great oaks which will give us misletoe at Christmas to hang up and kiss under; and a thousand birds from the swaying boughs add their warblings to the rustle of the leaves.

Come there with me in thought, and stretched on the green turf we will beguile the time with any indolent converse which the dry and languid day will suffer to bubble to the lips. See! through that vista, far, between the straight trunks of tall and shapely pines, you catch a glimpse of a county road, which nevertheless is a mere woodland path. Ask yourself how many happy wedding parties have gone like fair ships which leave a trail of light and foam in their track, over that sylvan highway; and how many funerals have gone too, with nodding mourners on the hearse and the horses' heads; and sobs of those other, the real mourners, who press white handkerchiefs to their eyes and think the sunlight black; and the various but ever monotonous accompaniments of death. And then when you have gone back behind all—behind the funeral, behind the wedding party, and seen the young girl in the first bloom of her pure and innocent life give her hand to the one she loves in the shadow of some such pine as we now rest under; when you have seen the beginning—which is joy and rapture—and the end which after all words of consolation and hope is despair and stupor, perhaps you may ask yourself with suffused eyes that question which has so deep a meaning, "What is life?" Does not the clod upon the lid shut out—when a little time has passed—that strong and terrible grief which we dreamt would be the horrible bosom-friend of our existence:—and yet, did we not wonder that on the quiet day when "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" came from the clergyman's lips, the lark could sing so joyously close by, the sparrow hop and twitter so carelessly on the boughs that threw their shadow on the grave?

Then the languid afternoon will lull you to sleep, wearied with thought, and you will dream of beauty and love and joy, of grief and despair and "everlasting farewells;" and finally the roar of the pines through which the strong evening wind is gamboling will awake you, and that roar will take the voice of joy and despair of happy meetings and "everlasting farewells," and say to you, "we work together for an end."

PINEWOOD, 2 September.

Has your imagination ever discerned in that nocturnal diversion called a "coon-hunt" anything of the picturesque? And here let me pause to observe that it is a vulgar error that there exist such animals as Raccoons and Opossums—a mistake which one is apt to fall into in reading those compilations of learned pedantry and deductions from imaginary facts called Natural Histories. In spite of Cuvier and Buffon and Goldsmith, and all the historians who have followed and imitated them, I aver, without hesitation, that the actual names of these animals so miscalled by the learned are not Raccoon and Opossum, but simply Coon and Possum; and I have accordingly written most vulgarly *coon-hunt* with no apologetic particle of elision before it.

These few words of explanation having been gone through with, permit me to repeat my question, that is to say, have you ever been struck with the fact that a coon-hunt affords much interest to the hunter of the *picturesque* as well as the *coon?*

Let me sketch for you the scene which I scarcely ever fail to take part in when I visit the country, that is throw aside musty books and clerkly MSS., and allowing the tide of town life to flow onward,—that tide upon which I am but a leaf tossed hither and thither,—bury myself for a time in the quiet retreats where smiling faces and warm hearts await my coming.

At three in the morning you are awaken by a respectful shake which is administered by Jupiter, Apollo, or any other of the immortal gods specially commissioned on the night preceding to perform that duty.

Soon you are standing near the "quarters," and the Horn-blower is calling his dogs who come baying from the darkness. Yet it is not wholly dark, for over the western forest, poised like a red-hot shield hurled into the air, the moon may be plainly seen—though in an hour, even less, she will have sunk.

The air—though the days are warm—is chill, and a cool wind makes one shrug his shoulders. One of your companions, (possibly you agree with him) thinks it cold. The amiable "good fellow" of the company who has thought of every thing produces a vessel which much resembles a flask in outline but is undeniably a basket. Nevertheless this is passed round and the party strike into the corn-field (it leads to the river low-grounds where raccoons "most do congregate") without further complaint. The younger portion are apt to be enthusiastic on the subject of the dogs; but to all their comments the Horn-blower, who is an aged negro, with true African physiognomy, a nondescript dress be-

longing to no age or nation, and a most extraordinary thing which *was* a straw hat—returns no reply. He is perfectly respectful—his answer being generally "yes sir," "just so, master"—but he is also dignified, for is he not the Napoleon, the Cæsar of that adventurous party who are by this time plunging through the low grounds, with many a shout and song meant to beguile the time? The dogs have long ago disappeared but as yet are not heard from; they are far off with noses close to the ground which they are questioning for the scent.

Napoleon pauses thoughtfully on the bank of a "branch" which they are about to cross and looks around him earnestly: he wishes to know if the coon has been there feeding. This is shown by the absence or presence of the corn-shucks which the animal leaves behind him when he devours the milky grain.

The younger portion of the company decide that they had "better get on for there's nothing there," but Napoleon continues prying by the last blood-red rays of the moon. Then he rises up and puts his horn—a well-scraped and variegated natural trumpet—to his lips and "toots the horn" for his dogs. *Ranger*, the first arrived, seems to rise from beneath your feet, but his breath is quick and his tongue hangs out. The rest soon come in and in a moment are on the trail. The moon sinks and all is dark—not a star glimmers in the sky; but the pole star of the party is the distant baying—now faint and low for the scent is feeble on the dry ground, then loud and prolonged like the roar of the Cuban blood-hound when he treads on the heels of the flying runaway negro, for the trail is on moist ground and is "warm."

Suddenly the baying ceases and no sound moves the bracing and chilly air but the chirp of the night insects, the mellowed and melodious serenade of the frogs, and afar, from the deep bamboo swamp, the "ha, ha, ha! tuhoo!" of the screech owl; for here the monarch of night *laughs* most unmistakably.

Napoleon cheers on the silent dogs with a long "hark—hark—hark!" and soon the bay rolls up from the deep bottom. Then comes the tug of war—for the party must follow that sound, and their way lies through a tangled jungle where the trees are wholly invisible—I mean their trunks—and the thorns take tribute of their garments. But never mind! On! we are now nearer!—the dogs bay more loudly and regularly for the trail is warm. The Horn-blower is in furious ecstasy: "hark—hark—hark! to him Ranger!" bursts from his lips as we may imagine "up guards and at 'em" broke from the lips of Wellington on the day of Waterloo:—for Napoleon the Second, that is our Napoleon is now about to behold the crowning scene of the negro's crowning pleasure—a coon-hunt. Nearer and nearer roar the dogs—musical as the crook-kneed "Thessalian breed" which Shakespeare vaunts—and their baying stirs the blood. The inexperienced attempt the "whoop! hark, hark!" and miserably fail. Hats are lost—long green hands from the oak and pine trees have lifted them with a jerk—but there is no time to wait. For the ear of the Horn-blower does not deceive him—and he knows that Ranger never utters that quiet, satisfied, subdued note before "treeing" his game. From that moment Napoleon is at his ease;—before it was doubt,—that is excitement; now it is certainty,—that is quiet.

Ranger at the head of his obedient forces is barking and whining and coursing round a large oak which towers far aloft in the deep night: the younger dogs bite at the roots and scratch with their paws—Ranger is by far too intelligent and eminently practical to be guilty of such folly. He waits, and soon strong arms are levelling the refuge of the hunted animal. A fire is kindled and its red glow illumines two ebon-colored figures flourishing aloft bright axes, which the next moment are buried in the oak's strong heart.

Napoleon with quiet and thoughtful mien calls the dogs to him, and calculates how the tree should fall: this is important, for should the oak strike in falling against another, *presto!* is the animal in another sanctuary and the trouble is to be gone over again.

The oak falls as Napoleon—calm as the Emperor at the great battle, but not taking snuff—has directed; and with fiery eyes, panting breasts and furious barking the dogs fly into the fallen tree.

"Yelp! yelp!" and one of the young hounds springs back from that black ball with bright eyes which is turning, twisting, and rolling among the dogs. The young hound's ear is split as neatly as a razor could accomplish that feat. Another retreats with a wound in the neck—the coon has *worried* him; and now the persecuted but thoroughly *game* animal clears the "press" with a jump and throws himself into the stream which runs below. You see him for the first time, large, heavy, strong and courageous—the Yankee Sullivan of coons. The young hound burning for revenge throws himself at a leap upon the swimming coon. They sink together—the dog is drowned—the coon rises.

Then Ranger comes to the rescue, cheered on by the Horn-blower, and an infuriated combat commences which must be "seen to be appreciated" as our auctioneers say in their advertisements. Under water, out of water, the coon tearing the dog, the dog worrying the coon, speeds the fight.

At last it is ended. Ranger has killed his enemy—simply and purely *bitten him to death*—and there's an end of it. Dragging him from the water he stretches him on the bank, and with panting breast and hanging tongue gazes well-satisfied.

Morn breaks then above the trees and you behold all around you a dense forest which you cannot imagine how you have passed; but you enter again in triumph, and that morning at the breakfast table you do not stop long to talk and send your plate a third time for ham.

And now if I have not conveyed to you an idea of the picturesque in Raccoon hunting—as I know I have not—you have only to look for yourself on your next trip to the country, or, better still, summon up as a coloring and an illustration of my hasty sketch those recollections of boyhood which circle most around such rude natural sports, because those sports impressed it far more forcible than all other things.

PINEWOOD, 3 September.

The flashing and hurrying pageantry of city life dies into silence and obscurity before its light and noise have penetrated far into the pine-forests. All the envies, the rivalries, the heart-burnings and unworthy jealousies of town existence pass over the heads of the country denizens like an idle wind, which scarcely rustles onward before it is forgotten.

Ah, but—you say—the newspapers! Why are the newspapers such a treasure in the country—how is it that post-evening is looked forward to with so much eagerness, and the possession of "the paper" coveted so warmly? I answer "it is thou O man of the city who hast felt within thy quiet breast at times, when buried in the country, that yearning for the "news"—that daily quantum of excitement, occupation of mind, which is from habit a necessity; and naturally thou welcomest the courier of news." Thus it is the townsman who has no *business* to occupy his hours in the country, who covets the news—with the country gentleman it is a much more subdued sentiment.

The hum, the din and the roar of metropolitan life, I have said, is not heard here in the quiet country, and we not only smile at all those items of "important intelligence" and "advices still later"—those editorial fencings, and the political scalpings which our "able editors" inflict on each other—but even the tremendous news from Cuba has fallen here upon calm foreheads, and I have seen no eye flash, or lip tremble at that disastrous execution in Havana.

But not to-day shall politics be my theme. Here in the cool shade or balmy sunlight it is the most absurd thing possible to be conceived of, that the actions, or words—the defeat or the victory—of politicians, off a hundred or a thousand miles, should affect one. What a weariness to occupy the mind with all those annoyances you say! And often when I am drawn into a political discussion, I am ready to exclaim with Louis XV.—"Come let us bore each other!"

Heaven has sent me suddenly an illustration than which a better I could not desire. On the smooth green turf, before the window, whereat I trace for you these idle and wandering thoughts ("meandering" I should say, as a better word, but that Dickens on the first page of his "Copperfield" has consigned it to eternal ridicule,) under my window I repeat on the green sward my illustration is furnished in two youthful and belligerant cocks who are joined in mortal combat. They are not yet "the crested birds who clap their wings at dawn," as Mr. Tennyson so prettily paraphrases it, but their youth is perhaps more courageous than their maturer years will be when they shall strut in serene dignity in the barn-yard.

It amuses me much to see them leap up, strike out with their feet and subside again with depressed heads into a lynx-eyed vigilance on each other's movements.

Why do they fight? It is either love or ambition, or possibly, as Themistocles thought, the love of fighting itself. They have broad, green turf, many companions, a charming day and a full crop; why *must* they fight—the cocks?"

The country gentleman has peace, competence, happiness and serene pleasure to wait upon his steps. Why have the false glitter and glory of the Federal city weaned his thoughts from his beautiful rural place? Why do these worthy men whose "lines are cast" in places so "pleasant" worry each other on the public stump for the public amusement; why *must* they fight—the politicians?

But I see a large fowl with stately tread approach them—survey them quietly—approach another threatening step. The combat is over in an instant and they ignominiously retreat with ignoble haste.

Is it not *the people*—the large fowl;—and is he not approaching the Messrs. B in the F—district?

But a truce to moralizing. This truth which I have taken a hundred lines of space, and fifteen minutes of your time, to impress upon you, that "the country is not the town" comes to me much more impressively in other objects which I have not adverted to.

Yonder basking in lazy repose on the soft sward, shaking his cool muzzle at the flies, and dreaming of the coming fall, as the hounds of

Branksome dreamt of the deer-hunt, is Meteor, the veteran of his class, a pointer "out of a thousand." He rises and *points*, but it is at the noise of the heavy ox-cart which the heavily-yoked oxen are dragging over the road beyond the gate—not at the partridges. Meteor is much more respectable than many men of my acquaintance—and why? Simply because he is excellent in what he has undertaken to excel in—finding for his master's amusement, with unerring nose, the game which the sportsman delights to rattle down with his double-barrel.

Partridge-shooting! The sound you must confess is exhilarating; to me, not perhaps for my great or frequent success, for it is not every one who, even after long practice, can bag his dozen birds; but that at these words I feel the full influence of our beautiful autumn weather with the glorious tide of life which it pours into the veins. Before me rise the magnificence and beauty of the golden autumn woods, the rosy and inspiriting sunlight of October, the dreamy and heart-subduing panorama of piled up snowy clouds on a back ground as blue as the eye of beauty. It is that at these words rise visions of "standing" dogs, and cocked double-barrels held in nervous hands, and fluttering birds which are the trophies of success.

But what noise do I hear approaching nearer and still nearer—like a summons to battle or (which I must fear is an anti-climax) the stage's signal when it rattles into our country towns. It is that promising young, black Napoleon, Jr., who is "blowing away for life" on that large curling horn rimmed with silver on which his master's name is engraved, usually suspended by its green cord from a peg behind the door of the hall. And why is Napoleon. Jr., in so furious an ecstasy with swollen cheeks and dancing eyes, and what is the meaning of that prolonged and incessant baying which floating from every point of the compass answers the notes of the horn?

The fox-hounds—some dozen of them—are about to be fed, and soon from the window you may see them leaping, and quarreling, and fighting around the pieces of corn-bread thrown to them, and hear their subdued baying as they mumble their food. They are black, black and white, yellow and brown, orange and tawny; but all are equally keen-eyed and long-eared, and should you go among them all will equally fawn on you pushing into your hands their cool slender muzzles. Now they are inactive, basking in the sun or dragging their blocks, but wait until the late fall and the pack will make musical many a hill and valley as they "open" in full cry after the veteran red fox,—and a merry and jubilant party will dash from the grass with rapid hooves the dews of morning;—and *Spectre*, that milk-white steed, will take the lead of all and bear his rider away like the Phantom horse of Bürger, and all, huntsmen and hounds, will disappear like a vision of the night.

I have endeavored to outline briefly that little read of diversion raccoon hunting; but I waste no words on the fox-hunt, because Somerville has described it before me, and because even that inspired author has delineated but faintly the most exciting of all field sports, in his "Chase."

Now why should I add any thing to this rambling letter which commenced with the newspapers and has ended with a fox-hunt!

I have only to say that however attractive the town may be—as the nucleus of news and life and restless energy—I love rather at this period to see the blue heavens and the white clouds yonder through glimmering leaves—to hear the clear mellow voice which rises to my ears, borne on the pure forest-scented breeze. The fiery flood of thought, and enterprise, and energetic ambition flows often without check in the heated atmosphere of the city when the coolness and shadow of the country would chill its current, but I hear the oriole and the pewit from yonder rustling oak, and assuredly I am content—more than content.

Pinewood, 8 September.

Perhaps it is better in the hours of winter—the long hours of the winter night—to have near you beloved friends dear to the memory and the heart, when you would recall the scenes and impressions of the past. Memory is a grand and noble gift to the heart that feels that the "living present" is not enough to chain its regards and draw forth in its full strength the treasure of its sympathy. Yet why should I say sympathy—*συνπαθημὶ*;—when this feeling is not *suffering* at all but rather a rare and sublimated joy?

Many persons live in the present hour with its joys and sorrows, its successes and misfortunes, with no thought of the road they have travelled upon, no glance to the path they have yet to tread;—many live altogether in the future which they make their own, shaping with their vigorous castle-building imaginations the events that are to come. Others abandon both—the present and the future—to live again in the past, which they construct again for themselves seperating, however, the sunlight from the shadow, the pleasant from the bitter. Seen thus through the haze of memory the angles melt into roundness, the rude obstacles in the path passed over disappear, and like a mountain wrapped in the river-mist nothing but the beauty remains, with that rarer beauty invented by the imagination. I

shall never forget the words of an aged lady who was spending calmly in the house wherein she was born, the advanced evening of her days. "All my life," said she, "is bound up with the old house and grounds—yonder I played, there I sat down and cried: many mournful things have happened here, but I forget all of them and only remember the pleasant part."

When we would recall the joyful or the entertaining as I have said—there is no time like the long hours of the night in winter, when the hickory logs are blazing cheerfully and a roaring flood of sparks roll like shooting stars up the broad chimney, and a happy circle are gathered round the blaze.

But to-day the memory should gather together its treasures in silence and with no face near to break its spell. For the warm breath of the summer woodlands begins to mingle itself with the cooler and more active wind of autumn.

I fancy too that a few yellow leaves have fallen, and that here and there the aspect of the landscape hints of the "melancholy days, the the saddest of the year." Yonder, too, over the broom-straw, waving musically (though I hear it not) I behold a red leaved tree which shows like the crimson-berried Dogwood. It is however the Gum.

Do not fancy that I am about to inflict on you a homily, or even some "reflections" on human nature in general "suggested by" the variegated splendors which the landscape *will* display when another month shall have rolled its clouds and winds over the woods and meadows. Nothing is farther from my purpose.

Perhaps in musing over the beautiful poems on this subject which are scattered through the volumes of all our bards, I may at times yield the rein to those devious and indolent thoughts which suggest themselves; and like "Ik. Marvel" rear under the combined influence of the lovely weather and a mild Havana, those misty castles in the air which he has caught and delineated with so radiant a pencil in his "Reveries;"—but however pleasant at certain times these caprices of the imagination, I confess that this season has to me a real material beauty quite apart and different from the poetical. It is the beauty of plenty and it is now that the farmer reaps at last the result of April showers, May breezes, and the golden flood of the June sunlight.

Yonder are the stiff-necked (but not *backsliding*) mules, going reluctantly, to their monotonous round: they go reluctantly for do they not *know* that before the sun slopes to the western forest they will have to pass over a dozen miles of space, dragging at their heels that heavy timber in its weary round? But the plough-horse, the stager, and the lawyer (less blest than any) go as reluctantly;—yet it must be. So in a moment the large wheels send forth their busy murmur, the full-headed wheat rattles through the revolving teeth of the machine, and ere long you see moving toward the straw-mountain to the right a dozen moderate sized stacks, apparently moving at their own free will and pleasure, as Macbeth imagined he saw advancing "Barnum wood to Dunsinane." Soon these stacks which you now see are simply large bundles, arrive at the straw-mountain and slowly ascend the ladder reared against it, and are thrown upon top. Then the boys who have moved these bundles so mysteriously return to repeat their exploit.

The warm air lies clear and golden on the vast oblong stack, the movements of the hands are busy and cheerful, the whiz and whirr of the machine comes to the ear like the song of a good housewife singing at her task and, if I, an unhappy prisoner of the town (so much worse than a prisoner-of-state) see beauty and attraction in this scene, how much more beautiful and attractive must it be to the farmer—when wheat is quoted at "a-dollar-and-five!"

The tobacco too, stretching its broad leaves as far as the eye can reach is a pleasant sight, and from these green and milky plants your thought turns to the same plant in its later form—when it will administer to our luxuries (I should rather say our vices) of chewing, snuffing and smoking.

My paper fails me and a better reason still, the rich sunlight shames my inaction.

PINEWOOD, 10 September.

Yesterday it rained, and to-day we have a delightful atmosphere which cheers and refreshes the spirits. No "landscape winking through the heat," drives me in doors, but the fresh air is cool and inspiriting, the leaves of the trees are laden with moisture, and on the smooth, soft grass, the first beams of the sun have not yet succeeded in drying up the heavy dew which glitters like handfuls of diamonds scattered in careless profusion. Under the old oaks where the grass is like a variegated carpet, with the shadow of the moving boughs it is still heavier and brighter.

A thousand woodland sounds come melodiously to my ear as I trace these lines at the open window, through which the shadows of the rustling oak leaves fall on the sill, my paper and the floor. That eternal crow is again complaining or "crowing" over some victory,—for it is impossible to say what is his state of mind simply from that stereotyped "caw caw!" which he repeats with remorseless regularity. At the moment that I write these words, I should say he was holding an angry debate on the corn laws—

possibly casting an indignant retrospect on the inhumanity of the legislation which in cold blood sets a price upon his scalp. Just now I thought he was rejoicing—but a little while ago I am sure he was complaining.

Ah! but now there can be no doubt! There are at least half a dozen of them, and their angry notes ranging from the prolonged bass of some veteran warrior and cornfield robber, to the shrill and quick treble of the boy-crows yet under a hundred years. tell me that the martin, that abhorred enemy of the crow race, is wheeling and gyrating about their dusky flight! Complain not magnanimous and large souled crow; let thy diminutive opponent spend his strength and take his fill of worrying thee in thy corvine sport! Long after he shall have crumbled into dust and not a feather in his haughty crest shall survive him, thy nervous wing shall float over broad, newly-planted cornfields, and thine eye, bright as though no "hundred years had gone," shall from afar spy whatsoever shall administer to thy pleasures, or what is aimed at thy venerable life. Fear not, O veteran that hast never trembled at the τεχνη μιμητικη which formed yonder unseemly figure of a "scare-crow," in old ragged coat, inexpressibles of inexpressible cut, and straw hat which has "been in the wars" of the elements; thou shalt long laugh at thine enemies, and possibly some future "NUGATOR" may "hymn thy praise" with a "loftier" pen than mine.

Gradually the "caw caw!" grows fainter and melts into the low murmurs of the pines, and then comes drowning every other sound, the grating note of the locust. Soon however his child's-rattle voice sinks into a low wail, and he darts off apparently to engage in mortal combat with his rival vocalist in the elm.

Now, that he has ceased, I can hear distinctly the low regular sweep of the mower in the long grass yonder near the road, and if you desire high authority for the pleasantness of the sound, I refer you to "In Memoriam," by the Poet-Laureate. With it mingle the lowings from the fields, the voice of a thousand birds playing among the moving boughs, and the other senses besure are not left ungratified. As yesterday, the day before and every day, the blue sky is traversed by large snowy clouds, (I should rather I believe say *woolly*,) which now take the forms of ships white-sailed and vast, ploughing through azure seas; then shift into a thousand shapes which afford an idle play to the imagination. As yesterday, the day before and every day, the rich, fresh odor of greenwood leaves, comes to me while writing, and now with these pleasant sights and sounds and perfumes around me, which I have endeavored to tell over for your amusement, I will end my scribblings—like one who rises after a morning call and takes his leave with a pleasant and genial speech.

The rainy day which was to lead you to the shelves of "quaint and olden" books around me failed to afflict us in its full power, and that part of my promising must go to make up that antique pavement which we are told is formed of "good intentions." Yet let me call your attention to my London edition of Froissart, Lord Berners' translation.

You will find in the fourth volume an account of Froissart's visit to his "High Mightiness Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix and Bearne," at Ortaise; and there he met with a man-at-arms who told him of many battles and places *where he had never been.* Now I have told you of Pinewood and I think I am entitled to sign here instead of my own the name of the Knight—

ERNALTON OF PINE.

The Death of the Nightingale.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Yes she is dead, who sung the songs of May;
The songstress sweet,
Who charmed the grove with her sweet, simple lay,
Lies at my feet.

Her sweet tones find an echo in my breast,
In my sad hours;
When by the brook I lay me down to rest,
Among the flowers.

She poured in death from out her swelling throat,
Her sweetest strain;
While echo from the rocks around, each note
Gave back again.

At even there, the rustic's song is heard,
And maidens gay
Oft meet to dance, where sung the pensive bird,
At close of day.

There came a youth, who once had heard her lays,
And by his side
There stood, and hung enraptured by his gaze,
His fair young bride.

They clasp their hands, while up to mem'ry springs
The whispered tale
They there did breathe, ere thou didst cease to sing,
Sad Nightingale.

Silent they stood, until the Curfew's note
Rung out aloud;
And Hesperus, who seemed in gold to float,
Burst from a cloud.

They then at twilight sought their peaceful cot,
And sank to rest;
Yet ere they slept, a sigh for thy sad lot,
Escaped each breast.

AZIM.

JAMES LAFITTE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

In the majority of cases large fortunes are gained and preserved through careful attention to details—an habitude which is supposed to militate with comprehensive views and liberal sympathies. It is, therefore, common to regard the acquisition of money and elevation of taste and character as essentially incompatible; and this consideration gives peculiar interest and value to the few noble exceptions to a general rule which reveal the sagacious financier as a patriot and philosopher. Prejudice and the narrow ideas usually cherished by the devotees of trade have caused the whole subject of money—its acquisition, preservation and use, to be consigned to the domain of necessary evils or the study of the political economist: it is, however, an interest too vital and too inextricably woven into all the relations of modern society, not to have claims upon the most reflective minds independent of all personal considerations. The actual theory of an individual in regard to money is no ordinary test of character; the degrees of his estimation of it as a means or an end, and as a source of obligation and responsibility, is graduated by the very elements of his nature and is a significant indication of his tone of mind and range of feeling. In its larger relations—those of a national kind—history proves that finance is a vast political engine intimately connected with the freedom, growth and civil welfare as well as external prosperity of a country. The traveller far removed from his native land, at a period of great financial distress, is made to realize the importance of credit, its moral as well as pecuniary basis, when he hears the character and means of all the prominent bankers in the world freely canvassed in some obscure nook of the earth, only connected perhaps with the civilized world by this very recognition of pecuniary obligation. It is at such crises, bringing home to his own consciousness the vast and complicated relations of money to civilized life, that the individual becomes aware of the extensive social utility of those principles of financial science to which perhaps, in less hazardous exigencies, he has given but listless attention. The same broad views of the subject are forced upon a nation's mind in the junctures of political existence, and all great revolutions alternate from the battle-field and the cabinet to the treasury—the state of public and private credit being, as it were, a scale that truly suggests the condition of the body politic—like the pulse of a nation's life. Besides its attraction as a study of character, therefore, the life of one of the most illustrious of modern financiers, possesses great incidental interest; and its unadorned facts yield the most impressive illustration of the relation of money to society and government.

The vicinity of the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay renders Bayonne a favorable site both for inland and foreign trade; and her commerce with Spain on the one side and her lucrative fisheries on the other, as well as the large amount of ship timber annually exported to Brest and other parts of France, amply vindicate her claim to commercial privileges which are still farther secured by the enterprise of the Gascon character. That it is an excellent mercantile school is evident from the proverbial success of her inhabitants elsewhere. It was from this old city that a youth of twenty, breaking away from his mother's tearful embrace, one night in the year 1787, departed for Paris, with no guarantee of a prosperous experience except that derived from an ingenuous disposition, enthusiasm, ready intelligence and great natural cheerfulness. He became a clerk to the banker M. Perrégaux; and soon after, by his own obvious merit, book-keeper, then cashier, and finally the exclusive director and indispensable man of business of the establishment. Such was the origin of James Lafitte's career. The qualities which thus advanced him in private life soon inspired public confidence and gradually led to his honorable and progressive activity in the national councils. Financial ability of a high order, combined with noble traits of character, thus identified him with the best interests of his country, and enrolled his name among her most efficient and illustrious citizens. One of ten children, his first object was to provide for his family, which he did with characteristic generosity. In 1809 the son of the poor carpenter of Bayonne was the president of the Chamber of Commerce, regent of the Bank, and master of a princely fortune. Thenceforth we trace his agency, more or less distinctly, in the wonderful series of events that succeeded the first revolution; now providing funds for a royal exile, now coming to the rescue of a bankrupt nation, and again lying wounded on his sofa, advising, ordering and invoking the chief actors in the events of the three days in July,—his court-yard a barrack and his saloon an impromptu cabinet, where a provisional government was organised and Louis Philippe proclaimed. It was standing between Lafitte and Lafayette that the new king first ventured to show himself to the people. For many years the patriot-broker was the centre of a gifted society, the arbiter of pecuniary affairs, the coadjutor of monarchs and men of genius, of the working classes and political leaders. Surrounded by luxury, he never became indolent;

with absorbing duties, he atoned by study for a neglected education; the possessor of immense wealth, he never forgot the responsibility to others it involved; a zealous partisan and of so conciliatory a temper as to have the reputation of caprice in opinion, he preserved unbroken a moral consistency that won universal respect.

To this special insight of a financier, Lafitte added genuine public spirit; he fully realized the social claims incident to his wealth and financial knowledge; and accordingly never hesitated to sacrifice personal interest to the general welfare whenever circumstances rendered it wise and benevolent so to act. When governor of the bank of France, he relinquished his salary of a hundred thousand francs in its favor on account of the poverty of the institution; in 1814, when the directors assembled, after the entrance of the foe into Paris, to raise funds, he proposed a national subscription and munificently headed the list. When the allies were at the gates of the city, he steadily refused to endanger the credit of the bank by a forced loan: and to avert the horrors of civil war, placed two millions of his own property in the hands of the Minister of Finance. After the events of those three days, he resigned his coffers to the provisional government: his hotel was the rendezvous of the chief actors, his party installed Lafayette at the head of the troops, and it was he that sent word to the Duke of Orleans to choose between a crown and a passport, and subsequently caused him to be proclaimed. Thus Lafitte thrice gave a safe direction to the chaotic elements of revolution, and came bravely and successfully to the rescue of his country in great emergencies. Nor was his action in behalf of individuals less noble and prompt. When Louis XVIII. was exiled he sent the royal fugitives four millions of francs; when the Duke of Orleans offered large, though doubtful securities to various commercial houses in vain, Lafitte accepted them at par value, uncertain as they were. When Napoleon departed for St. Helena, Lafitte became the repository of the remainder of his fortune; when General Foy experienced a reverse of fortune and imprudently sought relief in stock speculations, the generous banker confidentially arranged with his broker to enrich the brave and proud officer, and when he died subscribed a hundred thousand francs for the benefit of his family. These are but casual instances of his private liberality. It was a habit as well as principle with him to afford pecuniary relief whenever and wherever real misfortune existed, to cherish by the same means industry, letters, art, and benevolent institutions, with a judgment and delicacy that infinitely endeared his gifts. It is not surprising that both people and rulers were, at times, impelled by grateful sympathy to recognise the noble spirit of such a financier;—that the emperor Alexander placed a guard at his door when his liberty was threatened by the invaders;—that Napoleon expressed his confidence by saying, as he left the remnant of his fortune in his hands, "I know you did not like my government, but I know you are an honest man;" and that France herself, when his own fortune was wrecked by his devotion to the bank and the country—was moved at the remembrance of his sacrifices, would not permit the first asylum of the revolution to be sold, and by a national subscription redeemed it for Lafitte.

It is however to be regretted that he ever interested himself actively in politics, except as they were directly related to his peculiar sphere. When called upon to bring financial means to the aid of government or people in her exigencies of civil life, we have seen his exemplary wisdom, integrity and generous spirit; when he addressed the Chambers upon any question of debt, credit, loans, or currency, his superior intelligence and practical genius at once won respectful attention; his lucid and able reports, while governor of the bank, indicate his accurate knowledge of the principles of public credit; the remarkable speeches in which he revealed a project for resuscitating the nation's treasury,—the originality of his ideas, his colloquial eloquence and the manner in which he made a dry subject and even figures themselves interesting and comprehensive—amply prove his remarkable adaptation to the domain of social economy and political action he illustrated. Appointed by the king in 1816 as one of the committee of finance, with the Duke of Richelieu at its head, he contested the system of forced loans as identical with bankruptcy. In 1836 he demanded the reimbursements of the five per cents. His theory was founded essentially on the conviction that the way to diminish the burdens of the people is to diminish the expenses of the State.

Had Lafitte thus strictly confined himself to the subject of which he was master, it is probable he would have escaped, in a great degree, the blind prejudice of his opponents. As it was, however, his career as a deputy to the view of an impartial spectator, reflects honor upon his character. Here, as in private life, he was eminently distinguished by moral courage. On one occasion he boldly proposed the impeachment of ministers; during the hundred days he was one of the intrepid minority that sought to preserve France from a second invasion; in opposing the system of forced loans his noble hardihood induced the king to invest him with the legion of honor: "I have," he said to the Duke of Richelieu, his most formidable antagonist on this oc-

casion, "bound myself to speak my mind; if the plan I propose is salutary, it is for the king to decide whether he will sacrifice the Chambers to France and the country to the Chambers."

On the celebrated 28th of July, accompanied by his friends, he traversed the scene of hostilities to the Carousel—the quarters of Marshal Marmont, and adjured him to put a stop to the carnage; "military honor," said the commander of Paris, "consists in obedience;" "civil honor," replied the brave deputy, "consists in not slaughtering citizens to destroy the Constitution." At the funeral of Manuel he arrested with his eloquence the outbreak between the military and the people. He was in the front rank of the defenders of the charter, the staunch advocate of the freedom of the press; and when he saw the revolution of July approaching, effectually and at great personal risk, strove to make it as useful and bloodless as the nature of things would permit. "My conscience," he said, "is without reproach. I founded, it is true, a new dynasty, but I found something in it legitimate. Posterity will judge me. I hope the loyalty of my intentions will find me grace in the eyes of history. I never deceived any one. My principles never changed. I believed in 1830 that France could only be republican through monarchy. I was wrong, and I repent with all my heart." For half a century he defended the rights of the people, and never ceased to preach moderation, but "a moderation compatible with liberty and national honor."

In the war of opinion and the strife of party, Lafitte suffered the inevitable caprices of popular favor; even his opponents, however, considered what they deemed his faults, to arise from the strength of his affections rather than the perversion of his will: his official life ruined his private fortunes; and the bitterness of his disappointment at the apparent inefficacy of the revolution in which he had taken so prominent a part, may be inferred from the memorable fact, that he ascended the tribune, and with much solemnity, asked pardon of Heaven for having contributed to its success. He seems at last to have become thoroughly aware of the limits of his natural vocation, and expressed himself as content when free once more from the trammels of state, he began to retrieve his fortunes as a banker.

The views of Lafitte, however, on all subjects which he investigated, were remarkable for sound reason and moderation. He was no fanatic in politics and understood the character of his nation. Louis XVI., he thought, aimed at a moral impossibility in attempting to retain all his prerogatives, without which the eclat of his office would be lost, while he knew the complaints of his people to be just; to the vacillation incident to this double view of the case and the consequent indecision of a naturally good heart, he ascribed his course—which abased royalty while making sincere concessions: he believed, too, that the monarch owed his downfall more to injudicious friends than real enemies. The Girondists, he considered, tried the fatal experiment of attempting to reconcile people and court, and were too timid for the first and too advanced for the last; he regarded the irresolution of Lafayette as the flaw in his excellent nature; Danton, Robespierre and Marat he viewed as victims of the *fièvre revolutionnaire*, and, therefore, not to be judged in the same manner as men in a healthful condition. Indeed, he declared that no one could safely predict his own conduct under the influence of great political excitement. "I have," he said, "made the sad experiment; it is best not to enter the vortex; if you do you are borne on blindfolded." He always insisted that the great results of the French Revolution could have been attained by less terrible means. He recognized fully the reforms of Napoleon, and with the acumen of a political economist, watched the growing prosperity of the nation; but, none the less, lamented the decadence of freedom with the grief of a patriot; he recoiled from the duplicity of the emperor and grieved at the subserviency of the Senate. What most surprised Lafitte in Bonaparte, was his fortune; and he deemed his fatal error—the attempt to impose on France a continental system, wholly incompatible with the age: in a word, he honored Napoleon as a soldier and despised him as a ruler. The office of the press he seems to have thoroughly appreciated, "*j'ai toujours pensè*," he says, "*que la presse est dans un état, l'unique moyen de reternir le' pouvoir dans les bornes de la moderation et de l'empêcher de se livrer a l'abitraire.*" Although when elected to the Chamber of Deputies, Lafitte immediately took his place on the benches of the opposition, and subsequently attained the presidency of the cabinet, and in 1817 was the only name deposited in the urns of twenty sections of the electoral college, by supporting the reduction of the rents and the creation of the three per cents, he alienated many of his party. Indeed, such was his political eclecticism, that a democratic writer says he lost his popularity by his monarchical affections"—alluding to his personal attachments to members of the royal family; and a monarchist attributes it to his democratic attachments—thus justifying the inference of his biographer—that he was "too much a man of heart to be a statesman." In the sphere of his individual ambition, however—in his financial opinions and career, as well as in the tone of his character, Lafitte was remarkably consistent;—sagacious,

upright, benevolent and patriotic. He completely refuted the base charge suggested by partisan animosity—of having sold his vote to the minister; and whatever popular favor he may have lost as the member of a faction, he amply regained as a man. This is evident from the universal sympathy awakened by his loss of fortune and the confidence and gratitude with the people rallied to his call when he established his famous *Caisse d'escompte*, now the memorial of his useful and honorable career. By means of this institution, the poorest artizan has a safe and profitable investment for his earnings. In 1837, having thus settled his affairs and re-established his credit, he thus addressed the shareholders: "It is not without emotion that I find myself restored to these labors and about to crown with an undertaking worthy of my best efforts, a career in which I have perhaps done some good. I forget many past mishaps and all the bitterness of political life, which promised nothing to my ambition, and the burden of which I only accepted from devotion to my country. The future had compensation in reserve for me; and the 2nd of October, 1837—the day on which I resume my business, consoles me for the 19th of January, 1831,—the day on which I left it." Thus opening a credit to the humbler branches of industry, Lafitte rescued many a victim from the extortions of the usurer.

The financial services of Lafitte in France vividly recall those of Robert Morris in America. At the commencement of our Revolution he was more extensively engaged in commerce than any of his fellow citizens, and was one of the first Philadelphians irretrievably to commit himself in behalf of the colonies at a great pecuniary sacrifice,—thus inspiring the same unbounded confidence in his patriotism which his integrity and wisdom had long before gained for him as a man of business. He was on every committee of ways and means appointed by the legislature of his native State, and from the outbreak of hostilities, devoted all the force of his talents, the influence of his name,—his credit and fortune to his country; and these seldom failed in the hour of need. When his official resources were inadequate, he pledged his individual credit. Like Lafitte he was exposed to misrepresentation, and like him triumphed over calumny. All the requisite means for Washington's expedition against Cornwallis were furnished by him; and his own notes to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars thus fearlessly given, were all finally paid. While invested, as he long was, with the entire provision, control and expenditure of the public finances, the history of his difficulties and expedients would fill a volume. When the imminent danger that originally induced him to accept this responsible office had passed away, he gladly resigned. His resemblance to Lafitte was increased by a natural urbanity, vigor of action, broad views, rigid justice, strict method, and also by the eventual loss of his own fortune and the establishment of an excellent system of finance. He founded the Bank of America, the first institution of the kind in this country—upon principles the utility of which time has fully proved. In patriotic zeal and in the respect of his illustrious cotemporaries, he also offers a parallel to the renowned French banker; he was the friend of Washington and justly regarded as "the soul of the financial concerns" of the nation. "No one," it has been said, "parted more freely with his money for public or private purposes of a meritorious nature." When Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury, no statistics of the country had appeared, her resources were only surmised, and after holding the office for five years, he left it at an unprecedented height of reputation. By these two acute and zealous patriots the foundation of American prosperity was laid: and the identity of their opinions with those of Lafitte is remarkable. "The whole business of finance," they thought, "was comprised in two short but comprehensive sentences. It is to raise the public revenue by such modes as may be most easy and most equal to the people, and to expend it in the most frugal, fair and honest manner."

The personal tastes of the opulent banker were characterized by the same moderate tone. He loved elegance, and surrounded himself with all those brilliant resources that wealth so abundantly supplies in the French metropolis; but they did not enervate or bewilder his mind; he continued his daily toil with unremitted zeal; casting aside, however, with the greatest facility the severe concentration of the financier, to mingle, with the *abandon* of the joyous south, at his own splendid fêtes, with the brave, the wise and the lovely. Even his literary predilections were characteristic: he ignored the romantic and loved the classic writers of his country, while the *bonhommie* and patriotism of Beranger made him a favorite guest at his reunions, and he knew Molière by heart. His first discourse as deputy made a great impression both on account of its style and ideas. It is curious that the sensation, if we may so call it, of wealth, is so independent of its possession. Lafitte declared that he never felt himself rich except when his appointments, under Perrègaux, reached the sum of three thousand francs;—an indirect but striking proof of his consciousness of the relations to society incident to fortune. His credulous faith in the integrity of others presents a striking contrast to his sagacious insight as regards affairs. When the Duke

of Orleans said to him, "What shall I do for you when I am king?" his reply was—"Make me your fool that I may tell you the truth;" yet he entertained such implicit confidence in the promises of the royal candidate, that he received his embrace upon his accession, with fraternal trust. Calm, serene, industrious as a financier, generous and honest as a man, gay and kindly as a companion, after forty years of riches and honor Lafitte found himself poor and unpopular, and perhaps no portion of his career is more suggestive of energy of character and elasticity of temper, than the last epoch wherein he retrieved both his fortune and his glory.

The power of money, thus illustrated, as a means of political and social influence, is not less obvious in ordinary experience. Recall the scene of morbid excitement and its infinite probable consequences, which a single midnight hour offers at Frascati's,—"the hard-eyed lender and the pale lendee," visible on the Exchange;—the serene unity of life achieved by the philosopher satisfied with the freedom from care incident to a mere competency when attended by intellectual resources;—the "weary hours" of the millionaire;—the exalted aspect of human nature in the person of the man of fortune, whose means are rendered absolutely subservient to taste and philanthropy;—the comfort of households upheld by honest industry;—the sublime results of genius when exempted from want and the baffled spirit of the persecuted debtor; the absorption of time, intellect and feeling in sordid pursuits; let the imagination follow to their ultimate issues the various incidental fruits of these several conditions upon the individual and society, and we have a glimpse of the vast agencies involved in the use and abuse of money. From the Bureaux du Monte de Pieté to the halls of a National Bank, from the luxurious saloon to the squalid hovel, from the dashing spendthrift to the wretched miser—through all the diagnoses of usury and beneficence, we can trace the fluctuations of human passions and the assertion of human character in their most vital development. Accordingly it is impossible to over estimate the value of wisdom, integrity and kindness in pecuniary affairs: a high example in this regard is of boundless practical worth; and there is no social interest so universal and significant as that which relates to the acquisition, distribution and maintenance of wealth: the morals and science of finance, rightly understood, embrace the principles of all ethics.

The "unfortunate compliances" which marred the unity of his political life;—the indifference that settles on the public mind in regard to a fallen minister;—the bitterness of partizan hostility and the capricious alienation of popular favor—were all forgotten in tearful and affectionate memories, when on the night of the 26th of May, 1843, it was announced, in Paris, that Lafitte was no more. He died as he had lived amid noble and generous thoughts, affectionate ministries, calm resolutions and holy sentiments. The immense procession that followed to Père la Chaise and the sad group of brilliant statesmen, authors, and military officers, of poor and grateful recipients of his bounty, of loyal citizens and intimate friends, that saw his remains deposited in the tomb prepared for them between those of Foy and Marnel, evidenced the ultimate appreciation of his character, which became more eloquently manifest in the tributes which Arago and the leading public men of the day spontaneously offered to his memory.

LOVE SONG.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

I.

Beauteous Lady, winsome Lady,
  Could I win thee for my bride,
Life would be a cloudless Mayday—
  Care would never seek my side;
At thy feet, sweet one, reclining
  I would pass each summer day,
Gazing on those bright eyes shining,
  With a Love-illumin'd ray;
Gems should glitter in the mazes
  Of thy flowing raven hair,
And this harp should sing thy praises,
  Oh! thou wonderfully fair!
Life as swift as summer lightning,
  Or a blissful dream would prove,
Morrow after morrow bright'ning
  In the rainbow hues of Love;
Smile, then smile, thou winsome Lady,
  For one beamy smile of thine
Would make life a sunny Mayday
  To this raptured heart of mine.

II.

Fair my home is, beauteous maiden,
  By the margin of the sea,
Where my heart love-overladen,
  Sees no earthly want but thee;
There the heart is free to wander
  Searching after fruits and flow'rs,
Tasting all the sweets they squander
  In their bright delightful bow'rs;
By the river, vale, and mountain,
  Sigh of zephyr, song of bird,
Hum of bees, and gush of fountain,
  Sweetly mingled, aye are heard;
But thou art not there, my own one,
  These my young heart cannot prize,
While it hourly pines, poor lone one,
  For one love look from those eyes;
Smile, oh! smile, thou winsome Lady,
  For one beamy smile of thine,
Would make life a sunny Mayday
  To this raptured heart of mine.

A LIBRARY.

Such of our readers as did us the honor to read the hurried notes of Southern Travel, which we published for their delectation in the Messenger for the month of April last, may possibly recollect that we therein promised, at some future time, to devote a certain space in our magazine to an account of the very remarkable library which we saw in the possession of Alexander A. Smets, Esq., of Savannah. More than once have "we taken our pen in hand" to redeem that promise; but "circumstances over which we had no control" reluctantly constrained us to defer the pleasant labor. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, the promise was linked with another of not less interesting a character—to afford our readers some little notion of the valuable collection of autographs belonging to that most estimable and delightful of antiquarians, Mr. I. K. Tefft, who resides in the same hospitable and refined city. We propose, at this time, to fulfil our engagements, only so far as the books are concerned, designing to recur to the manuscripts at no distant day, when our limits and leisure shall permit us to do entire justice to their interest and value.

We shall not soon forget the enjoyment we derived from a few hours spent among Mr. Smets' treasures, nor the kindly glow of satisfaction which lighted up the countenance of the benevolent proprietor in showing them. And here, if the reader could excuse the digression, we might mention that of all men, those who are affected with Bibliomania are in general the best disposed to be complaisant to strangers, and then proceed to inquire into the philosophy of so curious a fact. But it suffices to say that Mr. Smets, to us at least, appeared an exception to the class. And as we have not vanity enough to suppose that his courtesy proceeded from any discovery in us of peculiar qualifications to justly appreciate his choice and valuable collection, we must attribute the civil treatment we received to the native kindliness of his disposition alone.

Bulwer, in that genial and inimitable story of the affections, which hands down to us the domestic history of Pisistratus Caxton, has put into the mouth of Austin the father, a most charming essay on reading as a *materia medica*, seemingly based upon the old idea contained in the motto of the Alexandrine Library, representing books as "*The Medicine of the Soul.*" The quiet scholar of the novelist most agreeably expands the notion into a happy pharmaceutical and practical treatise, which may be read with profit by all who labor under mental ailments. And is it not true that within the charmed precincts of a Library—by which we mean a θεσαυρος, a storehouse, of all the wisdom that past generations have committed to the custody of type—a Library "sweetly disposed and judiciously furnished," as Dibdin hath it, we may find the proper treatment, the real *methodus medendi* for every malady of the spirit? Are the faculties listless and dull? Where shall better whetstone be found than the Institutes of Calvin? Do we need mere relaxation from care or provocative to mirth? Surely Cervantes and Le Sage have not written in vain. Hath loss of fortune distressed us? There be the sages of twenty centuries to administer comfort. Or does the death of the dearly loved come to the heart with a pang which rejects the poor consolation of human wit, and craves for something higher and more satisfying? The "Book of Books" addresses itself to the bereaved with an eloquence of assuagement that the author of Caxtons, with real feeling, forbears to attempt describing, and to which we ourselves would refer with the deepest possible reverence. An ingenious writer has, indeed, mentioned the Bible in quaint and musical verse, as suited to all the disorders of the soul and the first cravings of the body.

> *If thou art Merie, here are Aires:*
> *If Melancholie, here are Prayers:*
> *If Studious, here are those things writ*
> *Which may deserve thy ablest Wit;*
> *If Hungry, here is food Divine:*
> *If Thirsty, Nectar*, Heavenly *Wine.**

But as our object is to introduce the reader into the well-furnished apartments of Mr. Smets' library, rather than to indulge in any remarks of our own on the subject of bibliography, we will not detain him any longer by the button upon the threshold.

The first emotion upon entering, and casting the eye around upon the magnificent display of the ample shelves, is that of surprise that the visiter has not before heard of so extensive and luxurious a collection. In our country, where so few enjoy the means of accumulating valuable books, and where even those so rarely have a taste for bibliothecal treasures, it is of the rarest occurrence that we may meet with a good and well-selected library. But here, the visiter will be apt to say, is surely the most sumptuous, if not the largest or most recherché library in the country, and yet how few have ever heard of it! We confess that not the least inducement that leads us to play the guide to the rooms of Mr. Smets, is to make more widely known the riches they contain, as but an act of justice to the in-

* Diary of Lady Willoughby.

telligence, good taste and liberality which have brought together such interesting materials.*

As we have obscurely hinted, the library of Mr. Smets does not rest its claims to the visiter's notice upon the large number of volumes it contains—of which there are, perhaps, eight thousand—but upon the choice selection of the authors and the great rarity of the editions. It is composed principally of English works in all branches of learning and the fine arts, embracing the earlier and later poets—the more celebrated novelists, the best historians and biographers, in a word every author that can be called standard. To these may be added specimens of the most ancient typography, and of the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, such as would tempt the most pious man in the world, if he were only a bibliomaniac, into an utter disregard of the tenth, if not of the eighth, commandment. When we say farther that all the volumes are bound in a manner the most elegant known to the trade, and are arranged in rich cases of mahogany, some idea may be formed of the *appearance* of the library.

But let us look at some of these treasures. And first in order, as claiming priority of age, we will glance at a few of the most remarkable of the MSS.

The oldest manuscript in the library is one written on papyrus, which is three thousand years old. The evidences of this great antiquity are abundant enough to satisfy the obstinately incredulous, and set them to speculating on the marvellous preservation of a few unimportant characters on a perishable fabric, while obelisks have mouldered and pyramids have decayed. How many empires, indeed, have risen, flourished and declined, since this curious autograph was written! Had the writer been a communicative fellow, and had we a Champollion at our elbow to decipher his hieroglyphics, what valuable information might he not have transmitted to us! It would not, perhaps, be uninteresting to know who he was. His contemporaries, too, might have filled an acceptable paragraph, though he was too antiquated to tell us of what we should like most to know. We might address him as Horace Smith apostrophized the Mummy in Belzoni's exhibition—

> I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
> Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
> For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
> Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
> Antiquity appears to have begun
> Long after thy primeval race was run.

This papyrus is about 20 inches long and 10 inches broad, and besides its many hieroglyphical characters, contains six pictorial designs, embracing a great variety of figures in the Egyptian style of drawing. It was once sold for £150 sterling.

The next manuscript in chronological order is one executed in the 9th century. It is a copy of the "Moralia in Job," written in the 6th century, by Gregory the 1st, surnamed, from his character, "the Great," and canonized for his piety, "a Saint." It is a large folio, written in Latin, on vellum, in double columns, with clear and easily deciphered letters. The covers are very thick and worm eaten. with brass clasps, backs, and conical side studs, in the old monastic style of binding. On the fly leaf, in a different hand, is a prayer for the rest of the soul of Charlemague.

Only think of it, good reader! One thousand years have passed away since these characters were traced; the worthy old Pope—for it is recorded of him that he was clear in his great office—has centuries ago mouldered into common dust with the meanest of his subjects; oblivion has well nigh settled on the times in which he flourished; yet he still speaks to us through the efforts of the pen, in the language of piety and truth. Wonderful, indeed, is this triumph of mind over matter, but as an instance of the preservation of writing, seems scarcely worth mentioning after the papyrus. Compared with that it is an affair of yesterday.

The work is not exegetical in its character, but rather a carrying out, and illustrating of, the sentiments of the book of Job, by moral effusions of the Pope himself.

The next oldest manuscript is the beautiful one of "Le Romant de la Rose." And now what a literary field is spread out before us! We are carried back to the days of the Trouveres and Troubadours, to the romantic chivalry and Provencal poetry of the 13th century, when eyes of beauty ruled in courts of love, and the chansons of minstrels rang in Baronial hall and Lordly castle.

The manuscript is a large quarto, double columned, with the initial letters of each lines rubricated, and set out at a little distance from the stanza. the top letter of each column being ornamented with curious heads, arabesques and devices. It is written on vellum in gothic French characters, and illuminated with ninety-two pictures embracing a variety of figures, designed to elucidate the text. The history of this work is exceedingly rich in literary interest, being prob-

* We take occasion to acknowledge here that in much of what follows, concerning the very rare works of Mr. Smets, we have availed ourselves freely of some learned and well-written articles from the pen of the Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, published ten years since in the "Magnolia."

ably the most ancient allegorical poem in the romance language. The French invented the Fabliaux of the middle ages and this work, the first which followed their introduction, derives its name in part from the name of the language in which it was written, the French being then termed the Romance, and all the greater productions in that language, being styled Romans or Romances. The Romance of the Rose was the production of two authors at different times, the first 4150 verses being written by Guillaume de Lorris, a student of jurisprudence, in 1245, and the remaining eighteen thousand, by Jean de Mung about forty years later.

William of Lorris was born in that town, in the province of Gatinois and died in 1260 or '62. Massieu, (in his Hist. de la Poesie Francois,) says of him that he possessed most of the qualities of a poet—an agreeable spirit, a quick imagination and much invention. He knew the powers and the charms of fiction, so little known by his contemporary poets. The plot of de Lorris seems to make the Rose the reward of love, which he is inspired to seek by Dame Oiseause, or Idleness. In its pursuit, however, he is opposed by contending emotions under the name of Dangier and Male-bouche, who mislead him: and Haine, Felouie, Avarice and Bassasse who retard his progress. This theme is sustained by his continuator Jean de Mung, who was born at Mung upon the Loire near Paris in 1280: and at the early age of 22 began to complete what de Lorris had commenced, which he accomplished by 1305. At the conclusion of the first part there is in the manuscript before me, a notice of the death of de Lorris and at the caption of Clopinel's portion, (as Jean de Mung was usually called from a halting in his feet,) is a coffin of de Lorris under a green pall, striped with white and red, marked with black crosses and surrounded with seven candlesticks.

The character of the work has been variously estimated. Sismondi says no book was ever more popular than the Romance of the Rose.

In the preface to the Paris edition of 1799, it is elegantly said, The number of manuscripts more numerous than the printed copies, prove it to have been the book of our Fathers, and but for the fact of its language being so different from our present views of delicacy, sometimes too affected, it might be still the book of their children. Clement Marot, one of the most eminent of the early French Poets, termed de Lorris the Ennius, and others have esteemed him the Homer of Gallic poetry. Regnier imitated it in his "Macette," the most beautiful and brilliant of his satires, and Chaucer the father of English poetry, translated nearly eight thousand of its verses.

A variety of commentaries were written upon it, and it was contended by some, that its outward garb but masked a divine allegory and that under the terms of terrestrial love were portrayed the grace of God, and the beatitude of Heaven.

While, however, the mass of the learned admired it as the perfection of poetry, there were others, who were alarmed at its influence, and decried its worth. Petrarch criticised it with cruel severity, and returned it to the friend who sent it to him as unworthy the name of Poetry.

Jean Gerson, one of the erudite Fathers of the council of Constance and Chancellor of the University of Paris, wrote a Latin treatise upon the dangerous character of the book, "which if I only had," said he, "and there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pounds for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money." And the good Chancellor, carrying his wrath beyond the grave, remarks that if he thought its author did not repent of writing it before he died, "he would vouchsafe to pray for him no more than he would for Judas, who betrayed Christ." Martin Frank also inveighed against it in a work entitled "The Champion of the Ladies," and though many of the Clergy denounced it from the pulpit, others openly cited its passages in their sermons, and "mingled the verses of William de Lorris, with the texts of holy writ."

From a partly obliterated colophon it appears that the manuscript possessed by Mr. Smets, was expressly written for Lady de Coucy in 1323, and recently belonged to Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated scholar and divine.

Mr. Smets has also a copy of the first printed edition of the work, struck off in Paris in 1537, and also a superb copy in four large 4to volumes issued in 1799.

The next manuscript we shall mention is a splendid octavo copy of "Rabanus Machabeorum libro duo," from Lord Egmont's celebrated collection.

Lord Egmont is himself an interesting historical character to Mr. Smets' fellow-citizens of Georgia, as under the title of Lord Percival, he was the President of the Common Council of Trustees for the settlement of that State, and through life was devoted to her interests. By his powerful appeals in her behalf, he caused the traducer of her fame to retract upon his knees before the assembled Peers of England, the slanders which he had promulgated against the Trustees.

The full title of the MS. is "Libri Prophetarum et Libri Regum—cum explanatione locorum difficilliorum." It was written between 14 and 1500 upon very delicate vellum, and the chirography is the most exquisitely fine we have ever seen; it is the perfection of writing in the 15th

century. It is richly illuminated with a variety of pictorial devices of the most brilliant colors. The initial letters are elegantly embellished with curious devices, and are mostly in gold and blue. The margins also are beautifully wreathed with flowers, spangled with silver and gold, which give a beautiful and magnificent appearance to the double-columned page which they encompass. The author, Rabanus Maurus, was in 847 Archbishop of Mentz and one of the most learned divines in the ninth century. He was born at Mentz in 785 and died in 856, leaving behind a vast number of works on a variety of subjects, mostly of a scriptural character.

A number of manuscript missals, in Latin, grace his collection. These missals were collections of separate liturgic services for the convenience of the priests, and contain many of the oraisons and ceremonies of Gregory I., and even earlier Popes.

The oldest in Mr. Smets' library was written in 1380, and is a small quarto, of superior execution. It contains twelve miniatures of grouped figures, one of which represents a lady, with a gaily-attired knight; while Death, in the form of a skeleton, steals up behind transfixing her with his dart: designed, doubtless, to represent the uncertainty of life. The costume is of the time of Charles V. of France, and seems as *outrè* to us, as our fashions would have appeared then. The large letters in this, also, are in gold, and the whole profusely ornamented.

Another, the "Antiphonarium Sanctum," a work of the 15th century, is very neatly written on vellum, and contains fifty-four miniatures of Saints, the production of some Flemish artist. On the first page is a large painting of our Saviour, as described by Josephus.

But the most costly and splendid of these devotional works written about 1420, is an elegant octavo volume, containing fourteen of the most finished paintings, representing the Annunciation, the appearing of the Angels to the Shepherds, the visit of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, &c., &c. The coloring of these drawings is brilliant, and exhibits the freshness of yesterday, while the lining is accurate and sprightly. The grouping of figures is graceful, the perspective faultless, and the whole beautiful beyond description. The initials are superbly colored with gold and silver, and blue and carmine; the letters are clear and distinct, the vellum fine, and the work altogether incomparable.

Among his French manuscripts is one written in 1442 entitled "Liure de sainte maditacyone en coquois—sance de soymesmes." It is a large thick folio, with parchment leaves, gold and coloured letters, flower embellished margins, and the whole elegantly executed. It is written in Gothic French, and what adds peculiarly to its value and gives to it an intrinsic merit far above that of any other in his collection, is the fact of its being entirely in the autograph of the author, Robert Cybole, who styles himself in the colophon, "Docteur en theologie, et chancellier de notre Dame de Paris." Another French manuscript of more modern date, however, is a transcript made in 1627 from the original records, viz. "The Register of the Parliament of France," &c., detailing the marriage ceremonies of all the Royal personages of France, from the reign of Louis XII. to 1626, and is entitled "Ceremoniea de marriage de Roy et autre grand," &c. These historical collections commence with the marriage contract of Louis XII. with Anne de Bretagne in 1498 and are exceedingly minute in their details. Many a fascinating story might be woven from the diversified narratives contained in these pages.

The reader who has not made himself familiar with the history of the art of illuminating manuscripts, would suspect us of practising upon his credulity, if we should tell him with what labor one of these curiosities was produced. Years were sometimes consumed in the preparation of a single work. The worthy old ecclesiastics who chiefly devoted themselves to the pursuit, had need certainly to exercise the Christian virtue of patience, in the prosecution of their tasks, for not unfrequently the whole aspect of the material world underwent a change, while the parchment lay unfinished before them. When we consider this striking fact, it will appear still more incredible that thousands and even millions of these MSS.—some of them of a voluminous character—were written before the invention of printing. The famous Library of Alexandria which was burnt by the Saracens A. D. 642, contained so immense a number of such works, that we are told the baths of the Caliph Omar were heated six months from the fires that were made of them.

It may, perhaps, be thought an idle speculation, at this late period of the world's history, when the clatter of the printing press is heard by day and night, all round the globe, to dwell upon the immense loss to science and literature occasioned by this bigoted act of the besotted Eastern monarch. We may, however, venture to say that other causes have since worked as dire a destruction of the records of ancient learning as this great conflagration itself. War, that saddest ordeal through which nations have passed since time began, and the consuming touch of decay have reft us of much of the highest wisdom and the profoundest research of the ancients. Dr. Stevens mentions, with the regret of the accomplished and liberal scholar, a few of those irretrievable losses which the world has thus ex-

perienced. The history of Polybius was originally written in forty books, but the first five books only, and a few other fragments have reached us. Of the forty-five books of Diodorus Siculus, but fifteen are extant. Of the eighty volumes of Dion Cassius, twenty-five remain. Of the one hundred and forty books of Livy, thirty-five only are left. The greatest part of Appian's Roman History is lost; and the five hundred volumes of Varro, "the most learned of the Romans," have dwindled down to a few fragments.

A poet, whose own regrets had been excited by the contemplation of these sad losses, thus celebrated the triumph of type over the accidents of time and fate:—

> Science on books now dreads no holy war,
> Thus multiplied, and thus dispersed so far,
> She smiles exulting, doomed no more to dwell
> 'Midst moths and cobwebs in a friar's cell:
> To see her Livy, and most favoured sons,
> The prey of worms and popes, of Goths and Huns;
> To mourn, half-eaten Tacitus, thy fate,
> The dread of lawless sway, and craft of State,
> Her bold *machine* redeems the patriot's fame
> From royal malice, and the bigot's flame;
> To bounded thrones displays the legal plan,
> And vindicates the dignity of man.

Pursuing the train of thought suggested by the ravages that time has made upon the literature of the past, Dr. Stevens indulges in these excellent reflections on the remarkable preservation of the Bible—

"Is it not a proof of the peculiar care of God for his own revelation, that that inspired volume has survived every revolution, outlived every devastation, remained unharmed in every change, in each age, and in all countries; and when every other work of antiquity is either lost or mutilated, is still presented to us the same original, entire, unpolluted book, which Prophets and Apostles wrote, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost? The wisdom of the world, its philosophy, its science, its literature, its arts, its history, all that constituted the glory and greatness of the past, are known to us only through the imperfect fragments which have descended to our times; the Bible only has been preserved entire, the pure light which has shone from the days of Moses, and which will shine onward undimmed till lost in the eternal glory of its divine Author."

But it is proper that we should now recur to Mr. Smets' treasures, from which we have been led away many paragraphs back.

Safely packed away in chests of drawers, underneath the book-shelves, are many old parchment deeds, grants, &c., which are interesting in themselves and valuable for their associations. Of the many, we shall notice but a few, and the first and oldest is an autograph deed, by which "William, Abbot of Mielleray—and Ralph, Prior of Voulvant—and the Monks there present, alienate, and cede to Blomon and his wife, Stephania, for the consideration of two-pence ("quondam ad censum duorum") the house near the monastery, in front of the old Almonry, the which house has been ceded by her parents on the marriage of the said Stephania to Blomon," written in 1160. It is in Latin, written in large letters on parchment, about 10 inches square.

The next we shall specify, is an original deed of gift of certain pasturage from Manasses, Count de Rethel, to the Abbey of Ligny, written in 1194.

The next is a neat and prettily written note, under the seal of St. Peter of Megieres, certifying that Stephen, of St. Marcel, knight, and Ade, his wife, give to Gaucher, Earl of Æthel, Garot de Viler, a woman in their service, in exchange for Bertha, daughter of Hiete, who was woman servant of the Earl of Æthel, dated May, 1255.

But the most valuable of these single papers of which he has many elegant and curious specimens, is an original Bull of Pope Innocent the III., written at Rome on the 24th February, 1212, in the 15th year of his Pontificate. It is six inches square, written in small angular letters, on thick parchment bearing the original fold of the Epistle. This edict was addressed to the Abbots of St. Peter of Laigny, and of Chailly, and to the Dean of Senlis, desiring them to inquire into the matter relative to the expulsion of the Canons, from the monastery of St. Cornelius, at Campeigne, it having been charged against them, that they had destroyed the privileges and other prerogatives of that Church. These written instruments of the Roman chancery, derive their name Bulls, from the Latin Bullæ, a seal or round drop; some times, however, in the shape of a heart worn by the young nobility of Rome round their necks, and the edicts of the Pope being sealed with lead hanging in that form from the parchment, obtained the same name. If the Bull was one of grace or favour, the seal was suspended with silken threads, but if one of justice or execution it was hung by a hempen cord. These seals bore two aspects, one inscribed with the name and title of the Pope, the other bearing the profiles of St. Peter and St. Paul with a cross between them and the letters "S. Pa. and St. Pe." above it. Bulls were not, however, confined to the Roman pontiff, but many documents of State from Emperors, Princes and Nobles were issued under that name till the 13th century, the Popes only having continued the use of metal seals to the present day. Sometimes the Bullæ, or seals, were of gold, as was the case with the Bull of Clement VIII., conferring the title of "Defender of the Faith," on Henry VIII., and the instrument of the German Emperor, Charles

IV., made in 1356, with the consent of the Princes of the Empire, is called the Golden Bull, from the seal appendant to it.

The one poesessed by Mr. Smets, is a consistorial bull, or one made in full consistory, such as are confined wholly to religious affairs, those of a secular nature being termed Pancarer, or confirmation of grants to the Church; while those relating to the immunities of cathedrals and monasteries, were called Bulls of privilege.

Mr. Smets has also a number of interesting Albums. Not such as loving lasses and sighing swains, deposite their amorous doggrels in; but the Albums of scholars, *two centuries old*, bearing the inscriptions of some of the most distinguished men in the 17th century.

The first we shall notice, is the Album of Enrieus Stauffer, containing about seventy autographs of illustrious personages. It numbers, also, a few exquisite drawings and two emblazoned coats-of-arms. It is an oblong duodecimo, and was begun in 1632. There are passages in it in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian and German; written by Frederic, Duke of Wurtemburgh, dated 1640; John, Count of Hainault, 1633; John Freinshemmus, a very learned classical scholar and the author of many works; Mathias Bernegger, Professor of History at Strasburgh; George Stewart, London; Henry Harrison, Anglicus Cantabrigiensis, 1633, with many others.

There is also the interesting Album Amicorum Familiarum Aldari et Fabricii, an oblong quarto. in original binding, containing the autographs of Frederic Spanheim, Professor of Divinity at Leyden; John Fabricius, 1645; John Schmidt, 1635; Mathias Nicolai, 1634. The devices which it contains, are as interesting as its autographs. One represents Juno in queenly state, with a peacock on one side, and a gazelle on the other. Another is a tilt between two cavaliers, one armed cap-a-pie with coat of mail—helmet of brass and pointed lance; the other, habited in a monk's cloak, and scholar's hat, and writer's bag, with a quill in rest, instead of a lance. The knight of the quill is about unhorsing the knight of the spear. whose staff is broken by the encounter, while three angelic beings proclaim the victory of the scholar, and crown him with triumph. It fills 400 pages and has 41 devices, some to the full size of the page.

He has another Album, dated 1560, in which are painted ten armorial bearings, and heraldic designs.

One of the unique volumes of his library is a beautiful vellum duodecimo, containing fifty illuminated paintings, representing the dresses of the different orders of ecclesiastics in the Papal Church; from the Pope, with his scarlet rob and golden crozier; to the poor Hermit, with worn sandal, and black cowl, and unshorn beard. It is full of interest, and the drawings are spirited and accurate. There is the Abbot of the St. Norbert—of Ansewyck—of the Holy Trinity and of St. Bernard. There is depicted the Cordelian—the Dominican—the Capuchin—the Carmelite and the Benedictine. They are all beautiful, but the most excellent are the pictures of the Pasteur—the Chapelain, and L'Abbè.

Descending to modern times, we notice first, an elegant autograph MS. of the Rt. Hon. Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. This manuscript, contains his "Postscript to the Royal and Noble Authors of England"—Questions proposed to the Antiquarian Society—Garrick's verses on Mr. Gray's ode—Miller's poem to Lady H. Waldegrave on the death of the Duke of Ancaster, verses to Lady Charles Spencer, and a catalogue of books, and detached pieces, which were printed at the Strawberry Hill press; *all in the hand writing of Horace Walpole.*

What an autographic treasure! The mere signature of Walpole, would be interesting;—a common letter from his pen, invaluable—but the "Postscript, to his noble authors," in nineteen folio pages, his own chirography is a treasure of no ordinary worth.

The 1st edition of "His Royal and Noble Authors," was printed at Strawberry Hill, in 1758, and the Postscript in 1790. It is a work of great interest and research, as he carefully gathered up every literary memorial of the Peers and Monarchs of England. Strawberry Hill was the name of a beautiful villa, at Twickenham, which he erected and adorned, in the most recherche style of Gothic architecture. Devoted to literary pursuits, he, in 1757, set up a printing press at his residence, for his own private purposes, at which he published over forty volumes, of fugitive pieces, mostly for private circulation. The penmanship is fair, but not beautiful, though the general appearance of the page is clear, and the sentences easily read.

An original MS. of Laurence Sterne, the author of the "Sentimental Journey," "Tristram Shandy," &c., next demands attention. *It is an entire autograph* of his "Fragment, in the manner of Rabelais," one of the most singular, of his singular works. The manuscript varies materially from the copy. published by his daughter, Mrs. Medall, in 1775, as it contains expressions too coarse for publication. The autograph of this celebrated and eccentric writer is of great rarity. His published works, however, are numerous, but of a very unequal character; mingling with charity and assize sermons, "Yorick's Meditations" on noses and "hobby horses;" on quacks, and "the man in the moon." His life

and writings were totally at variance with the profession he espoused, and the sacred things in which he ministered. In 1822, the wig of Sterne was sold in London, at public auction for *two hundred guineas*, nearly a thousand dollars!

We now notice a volume of wonderful value—a MS. copy of Addison's poems, IN HIS OWN HAND WRITING. On a fly leaf, are the signatures of Charlotte Warwick, and Charlotte Addison, the elegant essayist having married, August 2d, 1716, Charlotte, Countess of Warwick, grand daughter of Sir Orlando Bridgman. The first poem in the book is entitled "Van's house built, from the ruins of white hall, that was burned," written in 1703, referring to the new playhouse in the Haymarket. The minor poems in the volume are "Upon Love;" "When will thy heart grow tender?" written in 1715, during his courtship;—for Addison experienced more than the common share of a lover's difficulties in obtaining a bride, and more than the common share of a lover's disappointment in retaining her—"Love's a Dream;" "To Mr. Pope on his second subscription of Homer;" "A Riddle upon Coals;" "Death makes all equal;" "A Riddle upon a shadow;" "Apollo once to Venus sued;" A beautiful apologue on Love in the autograph of his daughter, who writes in the margin "Papa's works," and an inscription upon the tomb of Edward, Henry; Earl of Warwick, and Holland, who died August 15th, 1721, aged 24 years.

During Addison's life, Warwick was a dissolute and intractable pupil, but the death bed of his tutor in 1719, who, calling him to his side, said, "I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die," produced a happy reformation, which death soon sealed. Had we room, we would gladly copy several of these pieces, but shall merely give one which is at this moment before us, Mr. Smets having, with characteristic generosity, given us a leaf from the volume, which, of course, we treasure most highly. The poem we give seems to have been written hastily, though the penmanship is legible and fair throughout. It is, as the reader will perceive, a madrigal and by consequence can not express any of the more striking features of the author.

I.

Chaste Lucretia, when you left me,
You of all that's dear bereft me,
Tho' I show'd no discontent;
Grief's the longest and the strongest
When too great to find a vent,
How much fiercer is the anguish
When we most in secret languish,
Silent water's deepest found,
Noisy grieving is deceiving,
Empty vessels make most sound.

II.

Had I words that could reveal it
Yet most wisely I'd conceal it,
Tho' the question be but fair,
Grief and merits, love and spirits
Ever lose by taking air,
Guardian angels still defend you,
And surprising joys attend you,
Whilst I like the winter sun,
Faintly shining and declining,
Tell thou charming spring return.

Among other unique volumes of the character to which we have been referring may be found Sir John Herschel's Astronomy, Sir David Brewster's Optics, Sir James Macintosh's Life of Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, all in the hand writing of their respective authors. Of the latter work Mr. Smets has (if we may use what may seem a paradoxical expression) two unique copies, one being the original MS., and the other a bound volume of the first proofs, with very wide margins which are filled with autorial notes.

We may also notice a little volume, curious in itself and invaluable as containing the autograph of Allan Ramsay, the Scotch Poet, entitled, "Journall of the Easy Club." This Club was established in Edinburgh in 1712, and numbered among its members many of the chief wits and poets of the time.

One of the most exquisite specimens of caligraphy we have ever seen Mr. Smets possesses in the shape of a book of travels—*Memoire de la Campagne en Portugal L'an* 1762—copied by no less a person than Robert Southey. There is not an erasure nor an interlineation from the title page to the end of this MS., and the text may be read with as much ease as if it were in the boldest type of the Longmans.

Lastly, of the MS. works we shall mention a series of thirty-one volumes of autograph notes and letters of distinguished men and women, which series came from the immense collection of the late Mr. Upcott. Each volume contains the portraits of the individuals, and an index to the letters which are arranged in alphabetical order.

But we must stop. Our limits have been exceeded even before getting through with those treasures of Mr. Smets which are in writing. We shall be compelled to defer a notice of his other volumes, which illustrate the rise and progress of the art of printing, until some future time.

PEDIGREE.—Thierry derives this word from *pedes*, feet, and *grus*, a crane; on account of the resemblance of genealogical trees to the feet of a crane. The "proud duke" of Somerset, as he was called, used to say that he pitied Adam, because he had no ancestors.

APPEALINGS.

BY E. JESSUP KAMES.

I.

Wake from thy sleep! the night of rest is over—
  Fling far away thy being's idle mood;
Call back thy Fancy, long a careless rover,
  And dream no more of silken solitude!
Rise from thy scented couch of thornless roses—
  Quit the green bowers, that seem to thee so fair.—
Henceforth the world of vision on thee closes
  With all its radiant shapes of Beauty rare!

II.

Too long already have thy footprints tarried
  In the soft summer scenes of fairie land,
Too long hast thou the rose-hued pictures carried
  Of the Ideal, in thy enchanted hand:
Too passionate and deep thy adoration
  Of those bright bards, of Poesie, and Song,
Too rich the rosy realms of thy creation,
  Where dream bewildering forms of splendor throng!

III.

Leave them behind, with all their peerless beauty—
  Break from thy haunted heart each charméd spell.
Before thee lies the open path of Duty—
  Enter therein and guard thy wanderings well!
Turn not aside—walk in the way before thee—
  The only path of safety left to thee:
Thy Life hath Actual grown, and bending o'er thee
  Stand the grim guardians of Reality;

IV.

Stern sentinels on the outposts of Duty.
  Strict watch they keep beside the Ebon gate—
Lest thou look back to those fair haunts of Beauty
  Tempted to fly from thy appointed fate:
Thou hast called home thy wild and wingéd fancies—
  Folded their wanderings in thy silent heart—
Buried for aye thy glowing youth-romances,
  Never again from Lethe's wave to start!

V.

Then let Oblivion's gray-hued moss grow over
  The records, and the ruins of the Past;
Recall no more acquaintance, friend, or lover,
  Whose lot with thine in prosperous days was cast.
'Tis thy best wisdom to forget, forever
  The *Evil* past—all thoughts of self to still—
Seek out the noblest aim—the best endeavor,—
  And with sublimest hopes thy fate fulfil!

September, 1851.

EPISODES IN TWO LIVES.

"I must be off now as soon as possible," said I, rising from the breakfast table of a pleasant inn in the borough of W., "I wish you would order my horse instantly."

Mine host raised his eyes in amazement: and well he might, for it was no day for riding.

"Surely," cried he, "you will not go out such a day as this!"

"It is disagreeable enough—but I shall weather it: my horse if you please."

"But, sir, only look out—it would positively be madness! The roads are impassable now, and in this part of Virginia they are never very good; and there is Randolph's run that grows as rapidly as Jonah's gourd, and in a short time gets to be past fording. The river has been frozen for a week, and even if this rain *has* washed down the ice, ten to one you won't find the ferryman there to day." Here the clever little orator shuddered.

"My horse!" said I hastily.

"You'd better make yourself comfortable,—no expense if you like, sir."

"My horse!"

The landlord finding further persistence useless, rang a bell and ordered my horse. As I have intimated, he was an amiable and by no means uninteresting fellow, and had a pleasant and healthy family. His mind was of a highly speculative cast, especially regarding political interests. His whole attention seemed absorbed in the event of the State Convention, for the election of delegates to which the people were to vote in the ensuing spring. He was a very moderate non-conservative, and seemed rather apprehensive that we were not prepared in Virginia for the adoption of measures which, abstractly, were good. He thought that an elective judiciary would be well enough, but re-election of judges most baleful. He was a stronger advocate of the mixed-basis of representation than I would have anticipated from his longitude in the State.

I make no apology for these observations, however irrelevant they may seem. The reader will judge that I would at least have been entertained had I not chosen to brave the tempest;—it would have been a delight which I would have enjoyed, had my engagement been any other than what it was.

My horse was quickly announced. I buttoned my great-coat closely up to my chin, secured my throat with a white worsted comfort, encased my hands in buckskin gloves, bade adieu, at the same time, to my nose and my friend of the inn—and in another moment was dashing down the sleety road at the rate of six miles per hour. I had to

spur on terribly till I had over-reached the turning-back distance, for fear I should falter of my purpose,—for really I had no previous idea of the weather. It was one of those keen March days when the snow and rain come together, and an umbrella is of no sort of good, because, as the French æronaut says of the snow-flakes in the clouds, they fall up as much as down, and in every other conceivable direction. And to the one that rode fast there was gotten up a keen counter-draft of wind for his individual benefit.

It was ten o'clock that night when I reached C., the place of my destination. I leaped from my foaming horse at the front of the well-known hotel, and, running in, hastily sought the register of arrivals.

"He's here!" I cried,—"he's here! No. 47. Show me to No. 47, and have supper brought up there: see that my horse is rubbed down to-night."

My heart beat as I stood at the room of my best earthly friend. I opened the door hastily.

"True as steel, Leman!" cried I.

"True as steel, Brent!" he exclaimed, embracing me.

Henry Leman and I had been three years roommates at the Literary Institution in C., where we now met. We had been ever devoted to each other. We had been in the same class, had studied together with exclusiveness, and with equal success; preferring the instruction which the adaptability of our own minds would yield from association, we had, when at college, sought little other society. Reserve toward strangers was made up in enthusiastic friendship to each other, which was strengthened by our dissimilarity of temperament. This latter had led us into totally distinct paths of life when it was necessary that we should leave the fascinating career of a student for a worldly one. Leman's father had died in early life; and his mother had gone to live in Italy with an only brother, carrying with her an only daughter. He had been left at home with a brother of his father's, and with the design of going to Europe so soon as his time at the Institution was spent; where he expected to finish his education as a painter, which had already been commenced in this country. Nature had made him a painter, and Henry cared not to oppose her.

When he had left me for Europe, we had appointed this night, ten years distant, to meet again in the town which knew our friendship! He had promised earnestly to return from Europe at that time if he were living, and in full faith I had rode sixty miles in storm and tempest to fulfil my engagement. We were once more together! He was changed—and I was changed, he said; but Time had not altered our hearts. Not even the ten years that had elapsed had made my friend's forehead less lofty, or his eye less "fiery and serene."

Some strong coffee was soon handed, and as I had not stopped an instant on the road, I needed no other inducement to partake heartily of the excellent supper that was set before me. We conversed freely during the time, and had each a story to tell of (to us) particular interest which we agreed to relate after the table service was cleared away. This was soon done with the exception of the coffee-pot, which it was resolved unanimously to retain.

There at midnight the bitter wet wind blew lustily through the house and mournfully down the chimney; but the huge blaze only flashed higher like a thing alive. The music within was the seething of the kettle and the crackling of the logs: what more is wanted to the joy of two re-united friends!

"This *is* fine coffee, Brent," said my friend.

"It would be ashamed to be anything else on so notable a night," said I.

"Well: but we must tell our stories now—and you first."

"No, Virginia is my home—you my guest; therefore your's is the preference."

"Very well—that preference is to remain silent till you have finished."

"I see you've acquired some French wilfulness," I said, sipping of my cup, "but still I will proceed. I intend telling things as they happened, but by no means seeking to enforce my own conclusions with you. After hearing me you may say I have enlarged upon my former quantum of superstitious feeling. So be it—yet I but 'testify that I have seen.' The circumstances of my life, however, have certainly made a deep impression on me in every respect.

"You well know that I always said I would never leave my native State. I was never adventurous or roving physically. My indolent delight has been rather to recline on my lounge and burn with the fever of Shelley—search out the mystic problems of Goethe or Swendenborg,—or rise up in abstracted converse with Plato, in whose philosophy there is nothing undreampt of, in heaven or earth. This you know has forever been my love.

"I was left, you are aware, an orphan, and therefore when I left my Alma Mater had nothing to engage my care. Said I: 'I will seek some lone place to live in quiet, and there I will commune with the spiritual world. I will do this, or if I am rubbed and irritated by the world, I will curse Providence that I am here without a kind parent's hand to ward off suffering. I can be only holy and happy by seclusion and loneliness from the unsympathizing.'

"I went forth to discover a place, and I found it. On the top of one of the greenest (to my eye) of the North Mountains, I had been told of a spot where in 1754, when the great massacre of the settlers in the Valley took place, some pious maidens had assembled, so the story ran, to pray for the safety of their fathers; and the Indians had broken in on their devotions, but seeing their defencelessness and the beauty of the locality, they allowed them to depart to their homes (now burut) and gave them tokens, such as beads, &c., by which they should be saved from violence. By this association I was led to visit the spot; it was in the latter part of spring that I went. I had no kind of conception of its loveliness. On the mountain-top there sat in beauty a clear and crystalline tairn: it was imbedded in the loveliest circle of cedar and yew, and fringed with running mosses and numberless pansies. It seemed as if Nature on second thought had resolved that the emerald casework were truly too lovely to have only one existence, and so had dropped the clear lake there to give it a second life in its quiet bosom. I know not what to call it: it was as an earthly glimpse of Eden,—that cerulean eye fixed in the mountain's brow.

"'This! this!' I cried, reverently, 'shall be my life-long haunt. Here will I vow eternal devotion to Nature: I thank thee Father!' I rode about more in the vicinage, and was the more delighted. It was truly a solitary place; I could see but one house any where near. It was so recluse, that when I employed workmen to build me a cottage out on the mountain, they were amazed, and had to build a temporary shanty for themselves there in order to remain, as it was so distant from any abode! I had the builders there straightway: I had a garden laid off beside the house-lot, which was to be on a pretty slope about two hundred yards from the tairn, and in sight of all the piedmont country on both sides, hemmed in by the Blue Ridge on one hand, but co-extensive with the eyesight on the other.

"As you may readily imagine, I had my cottage made according to my humor. I had two rooms for my personal use,—a bed-room and a study: a large back-room was affixed as a sort of kitchen. I had, however, two rooms in a second story for emergency, and it was most fortunate considering my speedy change from single blessedness—"

"What! Brent,—you don't mean to say, surely—"

"I *do* mean to say that I have the sweetest wife in all creation and five real angels for children,—*per Bacco*, how you'd love 'em! There's little Henry (named after you, Leman,) that isn't but five years old next March, and yet, sir, he can read a whole chapter in the Bible, his mother telling him the proper names, of course, almost alone, and then there's little Susan who *is*, positively Leman, the prettiest—"

"Good heaven! Brent, what *is* the matter? pray leave the cherubim at home for the present: you were speaking of your house,—your whim interests me."

"I implore your pardon—but I'm apt to forget myself when I talk about my children, as you will be when you have them. Well then, about my house,—I had it built in Oriental style, significant of the Persian legends and the Cingalese dreams—so highly poetical: on the walls I hung paintings of Aladdin, of the Diamond Valley of Sinbad, and of the Pagan Metamorphoseon.

"During the time my house was beneath the architect, I became well acquainted with the only family who seemed destined to be my neighbors. Their name was Maldean—the man's name Richard; I never knew the wife's; they had a young girl in the house whom they called Annie, whose face was not only interesting but remarkably intellectual. I went to see them frequently: the three seemed all of the family. I observed some phases of expression and manner in the man and wife which were at first singular and then displeasing. They did not seem frank—would throw sour looks at each other, and yet seemed to dread being apart. Their eyes wandered every where, settled no where; they talked of every thing in the same breath and in the most abrupt way, stopping you in your conversation and changing the topic for you. I could not help being circumspect in company with these people, who were obviously of good class by nature and cultivation. The girl that lived with them was apparently unhappy, although she evinced the natural vivacity of her temper in occasional times of abandonment. She plainly had singular mental qualities.

"Well, to make a long story short, to which you will gladly consent, my house was finished, and I entered it just as winter was resting from storm and wind through sheer exhaustion. I was delightfully fixed in my study, having procured a large and, I flatter me, recherché library with appurtenances. And then I longed for the pleasant sunshine to come, when the mountain air is balmy and the shade enticing. I eagerly wished the flowers, I pined with Max in Wallenstein,

> Fürs erste Veilchen, dar der März uns bringt,
> Das duft'ge Pfand der neuverjüngten Erde.

"At last the summer sun came, bearing on its wings the birds and the daisies and the violets, 'the balmy pledges of renovated Nature.' With

the finishing of my cottage, the most supernal *chateaux en Espagne* in which my fancy had indulged had approached to a more vivid and real vision to speak the least. My flute and my books were my soul's communion, and my only companions. The lovely shades that waved beneath the sunlight around the tairn were my palaces, the thoughts that my mind created, unruly though they were, were my subjects. Sometimes gentle sleep would weigh down my eyelids as I reclined beneath the trees, with my spirit borne through the mystic portals of Dream-land. Here, when thinking over my own nature and aspirations, I would start with those sudden retro-glimpses of a former conscious existence, according to Plato's theory. For a time I lived a high and happy life.

"One evening I had walked out to the shade of a fine fruit tree with a volume of Emerson's Essays in my hand. It was an evening such as Naples would boast of: and my heart also said with what I read in the book:—give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous! I had not been there long when I fell asleep and dreamed a dream. I dreamed—you laugh that I should think it worthy the telling, but it was a noteworthy dream and all that I may have further to say depends on it:—I dreamed that from my seat I saw two women at the head of the tairn emerge from the wood arm in arm and with baskets of wild flowers. The day was warm and they sat down to rest on the mossy bank. They were about two hundred yards from me. At length one rose up and made a motion toward the water; the other also arose and bathed her hand in it; both then looked around, and, not perceiving me, commenced undressing, evidently with the intention of bathing. They both waded together carefully in the water, one preceding the other and then pointing how far she might come. At length when they both had reached a depth to their shoulders, the one that had preceded the other got behind her artfully and pushed her violently under the water. O, God, what a sight it was, I could not move! She came up—I saw her plainly—and was instantly thrust down again by the fiend beside her: once again she came up and a stifled cry of 'My child, my child' was borne over the peaceful lake; she sank again and all was still! The other woman came out and hastily dressed herself, then rolling up the clothes of the one she had murdered, with a large stone in them, she threw them in the tairn and hastened by a different way from that by which she came; just before she left she looked quickly around, and I saw her face distinctly for the first time. That unsettled look! that pale genius of unrest that sat on her brow!—surely I had seen that woman before: it was the wife of Richard Maldean!—

"'Come, Mr. Brent, what has been the matter—I thought you had a fit? You were groaning so loud that I heard you as I was going home by the path yonder! What have you been dreaming of?' It was Annie Maldean, the fair sweet girl, that had wakened me. I found my fingers clenched in the ground and one hand bleeding with a bruise on the rocks.

"'Come,' said I, as I rose up, 'since my after-dinner ride on a night-mare has detained you 'till dusk, I will accompany you in sight of your house.'

"'No matter for that, sir, I am used to walking about here at this time and later.'

"But I insisted, for, to tell the truth, I had a desire of conversing with her on any subject connected with her history. As I gave her my arm I cast a hurried glance across the tairn. I fancied I saw some dim form dart forward on the side forming the hypothenuse of the lake and in the same direction in which we were going. I shuddered, and half attributed it to the current of my thought.

"I had resolved, as I said before, to speak to Annie of her recollections. As soon as I mentioned the subject she became pale and agitated. It was not very much that I learned of her. She had but a faint reminiscence of a sweet face that she delighted to think was her mother's, bending over her day and night many years ago: she was certain that it was not that of the present Mrs. Maldean. She was treated far from well at her home; there was little good treatment of any one there: sometimes when Mr. Maldean and his wife would get angry, he would say, 'Come here Annie, I have a secret, and at such times Mrs. Maldean would jump up frantically and thrust her out of the room.

"I found Annie, although sixteen, very diffident, insomuch that she would not say anything she thought on these matters. By the time that I had acquired this much we reached the gate opening in sight of the house; she thanked me for attending her thus far, and said there was no need of my going farther. At this instant a woman approached whom, I soon perceived, was Mrs. Maldean, who said that she had been out to look for her as Annie staid a little longer than usual. I left the two and returned home.

"You have doubtless concluded, what was true, that my imagination had woven from my dream and what I had been able to derive from Annie a complete and consistent tragedy: that Maldean's present wife had murdered a former one, and mother of Annie, for the sake of her husband and probably at his instigation, and that the crime had been committed in the way indicated by my vision.

"I had read in the Tales of the German Nun of the eleventh century, and in the early legends of the Eyder, stories similar to that which I now tremble to think had occurred in my experience,—of dark crimes shown up by a supernatural light. I had of course regarded them, however told in good faith, as simple fictions; albeit I may have asked myself why, in those days when the means of discovering crime were so limited, it might not be supposed that the Father of Justice would indicate the trace of the deed by his own power?

"I will now tell concisely how my own vision was conformed to me, though there is still room for skepticism. I rode over to two gentlemen's houses at some distance, one of whom was a magistrate: to these I communicated my dream, and said that I would at least rest easier if it were investigated. We went together, all three, on the subsequent day to the tairn, carrying with us two stout negroes with drags. It was in the afternoon when we went over there: the negroes arranged the drags, and went out in the boat to the spot, which I could indicate from the vividness of my dream. I felt a horrible sensation of *certainty*, as we all stood there in breathless excitement awaiting the result.

"'Here it is at last!' exclaimed one of the negroes in a low voice as he slowly lifted to the surface of the water a portion of a bare skeleton! One or two of the bones were lost, but the greater portion of the order was preserved. The bones were brought ashore.

"'Can it be proved on them?' I said aloud.

"At that moment a report was heard close by and I fell: a ball had lodged in my left arm. Some of those present ran out to seek and arrest the person whoever it was, and on this point *I* had no doubt. They saw no one. In the meantime I was taken care of, and the skeleton, borne by a negro, was brought to my house as a witness. It was very late when we arrived.

"Early on the next day the two magistrates went over to Maldean's in order to arrest him and his wife. They found no one there but Annie: Maldean and his wife were gone! The poor weeping girl knew nothing of their departure: but aa old driver, coming along the main-road near by, said he had met a couple in a carriole like that of Maldean's, answering to the description, far off, at day-break, on the great route to the West. 'It is rather fortunate,' I said when I heard it, 'for the Law doesn't convict and punish people on the evidence of dreams; but here is confession!'

"It was mooted to take up a collection for the support of the deserted Annie, for Maldean and his wife had secured every thing of value in the house, and the house itself, together with most of the furniture, was rented. But I informed them of a design I had in my mind ever since my eye first lit on Annie; and circumstances would only make me act with more celerity in the matter. To be brief, I had resolved to take advantage of Annie's helpless condition, if you like to say so, and ask her hand in marriage.

"Not long afterward we were married. Ever since my cottage has been a place of new beauties: before it was a beautiful statue; now there's life in it—it's an angel, is my home. And, my dear Leman, of all the beautiful, bright-faced, intelligent cherubs—"

"Very remarkable indeed," said Leman in a musing way.

"—The children?" I eagerly suggested.

"Why, Brent, you are wandering; I mean the story you've related. It is certainly a most singular one, and were it not that you told it, I would be a skeptic as to the facts. If you believe that your conclusion as to the incidents is true, then there is no evasion of the supernatural nature of the affair: there seems some room for the supposition that your dream was vague as you dreamed it, but sufficient to suggest the drowning, and that after the finding of the body it (the dream) assumed a definite form in your own mind; then, that the remainder was part coincidence, part fancy."

"Come let us fill up another bowl, Leman, for I am eager for your tale. *Sacrè!* how the wind blows—I pity those who haven't good cheer to night!"

Leman for some time did not heed my invitation to warm another cup of coffee; and for some minutes seemed much entertained with reverie, if any thing could be discerned from the variety of expression on his face.

"You know, Brent," he said at length, "all about my travels till within the last one or two years. You know how I wandered over the loveliest spots of the old world to drink inspiration from the Tweed and the Mayne; and to wander in transport amid the sterile grandeur of Holland, so delicately conceived by the pencil of Madame D'Arbourville in her 'Histoire Hollandaise.' You know how I at last settled to complete my studies at a short way from Roveredo, in the sublime retirement of the 'green hills of Tyrol.'

"Concerning the progress of my study there you have been regularly informed by letter. I don't know why, but in a caprice I had resolved not to visit my mother and sister, whom I thought still in Italy, until I had gained a fair name as an artist. It was a caprice of mine; but you know I was always ambitious.

"The stirring fame of the New Revolution that just was about to dawn in lurid fire on the res-

tive French drew me from the secluded banks of the Adige. In hot haste I reached Paris; my bosom swelling with the thought that I was there an American, which to a large portion of the *bourgeoisie* then, was to be a Demigod.

"The most notable events of my life are concerned with my residence in Paris at this time. I commenced immediately painting for exhibition at the academy, and found my name coupled with various expressions of feeling. My republican principles breathed themselves through my pictures quite plainly; at one time rising before the people in the Genius of Liberty, and at another exciting them with a view of the struggle at Lexington, or in the portraits of the Signers of our Declaration in Faneuil Hall.

"I soon found that my name—which by the way I had changed some little—was a topic of conversation every where. I was lauded by the people, whilst the coated gentry and the officers looked on me with suspicion and aversion. I certainly would never exhibit a painting there which I did not believe would bear criticism.

"The dissatisfaction of the people had hitherto been only subject of conjecture and speculation, never having taken any positive form. But I thought I could foresee something, and I did. The hopes of the people began to centre about Lamartine; with him I saw was to be their trust and love.

"I commenced at this time a painting of that great man. I resolved that it should be exact and noble. so that the Blouse should every where cry out 'There he is! what a brow! he is our own!'

"Well, to hasten: the picture that should—I had so *resolved*—excite the applause of the million was finished; it was of full-length. I was, I must confess, somewhat proud of it. I stood before it long, giving at intervals a new shade or half-touch.

"One afternoon as I was standing thus I was told by my waiter that a lady was in my parlor. I instantly went down. She struck me as being the most lovely human being I had ever seen. She had neither the air nor face of a Parisian beauty.

"'I wish my likeness taken, sir,' she said as I entered.

"'Very well,' I replied, 'when will you call to sit?'

"'I have called now: I am extremely anxious to have it as soon as possible.'

"'Do you mean to say this afternoon?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"I might have made some objection if she had not been so exquisitely beautiful, and so earnest in her wish that I should commence at once. On reflection, however, that I had no work then on hand of much moment, I invited her into my studio. I quickly prepared my richest paints and best canvas for an occasion so worthy.

"Finally she was seated and all was ready except myself. I had the most disagreeable mistrust of my hand which had recently been a source of pride. The delicate outlines of the face—the hair of gold—the light of those eyes were surely too lovely to be transmitted to any canvas by any brush. The lofty mien of Lamartine was nothing to this.

"I felt badly: my hand began to tremble—and my face had even now commenced burning for the time when it should be said 'See! how far Nature outdoes his pencil!' I paused long.

"'*Mais, Monsieur*, are you not ready yet!' she said recalling me.

"'*Tiens*,' said I, 'will it not be best to put it off 'till some other time—say to-morrow?'

"'No!'

"'Is it absolutely necessary that it should be commenced now?'

"'Or never,' she said, 'and more, it must be finished at three sittings.'

"'Three! impossible.'

"'Indeed, I must have it, and I'd rather have you do it.'

"'I'll try!' I said, hating to lose such a picture, and yet fearful of myself.

"She assumed her position. At first my hand seemed tremulous; but as I proceeded, it became steadier—and at length I was absorbed in the interest of the work, to the exclusion of the fair one who sat before me except so far as my pencil was interested in her beauty. I scarcely recollected any thing until it was too dark for more work.

"'Again to-morrow, lady,' I said.

"'At what time?'

"'Eleven in the morning.'

"A moment more and she was gone as some fairy. I had designed requesting her name and address but had forgotten it on my return from the idea of my painting to the reality of her beauty.

"On the following morning I was deeply engaged on the picture which was so soon to be finished; I wished to advance it as far as might be before she came to set a second time. She was very punctual and sat again 'till three in the afternoon. I finished the head-piece by that time, at which the fair girl was delighted. She called me a flatterer, whereat I, of course, protested the injustice my pencil had done her; she received my compliment very differently from most of the Parisian beauties.

"Next day she came at the same hour. I had completed all that needed her presence! I have always counted that an achievement, Brent. I

regretted when the third sitting was over that I had not a magic pencil for her, to which her sole response was a merry laugh of great *naiveté*.

"'Indeed I'm delighted, Monsieur! Now please keep it here and Mr. Lyttleton will call and attend to it for me.'

"Some horrid thought that I couldn't define seized on me. I stammered out 'certainly,' and as she turned I said bluntly:

"'Who, did you say?'

"'Mr. Lyttleton,—*No.* 9—*St. Marque.*'

"'Not George Lyttleton surely?' I said inquiringly.

"'Why *surely?*—yes that's the one. Do you know him?'

"'Too well!'—then catching myself I asked, 'is he your relative?'

"'None,' she said with an offended air, for she seemed to think I was unwilling to trust her. A dreadful suspicion was on my mind: yet she seemed to be the picture of innocence and simplicity. What had she of concern with Lyttleton?

"'Pardon me,' I said, as I saw the impression with her that I was unwilling to trust her; 'pardon me, but the value of the picture is nothing to what I would learn. I will make that a present!'

"'I am quite surprised I confess,' she said,—'I came not here to be questioned.'

"To inquire more was a passion in me; it seemed also a duty. I resolved to risk offending her, knowing my own motives.

"'I believe you said he was no relative?'

"'No—none at all.'

"'For God's sake explain this—what is he to you?' I cried.

"I never saw any one so puzzled as this angelic creature. She seemed paralyzed by the excited way in which I had been led to ask these questions.

"'I am very much surprised indeed, sir, yet all you wish can be said in a few words—'

"'Well,' I said eagerly.

"'To-morrow evening Mr. Lyttleton and I are to be married.'

"'Married!'

"'Yes—yes, Monsieur; and now I must beg explanation.'

"'Thank God it's no worse,' I exclaimed.

"'I repeat, sir, I do not understand you—why thank God?'

"She was evidently very much offended.

"'Because I've yet time to save you.'

"'*Save me!* I'm yet in the dark, sir!'

"'Forgive me—I forget myself—'

"'I think so, sir!'

"'—What I mean is that I have yet power to save you from infamy and sorrow. I wish to warn you that beneath his handsome exterior George Lyttleton bears the heart of a fiend, as many injured ones in this city testify hourly while they live: that he is a deceiver—that he has deceived you: that you're rich or he would never—'

"'Stop, sir!" she cried, agitated, 'and do you dare to think that I shall believe your story?'

"I was startled by this; in my ardor I had forgotten the circumstances in which we stood—that of ignorance of each other. I had been carried away by the conviction that she was a victim, and that he was a villain. Her last words were accompanied with a look of scorn. I saw that a woman's affections were to be torn from the object on which they were centered—terrible task!—ere she was saved.

"'And you do not believe me, lady?' I said.

"'Did you dream I'd believe such idle tales?'

"'I did.'

"'There's too much deception in this world,' she said, contemptuously.

"'Alas! there is,' I said, with pain that I can not describe.

"'Well, sir, it is getting late and I must return: you can do as you see fit about the painting.' She turned to leave.

"'Hold, lady—one more word!' I had been thinking how to act.

"'You may talk on, sir, but it is useless to try to persuade me of the truth of your slanders without better evidence of them: what do I know of you? I know him.'

"'I am an American, lady,' I said, as a thought struck me.

"'I am also,' she said.

"'Is it likely I would deceive one of my own countrywomen?'

"'I have said I know nothing of you, nor what motives you may have.'

"I was really in despair for a time; yet something seemed to urge me on to persistence in seeking to save her.

"'I have one request; that will be all,' I said.

"'Name it,' she replied.

"'I wish you to accompany me to-night that I may prove my assertion.'

"'No, sir; and now as to the painting'—

"'That is yours; but for God's sake let me urge my request.'

"'Think of that, Monsieur, and you will see how improper it is.'

"'It would be so with any but a painter known throughout Paris, who has his name to sustain. You must have had some confidence in me, or you would not have come here.'

"'Call this evening at the Rue de —, No. 47 from the Old Abbey, and I will tell you my determination. I do not promise.'

"Exactly at the appointed time I was in the drawing-room, at the said number from St. Mary's Abbey. She appeared without delay. She seemed changed; and seemed to have been weeping bitterly. Perhaps something unnoticed before had been unlocked by the suspicion I had awakened concerning Lyttleton.

"'Will you go?' I asked eagerly.

"'Yes,' she said, 'I'll go;' and then with the exercise of a final doubt, she said, 'Surely you could not practise a deception so horrible as this would be; have you no daughter—no sister'—

"'Yes—a sister far away; one that I love—though I have not seen her for a long time.'

"'Think of her.'

"'I will; and of you in the fear of God!'

"In another moment I was proceeding with the fair stranger on my arm toward the '*Salon de l'Anglais*;' and as I went I felt how inhuman he must have been who could deceive one so trustful and so ignorant of the world as to yield to a request such as mine.

"We entered the *Salon*, and hastened on through the rooms where were people eating, drinking and gaming. We ascended the winding stairs to the top rooms, which were more quiet and less dazzling.

"I now commenced peering through the glass sides of each of the rooms as I went up: finally in the fourth story I saw Lyttleton; I turned and bidding her be of courage, carried her through the hall where there was a glass door. That entire side of the building could be seen by means of the splendid mirrors opposite this door inside.

"I pointed to the mirror.

"Reflected there she saw four figures seated at play.

"One of them was Lyttleton. They were all very intent on the game: there were large stakes and the perfect silence which prevailed bore witness to the excitement of the card-players. That top room was the one for those who spent whole evenings at play and did not wish to be disturbed: the transient visitors stopped on the lower floors.

"'D—n the card,' cried Lyttleton, throwing it, 'I never was so unlucky!'

"I turned to the lovely one by me and saw tears bathing her cheek.

"'How the devil do you expect luck to be forever on your side, Lyttleton?' said one of the bystanders.

"'But it never is!' cried Lyttleton.

"'Oho oho!' said the other, pointing at him, and looking at the other two, 'he says it's never with him; he says he isn't going to marry a fortune to-morrow night—and an infernally pretty girl to boot!'

"A long, loud laugh followed this. The maiden by me shuddered.

"'By the way, Lyt.,' said another, 'I forgot to ask you about that; I take it the affair's going on right. You *are* a lucky dog.'

"'Yes, gentlemen,' said he, with a smile, 'she's mine to-morrow night—fortune and all.'

"'How much is it?'

"'Don't know exactly yet; will tell you more this time day after to-morrow.'

"A laugh followed. I felt her leaning more on my arm.

"'Has she got any relations in town!'

"'Yes, one; but she don't know it.'

"The lady turned pale at this.

"'Pshaw! I mean are there any old folks?'

"'No papa—thank God!'

"'Good for you—that's a fact.'

"'So I think; papas are *rather* too prying!'

"'She's pretty—isn't she?'

"'D—d pretty.'

"'Where is she now?'

"'Abbey; I recommended a quiet place where people don't gossip. Ha, ha!'

"'I suppose she's getting ready.'

"'She's having her portrait painted.'

"'By whom?"

"'M. Lemannèr, who, by the way'—the rest was spoken in a low tone to some one near; neither of us heard it.

"'You ought to have it taken as a *Model*!"

"A boisterous laugh followed this. The unknown beauty turned.

"'Come! 'tis enough!' she sobbed.

"As I led her back, I thanked God for having saved her. She seemed doubly lonely now that I had done so. I ordered a chaise to return in. She first attempted to speak.

"'To think that George'—the rest of the sentence was a sob.

"'He said you had a relation in this city besides your mother.'

"'O yes; I never knew it.'

"'I will try and discover who it is. You said you were from America?'

"'Yes; from the State of Virginia.'

"'Your name?—if I may ask it.'

"'Emily Leman.'

"My eyes swam as something overpowered my brain.

"'Have you been living in Italy—with your mother; have you a brother?' I asked hurriedly. She seemed alarmed.

"'It is all so,—how did you know?'

"'Heaven be praised,—I am your brother Henry!'

"Emily fainted in my arms; and in one moment more I was in the presence of my mother at the Old Abbey! She knew me of course, and

had been long expecting to hear from me. As I said, I had changed my name to Lemanner.

"I cannot describe the tears of joy that we mingled that night whilst offering our thanks to God that we had met again; and that I had saved Emily from a fate so awful!

"We have all returned now to our native Virginia, where, under the order of the same Providence that has shielded us from harm thus far, we shall hereafter remain."

The night was now far advanced, and we sought the rest which we so much needed, having both come a long journey on that inclement day.

I had intended to remain next day and see more of my old friend; but I prevailed on him to bring his mother and sister to see me at my quiet home in the mountains the subsequent week.

So next day I returned homeward. which is the only way my soul tendeth when I'm away from it. I spent another pleasant night with my friend the landlord; talking politics with him until midnight.

Henry came with his mother and sister, and will remain some weeks. We have ample leisure to talk of old times and new, of prospects and retrospects.

Whilst I am committing these things to paper, this task being more related to my habits of life, Henry is out on an adjoining height sketching what he is pleased to call the "loveliest scene on this side the Rhine," and the spirit of the place, my own quiet mountain home.

LINES.

Oh! Marie! think, so many years
As I have numbered more than thou,
So many years as past ere I
Loved as I love thee now,

So many weary years I lived
In utter thoughtlessness of thee—
So many weary years thou wert
An unknown star to me,—

And yet how lightly beat my heart!
At least I know 'twas seldom sad—
And when we are not wholly blest,
'Tis something to be glad.

How Marie! this could ever be,
I really cannot understand—
No more than how a flower should bloom
In some dry, desert land.

Unless indeed the joys I felt,
Were mystic glimpses from above—
Dimly prophetical of thee,
And promising thy love.

Dear heart! I now remember well,
How oft I seemed to breathe an air—
A more ethereal medium than
The common atmosphere!—

And dreams would come—I dream'd not whence,
My heart would throb—I guessed not why—
And sometimes when I felt no pain,
A tear would dim my eye.

Philosophers explain these signs
By some cold metaphysic reason,—
They do not know the tokens, which
Precede a pleasant season.

Marie! it is my calm belief,
And so must thou opine with me,
That never joy sustained my soul
But took its power from thee.

And all my pleasures in the past,
Still pointed to my present bliss—
And pleasure never had been mine,
Had Fate denied me this.

AGLAUS.

BALLADS OF HISTORY.

BY J. ATHEARN JONES.

THE VISION OF JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

The chroniclers of the actions of Julian inform us, that upon the night before he met his fate from the Parthian Javelin, "The Genius of Rome appeared to him, covering with a funeral veil his head and horn of abundance, and then slowly retired from the Imperial tent."

Gibbon has found in the life and character of Julian, exploits and virtues which he has used with all the power of his transcendant genius in vilification of the Christian religion. Julian has never been with me a favorite. Even as a military commander, I have never been able to discern his merit, or been brought to admit his capacity. The whole expedition into Parthia was conducted in a spirit of rashness, scarcely less conspicuous than that of Crassus into the same region. The sources through which we obtain our knowledge of the events of this campaign are all poisoned by the opinions and prejudices of the narrators. Ammianus Marcellinus, upon whom more than all other ancient writers, we rely for our knowledge of Julian's character, though unquestionably intending to tell nothing but truth, was insensibly biassed by his Pagan principles, by the share he had in the actions, and the rank he had in the favor of the monarch; and Zozimus, though writing in a style of much elegance, is known to be one of the least accurate of all the classic authorities. Upon these two, with the Sophist Libanius, obscure and pedantic, but

one of Julian's favored counsellors, the great author of the Decline and Fall chiefly trusted, and the consequence is that we have from his hands a sketch altogether distorted, colored and unreliable.

The reader cannot fail to remark in this mad expedition of Julian into Parthia, and in its disastrous results, a remarkable resemblance to Napoleon's Grand Russian Campaign. Even in the course adopted by the Russian generals of converting the country upon the approach of the invaders into a "naked and smoking district," they seem to have borrowed the Sapor's wise, but merciless precaution of devastating the region which Julian had selected for his battle-ground. the cultivated fields lying between the Tigris and the Median Mountains. It is, however, a customary expedient in warfare, and it might have been to this practice that the famous speech of Galgacus to his army on the Grampian Mountains, had reference—"where they *make a desert* they call it peace."

It would seem that omens foretelling disastrous battle, have often made their appearance to the weary and fainting soldier. The reader of glorious old Froissart will not have forgotten the unearthly pageant which appeared to the Flemmings on the night before their fatal defeat at Rosebecque. The author of "Philip Van Artevelde," has introduced into his noble poem the following passage in relation to it.

Van Ryk.—It was as much a battle to the ear
As sound could make it.
Elena. Saw you not besides
A redness in the sky.
Van Ryk. Yes, a red light.
Artevelde. This is a phantom fight.
The ghosts of them that are to fall to-morrow,
Rehearse their parts.

—

THE VISION OF JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

1.

The hour of strife is over,
The armies rest from fight;
And weary lie the Romans
In their battle armour dight.
Gray Sallust* sleeps uneasy
From the dread of coming ill;
Whilst the horsemen of King Sapor
Fresh and merry line the hill.

2.

The horsemen of King Sapor
Mind not the Summer heat;
As the lion they are mettled,
As the leopard they are fleet;
The men of Rome are valiant—
No foe hath seen them run;
But the Roman soldier fainteth
In the hot Assyrian sun.

3.

He is from that cold, bleak region,
Where snow and ice prevail;
From the cradle of the tempest,—
From the birth-place of the hail.
'Tis not the Great King's horsemen,
Their arrows nor their darts,
But weariness and hunger
That chills these Roman hearts.

4.

On his couch in fitful slumber
Lies the Wearer of the Crown;
He is pained with anxious visions,—
With sorrow stricken down.
The Parthians surround him,
The corn and oil are low,
And King Sapor's flying horsemen
Draw fatally the bow.

5.

There came before the monarch
Upon his couch that night,
A dream of ancient glory,
And of studious delight;
Of mornings with the Sophists,
In Antioch's cool bowers;
Of the strife on Mount Moriah
With the Gallilæan's powers.*

6.

What sees the dreaming monarch
Pass through the sombre tent?
That mournfully but sternly
Looked on him as it went.
An old man with a helmet!
He has seen him oft at home;
'Tis Mars, the Great Avenger,
'Tis the guardian God of Rome.

7.

Forth from the couch starts Julian,
And seeks the midnight air;
Gone is the startling phantom,
No shadowy form is there.
But he sees a fiery meteor,
Shoot athwart the evening sky,
And he knoweth by the omens
Whose the terrors of that eye.

8.

The Sacred Twelve have taught him
(Priests of the God are they

* There were two of the name of Sallust, who were favorites of Julian. He of the name who attended Julian in his Parthian expedition, and is frequently confounded with the other, was a very aged man whom Julian had made prefect of the east, and who, after the death of Julian's immediate successor, Jovian, was named for the imperial throne.

* The allusion here is to Julian's well known attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. Even Gibbon is compelled by the severe voice of cotemporary history to acknowledge the miraculous agency of the Divine will in preventing the re-construction of that edifice. The admission "thou hast conquered, Gallilæan," imputed to Julian as his declaration in his dying hour, rests on no sufficient authority, and is, probably, a mere monkish legend.

Their office fixed by Numa
In the Empire's early day,)
The Sacred Twelve have shown him
The signs that mark the God;
The pike and shield and helmet,
And the terrors of his nod.

9.

Then calls he to gray Sallust,
(The second of that name;)
And calls he Anatobius
Long known to martial fame.
And Maximus and Priscus
Deep in Socratic lore;
And the leaders of the legions
That the Gods of Rome adore,

10.

And he calls the Tuscan sages
Who read the mystic tomes,
And gather from the omens
What future fate is Rome's.
"How shall the legions prosper
If they to-morrow meet
King Sapor's flying horsemen
In the ardent summer heat?"

11.

And the Tuscan sages answer
As one they make reply;
"We see the columns falter,
We see the Parthians fly.
But there gathers round the Cesar,
A cloud of threatening signs,
Whilst on King Sapor's horsemen
The light of triumph shines."

12.

Sad be these revelations,
These portents dark with gloom;
And sinks the soldier's courage,
As he sees the coming doom.
Gray Sallust looks uneasy,
From the dread of coming ill,
Whilst the horsemen of King Sapor
Fresh and merry line the hill.

13.

And with the early morning
The army's march began;
And forth the columns wended,
The Cesar in the van.
But ere the day departed
Another scene was there,
Cold and gory lay brave Julian
In the soldier's fitting lair.

PUNY.—From the French *puis né*—literally, born since or after, junior. The word pony, as applied to a small horse, and *puisne*, designating a junior judge, have the same origin.

Lift for the Lazy.

THE EBONY LINE.

Among the various facts connected with the eventful session of 1850, the memorial of Judge Bryan and others praying the establishment of a line of steam packets, from this country to the western coast of Africa is one, by no means, of the least interesting character. It has a most important bearing upon all those great questions, by which, for the last four years, this country has been agitated. It is connected most intimately with one of the proposed plans, for the removal of these sources of trouble;—a plan having the rare merit and recommendation of being obnoxious to extremists of all classes; but inasmuch as it refuses to affiliate with any of these classes, or to take a position on either side in the great conflict which has been raging, is especially deserving of support and encouragement by the moderate of every section, and of every shade of political opinion. "Your society," says an English writer to a friend of colonization in this country, "has hit the mark;" has met the difficulty exactly at that point where, under existing circumstances, successful effort may be made for its removal. We conceive that the idea of this memorial, falling in as it does with the design of that society, and filling out that design in a manner which could not be done by any association unaided by the government, is happily described, in the language of this writer. Leaving out of view all other objects, whether those connected with our foreign policy, commerce, philanthropy, or religion; regarding the matter in its narrowest aspect, that which has reference to the principle of self-preservation, to the continuance of our existing institutions, this project demands the careful attention of each and every portion of our widely extended country. The plan proposed we may safely admit is not perfect; may not be the best plan possible. If taken hold of, in a proper spirit, and fairly tried, improvements may be suggested and made. But it is the breaking of ground in the right direction. And it should, at least, be thoroughly investigated, and so far as is consistent with public interests be fairly tried before it be rejected.

As most of our readers are probably acquainted with the main features of the proposed plan, it will be unnecessary to dwell upon them in detail. We may simply state that it contemplates an extension of a system recently commenced by Congress, which has for its object the creation of "a powerful steam-navy to be used in time of peace in carrying the mails, and in effecting great public objects not to be attained by private enterprise."* This system, for some time

* Stanton's report.

back, has been in operation among the great maritime powers of Europe. Vessels are employed in merchant service, yet built by government, frequently commanded by naval officers, built in such manner that little alteration will be required for warlike purposes, and subject, at any moment to be taken by the government, to meet existing emergencies. This mode of providing in time of peace, and at comparatively small expense, for the emergencies of war, has commended itself to Congress, and already seventeen large vessels, nine of these to run between New York and European ports; five between New York and Chagres; and three between Panama and San Francisco; have been ordered, of this character. It is proposed in the memorial and accompanying report of the committee, that three more be ordered of the same character, to institute a line, making monthly trips to Liberia, touching at various points, in Spain, Portugal, France, England and the West India Islands, carrying mails to and from the U. States, and these various points of communication. In this way, it is hoped to cheapen and shorten the travel from the United States to Liberia; to present inducements to emigration; to obtain the assistance of the General Government, in a constitutional way, and at comparatively small sacrifice or expense, in removing such free blacks as desire it from this country to Africa. Most of this expense, if not the whole, will be covered by freights, passengers and mails; great increase in these being reasonably anticipated as the plan goes into operation.

Such, in its essential features, is the design contemplated in the report upon the memorial. The moving impulse to that design is the desire of benefitting the free blacks of this country, of presenting every inducement to this class of our population, by which they may be led to emigrate. To this single great end all these means must be subservient. It may be desirable to increase our available navy. It may be well to carry out any of the incidental plans, or to secure any of the inconsiderate benefits involved in the proposed undertaking. But that undertaking has its point of unity and coherence in the work of colonization. And only so far as it furthers this work or promises so to do, does it become a matter of sufficient interest to be seriously investigated.

Viewed, therefore, as connected with this great work, how deeply interesting does it become, not merely to the statesman or philanthropist, but to every class of our citizens. If the colored population of the free states were removed, one element of discord from our country would take its departure with them—an element of mischief, not merely between state and state, and upon our national councils, but also, and most powerfully within the borders of the free states themselves. If, again, this same class were removed from the slave states the effect would be no less beneficial. But no society or association could ever reasonably hope to accomplish such removal. Not even could it be done by the General or State Governments. "Colonization, to use the language of one of its warmest friends,* is as utterly incompetent to transport the whole colored population of United States to Africa as it would be to ladle out one of our southern lakes with a kitchen utensil." But such societies may, as in fact they have done, lead the way; may act upon the state or General Governments; may awaken the popular mind; and, as the effect of this, may contemplate the extension of such information and interest as will lead the masses most concerned to act from their own impulses and make emigration from this country to Africa like that from Europe to America, a sweeping, spontaneous and overflowing current:—a current upon which hundreds and thousands are anxiously waiting for means and opportunity to cast themselves; willingly borne to rights, and privileges and positions which, in the land of their nativity, are utterly unattainable. The establishment of this line of steamers would tend to hasten such a state of things. The immense waste of ocean between the two countries would be immeasurably shortened. The regularity of departure and return; the increased facilities of communication by message and by letter; the necessary publicity which would thus be given to Africa and African affairs; the knowledge of the various avenues thus laid open to the pariah caste of one country to stations of respectability, and trust, and honor in another, would have no little influence in the same direction. There is now, and we may say not unjustly, a feeling of suspicion on the part of many of the free blacks as to the motives leading to this movement. They know that the whites, as a class, are not particularly fond of bestowing favors upon them in their present condition; that they were originally brought here by oppression. They know that the whites would be benefitted by their removal. Many suspect that the Liberia packet unloads at Cuba or Brazil. And all cannot but know and feel that whatever other motives may operate the country is exceedingly desirous to get rid of them. But let these suspicions, in the natural mode which has been suggested, be dissipated; let it be seen that while the country is blessing itself it is, also, doubly blessing those whom it sends to build up a country and home for themselves, and we may anticipate a most important change among this

* Speech of J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq.

class, both of opinion and of action. Let it be clearly understood that Africa is the land for the black man; that there he may develope powers for the highest purposes which are here expended in pilfering and shoe-cleaning and wood-sawing; render the mode of egress easy; shorten the time of transit; let the emigrant—usually uneducated—feel that he is not going to the very ends of the earth, from which there is little or no hope of return, but only a few weeks or days journey; let him feel that he is not going out of the great highway of the travelling world; that any time he may come back, or easily have communication with those left behind, and most of the obstructions and difficulties in the path of that emigrant would be removed. If the popular mind could be made to realise that the journey to Africa is very little more than that from New York to Liverpool, that it does not involve one fifth the risk and danger of that up or down the Mississippi, or across to Oregon or California; if this, which in reality is the correct impression, were made, what a difference would there be in the tide of emigration. Where there are now units, there would then be tens and hundreds gladly bidding farewell to this their land of nominal freedom but of real servitude and debasement, for one of liberty and respectability.

Now these results, as we have said, will be hastened by the proposed line of communication. The monthly departure of the packet, the regularity both of departures and returns will bring the matter in a tangible form before the public mind. Interest will be excited and information diffused. Not merely the intelligent public, but the masses, the free colored population, will be led to the formation of correct views; will be led to see and understand the real facts of the case; from this understanding will be led to action.

And this brings up one or two questions of no little interest as connected with this whole subject. This proposition of which we have spoken, to be seen in its full proportions, must be looked at in connection with what has gone before, as well as with what we hope in the good Providence of God will come hereafter. It is one step forward to be understood by others that have preceded it, and if now made unsuccessfully must be renewed in the same or in some other way until the great end in view is fully accomplished. It suggests the enquiry supposing the United States to be thus benefitted, by the proposed emigration of the free blacks, will this removal be of benefit to the emigrants themselves? Is there any thing in the country, its climate, its resources, which would indicate such a movement to the intelligent emigrant or to his real friends as a desirable one? Is there any thing in his present prospects as contrasted with those which open before him in Africa, showing those benefits to be of a permanent character? In looking at these questions we feel that we are dealing with a great subject. We would desire to appreciate the responsibility of seeking and giving correct information in view of which any opinion may be formed, of placing before our readers the facts and reasons which, as we conceive, should induce every good man who loves his country and his kind to bid God-speed to this and all its cognate undertakings.

One of the first points presenting itself is that which has regard to the present condition of the free black in the United States, socially and politically, as contrasted with that of the Liberian citizen. This present condition, it is well known, is of a most painful and anomalous character. In the free states they are socially and politically degraded, having legal rights which they are not permitted to exercise; the increase in the number of white laborers and the tendency of public sentiment being to the increase of such debasement and degradation. In the slave states the large number are merely the corrupters of the slave population, deprived, as at the North, of of political and social equality, and in the few individual cases of industrious and thrifty habits, confined to certain occupations as near servitude as possible. Without yet saying any thing of the country to which it is proposed they shall emigrate, we may not hesitate to assert that here they occupy a most undesirable position: incapable of rising and daily sinking to a lower state of misery and debasement. "There is nothing to prevent an Irishman," it has been truly said,* "from becoming Lord High Chancellor of England. There is nothing which will enable the negro to be any thing more than what one of their own color described, 'as nothing better than a clever negro.' Ten years ago there was not a stevedore upon Fell's Point that was not a black man. There is now not a stevedore there who is not a white man. Ten years ago there was not a laborer in the coal yards of Baltimore who was not a black man, now there is not a black man in those yards. In the rural district in which I reside, in summer, ten years ago, I could not get a white man to work for me, now I cannot get a black man. What becomes of the black man? He is gradually being 'driven to the wall,' even when disposed to labor. And what is the natural result? Crime, moral and social debasement." "Look at the daily reports of trials before our criminal courts, and who are the subjects of them? Why a vast majority are free people of color, although the free people of

* Speech of Mr. Latrobe, American Col. Soc. Meeting.

color in comparison to the total aggregate of the whites of this city are only one fourth."* "Facts clearly demonstrate that in the State of Pennsylvania the proportion of criminals among the blacks is so great that although the white population in 1830 was one million, three hundred thousand, and the colored population only thirty-eight thousand, yet the number of prisoners in the three penitentiaries of the State was nearly equally divided between the blacks and whites."† Facts like these certainly require nothing in the way of comment as sustaining our position.

But it is not merely important, at the present time, that this state of things should be known, and the necessity of removal somewhere be felt, but it should, also, be seen and felt, why Africa, rather than any other spot, has been selected for this purpose. It should be understood that the prospect of success is not only greater there than elsewhere, but that if there be failure in Africa, there is little or no hope in other directions. In other words, that this is not one point, selected out of many, all equally desirable, or nearly so, but the only one at which success may be anticipated. There are some remarkable facts forcing us to this conclusion. Africa was not the first spot selected for this experiment. For a long time the unoccupied public lands were thought of for this purpose. Again, it was proposed to purchase territory from some of the powers of Europe, having control in South America. Then, again, the West India Islands, Hayti in particular, were thought of for the same purpose. But it has been demonstrated that none of these locations will answer the purpose intended. The single fatal objection, which applies to the free blacks remaining in the United States, that is, a mixture of races, applies with almost equal force to every portion of the globe, saving that of their ancestors. Without troubling ourselves with the question as to the original equality of the races, we may not hesitate to affirm, that with existing sentiment on both sides, where the white and black man come together, the latter, to use an expression just quoted, "must go the wall;" must become, as in our Southern States, the serving, or as in the Northern States and elsewhere, the Pariah caste of the community. Such it was soon felt would have been the final result in case of their settlement upon the unoccupied Western lands. Such would have been the case wherever the two races were brought in contact: the anomalous instance of Hayti, where success seemed most probable, and where this objection did not apply, being neutralised by the state of things then existing, and in all likelihood, permanently to exist, in that distracted island. Whether Hayti itself, will not prove an illustration, before the close of another century, as to the impossibility of white and black communities living together, or in the same immediate neighbourhood, may well be doubted. The fact now seems evident, that it must be "nigros toto orbe divisos;" that if the free black is to have a fair chance of developement as a social, moral, or intellectual being, he must have this chance among his equals:—must be delivered from the depressing and overshadowing influence of a superior class: a class regarding itself in this light, which he has been educated to regard in the same light, also. We are not now speaking of the origin, the propriety, or justice of such feelings. They may be altogether, so far as our purpose is concerned, the effect of prejudice and education; may be highly improper. With this we have nothing here to do. We only affirm, what cannot be denied, that such feelings exist; that upon one of these classes they have a most depressing influence: an influence and feeling not to be argued away, by showing that they are not founded in justice or reason. Just as the shoot to be developed into the full grown tree, must be removed from the shadow of the parent trunk, so must the African, for his developement, escape this overshadowing influence to which he is now subjected. And no spot on earth but the home of his ancestors presents itself as an asylum for this purpose. It is a climate unfavourable to the physical constitution of the white man, a land in which African civilization may extend in any and every direction without fear of contact or conflict with other races. Or if such conflict ever arise, it will be at such a remote period that the free civilized African will not then be at such a disadvantage; that disenthralled and enlightened, he will be able to meet the white man as an equal.

But while it may be true that, all other things being equal, Africa is the point of location for this great experiment, that it is the only practicable one presenting itself for this purpose, yet there are other things, which require to be considered. The condition of the free black in America, as we have seen, is by no means a desirable one. The flood of European emigration, which is throwing into the market such an immense amount of white labour, is daily making this condition more precarious. But a removal to some points might make it worse even than any thing which is here threatened. We hold that in getting rid of this evil existing in our midst, we should not commit a greater; that in placing the African beyond the depressing circumstances of his present position, he should not be sub-

* Speech of Mr. Clay.
† Dr. Alexander's History of Colonization.

jected to others that are worse. It is doubtless very desirable that the country should be relieved of this class of population; that they should be placed beyond the overshadowing influence of the other great class. But if we attained these ends by landing them at Behring's Straits, or the Desert of Sahara, it would be thus attained, at too great sacrifice. The thing to be sought is not merely a spot to live upon, but one presenting advantages. Such as would render the exchange of positions, in the highest sense of the word, for the better.

This leads naturally to an inquiry into the resources of Liberia and its capability for sustaining a population. Upon this point we need dwell only for a brief space. In the language of Scripture it may be said the "earth brings forth by handfuls." A country ever verdant, with crops succeeding each other through the different seasons, with an almost virgin soil, has but little to fear in the way of exhaustion, from an industrious population, however numerous, that may be placed upon it. "I am decidedly of the opinion," says one who lived there for several years, "that with a cheerful, contented mind, and industrious habits, colored persons may live more comfortably and independently in Africa than in the United States. In Liberia as in all new countries"—and we may add in all old countries too—"industry and perseverance are necessary; and while it offers no encouragement to those who expect to live in luxurious ease and pampered indolence, yet to the man of enterprise and frugality it affords a desirable home, and promises a rich reward to his labours."*

A brief glance at some of the natural productions will enable us to see the correctness of the above statement. Many of these are known among ourselves, and thus afford us an opportunity for a judgment, as to the point in question. One of the great staples, for instance, upon which the African lives and thrives in our Southern States, succeeds well in many portions of Liberia. Indian corn, we are told, though not doing so well every where as in this country, succeeds upon some of the African lands, and gives promise of improvement in quality by cultivation. Another of these staples, rice, is grown so readily and with so little labour, that even the natives, by a few months' labour, raise more than a sufficiency for home consumption. The sweet potato, almost the staff of life, to some portions of population in lower Virginia and North Carolina, may be raised in great abundance, with little labour, on almost every variety of soil, at any time during the year, and in many places, may be gathered during every month from the same piece of land. The yaw, lima beans, black eyed peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, watermelons, the cabbage, the cotton plant, pepper, the Palma Christi, are some of these productions with which we are acquainted; and with the exception of the cabbage, which does not succeed as well as in the United States, are all of good quality, easily and abundantly raised, in Liberia. Besides these there are other productions peculiar to tropical climates, with some of which we are acquainted, and some of which are only known by reports of residents. The orange, the lemon, the lime, the pine apple, the plantain, the banana, the tamarind, the pomegranate, the cocoanut, the coffee berry, the palm nut, the arrow root, are among the former of these. While among the latter we are told of the nutritious cassada, of the tarria resembling in taste the Irish potato, the mango plum resembling our peach, the guava from which the jelly is made, the African cherry similar to the cranberry, the African peach used for preserves, with several others, such as the bread fruit, which have been introduced, and found to succeed, but have not to any great extent been cultivated. So far as regards the prospect for sustaining a population, by the products of the soil, probably no country upon the face of the earth would afford a better. If there be anything to fear upon this point, it will be the common temptation of tropical climates, to habits of indolence; a temptation arising from the productiveness of the soil, and the great ease with which life is sustained. Upon the score of destitution nothing is to be feared. The country under proper cultivation will sustain almost any amount of population that can be placed upon it.

Thus far, we have seen the capability of the country for sustaining a population. And thus far, we exhibit a strong class of motives to the mere philanthropist, in favour of colonization. But to the statesman, and especially to those who are called to take part in the establishment of the proposed line of communication, there is an additional question which must be investigated: that which has reference to the commercial prospect. Will this prospect warrant the proposed undertaking? Does it warrant the anticipation that Liberian commerce, in time, may become not only a source of profit to the Liberians themselves, but an object of interest to other countries?

These questions, some well known facts would seem to indicate, may be safely answered in the affirmative. Many of the productions which we have mentioned, are not merely valuable for home consumption, but may easily be exchanged, and with great profit to the native or the colonists, for articles from abroad, either of luxury or of necessity. "British commerce with Africa amounts to no less than £5.000.000, or

* Lugenbeel's Sketches.

$25.000.000. The belief is now confidently entertained in Great Britain, that an immense trade may be opened up with that continent. There is scarce any tropical production in the known world," says Mr. McQueen, before the committee of the House of Lords, "that does not thrive in Africa to perfection. There are many productions which are peculiarly her own; her dye-stuffs and dye-woods, are superior to any which are known in any other quarter of the globe, inasmuch as they resist both acid and light—things which we know no other dye-stuffs from any other quarter of the world can resist. Then, there is the article of sugar, which can be produced in every part of Africa, to an unlimited extent. There is cotton, also, above all things; there is no country in the world which can produce such an immense quantity of cotton of a quality so fine; it is finer than any description we know of; common cotton in Africa I have had in my possession which was equal to the finest quality of the American cotton." It is calculated that $200.000.000 worth of gold in ore, has been received by England from Africa. "The establishment of colonies," says the report from which these facts are extracted, "on the Western coast of Africa will doubtless tend greatly in the course of time to the augmentation of its commerce."* Nor does this belief go at all beyond what the facts of the case would seem to warrant. Take as an illustration of this remark the single article of coffee. For the last four years there have been constant apprehensions of failure as to the supply. This supply is so nicely balanced to the demand, in fact is so inadequate to this demand that a failure, or shortening, in crop, at any one of the established points, is an immediate signal for apprehension; for distress and high prices to the consumer,—for speculation and adulteration on the part of the vender. The frauds, and evils, and abuses connected with the sale and consumption of this article, arising from its scarcity, as brought out in late treatises upon the subject, are too well known to be dwelt upon. The facts that failure at one point, cannot as in the case of corn, or tobacco, or cotton, be counterbalanced, to any great degree, by abundance at others, and that the whole supply, abundant at every point, barely if not imperfectly meets the constant demand, are also equally well known. These facts show the immense importance of the discovery and culture of a new coffee region, to the world of consumers—the permanent source of commerce and of wealth to the cultivators of the article in question. Now Liberia produces this at present heavily needed article, as abundantly, and of as fine quality, as any other region of the globe. Superior in quality to the Rio and Laguira, undoubtedly equal, and of similar character to the Java, it is asserted by many to be comparable with the best hitherto in the world, that of Mocha. "I am quite satisfied," says Dr. Lugenbeel, "that the soil and climate of Liberia are as well adapted to the cultivation of this article, as the soil and climate of any other part of the world. I believe that as good coffee may be raised in Liberia as in Mocha or Java, and I have no doubt that by proper attention it may be raised as plentifully as in any other part of the world. These opinions are not hastily formed, but are founded on personal observation, in some of the West India Islands, and on frequent conversations with persons who have visited various other parts of the world where coffee is cultivated."* "I have drank," says Mr. Clay, "of the coffee produced in Africa. I have also drank of that from the most celebrated countries, Rio Janeiro, Java, Mocha, and I declare that according to my poor taste, African coffee raised in Liberia is equal to any raised in Java or Mocha. I think it is the best in the world except that produced in Java and Mocha."† "In Enavea and Raffa," says Mr. McQueen, "the whole country is covered with coffee. It is the original country of that article. An ass load, 200 pounds, may be purchased in the berry for about a dollar. *The great portion of the coffee that we receive from Mocha is actually African coffee, produced in that part of it.*"

Here, then, is a single production, growing indigenously, to be improved of course by cultivation, which if most of the country were given to it, would find ready sale in every direction. It is an article greatly needed, and one which Africa, in common with a circumscribed portion of the globe, can alone furnish. Any amount of overplus in the home supply might be profitably bought up at any moment for exportation.

This, however, is but one of the components to a future commerce, in the new Republic. Probably the next in importance, is the palm with its manifold and varied adaptations to the necessities of human life. The average import of the oil alone into one European port, that of Liverpool, has been at least 15.000 tons, valued £400.000 sterling, equal to $2.000.000; the demand for it being on the increase. The tree from the nut of which this oil is extracted, and from which is manufactured the palm wine, grows throughout Western Africa in the greatest abundance, and constitutes not only one of the great staples for home consumption, supplying the place of lard, butter, candles, materials for baskets, hats, &c., but being prepared for the manufacture of the palm soap, finds a ready foreign

* Stanton's Report.

* Sketches.

† Speech, at Annual Meeting of Col. Society.

sale to any amount. Not less desirable for this foreign trade is the article of ginger, of which the finest quality may be cultivated with an abundant yield in return. So, also, that of indigo, the nutritious and in this country the costly arrow root, the cocoa nut, the African pepper, tamarinds, oranges, lemons, limes, gums, and dye-woods, in fact all those tropical products so readily bought up in our own markets. Liberia only needs a developement of her resources to enable her to sustain a commerce with all quarters of the globe.

Upon this point, there is in many minds a suspicion of great extravagance in these reports of African resources,—a suspicion based upon the comparatively small amounts of exports from Liberia thus far exhibited; and also from reports of the poverty of many of the emigrants now in that country. But this is a most unreasonable mode of argumentation. Suppose it had been applied to the case of the colony at Jamestown, or at Plymouth, forty or fifty years from the date of the first settlement? What would have been the deduction as to their resources? Certainly there would have been most erroneous ideas as to the resources of the North American continent. The true course in Africa, in fact in every new country, except in some such anomaly as California, is that which makes agriculture precede commerce; which makes it the basis of every thing like permanent commercial prosperity. Commerce to a considerable extent must be made up out of the abundance and overplus of the soil; whether this abundance consist of overplus of what is needed for home consumption, or of other articles intended mostly or altogether for exportation. The first point with the colonist must be to live, to draw his bread, and if possible all the great necessaries of life, from the spot upon which he is located. There is the same relation between these two things, which the author of the essay on the human understanding speaks of, as existing in the labourer for his daily bread, to the man of leisure and fortune. The one "having his whole time and pains laid out to still the croaking of his own belly, or the cries of his children," the other having these necessary wants supplied, and having time, therefore, for mental improvement. The new colonist is in the first of these conditions; but if there be a kindly soil, and industrious habits he may soon, by commerce, occupy the second. The temptation to the African colonist, just now, is rather to hasten commerce unduly; to carry on a transient and uncertain trade, with articles from the interior; neglecting agriculture, depending upon this trade for subsistence, and the accumulation of fortune. Some few, in this way, draw prizes. But with the larger number it is otherwise, and the community, as a whole, is impoverished. This tendency, however, will be apt to cure itself as the country fills up, and the business is seen and felt to be a losing one. The future reliable commerce of Liberia must be her great staples, and in this respect there is no deficiency, either in capability of production, or of foreign demand. Take the articles we have mentioned, coffee, indigo, sugar, palm oil; let any one note the comparatively short distance from Cape Palmas to European ports; let the fact that there are men living who remember the first bale of cotton shipped from the United States to England;* that this plant grows in Africa, and he will see the probabilities in favour of a prosperous commerce:—will be led from this fact in regard to the American cotton-trade, to see how the demand and supply of an article, in the course of a few years, may be almost infinitely multiplied.

Nor is the through trade, that which takes imports through the colony to the interior, and vice versa, as it may be termed, a matter of little importance. This trade being kept in proper subordination, the abuses being guarded against, to which we have just alluded, may be a source of considerable revenue. This to a great extent is already going on. But it will doubtless increase. One of the main points insisted upon by Major Denham, when he and his companion visited the interior of Africa, lying around Lake Tchad, was the necessity of breaking up the trade in slaves which was carried on over-land to the sea coast, and the establishment of a trade, to take the place of this, with other valuable productions. The great chief of Bornou agreed to abolish this slave trade, and really did so after these gentlemen left the country. But no advantage being taken of this disposition, the evil was resumed. Now this same process to which these gentlemen looked forward, will take place in Liberia. As the slave-trade is broken up, which the colony is doing every day, these other products will form the medium of exchange for European commodities. The wars which are carried on, in the interior, and the slave hunts connected with these wars being discontinued, there will be more security to the native to gather materials for commerce. It may be a century before the colony, from its own soil and productions, may do much, in the way of sustaining such commerce; but as the carriers of this trade to and from the interior, it is ready at once to begin operations,—opening in this manner a profitable market to large quantities of American and European manufactures. "Those," says Mr. Latrobe, "who will turn their attention to the subject, will find that this trade increases with a rapidity which surpasses belief. A single house

* See fact, as stated in Lurlay's report. Note p. 24.

in Salem, has twenty vessels engaged in it; and whole towns in England are supported by supplying the demands of the Africans for the fashions, for the African has as keen a taste for the fashion as any on this side of the Atlantic. While at the Colonization office, the other day, I picked up a package of blue and white cotton goods, and satin stripes,—the latest samples of the spring fashions for the African market. The African is a man that is imitative; the first thing he wants is a piece of cotton cloth to cover his nakedness, and the next, seeing how comfortable they are, is a pair of shoes, and there are enough feet in Africa wanting shoes to keep the lap-stones of New England ringing for the next half century."* Here we have an amusing statement of some most important facts; behold an immense market, extra in one sense to the colony, and yet which may be rendered greatly conducive to its prosperity,—the colony being the necessary emporium of the trade, in each direction. "All Africa," says this same gentleman in another account of great interest, "with its 150 millions, apt, as they are, for all the productions of civilization, are yet to be supplied by commerce with such productions, to an extent requiring as many ships as now cross the ocean that divides the old world from the new. Commerce has bridged this ocean. Commerce will yet bridge the ocean which separates us from Western Africa—and while one bridge brings to us a homogeneous population, falling easily into our habits, and becoming at once absorbed by us, there will be upon the other bridge a mighty exodus from amongst us of a people that can never be of us,—that can never be bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,—that leave us that they too may assimilate with those to whose land they go, raising them up to their own standard of excellence, redeeming, regenerating, and disenthralling them, and in so doing, fulfilling the prophecy which promises that 'Ethiopia shall yet stretch forth her hands unto God.'"†

We have thus seen the capacity of Western Africa, in these two important respects. First of all, to sustain a large population; consequently the propriety of the philanthropist, he who would benefit the African, dismissing all fear upon that score. Again, we have seen that it contains the material for a heavy trade; consequently the little risk in establishing the proposed line of steamers, the great probability that the establishment of this line will lead to a great increase of trade and travel, and thus not only be of benefit to Africa, but cover, in a short time, its own expenses. It remains now that we touch another point of deep interest, not merely to the emigrant, but to all concerned in this great undertaking. That point is the salubrity of the climate, the health to be anticipated, by the colonist, as already tested by experience. Upon this point there are great misapprehensions, the unhealthiness of the climate being greatly magnified by one class, and underrated and treated as of no consequence by another. It may be well, therefore, in connection with what has been stated, upon the advantages of Liberia, to notice this, which is considered its great disadvantage and definitely to ascertain what is its extent, and real character.

This disadvantage, as we conceive, is one that pertains to all newly settled countries, and to a certain extent permanently to all tropical regions. The hardships incident to the life of a settler, the ignorance of the new comer as to the choice or salubrity of different positions, the necessity of keeping near the sea coast, as well for the receipt of supplies from the parent country, as for safety from savage foes, the destitution and depression of spirit usually connected with such undertakings in their incipient stages, are usually productive of much sickness, and great mortality. Liberia, like all other new settlements, has suffered from these causes. The first settlers were not only destitute of necessary comforts, such as dry houses, medical attendance, knowledge of diseases, &c., but, as was done in the settlement of Virginia, they selected two of the most sickly points possible for the experiment. Jamestown is, perhaps, the worst spot in our State that could have been selected for the beginning of a colony. And the same may be said of Sherber Island, the first spot of Liberian civilization. Cape Mesurado of which we now know most, in the way of statistics, is considered one of the least healthy points in the whole colony. But whatever may be said in regard to this disadvantage, it may be well to remember that Liberia as compared with other colonies, has suffered but lightly.*

* Speech at Col. Soc. meeting.

† Report of Maryland Col. Soc.

* "The parent and nurse," says Mr. Tyson, "of all the Spanish establishments in America, proved a certain burying place to most of the primitive adventurers. Of the thirty eight persons left in Hispaniola by Columbus, as the seed of a colony, all had perished in ten months after, on his return from Spain. The armament which Ovando conducted thither in 1502, consisted of 2,500 colonists. Of these 1,000 fell victims to disease. Of the colonists conducted by Sir Walter Raleigh to the coast of North Carolina, and of others who subsequently followed, not one survived to tell the story of their melancholy fate. One half of the original emigrants at Jamestown were swept off in a few months by famine and disasters. Of 500 settlers left by the chivalrous Smith in Virginia, but sixty were in being a few months afterwards. In six months after the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, nearly half the adventurers had died. With such lights and examples let Liberia be viewed, and with other lights which history sheds, and it will be seen that less hardship and disaster, less mortality and discontent, cannot be found in any settlement which the long narrative of colonial annals affords."

Speech before Pennsylvania Col. Soc.

But it may be well to notice what may be regarded as another disadvantage upon this score of health to the Western African; that which is connected with all tropical regions. This, however, if fairly and definitely looked at, will be seen to have been greatly exaggerated. No man of ordinary intelligence anticipates enjoyment of the same vigorous health, in the low-lands of our extreme South or South-Western States, as in the middle or temperate ones; in Mobile or New Orleans, for instance, as in the Valley of Virginia, or the highlands of Georgia or South Carolina. Yet this does not hinder the abundant population of these less healthy regions. "There are many diseases, and much death from disease," says Dr. Savage, "among the native population, as well as among other classes of residents in West Africa. But this does not prove that the white man cannot live here. He has, does, and can live for years, and is accomplishing a great work for futurity." "Without pretending," says Rev. Mr. Wilson, "to give statistics, we presume that we are strictly in the bounds of truth when we say that the number of whites residing on the coast and the islands adjacent, cannot be less than three thousand. If we add to this the floating population, engaged in commerce and in the suppression of the slave-trade, the whole population cannot be less than eight or ten thousand. In spite of the reputed unhealthiness of the climate, European governments can find officers to govern their civil establishments, and soldiers to garrison their fortifications. Merchants in Europe and America can find men, not only to sail their vessels in these seas, but they have their agents on shore—aye! and as many as they wish—to gather around them the rich products of the country. Science, too, finds no difficulty in getting agents to carry on her researches in those regions. And we may add to all this, that there is a considerable number of individuals of affluence, who reside in that country as a matter of preference." "I may remark," says Rev. Mr. Henning, in his address before the Episcopal Convention at Norfolk, "that the proportion of deaths in our Mission, has been remarkably small. Compared with similar institutions on the coast, ours has been eminently prosperous. The whole number of whites since its establishment," thirteen years before, "is twenty. Of these, six only have died, and two of these from diseases not attributable to the climate." The writer of this was ear witness to a statement, by Bishop Payne, of this same mission, "that during a residence of fourteen years at Cavalla, he did not recollect losing a single sabbath from his labours; was positively certain that such loss had not taken place within the last ten years of his ministry."

These statements of course are not made to show that white men enjoy the same health in Africa as in more temperate regions. But simply to show that the climate is not so terrible to Europeans, consequently much less so to the native or the descendant of the native African.

These statements, it will be remembered, have reference to white men. The superior physical adaptation of the black to the climate, in connection with such statements must be borne in mind. When it is also remembered that there is every probability of a rise in the standard of health as the country is cultivated; that acquaintance with local diseases, and the mode of treatment, destroys much of their fatality, we shall see how greatly this matter has been magnified. The advance in the average health of the colony, since its first settlement, has been considerable. The choice of healthy locations, the removal of depressing circumstances from the mind by due preparation for the acclimating process, have doubtless tended to the production of this improvement. This, we may anticipate will continue. The malaria arising from the immense waste of tropical vegetation being dissipated by the cultivation and occupation of the soil, many of the diseases arising from that malaria will be alleviated if they do not disappear altogether. And though Africa as a tropical climate will ever have diseases unknown to more temperate or colder regions, yet she is exempt from others equally fatal by which these regions are scourged annually. The fact is, that this matter is regulated much more in the neighbourhood of equality than many suppose; consumption in New England, for instance, doing its work as effectually and abundantly during the whole year, as does yellow fever upon the same amount of population during the summer months in Louisiana.

Again, we may anticipate that as the interior is penetrated, and cleared, the mountainous regions will prove more salubrious. This would be but in accordance with the experience of other countries. Monrovia and Cape Palmas may stand relatively to such regions as does Vera Cruz to Jalapa, or as any of the sea ports on the Pacific to the cities on the steppes of the Andes. We have no reason for supposing that health, climate, &c., are regulated by any other laws in Africa than elsewhere. It now sustains a numerous and robust population. It is the home of the Liberian, by a removal of only a few generations; and when he has become acclimated may again become a permanent home both to him and to his posterity.

But this great undertaking does not cease in securing the interest of the colonist, or of all classes in our own country, does not merely present these results as constituting motives to

its vigorous prosecution. It recognises additionally a great debt, due by the white man to the whole African race; and contemplates by the bestowal of benefit, to assist in its liquidation. That would be a great and noble undertaking which went no further than relieving the United States from one disturbing element in its population. That would be a still nobler work which followed these outcasts, with its protecting care, from our shores; which prepared them for the blessings of freedom and civilization; which built up out of these present elements of weakness, and discord, and ignorance, a mighty, united, and enlightened nation on the shores of benighted Africa. It would be a great work if it went no further than the production of results such as these. But supposing these secured, there is another class of interests deeply involved, and which demand consideration. An enlightened and increasing spirit of Christian benevolence now requires that colonization must not be, as in time past it has too commonly been, synonymous with conquest. The native must not be thrust out, exterminated, or enslaved, as by our ancestors, for the sake of the new settler. His right of possession must be recognised, in the first instance. And, subseqently, effort must be made to bring him under the influence of a civilized Christianity; to prepare him for the reception and enjoyment of its benefits. In other words, colonization, to accomplish its proper work, must have regard to the interests of the native African, as well as to those of the emigrant, or of the country from which that emigrant takes his departure.

Now it should be a matter of sincere congratulation to every benevolent mind, that this fact has been distinctly recognised. Nay, that the results already secured, and those to which we may look forward, are of so great importance, that of themselves they would amply repay for all the effort and toil that have been expended. These results are twofold: the prevention and stoppage of certain existing evils, the bestowal of certain positive benefits. The first of these is seen in the influence of the colony upon the slave trade; the second in the intercourse of the civilized and Christian colonist and missionary with the barbarous and heathen aborigines. It will be remembered by our readers, that this Western coast of Africa was for a long time the chosen haunt and resort of the slaver. The Guinea coast, its more familiar name in Europe and this country thirty years ago, and associated in many minds with some of the songs of the nursery, has ever figured in the annals of darkness and cruelty, as connected with scenes and transactions of the foulest character. Extending from the mouth of the Senegal to Cape Palmas, is a shore of from 900 to 1000 miles, the favourite resort, at one time, of the slave trader. Of this shore, 500 or 600 miles have already passed, by purchase and negotiation into the hands of the Colony, while large portions of the remainder, and of the coast beyond Cape Palmas, are commanded in the same way, by English and French colonies, and factories. These portions of the Liberian coast being gradually filled up by settlers: the traffic in slaves stopping not merely as a matter of legal exactment, but as one of practical operation,—these settlements are making the natives understand the impracticability and the folly of attempting to sustain this traffic and afford, also, to the squadrons of England, France and the United States, points of refreshment, information and observation, of which they so frequently stand in need. The aid thus rendered, by the colony to the extinction of this trade will be immense. A small town like Mourovia, may command and clear it up for miles in each direction, and from an extensive interior. This being done at an expense of treasure and of life incomparably smaller than in any other conceivable manner. The annual appropriation to the United States Squadron on the coast is $384,500, while the whole outlay of the Colonization Society, from its organization, thirty-four years ago, is computed at only one million and a quarter of dollars. It is stated by one of the commanders on the coast, before a committee of the House of Lords, that a ship with her boats may effectually blockade from 30 to 40 miles of this coast, and this single fact will enable us to have some idea as to the comparative expense of the two modes of accomplishing the same object.

This result seems to have been proved by the native kings along the coast, in the first movements of the society. The attack upon the colonists which was repulsed with so much bravery and success, under Ashmun, was most probably incited by a dread of loss in this respect. Regarded only in its effect upon this barter in human beings, the colony deserves the sincerest well wishes of every lover of the human race. And when we remember the facts that have been brought to view upon this point; when we remember, moreover, the influence for good upon those tribes who through the breaking up of this hateful and debasing traffic will be led to engage in one more innocent and laudable; when we see these facts, it does seem most remarkable that they who claim, par excellence, to be the friend of the negro, should oppose this movement. To those of one class of fanatics who would perpetuate slavery by means of the slave-trade, and who would thus prolong the horrors of the middle passage, its prelude and its finale, we can well conceive the hatefulness of this whole

subject. But how such opposition should come from that other extreme of fanatical fury, which can embrace the slave reeking from the slaughter of his owner or employer; how these friends of the black man can oppose a movement of so much benefit to the black man, we are utterly unable to understand. It would almost seem as if they were frantic at being so far distanced in their good endeavours; for certainly the single town of Monrovia has done more in the way of benefitting the African, by breaking up this trade, than all the abolition societies in the United States put together. And this, be it remembered, is only one point on a line of coast, cleared of the same evil, of 500 or 600 miles.

And this benefit in the way of prevention of evil to benighted Africa, in the breaking up of the slave trade, is but the prelude to that greater blessing and benefit of a pure gospel, diffused through the instrumentality of the colony to its millions of heathen inhabitants. There are now within the bounds of Liberia several hundred recaptured Africans. A large number of these are professors of religion, have intermarried with the colonists, have exercised the right of voting, and are, some of them, holding office under the government of the republic. These, like the colonists, but in a more direct and special manner, are exercising an influence for good upon their heathen countrymen. That benighted continent is one of the mightiest of the powers of heathendom. With the exception of those portions brought under the sway of Mahomet, the native population of Africa is sunk in the most debasing and brutalizing idolatry. Up to the time of the settlement of Sierra Leone little that was available had been done for its removal. Since then, and especially since the first settlement at Cape Mesurado, effort to this effect has been put forth, in some cases, with quite a reasonable share of success. But the main dependence after all, and we are now stating the opinion of one who for many years has labored there in the missionary work, the great dependence for ministers and teachers must be from the colony. The converted nations have been elevated from a point too low in the scale of moral and religious feeling to be depended upon for a long time yet, as teachers and guides of others. A sufficiency of white missionaries hardly seems attainable, even if there were no objection on the score of climate. The acclimated colonist must do this work,—must first preach and teach to the native; by intercourse and association gradually prepare this native for the work of giving instruction himself, and thus open the way from tribe to tribe, having connection with each other, for the spread of christianity over the whole continent. The African, says Bishop Payne, is of a peculiarly religious character. Such is the fact made evident upon their own shores; such is the fact made evident, also, by the colored population in this country. There is, perhaps, no portion of the globe in which there is so large a proportion of professing christians to its population as in Liberia. A similar disproportion would we believe be exhibited by comparison of the white and colored population elsewhere. And while the christianity of many of these is doubtless of a barbarous kind, yet with many it is genuine; and is bringing forth its appropriate fruit. No opposition or persecution has ever been experienced by the missionaries. The way for the progress of christianity is wide open:—and with a predominating religious sentiment and influence in Liberia, we anticipate not merely the civilization but the moral and religious regeneration of the benighted millions of that continent.

The bearing of all this upon the project of the proposed line of steamers will be evident upon a moment's reflection. If there be a present commerce, and a prospective one much larger, here we have material for their freightage. If the colony be progressing, and the probability of its increase by this measure be heightened, here is another inducement and source of revenue from passengers. If this colony prove destructive to the slave trade, here is another inducement not only on the score of humanity, but on that of expense and life saved, by the removal of the necessity for an African squadron. If Africa be not only a relief of the white but the refuge of the black; if Africa and the world be blessed by this colony; if this colony will be sustained and strengthened by the proposed scheme, what an appeal in favor of that scheme is thus presented. How imperatively is every christian philanthropist called upon to bid it God speed; to help it, so far as he is able, to its final accomplishment.

We have said that this proposition does not stand alone. We would say, moreover, if it be now rejected, let not the friends of Africa be discouraged. The great work which it is intended to further is not now a matter of mere experiment or anticipation. At this stage of its progress its benefits are not problematical. In the history of the world this African colony has become a great fact:—a most important and interesting fact in this age of great enterprise. While some have opposed and reviled; while others have held aloof in coldness and indifference; while others yet have labored in doubt and discouragement, its progress has been steadily forward. We behold it now, in the thirty-fifth year of its existence, an infant republic in some respects the most remarkable and the most pros-

perous that has ever figured upon the page of history. That brief period has been illustrated by deeds of human endurance, of human suffering, and human benevolence of the noblest character. During the thirty years that have elapsed since the first landing, at Sherbao Island under Mr. Bacon, until the last report given by Mr. Gurley, most thrilling incidents, bringing out human nature in some of its highest manifestations, have been of frequent occurrence. Africa has not only been the spot where the white man has wrought out some of his darkest deeds of wickedness and cruelty, but where, also, the white man and strong-hearted christian woman have wrought out some of their noblest deeds of suffering benevolence. Take, as an instance, that record of suffering connected with this first party of which we have spoken when only one white man escaped to tell the tale of disaster. Take, as another, the career of that too long unappreciated but self-denying, heroic, and high-souled Ashmun. Let any one peruse the account of that conflict between a mere handful of sickly colonists and thousands of savage barbarians; note the critical juncture when every thing depended, under God, upon the energy and providence of one or two devoted men; let him note how these few leading spirits—one of them at a former period a slave—came up to the exigency of the occasion, and he will feel that there are pages of that history replete with the deepest interest; that the efforts of those who would continue, and carry on the work, which was thus begun, deserve his warmest sympathy. The foundations of a great empire, as we trust, were then laid, in trial and in suffering. The pestilence that walketh in darkness and the sickness that destroyeth in the noon day were the dread enemies which first they encountered. The colonists had to become acquainted with an unknown climate, and many precious lives were almost necessarily lost in forming this acquaintance. They had a jealous savage foe to conciliate; this, too, while they were engaged in breaking up the slave trade, his most lucrative source of revenue. Most of these difficulties have been overcome; others are gradually being alleviated and are disappearing. Whatever may be the fortunes of Liberia for the future, thus far none of her friends have had cause to regret their endeavors in her establishment.

Bearing these facts in mind we would bid God speed to the proposed measure, and all others having reference to the same object. If the colony goes on, as it has since its commencement, it will not be long before some such plan will be adopted. The general government will merely be the medium for the spontaneous action of the whole country; meeting thus its unanimous call and satisfying its necessities. If this cause be of men, to use the idea of that wise counsellor of the Sanhedrim, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, and for the permanent benefit of God's creatures, we may certainly anticipate His future blessing. That blessing we may say is not all in anticipation. It has already been experienced,—a foretaste, we may hope, of that which shall be experienced in future. "Let the mission go forward; let it go forward more than ever," is the inscription upon a simple slab which covers the remains of one of Virginia's noblest sons, now slumbering in the soil of Africa; words, uttered by himself, in his last moments, as showing his deep conviction in that truthful hour, of the importance of the work in which he was engaged. We would take up this exclamation of the dauntless and devoted Minor, and apply it to every portion of that work which has for its object the benefit, the civilization, the Christianisation of that benighted continent. "Let" every such effort "go forward; let it go forward more than ever." Let every lover of his kind hasten its glorious consummation. Let this proposed measure of which we have spoken as tending to such consummation, be sustained and carried into effect. Let a bridge of boats, to use the idea of another, between America and Africa, thus be established. "Across that bridge," to use the glowing language of the author of this idea, "there will go, with a tramp from day to day, like an army with banners. a mighty crowd whose exodus will be more glorious than that of Israel; a crowd at whose head there will be the banner of banners, the banner of the cross, behind which will follow all good things—until we shall have repaid the debt which our fathers incurred to Africa, until we shall see Africa redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled."

AUTUMN.

Translated from the French of Lamartine.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Hail! forests still with verdure on your heads,
  Tho' thick beneath the yellow foliage lies;
Hail! lingering days of beauty! Nature's weeds
  Befit her grief and charm my gazing eyes.

I tread with pensive step the lonely way—
  For the last time I love again to see
This dimly shining sun whose feeble ray
  Scarce penetrates the woods' obscurity.

In autumn tide, when Nature fades the while,
  I find strange sweetness in her veiled repose;
It is a friend's farewell—the latest smile
  From lips which death will soon forever close.

Thus ready to forsake life's outmost bound,
  Weeping my weary past of hope devoid,
I turn me still with envious gaze around,
  And view the blessings I have not enjoyed.

Earth, sun and valley—nature fair and bright,
  Beside my grave I breathe you each a sigh;
So fragrant is the air, so pure the light,
  So sweet the sunshine to a dying eye.

I would that I might even now, the draught
  Of intermingled gall and nectar drain:
Deep in the cup of life from whence I quaffed,
  Perhaps one drop of honey might remain.

Perhaps the future yet may grant me long
  Return of happiness whose hope has flown—
Perhaps some stranger spirit mid the throng,
  Has thought and felt responsive to my own.

The falling flower sheds perfumes on the breeze—
  Its farewells to the light and life's sweet day;
I perish, and my soul at its release,
  Floats like a soft, sad melody away!

The Turkey-Hunter in his Closet.

I have formed a resolution, this morning, to amuse myself by occasionally writing down my experiences, random thoughts, and so forth, in all matters relating to land and water sports, in a plain way.

It is not the quantity of game killed in a day's hunting or shooting, or the quantity of fish caught in a day's fishing, that makes the record of the day pleasant reading to the world. If it was, the slaughters of a battue, with the numerical list of the killed, would make more pleasant reading than any sprightly adventures of a single sportsman, where he happened to come in with an empty game-bag. Now, I think the most pleasant shooting record I ever read is that of the "thrush hunting" in the Italian tour of Alexander Dumas; and yet the thrush hunter, in that record follows a thrush from the centre of Piedmont very nearly to Naples, putting up at night always in the town nearest the grove or thicket in which he had roosted it, borrowing the dogs of landlords to nose it out—one of which dogs, with a singular gesticulation of the hind leg, committed a remarkable indignity upon the thrush-hunter's gaiter, in contemptuous depreciation of him after an ineffectual shot at the bird, and instantly trotted off to his owner—and, after all, does not succeed in bagging the thrush. Besides, in regard to fishing, who cares in reading gentle Izaak Walton—that venerable *Kingfisher*—how many or how few pounds of trout the moralizing old gentleman caught on any morning. The man who kills no game, or catches no fish, may have a more entertaining story for you, of his adventures, or observations, than one who, if your larder depended on him, would better supply your physical appetite. I do not mean to say either that I have been an unsuccessful sportsman, or that I have a pleasant story to tell. I have killed a great deal of game, of one sort and another. in my time; and as for a story, I fear, after all, that, like Canning's knife-grinder, I have "none to tell"—pleasant, or unpleasant.

What purpose did I set out with? I recollect now. I expressed my resolution to put down my experiences, and random thoughts on sporting subjects, as the whim might seize me. I mean by "experiences" such points of knowledge as I have picked up, of the best ways of taking game where I have happened to hunt it, of its habits, of shifting beauties of the woods and fields, connected here and there, perhaps, with recollections of particular adventures, or sporting excursions.

I live near the western foot of the Blue Ridge, in the Valley of Virginia. The game in my neighbourhood is not very abundant. It consists chiefly, however, of good kinds—turkeys, mallards, blue-wing, and some other tolerably good ducks, pheasants and partridges. I call the last two by their familiar names here. I have a distaste for dandy shooting-jackets, and dandy particularities in the nomenclature of birds and beasts. There was a controversy, some time ago, as to whether our partridge was *coturnix* or *perdrix*—quail or partridge. In such controversies it is indifferent to me whether Punch strangles the devil, or the devil flies away with Punch. I suppose, however, they are necessary to the settlement of questions in natural history. Frank Forester calls our pheasant "ruffed grouse." I have no objection. But leave all niceties of nomenclature to natural history, and call things, on ordinary occasions, by their common names, or you will be as fastidious and interesting as an instrument of legal conveyance, or a physician's prescription. I wish, never so long as I live, to bag either coturnix Virginiana, or perdrix Virginiana—yet I go to some trouble in preparing for the fall campaign against Virginia partridges. I premise then that where, hereafter, I use the word "partridge," Frank Forester, or any other northern stickler for the proprieties, must understand me to mean quail, and, where I speak of pheasants, to mean ruffed grouse.

The Wild Turkey is the most respectable game bird I know, and I shall begin my experiences with it. By the way, the question seems never to have been settled, whether the Turkey is exclusively American in its origin. The persons who argue that it existed in Europe, or Asia, before the date of American discovery, say that

Pliny describes a bird answering in several respects to a description of the Turkey—that the name "Turkey" is proof that the bird existed in the country of that name—and, finally, that Smith in the history of his Virginia voyage and discoveries, speaks of the bird only in a casual way, as if it was already known to his European readers. I do not care anything about the question. But nevertheless, I think the Rhinoceros as much of a Unicorn as the Turkey is Pliny's bird—probably a bustard; that the strutting gobler is grand and grave enough with the pomposity of his red wattles swelling about his head, to have led our first voyagers, who were full of the ancient notions about the stately and turbaned Turk, to select the name for him; and finally that Smith mentioned the bird in a casual way because he gave his book to the world in 1629, nearly a century and a half after the discovery of the American world, and perhaps nearly as long after the discovery of the American bird—certainly after it had been introduced into the armorial bearings of one of King James' Baronets; and after Shakspeare had spoken of it in his plays—e. g.

"Here he comes swelling like a Turkey-cock."

Let me notice here that a Mr. Micajah Cock, (what a name to be sure!) who wrote a book on poultry some short time ago, takes occasion after calling the gobler "Turkey-cock" (as of course he had a right to do) to pronounce "gobler" *vulgar*. I have no doubt Mr. C. is a gander, and only calls himself cock on this same principle of refinement. Perhaps he uses "vulgar" in its ancient signification "common." There is a word differing in the same way in its ancient and modern significations—I mean "impertinent;" I think it very applicable to all such refinements. But Micajah, let me do him the justice to say, has written a very good book, upon the "setting of hens," and the pathology of chicken diseases.

My passion for, and all the skill I possess in, Turkey hunting, grew out of my association with two gentlemen nearly of my own age, and closely related to me in blood. One of these is so inveterate a hunter of this particular game that his friends call him "Turkey-foot." I shall call him Turkey-foot, or Adam Hunter, hereafter, as my humor happens to be grave or jocular. The latter name is not very far from his real one. My other friend rejoiced when we were at college in the nick-name of "Tom Beef"—and this name I will adopt for him now. After the separations which generally take place at the period when men marry, form new friendships, and diverge into the regular pursuits of life, it happened that we returned still very young men, into an association as congenial and intimate as ever, and became—like

"The reverend Ichabod Beresford,
That mighty hunter before the lord"—

famous for the passion, and successes, of hunting. At the time that circumstances led me back into this close association with my former friends, I was reckoned an excellent quick shot, an untiring walker, and in every respect good material for making a Turkey hunter out of; but I had only killed one Turkey in all my shooting. In the rambling licence I have given myself, I will go back to the age of fourteen, and tell how I killed that Turkey—a famous gobler.

I had gone into the country to a wedding. One evening during the festivities, from which I and a younger brother of Tom Beef, were somewhat debarred, as rather too young to participate in them, a tall bony fellow from the pine-hills, named Jem Waters, found opportunity to let us know that it would be a beautiful night for finding and shooting Turkeys on their roosts, and and that we might go with him on a hunt of that kind, if we chose. Our elders had quite cast us into the shade in the gentler, and more gallant occupations of the occasion, and we were ripe for such an adventure. Ned Beef and I went to bed in an out-house, which had been converted, for the time, into a magazine of beds, for boys, and supernumerary bachelors. We did not sleep a wink—how could we under the circumstances?—but lay awaiting "the rising of the Waters" as impatiently as a steam-boat captain on a sand-bar. At last the Waters (Jem) rose, and being notified of this important fact by a tap at a window, we huddled on such clothes as we had taken off, seized our rifles and pouches and issued out into the brightest October night that a Hare—

"Scarce making more sound, with his delicate feet,
Than your heart will make in its faintest beat"—

ever flirted his white tail, or bounced along a frosty path in. There was just that shining rime of frost on every thing, that puts, by its reflection, a steady gleam on the front sight of a rifle, and makes night shooting, where the object is large, a matter of little uncertainty or difficulty. As we walked off with our hunter, we went through the pantomime of aiming at poultry on the plum trees, and fences, and discovered, with great satisfaction, that the bead could be drawn in the moonlight. How our young fingers itched to convert the experimenal aim into the experimental shot! I as the eldest boy—Ned Beef being my junior by a month—was to have the *first shot* with the best of the two rifles; Ned was to take it after such first shot, and return it to me

for the third—and so on, by a process of alternations, which, after strangling each other for an hour in bed, and a terrible contest of legs and elbows, we had finally settled on as the order of procedure. Half an hour's walk brought us to an extensive range of wooded hills. The growth for the most part was of oak and pine. Every squirrel's nest in the crotches of the trees underwent a close inspection; the wart or knot of a tree often set our imaginations to work until we saw a Turkey in it—head—neck—tail—all perfect. But squirrel's nests and knots were all we found. We had not, at the peep of day, so much as seen one turkey, roosting, or flying from its roost. Just at the peep of day we came to the cabin of an old negro man named Vincent. This old man Vincent had been a house-servant—a much higher class than the "serfs of the glebe"—and at the death of his master, had been exonerated from farther service, and established in a snug cabin just where a descending ravine came down at right angles upon a regular little valley, with a brook in it. There the old man cultivated a little garden, raised rose-combed chickens, and made brooms and mats. Old Vincent was up, and stirring, when we drew near his cabin. In answer to an inquiry about the Turkeys, he said that, the morning before, about thirty, with two very large goblers amongst them, had come down from the cross-ravine, passed the run, and gone over to a corn-field two or three hundred yards behind his cabin—and that, in the *evening*, the two goblers had returned without the flock, and gone up the ravine again to roost. Ned and I immediately parted from Waters, whom we did not see afterward, and went up the cross-ravine. We had followed it nearly to its head when we found that it forked. I took one fork, and he the other. By this time the sky was of the deepest red-rose colour, full of beautiful mottles, from North-East to South-East, and so near, in altitude—I mean this flush was—to the zenith, that the upper boughs of the trees a little before me as I walked toward the East, were relieved against it. I do not recollect to have since seen so singularly beautiful a sky. I had gone some fifty yards up the fork, when I saw one of the goblers perched, with his bearded breast to me, on a horizontal limb of an oak, within close shot. As I stopped to set and cock my rifle, he rose and turned on his perch; but before he could get away I pulled trigger, and down he tumbled. Ned came up.

"You have done a thing," said he, with a manner of great solemnity, "that people will talk about"—

"To the remotest future ages," chimed in I.

"But do you know," continued he, "that it was rascally in you to put me up that fork where the Turkey *wasn't?*"—and here there was some danger of a renewal of the controversy of the night before.

I had shot the gobler in the thin of the flank as he stood with his tail to me, and my bullet had gone out through his back bone between the shoulders, and then passed, following its length a little way, through his neck. We tied his legs together with a handkerchief, at the spurs, and, slipping a rifle through, carried him in, dragging the ground with his venerable head. He weighed, when cleaned, unless a boyish exaggeration fastened itself on my mind, and came at last to pass for truth even with myself, twenty-three pounds and a half.

With what magnificence of gait and manner I walked into the breakfast room with the mighty trophy dangling at my heels! What laconic brevity there was in Ned's account of my achievment, and the hunt! How fully I compensated for his brevity in my own ample narrative!

A turkey-killing mania raged amongst the crowd at once. Guns were brought out and loaded, horses and *carriages* ordered; in the midst of the preparations Ned and I despatched a rapid breakfast and hurried out to make an assault upon the flock of which old Vincent had told us. Our adventures after it were unsuccessful, and not deserving of a record, but we saw one rare sight, and, I assure you, we laughed, behind a corn shock where we lay perdu, considerably at it. Along the edge of the corn-field ran a fine smooth state road. On this road the most stylish of our senior cousins—a young six-footer, of twenty, with gold spectacles, a moustache, and a turkey-breasted coat with rounded collars spread out over his shoulders—went it in his little carriage, with his bay bob-tails hitched tandem fashion, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. He sate beautifully squared on his seat, only with a little projection forward of one shoulder, and cheered his trotters with a sharp and stylish "Ha—a—a—h you dogs." Behind him, "devouring the way in his haste"—for he rode far forward in the saddle, and with his mouth open, came a servant, forcing his horse into that rollicking gallop which must grow, now and then, into a run to keep at the heels of fast trotters. The servant carried his master's gun directly transverse the mane of his horse, and bird-bag, flask, and pouch, kept up a constant alternating assault upon his ears and hips. "That's Turkey hunting; I wonder how many he'll kill"—said Ned.

I must return from this digression to my more matured experiences with my two older friends.

But let me stop here for the present.

What signature shall I adopt? Shall it be, with an eye to the nature of the task I am about,

T. Hunter—

leaving the reader to enlarge the initial T into Theodore, Thomas, or Turkey, as he chooses? That name does not come sharply enough off. It was Scathelock, that keen-shooting forester of Robinhood's band, who wrote his name (Friar Tuck may have done it for him, as the better clerk) on a scroll, fastened it in the fringe of his arrow, and then shot shaft, and scroll, into the crowd of Carlisle. I think I will let my arrow fly with the same label—

SCATHELOCK.

ALINE.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

BY FANNY FIELDING.

It was a Summer's eve. Declining day
Was gilding with its tints the western sky
And gorgeously its glorious coloring fell
Upon the virgin drapery which hung
Around the window of that cottage home.
The incense breath of evening floated in
Through the cool lattice as it wafted o'er
The flowers that with early summers come,—
Roses and lilies, with the woodbine wild,
And jasmine with its showers of silver stars,
Blent their rich fragrance in the evening air.

With soothing influence fell its balmy breath
Upon the livid brow of her who sat
By the low cottage-window gazing forth
For the last time on Nature's loveliness.
The death-dews clust'ring round her forehead pale,
And parting day's last smile upon her cheek,
As gently hinting that they should be gone,
For day and she must take their leave together.
Poor broken-hearted one! I well could weep
As I thy simple narrative relate,—
"It is an ancient tale and often told"—
Of true love blighted by the ungentle soul
Of one, who cannot feel that passion's strength
And cannot comprehend its holiness.
But gently, Aline, gently will I lift
Aside the veil that shades thy secret dear
Which thou did'st bury in thy inmost heart,—
Hiding it from the world, and if thou might'st
E'en from high Heav'n—from all save thine own self;
Suffering the pangs of unrequited love
To gnaw with serpent tooth thy faithful heart.
But on the fatal eve which saw her die
She to her widow'd mother told the tale
Of her false lover, and his cruelty—
How he had woo'd and won away her heart,—
That gallant soldier-lad, with oaths on oaths
Of all-enduring love and constancy;—
How he had painted to her fancy's eye
Bright dreams of sunny lands beyond the sea
Where flowers bloomed brighter and where gay birds sang
More cheerily than round her happy home,
And then how oft on May-day festivals
Would he select her from her gay compeers,
The blooming village maids, and lead her forth
To thread the mazes of the giddy dance.
And while admiring eyes would follow him,
He gazed on her.

And then at shadowy eve,
When sport and frolic of the day were o'er,
Upon some moonlit bank the lovers sat
Where dew-drops glittered on the verdure soft,
Like diamond show'rs on emerald surface seen,
And listened there to Zephyr's silvery song
Making sweet melody among the trees:
And seated thus beside a gurgling stream,
The soldier-lad would tune his gay guitar,
And sing to her whose soul drank in each sound,
The melodies of his own native land.

So waned the day, when lo! the cry "To arms!"
Reëchoed through th' extent of that fair land,
And with that spirit-sickening cry were borne
Full many a loving and beloved heart
Unto the harvest-field of Death.

But on
With my sad tale—then came the fatal day
That Henry from his Aline must depart.

* * * *

Months passed away and still no tidings came,
Save on the battle-eve a virgin sheet
Enveloping a faded mountain-flower,
(A blue "forget-me-not,") came to her hand.
He had no time for more,—an aged friend
Passing the field whereon the host encamped
Bore to fair Aline this memento brief.

Autumn and winter in their turn had passed
When one bright, sunny morn in early spring
A bridal pageant neared the village inn.
Loud bursts of festal music stirr'd the air
And streamers flutter'd gaily as the sun
Shone forth resplendent on that fairy scene.
Young village-maids and hinds did gather round
(Fair Aline in their midst, more sad and pale
Than was her wont) to view the nuptial train
And see the youthful, noble pair alight.

Oh, woful day for Aline! could it be
Her Henry standing by his noble bride!
That heart that beats in unison with hers
Throbbing as wildly in its new-born love
As when its pulses thrill'd to Aline's name!
It was enough. She wasted day by day
Like a pale flower drooping on its stalk,
Yet murmured she no sigh, and none might tell
Why thus she pined and why her restless eye
Gleamed with such wild, unearthly lustre when
One but made mention of the soldier-boy.

Softly she sleeps beneath yon grassy turf
Within the village church-yard's quiet shade;
The gentle violet and the primrose pale
Shed their soft perfume round her peaceful home,
And o'er her head the feathery cypress waves,
Weeping love's vigil o'er the Blighted One.

LONGFELLOW AS A POET.

In this wonder discovering, *multum in parvo* age, it might justly have been supposed that the long debated question regarding the true definition of Poetry, would have been satisfactorily determined; this, however, seems not to be the fact, and it still remains a splendid literary enigma. We see it, we hear it, we feel it, we breathe it; it is all around and all above us, blending its varied beauties, and mingling its melodious voices, but when we ask, "*What is Poetry?*" a confusion of tongues, like that of Babel, ensues, as the various schools in poetry give their conflicting responses. The fact is, we have given a name to something the most obvious of all things, save the evidences of a Divine existence, and yet are unable to tell wherein this obviousness consists; at least, all efforts to solve this important question in literature, heretofore, have been about as satisfactory as the dispute among the travellers respecting the color of the chameleon's skin; although every one has seen his object with the true vision of a worshipper at the shrine of Helicon, and has as truly set forth the nature of his discoveries. This different and seemingly discordant testimony arises not from a wilful misapprehension on the part of the disputants, nor any capricious element in the revelations of Poetry, but from the varied media through which the observations have been made, and the objects and combinations in which the contending parties have given the poetical principle a "local habitation."

From these considerations the various schools in Poetry have had their origin; every one giving a definition to suit its own standard of taste, and investing those objects with the inherent elements of Poetry, which contributed most to the gratification of that principle of taste which had erected the standard. This is all well enough; but the difficulty has been, that every school has manifested a disposition to discard and traduce all others; proclaiming their stupidity and presumption; tearing to fragments their greatest productions, and handing them down to posterity as intruders into the consecrated temple of the Muses.

Nature and the dominions of the imagination have been explored, and their numberless objects and combinations classified into poetical and non-poetical; each classification differing according to the canon of taste adopted by the classifier, until there has arisen such a diversity of systems and theories that it is next to impossible to find one by which to try the merits of a new production, which will satisfy all readers of Poetry.

The best definition yet given is somewhat in the following words: "*Poetry is the embodiment of the noblest ideas in the chastest language!*" But this only advances a general principle, and its applicability will be in proportion as the mind is capable of forming combinations, and the ear tuned to the harmony of words or sounds. The truth is, the poetical principle does not so much exist in the thing itself, as in the point and light in which we view it, and our capacity to draw on the powers of the imagination to array the imperfect real, with the semblance and perfections of an ideal and immaculate existence. In this view of the subject, there is no reason why one object is not as susceptible of poetical investiture as another. "What is one man's meat, is another man's poison," is the vulgar adage, and this is true and apposite to the mooted question of what constitutes poetry. Thus far the disciples of the "Lake school" seem to be correct. One imagination can, doubtless, see as much poetry in a "Scotch Pedler," as another can in a "Don Juan;" in the *dramatis personæ* of the "Parish Work House," as in the fair ladies and plumed knights of a royal tournament; the whole poetical effect depending upon the ideal creations which the imagination may form from the suggestive real; and as the beholder's taste is to be the "sole arbiter," the decision will be in accordance with what he may conceive most agreeable to himself, without respect to the sentiments which the same subject of contemplation may produce in others. Now, it does not appear a hard task for the truthful observer to invest the discarded "beggar" of the "Poor House," and the moralizing "Pedler" of the "Excursion" with more that is truly sublime, than the jeweled inhabitants of Courts, and the belted warriors of the battle-field. The first are the objects of misfortune and neglect; yet patient in suffering, contented in poverty, confident in hope, looking forward to a peaceful and happy future existence; while the latter are but gilded mockeries; who, in prosperity, are never satisfied—in adversity never resigned; to whom death is never welcome, and the future gives no promise. Poetry in rags is spurned from the outer courts, while Vice in tinsel and feathers is ushered with acclamations into the inner sanctuary of the temple of fame and exalted to the highest seat. Thus, true Poetry, like the Son of the Highest, is often "despised and rejected of men," and counted "without form or comeliness," while they are ready to follow some false-robed impostor as the very incarnation of Truth and Beauty.

But not to prolong this dry disquisition, let it be remarked, that the reason why the question adverted to has not been conclusively answered, is, in a great measure, owing to the fact that at-

tempts have been made to confine an all pervading essence within defined limits, and make it dependent on certain attendant circumstances; whereas it is, like its author, *every where!*

> "It warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent!"

The fact that all do not see it alike in all places, and recognize it in the same objects, does not prove its non-existence or isolation, but only shows the diversity of their capacities to comprehend its divine manifestations. And this marked difference should be held as a wise and benevolent provision of Him "who doeth all things well." Were it not so, there would be a dull monotony where there is now the most glorious variety. Why do not the songsters of the grove wage an endless warfare with one another, because all were not made to soar with the lark and sing to the opening day? or to hide in the embowered thicket and chant with the pensive nightingale? or to flit from spray to spray and pour forth the varied melody of the mocking bird? Such a uniformity would drive Beauty and Joy from woodlands, and turn their ten thousand harmonies into the dismal harpings of ennui. And why should the "sons of song," or their various admirers bring discord into the temple of harmony, because they are made to tune their divine utterances to a different key? Each one was raised up for his special office work, and received his instrument tuned to the melody which it was designed he should give forth; and if he well and truly give himself to his divine mission, he is worthy of all praise, although he may have sung only in the strains of a beggar's woes, or told how

> "Pretty babes, with hand in hand,
> Went wandering up and down,
> But never more could see the man
> Approaching from the town."

The jealous Poet is the peacock of Parnassus, or rather, perhaps, the crow who would strut in his borrowed and gaudy plumage. Let the Poet be true to his gifts and calling, despite the cavilings and ravings of the "critic folk," who, generally, only exhibit their envy and spleen, by showing how easily they can pull down what they never could build up. The true Poet has a high and holy mission to fulfil, and he should address himself to his work as to a most sacred duty, nor disgrace his high calling by prostituting his genius at the shrine of unholy ambition. The Poet who will thus work for his work's sake; who will enter into the arcana of the soul, and embody and set forth before the eye and the mind clear images of the world that lies hidden behind its veilings, will ever find readers to appreciate and do him honor, and will leave his impress on the annals of the heart. The author of

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,"

lived not in vain, although he had done nothing else than write this stanza; and the less classic,

> "Little John Horner
> Sat in a corner,"

and "Mother Goose" rhymes have not been without their influence.

Because every poet cannot be a Milton, or a Shakspeare, he should not, therefore, refuse to give utterance to the fire that burns within, nor withhold his lips from the good which he may be able to link with the melody of words.

But while it is thus urged upon those who may be truly blessed with the "vision and the faculty divine," to assert the prerogative of their divine commission, let those, whose hearts are too cold to thrill with rapturous emotions at the contemplation of Truth and Beauty; whose eyes are too dim to catch, with the eagle's glance, the ideal beauties which nature exhibits; and whose ears are too heavy to drink in the many-voiced harmonies which delight the quickened sense, beware how they are found presumptuously intruding upon the "holy ground" of poesy, with their unhallowed feet. For her true votaries she has a place, a work, and a crown; but for all intruders a whip of scorpions and a branding iron.

In the foregoing remarks, the endeavor has been to show that each Poet has a style of his own; a peculiar gift, which it is his province and duty to cultivate; and that this *individuality*, so far from being a defect, or mark of want of genius, is his divinely authenticated commission of a brotherhood with the gifted sons of Apollo.

Of course, with the world without, the amount of popularity will be in proportion to the adaptation of the Poet's style to the current feelings and habits of the masses; but the Poet who will stoop to cater to the vulgar appetite for the windy applause of the multitude, or for the sake of "filthy lucre," degrades his office, and should, as he probably will, be left to rot in the obscurity of his own insignificance. All, or nearly all of the great Poets were left, while living, to comparative neglect, while the time-serving rhymemonger was lauded and pampered to surfeiting; but years and observation have corrected all such mistakes. The diamonds of genius have grown brighter by the lapse of time and repeated testings, while the paste counterfeits of aspiring impudence have returned to their primitive nothingness.

Prof. Longfellow's *idiosyncrasy* is every way peculiar and individual; indeed, there is no writer whose individuality is more distinct than his, and this, of itself, is sufficient to rebut the unfounded charges of plagiarism made against him. This *personal localism* is strikingly evident in his earliest productions, and its growth can be easily traced through all of his subsequent writings. This peculiarity has, doubtless, given rise to the various and widely conflicting opinions regarding his claims as a Poet; some investing him with the highest attributes and honors of genius, while others pronounce him only a conventional rhyme-maker; nice in his epithets, and "elaborate and scholarly in finish." But Longfellow must be ranked as a true Poet; and if not the first, among the very first in America. If he had never been harnessed with all the armour of the schools, he, nevertheless, would have been a Poet, whose "wood-notes wild" would have been listened to by thousands of admiring readers; and his thorough intellectual training has not robbed him of his native-born genius, nor cramped into a strait-jacket the free utterances of his spirit. True, he has not written in the simple tenderness of a "Mary in Heaven," or "Home, Sweet Home;" nor the brilliant rusticity of the "Old Oaken Bucket;" nor could he have done this if he had never been trained in the nice distinctions of the schools, for the simple reason, that it is no part of his intellectuality. Neither has he given any evidence of possessing that mirth-provoking faculty which has immortalized a Butler and a Hood. Indeed, if his claims as a Poet are to be tested by the exhibition of that spirit who comes with

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

then the case is decided at once—he is a presumptuous intruder into the realms of song, for wit or humor he has none. Anything partaking of the jovial style seems as much out of place in Longfellow's ideality, as an Esquimaux in Arabia, or a cactus on an iceberg. The only attempts which he has made at the humorous are found in the "Spanish Student," mostly confined to the odd remarks of Chispa, all of which are miserable failures, being only bungling imitations of Shakspeare's clowns. The genius which inspired him, when he first sung the "Prelude" to the "Voices of the Night," still lingers to shade his musings, and whispers into his pensive ear,

> "Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
> Yes, into Life's deep stream!
> All forms of sorrow and delight,
> All solemn voices of the Night,
> That can soothe thee, or affright.—
> Be these henceforth thy theme."

And most truly has he obeyed the injunction. This, however, detracts nothing from his merits, for if wit and humor can enter at all into the excellencies of poetry, it must be in the very lowest sense.

One of the first, if not the very first, characteristics of Longfellow's poetry, is his earnest and sincere devotion to moral beauty, to Truth. In this respect, his whole history, as embodied in his poetical records, is directly in opposition to the absurd theory of Poe, in his Lecture on the Poetic Principle. His devotion to this heaven-born sentiment is not, as is too often the case, only a loose adjustment to the exterior, while a little penetration will discover only deformity beneath, but a deep-seated and never-swerving adherence to all that is good and ennobling. Try any of his poems by the closest test, and this will be found to hold true. Even in that bright creation of his genius, Preciosa, the ballet-dancer, his devotion to purity has invested her with a spirit so unearthly and untainted, that we half lose sight of the moral paradox resulting from the immodesty of her employment. No one but Longfellow could have made a character like this wear so much the semblance of heavenly innocence; and his success, in this instance, is to be regretted, as the extreme loveliness and beauty of the creation cannot render it entirely harmless, while its position constantly suggests a tainted atmosphere. In speaking of the purity of Longfellow's verse, it must not be understood in a theological sense, but with respect to the highest standards of human ethics, although there is a pure, religious shading running through all of his compositions.

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us,
> Foot-prints on the sands of time."

This seems rather to be his standard. than the closer and farther reaching requirements of the Christian system. But when we consider how uniformly the sons of genius have prostituted their strains to inculcate sentiments, and to excite passions destructive to the best interests of mankind, the author who rigidly adheres to the practice of aiming to exalt the noblest qualities of the heart and mind, and exhorts to the pursuit of the highest good, deserves the unqualified approbation of all lovers of a pure literature. Every careful reader of Longfellow has observed how assiduous he is to evolve the highest moral excellence of which his subject is capable; and he also chooses his themes with special regard to this adaptation, rather than their susceptibility of poetical embellishment. So marked has been this characteristic of his Muse, that it has been

said respecting him, that he "preaches when he should sing." However capable his subject of felicitous expression or development of natural or intellectual beauty, he is sure to watch with most care the point of its moral bearings; and he is never betrayed from the path of truth to point an epigram, or polish a rhyme, and would, no doubt, discard the rarest beauty of expression, if it did not harmonize with the higher beauties of moral excellence.

Next to his high appreciation of moral, is his admiration of external beauty and harmony. But the idea which he forms of their manifestations is peculiarly his own, and constitutes one of the phases of his individuality. He has but little attachment for the landscape, apart from its villages, its antique castles, and gothic steeples. He does not, like Street, and Hoffman, love the woods, and lakes, and hills for their own sakes, but as settings, or frames for his pictures; and as for a "Cotter's Saturday Night," he can no more paint one than he can a sun with living rays. His style of beauty is literally *gothic;* his landscapes are gothic; his cities, villages, people, and even his trees and flowers assume a gothic form as they twine in wild festoons on the embowered spray, or creep along the mouldering wall:

"Or where the denser grove receives,
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move."

All forms of nature and of art seem to shed, wherever he goes, the "dim religious light" of a vast cathedral around him, and he constantly blends its attendant imagery in all his musings; so very noticeable is this in his poetry, that but very few pieces, in his two recently published volumes, can be found wherein this does not receive illustration. Now, to say that this is a defect, is to say that gothic architecture is a defective style of building. It may not possess the simple beauty of the cottage with its rural shadings, but it has the massive grandeur which gives it isolation, and attracts the eye while it courts remark.

This trait in Longfellow, and his

"Loving still these quaint old themes,

has made him essentially a foreign Poet, as much so as he could have been had he been born and reared among the imagery which he so constantly blends in his pictures. There is very little in the poems which he has already published, which can be claimed as truly American, save only that most of them were written within its borders. While this does not affect his standing as a Poet, it is, nevertheless, a legitimate charge against him; he owes it to his country, which has so liberally and flatteringly sustained him, to identify himself with its history, as well as its literature, by embodying sentiments and imagery, which would every where and at all times be recognized as essentially national and American.

One could fill whole pages with instances of felicitous expressions and subtle beauty, so plentifully are they to be found, but it would, perhaps, detract from the merits of the author, and the pleasure of the reader, to isolate these gems from their glorious settings. Let a single example suffice, as a key note; or rather, as it is, the melting cadence of a melody which an angel might not blush to sing:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

In the harmony of his versification, Longfellow is inimitable. He does not, it is true, use words like Burns, and Moore, where the melody seems to court the very phrases which they use, and lies along the sentences, as music thrills along the strings of an instrument, but with all the skill and nicety of one whose ear is keyed to every sound and variation of which the language is capable. He does not wait until the verse *is* complete before the melody is heard, but every additional word adds to the force and sweetness of the tone, until the full symphony is pouring its tide

"In many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out."

He seems to construct his versification as the builders did Solomon's Temple; every part is fitted for its place before it is brought from the laboratory of his brain; and when required for use, it comes, at the bidding of his imagination, and falls intuitively into its place, adding another chord to the living harmony. This has the appearance of fastidiousness to many, but it is the daintiness of a polished genius, which none would complain of, if they could successfully imitate it.

Longfellow's reach of imagination is not, perhaps, as great as some other of his powers; being more subtle and refined, than powerful and comprehensive; it is, nevertheless, of a very high order, and is equalled by few living writers.

Of pure fancy he has but little: he is too serious to be fanciful. He ever remembers that

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

In point of a refined tenderness and pathos Longfellow again stands preëminent; no poet at least in this age, has equalled him in this de-

partment of the divine art. His sympathies are deep and unbounded. In this respect, and this alone, he is the poet of the people. If he builds gothic temples for others to inhabit, the warmer impulses of his heart lead him to choose a place by the "Fireside" of the humble cottage, where he delights to tarry, and read a moral to the rustic dwellers from the "Forever-never" of the "Old clock on the Stairs,"—sing a "Psalm of Life,"—point to the "Footsteps of Angels," and talk of "Resignation" until the eye of faith catches the distant "Sunrise on the Hills" of a brighter and better world; or to mingle in the pastimes of the young, until he infuses the spirit of "Excelsior" in every heart.

His tenderness is not the result of mere external sympathy; he would never, like an unsophisticated rustic, weep because others weep, nor be pathetic from the influence of attendant circumstances of present and outward sensibility. In this respect he differs from Burns and other kindred spirits, whose pathos was the result of a strong animal sensitiveness, which was ready to overflow at the first sight of any affecting incident, without respect to cause or effect. Now, Longfellow would never thus lavish the sacred treasures of his heart. There must be a propriety and fitness in the objects of his commiseration; a moral claim upon his better nature. He expends no balm or tears, no heart-throbs upon those who are in distress by their own wickedness. and who exhibit no signs of true penitence. He looks at the springs of action, and fathoms the deep fountains of feeling; and with a refinement, as far as possible removed from mere impulse, claims a share in all sufferings endured by true worth in neglect, striving with adverse fortunes, or crushed under accumulated burdens. With such he weeps in sympathy, and at the same time cheers them with words of tenderness and regard, which bring back energy and hope; or, if the hour of expectation is past, nerves the sufferer to "endure what time cannot abate," as he sings:

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

It would not, perhaps, be a difficult task to find errors in the poetry of Longfellow; but it is much more pleasant to enjoy the full ripe fruit, than to dissect the rottenness of the blasted and decaying, only to show their unwholesomeness; to delight in the perfumes of the fresh and perfect rose, rather than to tear open the blighted bud, to expose the worm which lies nestled in its core. This task is left for others, to whose taste it may be congenial.

The Poet deserves the love of all for his truth, his creations of beauty and sweetness, but we should revere him because he wins the very heart by his cheering words of encouragement and tender sympathy; and who would not unite in adopting the sentiments contained in the "Dedication" of the "Seaside and the Fireside," and send them back to their author, freighted with the warmest impulses!

"Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken."

[*From the Literary World.*]

TO BULWER,

ON A SECOND READING OF "THE CAXTONS."

Bulwer, with brimming eyes I've read again
That fireside fiction of thy riper years—
And I could blend thanksgiving with my tears,
If 'twould but please thee, but the thought is vain—
And often, when my Blackwood comes, I find
At "Sisty's" story my eyelids fill,
As the rich thoughts and sentiment distil
From the alembic of thy glowing mind:
The spell of genius and the stamp of art
In all thy former works the reader sees,
But thou hast niched the "household gods" in *these;*
They give a deep assurance of a heart
Whose pulses beat in sympathy with man,
And in harmonious chord with the Eternal Plan!

J. R. THOMPSON.

Richmond, Va.

A CITY INCIDENT.

No stranger in New York, pursuing a morning stroll, can turn out of the vast thoroughfare of Broadway, just as the chimes of Trinity have rung for noon, into the maelstrom of Wall Street, without being impressed with the fact—if he be a thinking man at all—that he has at length reached the peculiar court of Mammon. On either side he sees the shrines of *Diva Pecunia*, and he is jostled by her worshippers at every step, as he advances. Not particularly reverent are they of aspect, nor does their gait resemble that of the devotee in the cloister or the Moslem approaching the Caaba. But Mohammed has not a follower more ardent, nor Holy Mother Church a neophyte more zealous in her service, than these disciples of the goddess of money. Look for an instant at our friend Snipkins, who has just come out from that marble temple where

they sit in the receipt of customs. Snipkins lives in a very sumptuous mansion in Fourteenth Street. His walls are adorned with copies of Italian paintings done by very un-Italian pencils. He belongs to one of those wicked clubs recently established to nourish and foster the exotic vices which we have borrowed from Europe. During the season he has his box at the Opera and has learned just when to applaud the performance. Moreover, Snipkins has his pew at a fine Gothic church, which shall be nameless, where he may be seen every fair Sunday morning, faultlessly attired, his coat without buttons behind, his kids of the irreproachable *couleur de paille*, and his moustache dyed to the exact shade of propriety His tendencies, perhaps, are High Church and his literary tastes incline to those charming little romances like the Lady Alice, which teach us how we may sin pleasantly according to the rubric. Snipkins has been heard to inveigh against frivolous literature and voted the Lorgnette stupid, because, as it was supposed, John Timon made him a target for his satire. And now, my excellent reader, what suppose you is the subject of Snipkin's thoughts under all these phases of character? It is money. He thinks of nothing else when he lieth down and when he riseth up, when he sitteth in his house and when he walketh by the way. At home or at the club, in the most melting cadenza of Don Pasquale or the most eloquent portion of Dr. T——'s sermon. Snipkins is turning over in his mind the next day's operations on 'change. Look at him closely. What usurious lineaments of countenance! What money making expressed upon a brow! What '*speculation*' in those eyes!

And such as Snipkins, in a greater or less degree of development, according to his success in the money world, is every second man you meet upon Wall Street. Absorbed in their pursuit of gain, they have little concern for any thing else, and the earth itself might gape at their feet without making the least sensation. One cause alone is adequate to arouse them and that a panic!

Some years ago, I witnessed such an occurrence. A great banking house had failed, carrying down with it many deserving merchants, but many more money-changers who could claim no sympathy. I shall not soon forget the crisis as it was made visible about the corners of the Merchant's Exchange. For once the tide of human life was stopped in its passage, for once every man showed some interest in the affairs of his neighbour, for once the boys at Delatour's soda fountain were idle.

> Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering crowds, and brokers in distress,
> And cheeks all blank, which but an hour ago
> Flushed with a 3-per-cent-a month success;
> And there were sudden whispers, such as press
> The life from out young firms, and some were dumb
> In agony of spirit: who could guess
> If ever should be paid "that little sum,"
> Since upon morn so fair such awful noon could come!
>
> * * * * *
>
> And Wall Street frowns upon them with her Banks
> And Life Assurance bureaus, as they pass,
> Grieving, but giving curses more than thanks
> Over the *unredeeming* throng,—alas!
> Doomed before 3 o'clock to go to grass:
> But other "operators," soon shall know
> Their places upon Change, when all this mass
> Of living usury shall be a show,
> And men that once were 'fast' shall be uncommon 'slow!'

But this is not what I sat down to write. My design, good reader, was to narrate, in very few words, an incident which fell under my observation, only a fortnight since, in Wall Street, and which jarred upon my feelings as in shocking discordance with the cold, money-making genius of the place—an incident, one might think, which would arrest the notice of the passers-by, but which scarcely attracted the gaze of one other person than myself, except those who were part and parcel of it. The episode of the panic, came in to interrupt for a single moment, the short narrative I am to give you.

The incident to which I have alluded was a funeral. Surely,—the reader, who is unacquainted with New York, will think—there was nothing so strange in this. People must die everywhere, and the marts of business cannot be exempt from the common lot of humanity. Very true, but consider that no one *lives* in Wall street; seven hours in the day is its only period of vitality, after which it is as silent as that petrified city in the story of Scheherazade; men tarry there for a short time, but do not dwell or abide there; a *home* in such a quarter is simply an impossibility, the Lares would fly the spot. Death does indeed intrude upon the haunts of trade. Your well-fed and purple-faced Bank Director sometimes falls down in an apoplexy; the day-laborer in midsummer occasionally dies from a sudden *coup-de-soliel*; the list of casualties now and then tells us of somebody killed by a falling block of stone from the scaffolding of a new edifice;—but all these are carried away for funeral services elsewhere, some to the Hospital for the potter's field, others to the court end of the city for Greenwood Cemetery. A funeral in Wall Street is something, therefore, of the rarest occurrence. It was something, too, to raise, in a loiterer like myself, feelings of curious interest similar to those inspired by the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Who and what was this unhappy man whose remains were about to be consigned to the grave! And how came he to die *there?* Had he no

friend on earth to offer him a quiet room, away from the daily din of business, where he might at least, die in peace, and from which his coffin might be borne to the grave without being rudely run against by the pushing, furious crowd of that noisy thoroughfare? Friends he certainly had, for a respectable *cortége* was in attendance. But why had they appointed an hour so *malapropos* for the funeral? It was about two. Three hours afterwards, they might have driven off without unseemly interruption.

With such conjectures in my brain, I halted exactly opposite the hearse, and determined to await the moving of the little procession. But most of all I mused on the probable character of the deceased—what manner of man he was—whether he was like most of those who hurried by me with hearts harder than the nether mill-stone, and was a mere worshipper of Mammon, or whether he might not have been another Tim Linkinwater who had lived honestly and served faithfully through many years, and whose soul, when released from the tabernacle of clay, had taken that unusual flight from Wall Street to Heaven!

If I could have reconciled it with my sense of what was proper, I think I should have gone over and walked up into the room where the services were performing. For as I stood watching the door (which was the immense entrance to a granite structure, occupied by fifty or more corporations and individuals) it occurred to me that the sermon, if delivered by a sensible man, might embody some very eloquent admonition. What striking antitheses did not the place and the occasion suggest? Within was Death, the last enemy; without was Life, fitful, uncaring, riant Life, with its empty occupations and concerns. If any where or at any time, the verses of Ecclesiastes would be likely to affect the hearts of listeners, it was under such circumstances as these.

I have hinted already that the procession of carriages was respectable and also that it was small. Perhaps, if corporations were mortal and were buried like men, and one of the banking institutions which occupied the building had been about to be interred, the obsequies would have been more imposing. Consider, if such a thing were possible, the funeral of the Bank of Commerce.

By and by, the coffin was brought out, and pushed, by a struggle, through the crowd of pedestrians on the pavement, into the hearse. The mourners who followed did not seem inconsolable in their grief. The procession threaded its way with extreme difficulty through the densely filled streets, and at last turned out of view.

I looked around upon the moving throng once more. Not one individual seemed to have marked the passage of the dead to its last home. The sermon had been lost. And I fear that long before I pulled the check-string of the omnibus which carried me to my hotel, the moral of the incident had quite passed out of my own mind.

X. Y. Z.

Park Benjamin?

From the International Magazine.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

R. W. Griswold

Among our pleasant friends in many years was the author of the *Froissart Ballads*. We think of him as a friend, but we never saw him; his features are familiar to us only by this poor counterfeit,* and all we know of his voice is that it has been described to us as musically joyous, sometimes varying to a sad sweetness, sometimes wild. For half a dozen years visits to him were written of, and hoped for, and it was settled, we thought, that we were to share with him a turkey-hunt in the Old Dominion, in a few weeks, when suddenly the intelligence came that he was dead.

Philip Pendleton Cooke was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley county, Virginia, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1816. His father, Mr. John R. Cooke, was then and is now honorably distinguished at the bar, and his mother was of that family of Pendletons which has furnished so many eminent names to that part of the Union.

At fifteen he entered Princeton college, where he had a reputation for parts, though he did not distinguish himself, or take an honor, and could never tell how it happened that he obtained a degree, as he was not examined with his class. He liked fishing and hunting better than the books, and Chaucer and Spenser much more than the dull volumes in the "course of study." He had already made rhymes before he became a freshman, and the appearance of the early numbers of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* prompted him to new efforts in this way; he wrote for the *Knickerbocker*, in his seventeenth year, *The Song of the Sioux Lover*, and *The Consumptive*, and in a village paper, about the same time, humorous and sentimental verses.

When he left college his father was living at Winchester, and there he himself pursued the study of the law. He wrote pieces in verse and prose for the *Virginian*, and *The Southern Literary Messenger* (then just started,) and projected novels and an extensive work in literary criticism. Before he was twenty-one he was married, admitted to the bar, and had a fair prospect

* A wood-engraved portrait.

of practice, in Frederick, Jefferson, and Berkeley counties. "I am blessed by my fireside," he wrote, "here on the banks of the Shenandoah, in view and within a mile of the Blue Ridge; I go to county towns, at the sessions of the courts, and hunt, and fish, and make myself as happy with my companions as I can."

"So," he wrote to us in 1846. "have passed five, six, seven, eight years, and now I am striving, after long disuse of my literary veins, to get the rubbish of idle habits away and work them again. My fruit-trees, rose-bushes, poultry, guns, fishing-tackle, good, hard-riding friends, a long-necked bottle on my sideboard, an occasional client, &c., &c., &c., make it a little difficult to get from the real into the clouds again. It requires a resolute habit of self-concentration to enable a man to shut out these and all such real concerns, and give himself warmly to the nobler or more tender sort of writing—and I am slowly acquiring it."

The atmosphere in which he lived was not, it seems, altogether congenial—so far as literature was concerned—and he wrote:

"What do you think of a good friend of mine, a most valuable and worthy, and hard-riding one, saying gravely to me a short time ago, 'I would'nt waste time on a damned thing like poetry; you might make yourself, with all your sense and judgment, a useful man in settling neighborhood disputes and difficulties.' You have as much chance with such people, as a dolphin would have, if in one of his darts he pitched in amongst the machinery of a mill. 'Philosophy would clip an angel's wings,' Keats says, and pompous dulness would do the same. But these very persons I have been talking about, are always ready, when the world generally has awarded the honors of successful authorship to any of our mad tribe, to come in and confirm the award, and *buy*, if not read, the popular book. And so they are not wholly without their uses in this world. But woe to him who seeks to *climb* amongst them. An author must avoid them until he is already mounted on the platform, and can look down on them, and make them ashamed to show their dulness by keeping their hands in their breeches pockets, whilst the rest of the world are taking theirs out to give money or to applaud with. I am wasting my letter with these people, but for fear you may think I am chagrined or cut by what I abuse them for, I must say that they suit one half of my character, moods, and pursuits, in being good kindly men, rare table companions, many of them great in field sports, and most of them rather deficient in letters than mind; and that, in an every-day sense of the words, I love and am beloved by them."

Soon afterward he wrote:

"Mr. Kennedy's assurance that you would find a publisher for my poems leaves me without any further excuse for not collecting them. If not the most devoted, truly you are the most serviceable, of my friends, but it is because Mr. Kennedy has overpraised me to you. Your letter makes me feel as if I had always known you intimately, and I have a presentiment that you will counteract my idleness and good-for-nothingness, and that, hoisted on your shoulders I shall not be lost under the feet of the crowd, nor left behind in a fence corner. I am profoundly grateful for the kindness which dictated what you have done, and to show you that I will avail myself of it, I inclose a poem to the pieces of which I wrote you in my last."

The poem referred to was so beautiful that we asked and obtained permission to put it in Graham's Magazine, of which we were at that time editor. The author's name was not given, and it excited much curiosity, as but two or three of our poets were thought capable of such a performance, and there was no reason why one of them should print any thing anonymously. It was most commonly, however, attributed to Mr. Willis, at which Mr. Cooke was highly gratified. The piece, which was entitled "Emily," contained about three hundred lines, and was a feigned history of the composition of tales designed to follow it, exquisitely told, and sprinkled all along with gems that could have come from only a mine of surpassing richness. For examples:

Young Emily has temples fair
Caress'd by locks of dark brown hair.
A thousand sweet humanities
Speak wisely from her hazel eyes.
Her speech is ignorant of command,
And yet can lead you like a hand.
Her white teeth sparkle, when the eclipse
Is laughter-moved, of her red lips.
She moves, all grace, with gliding limbs
As a white-breasted cygnet swims.

I know some wilds, where tulip trees,
Full of the singing toil of bees,
Depend their loving branches over
Great rocks, which honeysuckles cover
In rich and liberal overflow.
In the dear time of long ago
When I had woo'd young Emily,
And she had told her love to me,
I often found her in these bowers,
Quite rapt away in meditation,
Or giving earnest contemplation
To leaf, or bird, or wild-wood flowers;
And once I heard the maiden singing,
Until the very woods were ringing—
Singing an old song to the hours!

One jocund morn:

I found her where a flowering tree
Gave odors and cool shade. Her cheek
A little rested on her hand;
Her rustic skill had made a band
Of rare device which garlanded
The beauty of her bending head;
Some maiden thoughts most kind and wise

Were dimly burning in her eyes.
When I beheld her—form and face
So lithe, so fair—the spirit race,
Of whom the better poets dream'd
Came to my thought, and I half deem'd
My earth-born mistress, pure and good,
Was some such lady of the wood,
As she who work'd at spell, and snare,
With Huon of the dusky hair,
And fled, in likeness of a doe,
Before the fleet youth Angelo.
But these infirm imaginings
Flew quite away on instant wings.
I call'd her name. A swift surprise
Came whitely to her face, but soon
It fled before some daintier dyes,
And laughing like a brook in June,
With sweet accost she welcomed me.
It was a golden day to me,
And its great bliss is with me yet,
Warming like wine my inmost heart—
For memories of happier hours
Are like the cordials pressed from flowers,
And madden sweetly.

Then the poet recited ancient lays which tell some natural tales; and then:

Pity look'd lovely in the maiden;
Her eyes were softer, when so laden
With the bright dew of tears unshed.
But I was somewhat envious
That other bards should move her thus,
And oft within myself had said,
"Yea—I will strive to touch her heart
With some fair songs of mine own art"—
And many days before the day
Whereof I speak, I made essay
At this bold labor. In the wells
Of Froissart's life-like chronicles
I dipp'd for moving truths of old.
A thousand stories, soft and bold,
Of stately dames, and gentlemen,
Which good Lord Berners, with a pen
Pompous in its simplicity,
Yet tipt with charming courtesy,
Had put in English words, I learn'd;
And some of these I deftly turned
Into the forms of minstrel verse.
I know the good tales are the worse—
But, sooth to say, it seems to me
My verse has sense and melody—
Even that its measure sometimes flows
With the brave pomp of that old prose.

It was a good while before the promised contents of the book were sent to us, and Cooke wrote of the delay to a friend:

"Procrastination is a poison of my very marrow. Moreover, since 'the first wisping of the leaf,' my whole heart has been in the woods and on the waters—every rising sun that could be seen, *I have seen*, and I never came in from my sport until too much used up to do more than adopt this epitaph of Sardanapalus: 'Eat, drink,' &c. Moreover (2d), Mr. Kennedy and others were poking me in the ribs eternally about my poems; and I was driven to the labor of finishing them. I groaned and did it, and sent them to Griswold, and have left the task of carrying them through the press to him; and only lie passive, saying with Don Juan (in the slave market of Adrianople, or some other place,) 'would to God somebody would buy me.'"

At length through his cousin and friend, John P. Kennedy—(a name that makes one in charity with all mankind)—the MS. of all the poems was sent to us. It makes a book about the size of the printed volume, written with a regular elegance to match that of the old copyists. In an accompanying letter he says:

....."They are certainly not in the high key of a man warm with his subject, and doing the thing finely; I wrote them with the reluctance of a turkey-hunter kept from his sport—only Mr. Kennedy's urgent entreaty and remonstrance whipped me up to the labor. You will hardly perceive how they should be called "Ballads." You are somewhat responsible for the name. I designed (originally) to make them short poems of the old understood ballad cast. I sent you the proem, which you published as a preface to the 'Froissart Ballads.' Words in print bore a look of perpetuity (or rather of fixedness) about them, and what I would have changed if only my pen and portfolio had been concerned, your type deterred me from changing. The term 'Froissart Ballads,' however, is after all correct, even with the poems as they are. The Master of Boltou is as much a *song* as the Lay of the Last Minstrel, although I have no prologue, interludes, &c., &c., to show how it was sung; and as for Orthone, &c., Sir John Froissart may as easily be imagined chanting them as talking them."

Again he wrote:

"You will find them beneath your sanguine prognostic. They are mere narrative poems, designed for the crowd. Poetic speculation, bold inroads upon the debateable land—'the wild weird clime, out of space out of time'—I have not here attempted. I *will* hereafter merge myself in the nobler atmosphere; in the mean time I have stuck to the ordinary level, and have endeavored to write interesting stories in verse, with grace and spirit. I repeat my fear that in writing for the cold, I have failed to touch the quick and warm—in writing for a dozen hunting comrades, who have been in the habit of making my verse a *post prandium* entertainment, and never endured an audacity of thought or word, I have tamed myself out of your approbation."

The book was at length published, but though reviewed very favorably by the late Judge Beverly Tucker, in the Southern Literary Messenger, and by Mr. Poe, in the American Review, and much quoted and praised elsewhere, it was, on the whole, not received according to its merits or our expectations. Yet the result aroused the

author's ambition, and after a few weeks he remarked in a letter:

"My literary life opens now. If the world manifest any disposition to hear my 'utterances,' it will be abundantly gratified. I am thirty: until forty literature shall be my calling—avoiding however to rely upon it pecuniarily—then (after forty) politics will be a *sequitur*.

"It has occurred to me to turn my passion for hunting, and 'my crowding experiences' (gathered in fifteen or sixteen years of life in the merriest Virginia country society) of hunting, fishing, country races, character and want of character, woods, mountains, fields, waters, and the devil knows what, into a rambling book. Years ago I used to devour the 'Spirit of the Times.' Indeed, much of my passion for sports of all kinds grew out of reading the 'Spirit.' Like Albert Pike's poet, in 'Fantasms' I

> 'Had not known the bent of my own mind,
> Until the mighty spell of 'Porter' woke
> Its hidden passions.'

Only Albert Pike, says 'Coleridge' and 'Powers' for 'Porter' and 'passions.' Then, I have a half-written novel in my MS. piles, with poems, tales, sketches, histories, commenced, or arranged in my mind ready to be put in writing, *to order*. In a word, I am cocked and primed for authorship. My life here invites me urgently to literary employments. My house, servants, &c., &c.,—all that a country gentleman really wants of the goods of life,—are in sure possession to me and mine. I want honors, and some little more money. Be good enough, my dear sir, to let me know how I am to go about acquiring them."

We wrote with frankness what we thought was true, of possible pecuniary advantages from the course he proposed, and were answered:

"What you say about the returns in money for an author's labors is dispiriting enough,—and I at once give over an earnest purpose of writing *books*. Thank God, I am not dependent on the booksellers, but have a moderate and sure support for my family, apart from the crowding hopes and fears which dependence on them would no doubt generate. But I must add (or forego some gratifications) two or three hundred dollars per annum to my ordinary means. I might easily make this by my profession, which I have deserted and neglected, but it would be as bad as the tread-mill to me; I detest the law. On the other hand, I love the fever-fits of composition. The music of rhythm, coming from God knows where, like the airy melody in the Tempest, tingles pleasantly in my veins and fingers; I like to build the verse cautiously, but with the excitement of a rapid writer, which I reign in and check; and then, we both know how glorious it is to make the gallant dash, and round off the stanza with the sonorous couplet, or with some rhyme as natural to its place as a leaf on a tree, but separated from its mate that peeps down to it over the inky ends of many intervening lines. . . . That unepistolary sentence has considerably fatigued me. I was saying, or about to say, that I would be obliged to you for information as to the profitableness of writing for periodicals."

From this time Mr. Cooke wrote much, but in a desultory way, and seemed in a growing devotion to a few friends, and in the happiness that was in his home, to forget almost the dreams of ambition. He had commenced an historical novel to be called "Lutzen," in which that great battle was to end the adventures of his hero; this he threw aside, and his love for that age appeared in "The Chevalier Merlin," suggested by the beautiful story of Charles the Twelfth, as given by Voltaire, several chapters of which appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger. In the same magazine he printed "John Carper," "The Two Country Houses," and other tales, parts of a series in which he intended to dramatize the whole life and manners of Virginia. As for any applause that these might win for him, he wrote to his friend John R. Thompson:

"I look upon these matters serenely, and will treat renown as Sir Thomas More advises concerning guests; welcome its coming when it cometh, hinder not with oppressive eagerness its going, when it goeth. Furthermore, I am of the temper to look placidly upon the profile of this same renown, if, instead of stopping, it went by to take up with another; therefore it would not ruffle me to see you win the honors of southern letters away from me."

The chivalric poetry had filled his mind early and long, and he was only banishing it for the more independent and beautiful growth of his nature, when his untimely death destroyed hopes of fruits which the productions of his youth seemed to precede as blossoms. He died suddenly, at his home, on Sunday, the 20th of January, 1850, at the age of thirty-three.

At the time of his death he was writing "The Women of Shakspeare," "The Chariot Race," and a political and literary satire.

Undoubtedly Philip Pendleton Cooke was one of the truest poets of our day, and what he has left us was full of promise that he would become one of the most famous. Of his love poems, this little song, written when he was scarcely more than twenty, is perhaps the finest:

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vieing,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

We cannot quote others; in the lines "To My Daughter Lilly," may be discovered the tenderness and warmth of his affections; in his Ballads, the fiery and chivalrous phase of his intelligence; in "Ugolino," his pathos; in "Life in the Autumn Woods," his love of nature; and in all his writings the thoroughly healthy character of his mind.

As a boy and as a young man, we understand, his life was always poetical—apart, original and commanding affectionate respect. As he grew older, and married, he became practical in his views, reaching that point in the life of genius in which its beautiful ideals take the forms of duty or become the strength of wise resolves. Toward his family, including his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, he cherished a deep and unfaltering devotion. A short time before his last illness he introduced into his household morning and evening prayers. He died, as he had lived, a pure-minded gentleman and humble Christian.

Of his personal appearance a just impression is given by the portrait at the beginning of this article. His carriage was graceful and upright; his frame vigorous and elastic, trained as he was by constant hunting in the Blue Ridge; his hair was black and curling; his eye dark and bright; his expression calm and thoughtful; his manner impressed with dignity.

——"Lycidas is dead. dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

LINES.

The breast of yonder peaceful lake,
Doth mirror visions fair;
By day, earth's brightest forms they take;
At night the stars are there.

White fleecy clouds, or skies of blue
Beneath its surface lie;
While trees and flowers adorn the view,
And fringe earth's canopy.

But far below the azure deep,
An under current flows;
And while the sunlit waters sleep,
These depths may not repose.

Thus may the heart in sunny hours,
Its loveliness display;
And image only mental flowers,
To cheer life's rugged way.

But who beyond this scene may go,
Its depths to sound, or tell
How much of misery, and woe,
Within the heart may dwell.

The heart's own treasures, joy, and grief,
Are not for stranger's eye;
For bitterness finds no relief
In curious sympathy.

OSSIA.

The Literary Attractions of the Bible.

BY REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

MINISTER OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON.

Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, Nov, 27, 1849.

The Address published below, on the Literary Attractions of the Bible, by the Rev. James Hamilton, of London, will be found to be a gem—nay more, a string of precious jewels, which no one, having the least taste for literature, can fail to read again and again.

What will render it of more interest perhaps to the American reader, is the following incident connected with its introduction into the United States. The American Minister, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, soon after his arrival in London, called on the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, and not finding him in, left his card, expecting, of course, that the Rev. gentleman would return the call. He did not, and again the Minister called and left his card, but with no better success. Soon after this, one Sabbath morning, he and his lady went to the Scotch Church to hear Mr. Hamilton preach; and after service lingered to introduce himself, and stated that he had called at his residence several

times, but not receiving a visit from him supposed he might not have seen his cards. The Rev. gentleman acknowledged he had received the cards, but remarked that his constitutional diffidence was so great that he could not find nerve sufficient to return his politeness and visit so distinguished an individual as the American Minister. Shortly afterwards, he sent Mr. Lawrence a copy of the address below, with which the Minister was so pleased that he sent it to his brother in Boston, requesting him to have a large number printed at his own expense and circulated.

It has already been laid before the American public in some of the larger newspapers of the country, but notwithstanding this fact and its somewhat elaborate character, we do not hesitate to insert it in the Messenger, to the exclusion of some original matter designed for our present issue; feeling assured that very many of our readers will share in our own personal wish to have so beautiful an Essay in a form for preservation.

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GOD made the present earth as the home of man; but had he meant it as a mere lodging, a world less beautiful would have served the purpose. There was no need for the carpet of verdure or the ceiling of blue—no need for the mountains and cataracts and forests—no need for the rainbow, no need for the flowers. A big, round island, half of it arable, and half of it pasture, with a clump of trees in one corner, and a magazine of fuel in another, might have held and fed ten millions of people; and a hundred islands, all made on the same pattern, big and round, might have held and fed the population of the globe. But man is something more than the animal which wants lodging and food.—He has a spiritual nature, full of keen perceptions and deep sympathies. He has an eye for the sublime and the beautiful, and his kind Creator has provided man's abode with affluent materials for these nobler tastes. He has built Mont Blanc, and molten the lakes in which its shadow sleeps. He has intoned Niagara's thunder, and has breathed the zephyr which sweeps its spray. He has shagged the steep with its cedars, and spread the meadow with its kingcups and daisies. He has made it a world of fragrance and music—a world of brightness and symmetry—a world where the grand and the graceful, the awful and the lovely, rejoice together. In fashioning the home of man, the Creator had an eye to something more than convenience, and built not a barrack, but a palace—not a work-house, but an Alhambra; something which should not only be very comfortable, but very splendid and very fair—something which should inspire the soul of its inhabitant, and even draw forth the "very good" of complacent Deity.

God also made the Bible as the guide and oracle of man; but had he meant it as a mere lesson-book of duty, a volume less various and less attractive would have answered every end. A few plain paragraphs, announcing God's own character and his disposition towards us sinners here on earth, mentioning the provision which he has made for our future happiness, and indicating the different duties which he would have us perform—a few simple sentences would have sufficed to tell what God is, and what he would have us do. There was no need for the picturesque narrative and the majestic poem—no need for the proverb, the story, and the psalm. A chapter of theology, and another of morals—a short account of the incarnation and the great atonement, and a few pages of rules and directions for the Christian life, might have contained the main truths of Scripture, and have supplied us with a Bible of simplest meaning and smallest size. And in that case the Bible would have been consulted only by those rare and wistful spirits to whom the great hereafter is a subject of anxiety, who are really anxious to know what God is, and how themselves may please him. But in giving that Bible, its divine Author had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity; and that more persons are anxious to hear some new, or read some beauteous thing, than to read or hear about God and the great salvation. He knew that few would ever ask, What must I do to be saved? till they came in contact with the Bible itself; and therefore he made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one—not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvellous incident and engaging history; with sunny pictures from old-world scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the patriarch times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images—a book of heavenly doctrine; but withal of earthly adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, infinite Wisdom gave not a dictionary nor a grammar, but a Bible—a book which, in trying to catch the heart of man, should captivate his taste; and which, in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, and fine tracery on the scabbard. The shekels are of the purest ore; but even the scrip which contains them is of a texture more curious than that the artists of earth could fashion it. The apples are gold; but even the basket is silver.

In speaking of the literary excellence of the holy Scriptures, I am aware of a twofold disadvantage. Some have never looked on the Bible as a readable book. They remember how they got long tasks from it at school, and spelled their

arduous way through polysyllabic chapters and joyless genealogies. And in later life they have only heard it sounded forth monotonously from the drowsy desk, or freezing in the atmosphere of some sparse and wintry sanctuary. So irksome and insipid has every association made the book, that were they shut up in a parlor with an old directory, and an old almanac, and an old Bible, they would spend the first hour on the almanac, and the next on the directory, and would die of *ennui* before they opened the Bible. They have got at home a set of their favorite classics, and on a quiet evening they will take down a volume of Chaucer or Milton, or even Thomas Fuller or Jeremy Taylor, or an Elzevir Virgil, or a Foulis' Homer, and read at it till long beyond their time of rest; but to them the Bible is no classic. They don't care to keep it in some taking or tasteful edition, and they would never dream of sitting down to read it as a recreation or an intellectual treat. And then there are others in a happier case to whom that Bible is so sacred, who have found it so full of solemn import, and to whom its every sentence is so fraught with divine significance, that they feel it wrong or revolting to read it with the critic's eye. They would rather peruse it on their bended knees, praying God to show them the wonders in his word, than, with the scholar's pencil in their hand, ready to pounce on each happy phrase and exquisite figure. They would rather peruse it in the company of Luther or Leighton, than along with Erasmus or Scaliger. And with such persons we own a decided sympathy. But we trust that both will bear with us a little while we endeavor to show, that if no book be so important as the Bible, so none is more interesting, and that the book which contains most of the beautiful is the one which must ever remain the standard of the good and the true.

And here we would only add one remark which it is important to bear in memory. The rhetorical and poetical beauties of Scripture are merely incidental. Its authors wrote, not for glory nor display—not to astonish or amaze their brethren, but to instruct them and make them better. They wrote for God's glory, not their own; they wrote for the world's advantage, not to aggrandize themselves. Demosthenes composed his most splendid oration in order to win the crown of eloquence; and the most elaborate effort of ancient oratory—the panegyric to which Isocrates devoted fifteen years—was just an essay written for a prize. How different the circumstances in which the speech on Mar's Hill was spoken; and the farewell sermon in the upper chamber at Troas. Herodotus and Thucydides composed their histories with a view to popular applause; and Pindar's fiery pulse beat faster in prospect of the great Olympic gathering and the praises of assembled Greece. How opposite the circumstances in which the seer of Horeb penned his faithful story, and Isaiah and Jeremiah poured forth their fearless denunciations of popular sins. The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that perhaps his fame was established. A more important history concludes, "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his name." And some of you will remember the proud finale in which the Roman lyrist predicts for himself immortal celebrity.* Alongside of his eloquent but egotistic vaticination, you cannot do better than read the last words of Israel's sweet singer: "His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen. The prayers of David the Son of Jesse are ended."

Remembering then that the Bible contains no ornamental passages, nothing written for mere display, that its steadfast purpose is, "Glory to God in the highest," and the truest blessedness of man—I repeat, that that Bible abounds in passages of the purest beauty and stateliest grandeur, all the grander and all the more beautiful because they are casual and unsought. The fire which flashes from the iron hoof of the Tartar steed as he scours the midnight path, is grander than the artificial firework, for it is the casual effect of speed and power. The clang of ocean, as he booms his billows on the rock, and the echoing caves give chorus, is more soul-filling and sublime than all the music of the orchestra; for it is the music of that main so mighty that there is a grandeur in all it does, in its sleep a melody, and in its march a stately psalm. And in the bow which paints the melting cloud, there is a beauty which the stained glass or gorgeous drapery emulates in vain; for it is the glory which gilds beneficence, the brightness which bespeaks a double boon, the flush which cannot but come forth when both the sun and the shower are there. The style of Scripture has all this glory. It has the gracefulness of a high utility; it has the majesty of intrinsic power; it has the charm of its own sanctity; it never labors, never strives, but instinct with great realities, and bent on blessed ends, has all the translucent beauty and unstu-

* "Exegi monimentum ære perennius.
. . . . . Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens," etc. Hor. lib. 3, od. 30.

died power which you might expect from its lofty object and allwise Author.

There is no phenomenon in nature so awful as a thunder-storm; and almost every poet, from Homer and Virgil down to Dante and Milton, or rather down to Grahame and Pollok, has described it. In the Bible, too, we have a thunder-storm—the 29th Psalm—the description of a tempest, which, rising from the Mediterranean, and travelling by Lebanon and along the inland mountains, reaches Jerusalem, and sends the people in the temple-porticoes for refuge. And besides those touches of terror in which the geographical progress of the tornado is described, it derives a sacred vitality and power from the presence of Jehovah in each successive peal. "The voice of the Lord is on the sea: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is on the mighty sea. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf: Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the water-torrent; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people;"—and now the sun shines out again—"the Lord will bless his people with peace."*

Among those who have expressly written on the sublime, it is agreed that the most thrilling spectacle is one whose obscure outline or vague presence at once suggests the supernatural. Of this sublime in terror the 4th of Job supplies an acknowledged instance:

> "A thing, too, was imparted to me secretly,
> Mine ear received a whisper with it.
> In tumults of night-visions,
> When deep sleep falls on men,
> Panic came on me, and horror,
> And the multitude of my bones did shake.
> A spirit passed before my face;
> The hair of my flesh stood up:
> It stood—but I could not discern its form—
> A figure before mine eyes,
> —Silence—and I heard a voice:
> 'Shall a mortal be righteous before God?
> Shall a man be pure before his Maker?'"

But perhaps the poetic beauty in which the Bible most excels all other books, is description of the world around us. A better idea of the poetic susceptibility was never given than when John Foster called it *physiopathy*, "the faculty of pervading all nature with one's own being, so as to have a perception, a life, an agency, in all things." "If you observe a man of this order, though his body be a small thing, completely invested with a little cloth, he expands his being in a grand circle all around him. He feels as if he grew in the grass, and flowers, and groves; as if he stood on yonder distant mountain-top, conversing with clouds, or sublimely sporting among their imaged precipices, caverns, and ruins. He flows in that river, chafes in its cascades, smiles in the water-lilies, frisks in the fishes. He is sympathetic with every bird, and seems to feel the sentiment that prompts the song of each; and from this ability to transfuse himself into every object around him, in a certain sense he inherits all things." To which we would only add, that besides this poetic sympathy with nature, the sacred writers seem to have possessed a still purer perception of what nature is. They not only could transfuse their own life into the landscape, but they could discern how much of the living God is there. And instead of that material semblance which a Claude or a Rembrandt might project on his canvass, or Virgil or Shenstone might embody in his verse, they inhaled Jehovah's breath and harkened to Jehovah's voice, and received into their adoring bosoms as much of Jehovah's life as lingers in our defaced and fallen world. Hence it comes to pass, that the book which contains by far the brightest and most vivacious landscape, the holiest and happiest view of the things around us, is the word of God. Viewed in his own light, and delineated by his own pencil, the mountains skip, the seas clap hands, the little hills rejoice, and the valleys sing. The Bible landscape has a limpid freshness, as viewed by an eye which carnality has never dimmed, or rather that loving and observant eye which grace has made young again. It needs no Dryads to people its woodlands, no Oreads to flit over its mountains, no Naiads to give mirth to its waters or music to its streams; for a higher animation fills them, and every chiming brook and fluttering spray, every zephyr and every blessed sound, is a note in God's own anthem: "Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling

* Over many of the psalms it sheds a flood of new significance when the reader understands their mechanism, as in the case of many it has been disclosed by the labors of Lowth, Horsley, Hengstenberg, and others. It was one happy morning in his house at Dundee, that my dear friend Robert McCheyne showed me the geographical structure of this 29th Psalm. And certainly it enhances the meaning of this majestic ode when we conceive the spectator-psalmist as standing with the awe struck multitude in the temple porch, and watching the march of the thunder-storm as it advances from the Mediterranean or "mighty" sea, and at last bursts in a water-flood around themselves.

his word: mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: beasts and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl: kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

But instead of quoting illustrative passages from what may be called the pastoral and descriptive poetry of Scripture, I shall read one which, while a graphic description, like most kindred portions of holy writ owes its sublimity to its moral power; and I quote it the rather because our own translation does not bring out its entire significance. It is the 28th chapter of Job, and the question is, Where is wisdom to be found? and, What is the abode or hiding-place of understanding? Is it a deposit hidden in the bowels of the earth—a treasure for which we must ransack the caverns underneath, or rummage in the rifted rock? Is it a secret for which we must bribe the grave, or which death alone can whisper in the ear? And so it commences with a magnificent account of the miner's doings under-ground:

"Truly there is a mine for the silver,
And a place for the gold so fine:
Iron is dug up from the earth,
And the earth pours forth its copper.
Man digs into darkness,
And explores to the utmost bound
The stores of dimness and death shade;
He breaks up the veins from the matrice,
Which, unthought of, and underfoot,
Are drawn fourth to gleam among mankind.
The surface pours forth bread,
But the subterranean winds of a fiery region
Its stones are the sapphire's bed,
And it hides the dust of gold.
It is a path which the eagle knows not,
Nor has the eye of the vulture scanned.
The lion's whelp has not tracked it,
Nor the ravening lion pounced on it.
The miner thrusts his hand on the sparry ore,
And overturns the mountains by their roots.
He cuts a channel through the rock,
And espies each precious gem.
He binds up the oozing waters,
And darts a radiance through the gloom.
But O, where shall WISDOM be found?
And where is the place of UNDERSTANDING?
Man knows not its source,
For it is not to be found in the land of the living,
The sea says, 'It is not in me;'
And 'Not in me,' echoes the abyss.
Solid gold cannot be given for it,
Nor silver be weighed for its purchase.
It cannot be bought for the ingot of Ophir,
For the precious onyx or the sapphire.
The burnished gold and crystal cannot equal it,
Nor golden trinkets match it,
Talk not of corals or pearls,
For the attraction of wisdom is beyond rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia cannot rival it,
Nor the purest bullion barter it.
"Whence, then, cometh Wisdom?
And where is the place of Understanding?
Hid from the eyes of all living,
And unseen by the fowls of the air,
Destruction and Death say,
'We have heard its fame with our ears.'
God understands its track;
He knows its dwelling place;
For to the end of the earth he sees,
And under all heaven surveys.
When he weighed out the air
And meted out the water;
When he fixed the course of the rain,
And the path of the hurricane;
Then did he eye it and proclaim it;
He prepared it and searched it out,
And unto man he said,
'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom,
And to depart from evil is Understanding.'"*

It would consume all this evening were I reading from the prophets and the psalms those passages of grandeur which make the sacred text so awful and august; and of that class I shall read no more. But perhaps the sublime, though the highest order of literary effort is not, after all, the most popular. Were we putting it to the world at large we should probably find that the books they like best are those which are less exalted above the every-day level, and whose simple incidents, and cheerful glimpses, and human pathos, bring them home to every man's comprehension and feeling. In this sort of narrative that world's book, the Bible, abounds. Do you ask for tenderness? "And Ruth said to her mother-in-law, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Do you ask for pathos? "And Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man, Absalom, safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept; and as he went thus he said, O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son!" Or do you ask for natural, simple, and affecting narrative? "A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his liv-

* Some lines of the above may be slightly paraphrased; but the version is essentially the same as that of Dr. Mason Goode, with modifications from Dr. Lee and others.

ing. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into the field to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's house have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found."

I could willingly extend these remarks to other species of composition, and would like to show particularly how many models of eloquent argument and engaging discourse are contained in the New Testament. But on the wide field of revelation, with its intellectual opulence, I forbear to enter. I can easily understand how the Bible was one of the four volumes which always lay on Byron's table; and it would be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies, witting or unwitting, which painters, sculptors, orators and poets, have rendered to the most thought-suggesting book in all the universe. It never aims at fine writing. It never steps aside for a moment for the sake of a felicitous expression or a good idea. It has only one end—to tell the world about God's great salvation; and yet the wonder is, that it has incidentally done more to supply the world with powerful and happy diction, and literature with noble thoughts and images, and the fine arts with memorable subjects, than perhaps all other books that have been written. The world's Maker is the Bible's Author, and the same profusion which furnished so lavishly the abode of man, has filled so richly and adorned so brilliantly the book of man.

And just as that Bible is the great storehouse and repertory of intellectual *wealth*, so I must add that its vital truth is the grand source of intellectual *power*. When Sir Samuel Romilly visited Paris, immediately after the first French Revolution, he remarked, "Every thing I saw convinced me that, independently of our future happiness and our sublimest enjoyments in this life, religion is necessary to the comforts, the conveniences, and even the elegances and lesser pleasures of life. Not only did I never meet with a writer truly eloquent who did not at least affect to believe in religion, but I never met with one in whom religion was not the richest source of his eloquence." I am persuaded that in things intellectual the rule will hold, that piety is power. I am persuaded that no productions of genius will survive to the end of all things, in which there is not something of God; and I am further persuaded, that no book can exercise a lasting ascendency over mankind on which his blessing has not been implored, and in which his Spirit does not speak. Of all the powers and faculties of the human mind, the noblest is the one which God has created for himself; and if that reverential or adoring faculty do not exist, or be by suicidal hands extirpated, the world will soon cease to feel the man who has no fear of God. The stateliest compartment in this human soul is the one which, in creating it, Jehovah reserved for his own throne-room and presence-chamber; and however curiously decorated or gorgeously furnished the other compartments be, if this be empty and void, it will soon diffuse a blank and beggarly sensation over all the rest. And thus, while the Voltaires and Rousseaus, of atheist memory, are waxing old and vanishing from the firmament of letters, names of less renown, but more religion, brighten to a greater lustre. So true is it that no man can long keep a hold of his fellow-men, unless he himself first has hold of God.

But if a sincere and strenuous Theism be thus important, such natural faith in God as buoyed the wing of Plato in his long and ethereal flights, or bulged the Saxon muscle of Shakspeare in his mightiest efforts, incomparably more prevalent is that intellectual prowess which a scriptural faith produces. He is no unknown God whom the believer in Jesus worships, and it is no ordinary inspiration which that God of light and love supplies to his servants. And were it not for fear of tediousness, I would rejoice to enumerate one genius after another which the gospel kindled, if it did not create. That gospel, beyond all controversy, was our own Milton's poetic might. This was the struggling energy which, after years of deep musing and wrapt devotion, after years of mysterious muttering and anxious omen, sent its pyramid of flame into old England's dingy hemisphere, and poured its molten wealth, its lava of gold and gems, fetched

deep from classic and patriarchal times, adown the russet steep of Puritan theology. This was the fabled foot which struck from the sward of Cowper's mild and silent life a joyous Castalia—a fountain deep as Milton's fire, and like it tinctured with each learned and sacred thing it touched in rising, but soft and full as Siloah's fount, which flowed fast by the oracle of God. And that gospel was the torch which, on the hills of Renfrewshire, fired a young spirit, Pollok—himself both sacrifice and altar pile—till Britain spied the light, and wondered at the brief but brilliant beacon. But why name the individual instances? What is modern learning, and the march of intellect, and the reading million but one great monument of the gospel's quickening power? Three hundred years ago the classics were revived; but three hundred years ago the gospel was restored. Digging in the Pompeii of the middle age, Lorenzo and Leo found the lamps in which the old classic fires had burned; but there was no oil in the lamps, and they had long since gone out. For models of candelabra and burners, there could not be better than Livy and Horace and Plato and Pindar; but the faith which once filled them, the old pagan fervor, was long since extinct, and the lamps were only fit for the shelf of the antiquary. But it was then that, in the crypt of the convent, Luther and Zwingle and Melancthon observed a line of supernatural light, and with lever and mattock lifted the grave-stone and found the gospel which the Papist had buried. There it had flamed, "a light shining in a dark place," through unsuspected ages, unquenchable in its own immortality, the long-lost lamp in the sepulchre. Jupiter was dead, and Minerva had melted into ether, and Apollo was grey with eld, and the most elegant idols of antiquity had gone to the moles and the bats. But there is One who cannot die, and does not change; and the Fountain of scriptural learning is He who is also the Fountain of life, the Alpha and Omega, Jesus the Son of God. From his gospel it was that the old classic lamps, when filled with fresh oil, were kindled again; and at that gospel it was that Bacon and Locke and Milton and Newton and all the mighty spirits of modern Europe, caught the fire which made them blaze the meteors of our firmament, the marvels of our favored time.

And should any one now chance to hear me who is ambitious to be the lasting teacher or the extensive light of society—to paint or think or sing for a wider world than our railway readers, let him remember, that nothing can immortalize the works of genius if there be no gospel in them. The facts of that gospel are the world's main stock of truth—the fire of that gospel is the only Promethean spark which can ignite our dead truths into quenchless and world quickening powers.

For practical and devotional purposes, we could desire no better version of the Bible than our own truthful and time-hallowed translation. But for these purposes to which we have this evening adverted—for the sake of its intelligent literary perusal, we have sometimes wished that, either in the originals or in English, some judicious editor would give us, each in a separate fasciculus, the several contributions of each sacred penman. As it is, with the sixty-six volumes of the Bible all compressed into a single tome, we are apt to regard them, not only as homogeneous inspiration, which they are, but as contemporary compositions, which they are not. We forget that, in point of time, there is the same interval between Moses and Matthew as there is between the close of the canon and the compilation of the Augsburg confession. And, with each portion divided into those numbered paragraphs which we call verses, we are apt to lose sight of the characteristic style of the various compositions. An epistle looks like a poem, and a history reads like a collection of adages or apothegms. But allowing one book to contain the minor prophets, and another the general epistles, there would still remain upwards of twenty inspired penmen whose writings might, much to their mutual illustration, be bound up in separate volumes, and preserved in their individual identity. We should thus have in one volume all that Moses wrote, and in another, chronologically arranged, all the writings of Paul. One volume might contain all the psalms of David; another, those psalms—nearly as numerous—which were indited by Moses and Asaph and others. In one cover might be bound up the gospel, the epistles, and the apocalypse of John; and in another that divine song, those confessions of a converted philosopher, and that ancient "wealth of nations," which were written down by Solomon. And under such an arrangement might we not hope that books, usually read in chapters or smaller morsels, might sometimes be read continuously, taken down from the shelf, as another attractive book would be taken, on a leisure evening, and read through at a single sitting? Might we not hope, in such a case, that while those who now read the Old and New Testaments would read them still, some who at present do not read the Bible might be tempted to read Paul, Moses and Isaiah? And is it too sanguine to expect that, as the searching of scriptures and sacred knowledge thus increased, some who first resorted to the book for literary entertainment might learn from it the lessons which make wise to life everlasting?

At all events, theology has not yet turned to

sufficient account the Bible's marvellous diversity. You know how opposite are the turns, and how various the temperaments of different people, and how unequal their capacities. One has a logician's intellect, and delights in dialectic subtility. Another has a prompt intuition and deprecates as so much bamboozlement every ingenious or protracted argument. Some have the ideal faculty so strong that they never understand a proposition rightly till it sparkles as a sentiment; poet-wise, their eyes are in their apex; they cannot descry matters of fact and homely truths, which creep along the ground or travel on all-fours, but in order to arrest a vision so sublime as theirs, thoughts must spread the wings of metaphor, and soar into the zenith: while others are so prosaic, that they are offended at all imagery, and grudge the time it takes to translate a trope or figure. Some minds are concrete, and cannot understand a general statement till they see a particular example. Others are so abstract, that an illustration is an interruption, and an example a waste of time. Most men love history, and nearly all men live much in the future. Some minds are pensive, some are cheerful; some are ardent, and some are singularly phlegmatic. And had an angel penned the Bible, even though he could have condescended to the capacity of the lowliest reader, he could not have foreseen the turn and fitted the taste of every child of Adam. And had a mortal penman been employed, however versatile his talent, however many-faced his mind, he could not have made himself all things to his brethren, nor produced styles enough to mirror the mental features of all mankind. In his wisdom and goodness, the Most High has judged far better for our world; and using the agency of forty authors—transfusing through the peculiar tastes and temperaments of so many individuals, and these "men of like passions with ourselves," the self-same truths, the Spirit of God has secured for the Bible universal adaptation. For the pensive, there is the dirge of Jeremiah, and the cloud-shadowed drama of Job. For the sanguine and hopeful, there sounds the blithe voice and there beats the warm pulse of old Galilean Peter. And for the calm, the contemplative, the peacefully-loving, there spreads like a molten melody, or an abysmal joy, the page—sunny, ecstatic, boundless—of John the divine. The most homely may find the matter of fact, the unvarnished wisdom and plain sense which is the chosen aliment of their sturdy understandings, in James' blunt reasonings; and the most heroic can ask no higher standard, no loftier feats, no consecration more intense, no spirituality more ethereal, than they will find in the Pauline epistles. Those who love the sparkling aphorism and the sagacious paradox are provided with food convenient in the Proverbs; and for those whose poetic fancy craves a banquet more sublime, there is the dew of Hermon and Bozrah's red wine—the tender freshness of pastoral hymns, and the purple tumult of triumphal psalms. And while the historian is borne back to ages so remote that grey tradition cannot recollect them, and athwart oblivious centuries, in nooks of brightness and in oases of light sees the patriarch groups, clear, vivid and familiar as the household scenes of yesterday; there is also a picture sketched for the explorers of the future. For while the apocalyptic curtain slowly rises, while the seven thunders shake its darkness palpable, and streaks of glory issue through its fringe of fire, the new Jerusalem comes down from heaven, and gazing on the pearly gates and peaceful streets and bowers of sanctity, our planet can scarce believe that she is gazing on herself, that this is old mother earth grown young again; that this vision of holiness and bliss is nothing more than paradise restored—that "new" but ancient "earth in which dwelleth righteousness."

But in order rightly to appreciate this literary diversity of the Bible's several books, it is essential to remember the plenary inspiration of the Bible collective. Imagine the case of an accomplished evangelist. Suppose there were a missionary endowed with the gift of tongues, and called to ply his labors in different places at successive periods. He goes to France, and addressing its vivacious inhabitants, he abandons the direct and sober style of his fatherland; every utterance is antithesis; every gem of thought is cut brilliant-wise; and the whole oration jigs on gay, elastic springs. He passes thence to Holland, and in order to conciliate its grave burghers, his steady thoughts move on in stiff procession, trim, concinnate, old-fashioned, orderly. Anon he finds himself amid a tribe of red Indians; and instantly his imagination spreads pinions of flame, and, familiar with thunder, torrents, and burning mountains, his talk is the tune of the tempest. And ending his days in Arabia or Persia, through the fantastic sermon skip shadowy antelopes or dream-like gazelles; while each interstice of thought is filled by a voluptuous mystery, like the voice of the darkling nightingale as it floats through air laden with jasmine or roses. And thus, "all things to all men," this gifted evangelist wins them all; whereas, had he spoken like an Oriental to the Indian, or like a Persian to the Hollander, he would have offended each, and would have been a barbarian to all. The teacher is one, the same evangelist every where. The truth, the theme is one; over and over again the same glorious gospel. Nay,

the substance of each sermon is essentially one; for it is a new forth-pouring from the same fountain, another yearning from the same full heart But to suit successive hearers the rhythm alters, the tune is changed.

Such is the principle on which the Great Evangelist has acted. In inditing sermons for the world, such is the principle on which the divine Spirit has proceeded. Speaking to men, he has used the words of men. When on the two tables God wrote the ten commandments, he did not write them in the speech unutterable of the third heavens, he wrote them in Hebrew letters, Hebrew words, and Hebrew idiom; and had it so pleased him, he might have given all the Scriptures in the self-same way. Employing no mortal pen whatever, from the top of Sinai he might have handed down the one Testament, and from the top of Olivet the other—the whole, from Genesis to Revelations, completed without human intervention, and on amaranthine leaves engraven in Heaven's own holograph. And in such a case there would have been no dispute as to the extent of inspiration; there would have been no need that, like the electrometers of the meteorologist, theologians should invent tests of its intensity, nicely graduated from the zero of superintendence up to the fulness of suggestion. But infinite Wisdom preferred another way. Inspiration he made the counterpart of the incarnation; and as in the incarnate mystery we have, without mutual encroachment and without confusion, very God and very man, so in theopneustic Scripture we have a book, every sentence of which is truly human, and yet every sentence of which is truly divine. Holy *men* spoke it, but holy men spoke and wrote it as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. And just as when God sent his Son into the world, he sent him not as an angel, nor even in the fashion of a glorified and celestial man, but in all points like his brethren; so when he sent into the world his written word, it came not ready-written with an angel's plume, but with reeds from the Jordan it was consigned to paper from the Nile, every word of it Hellenistic, or Hebrew, and every word none the less heavenly. And though the unlettered disciple, who in the identity of the ultimate Author forgets the diversity of the intermediate scribes, loses less than the dry critic who only recognizes the mortal penman, that student alone will get the full good of his Bible who recognizes these parallel facts—its perfect and all pervasive divinity, its perfect and all-investing humanity. Or, to sum it up in the vivid words of Gaussen, "As a skilful musician, called to execute alone some master piece, put his lips by turns to the mournful flute, the shepherd's reed, the mirthful pipe, and the war-trumpet; so the Almighty God, to sound in our ears his eternal word, has selected from of old instruments best suited to receive successively the breath of his Spirit. Thus we have in God's great anthem of revelation the sublime simplicity of John; the argumentative, elliptical, soul-stirring energy of Paul; the fervor and solemnity of Peter; the poetic grandeur of Isaiah; the lyric moods of David; the ingenuous and majestic narratives of Moses; the sententious and royal wisdom of Solomon. Yes, it was all this—it was Peter, Isaiah, Matthew, John, or Moses; but it was God." "And such ought to be the word of Jehovah, like Emanuel, full of grace and truth, at once in the bosom of God and in the heart of man, powerful and sympathizing, celestial and human, exalted yet humble, imposing and familiar, God and man."

But here, gentlemen, a thought comes over me compunctiously. It seems as if we had this evening come, a large party of us, to view a famous place, and we have stood on the lawn in front, or looked up from the quadrangle, and told its towers and marked its bulwarks, and sketched some of its ornaments: but however commanding the elevation, however grateful the details and various styles, after all, the glory is within. O, my brethren, there is a loveliness even in its letter; but there is life for our souls in its divine significance. Be you not only Bible-visitors but Bible-occupants. That book which God has made the monument of the great redemption, and where he has put his own perpetual Shekinah, do you choose it as the gymnasium where you may nourish a youth truly sublime; the castle where, in a world of impiety and an age of peril, you may find entrenchment for your faith and protection for your principles; the sanctuary at whose oracle you may find answers to your doubts and light upon your path; the Spirit's home, whither your affections shall every day return, and where your character shall progressively ennoble it into a comformity with such a royal residence.

Yes, my dear friends, as a supplement to this lecture, let me entreat you to peruse the Bible itself. With prayer, with expectation, with eyes alert and open, read it: and when a few of you, who are friends like-minded, come together, read it, search it, sift it, talk about it, talk with it. And as he thus grows mighty in it, I promise each earnest Bible student two rewards—it will make him both a wiser and a holier man.

Wiser; for the sayings of God's word are solid. There is a substance which you must have noticed, cast on the sea-shore, the medusa, or sea-nettle, as some sorts of it are called; an object rather beautiful as its dome of amber quivers in the sun. And a goodly size it often has, so large

at times that you could scarcely lift it; but it is all a watery pulp, and if you were carrying it home or trying to preserve it, the whole mass would quickly trickle out of sight and leave you nothing but a few threads of substance. Now, most books are like the marine medusa: fresh stranded, newly published, as the expression is, they make a goodly show; but when a few suns have shone on them, the crystal jelly melts, the glittering cupola has vanished, and a few meagre fibres in your memory are all the residue of the once popular authorship. If you ever tried it, you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas, which survive from the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first perusal, on reverting to them you find that many of them are not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully, is the surest of finding new wonders there. And just as the pearls of Scripture retain their intrinsic worth; as, notwithstanding the frowsy headgear they have garnished, the dull disclosures they have adorned, they beam brighter than ever when the hand of a Vinet or Chalmers or Hall has arranged them anew into a coronet of sanctified taste and genius; so he among sages is the wealthiest man who has detected and appropriated and thoroughly possessed himself of the largest number of Bible sayings—the merchantman who, seeking goodly pearls, has sought them on this exhaustless strand.

And holier; for though we have this evening spoken of the Bible very much as if it were a human book, you cannot be long conversant with it till you find that it is something more. Like Tabor, it is a "mountain apart." Among the books of this world it is isolated, unique, peculiar; and the farther up you get, the more acquainted you become with human books, and the more alongside of them you study the book of God, the more amazed will you be at its outstanding elevation, its world-topping preëminence. And just as in scaling a high mountain, it needs no chemistry to analyze the air and tell the pilgrim that it is free from miasma and impurities—as every breath which paints a purer crimson on his cheek and sends a tonic tide through all his frame would tell him its salubrity; so it needs no argument, no analysis, to persuade a spiritual mind that the air of heaven, the breath of God, is here. In his holier feelings as he reads, in the godly zeal and joyful strenuousness which requite each mounting footstep, with instinct sure his regenerate nature hails the congenial inspiration. And just as on Tabor's summit, when from heaven saints in snowy garments came down, and from Christ his own glory came through, it needed no refracting prism or condensing lens to assure them that it was a body of more than earthly brightness which they were gazing upon: so, my dear friends, when a text is transfigured, when the Holy Spirit in the word lets out his grace and glory, it will need no Paley nor Butler to prove that the wisdom and the power of God are there, but, radiant with emitted splendor, and dazzling your admiring eyes, in God's own light you will see it to be God's own word. Nor can I wish for you a better wish, than that thus you may be often surprised and overwhelmed. Yes, dear brethren, in the very midst of this noisy capital, and in the meridian of this man-wasting, money-making age, may you often find your Sabbath, and your place of prayer, and your Bible "a mountain apart." In blissful bewilderment may you forget the fascinations of earth and the pleasures of sin, and only wake up to find yourself alone with the Master. And none shall less grieve than he who has this evening addressed you, if the literary attractions of the book be thus merged and superseded in charms more spiritual, in attractions which, if they draw you to the Bible, will also draw you at last to heaven.

EXPERIENCES.

Ὕναρ ἡμερόφαντον ἀλαίνει.

[*Æsch. Agamemnon.* 83.

It was the May when I was born;
There blew no wind the summer morn,
And starry buds were on the thorn.

Down deepening from the languid noon,
In silent skies, the mighty moon
All night long did thrill and swoon.

Then on the daisy-tufted green
The Faëry Ladies tript unseen,
And little breezes laugh'd between.

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From year to year, a lonely child;
A dreamy boyhood;—musing, mild;—
Alone amid the woodland wild.

No tender eyes were bent on me;
I sat upon no mother's knee;
I had no home in infancy.

In scorn of other playmates—so—
I took the breezes as they blow;
I took the waters in their flow.

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But often wandering, faint and weary,
Amid the dews and twilight dreary,
I heard low songs and whispers eery.

Whispered by an unseen faëry—
On river-banks, and solitary
Meadow-lands, or uplands airy.

A charm about my path did move,
And hover round me, and above;—
A faëry bride, a faëry love!—

For often, under summer skies,
We watched the wild, white stars arise,
And gazed into each other's eyes.

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My heart would faint when she drew nigh:
A fragrance, gathering silently,
Drew out my whole soul in a sigh.

As oft, on lonely Indian seas
The faintly-falling, full, south breeze
Blows downward dreamy fragrances;

What time the twinkling daylight fails
Round some still ship, that slowly sails,
Laden with spice and odorous bales.

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She built for me a wondrous bower;—
Long, linkèd alleys, falling lower,
And tangled over with berry and flower;

—Flowers in many a dreamy dell;
Purple and crimson, globe and bell;
Lily, and rose, and asphodel.

And statued Beauty, breathed in snow,
Shone, the shadowy aisles below,
And charmèd rivers wandered slow.

And fountains lighting twilit grots,
Deep-set in fragrant flower-plots;—
And strange green trees in tangled knots.

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But, slowly, on my dreaming soul
A wayward, restless fancy stole;—
I wearied even of love's control.

I sickened of a vague desire;
My heart within me burned like fire;
Old scenes began to pall and tire.

I could not look in the sweet skies;
Nor gaze into those faëry eyes,
And feel my happy bosom rise.

Because that there, from day to day,
The shadows of existence lay
Forever on the self-same way.

That gazing in the self-same face,
My feet the self-same paths did pace,
Forever in the self-same place.

Therefore this change upon me came;
Therefore my heart was burned with flame;
—Wearied of pleasures still the same.

I longed to know what shapes of life
Without my garden-bower were rife;
To know their griefs, and dare their strife.

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So, moved by some mysterious fate,
One evening when the night was late,
I wandered to the garden gate.

I heard my heart beat quick and low;
I heard the silence by me flow:
I looked into the dark below.

And to me from the distant world
Strange sounds upon the wind were whirled;
And floating wreaths of smoke up-curled.

And 'twixt the darkness and the light,
With many a wild and lurid sight,
My fixèd eyes were dazzled quite.

Melodious lutes in palace-halls,
And angry shouts and dying calls,
And camp-fires set round leaguered walls.

And wrecking ships on lonely sands,
And armèd throngs, and praying hands,
And ruin rolled from distant lands.

And sounds of midnight revelry,
And happy forms, that pensively
Seemed wandering by a moonlit sea.

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* * * *

Downward I stole;—and loud and near,
The heavy, heated atmosphere
Blew those strange sounds upon my ear.

My dancing pulses seemed to thrill
With wild desires, against my will.—
Behind me—all was dark and still.

The tall tree-tops were hushed above;
I left the garden, and the grove—
And left forever my faëry love.

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The days grow dim;—and one by one
The human hopes I leaned upon,
Have broken in my hand—and gone.

And baleful Beauty's evil light
Is dark. And Love with blinded sight;—
And hollow Friendship cold and trite;—

And those wild dazzling-winged Desires,
Whose glory in the touch expires;
And Fame that lures to funeral fires;—

All these are cold. The shadows fall;
The light of life grows faint and small;
Dark Disappointment covers all.

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But half-remembered, half-forgot,
Like Memories by dreams begot,
Of things which were, and yet were not,

Sometimes in sad and silent hours,
I seem once more, 'mid those wild bowers,
To feel the scent of the faëry-flowers.

Sometimes a faintly-echoed strain
Will bring sensations thro' my brain
Of those forgotten days again.

Or some sad face with wistful eyes
One moment seen in crowds, supplies
A link to those strange sympathies.

As oft, amid the harsh confusion
Of stirring life, some old illusion
Winds round the heart its sweet delusion.

And ever still, in lonely dreams,
A softened light around me streams;
A tender face above me beams.

But never more—oh! never more,
Will later hours of life restore
That faëry-lighted land of yore!

R. L.

RICHMOND ATHENÆUM.

At a meeting of the Committee on the Athenæum, held on the 4th day of October, 1851, Mr. Morson, from the sub-committee appointed to prepare an address to the citizens, as to the plans of the committee and the objects of the Athenæum, reported the following which was unanimously approved, and ordered to be published:

To the Citizens of Richmond.

The building formerly known as the Richmond "Academy," and the lot on which it is situated, (at the corner of Marshall and Tenth streets,) having recently become the property of the city, it has been resolved by an Ordinance in Council, to establish there an "Athenæum," for the promotion of education, the encouragement of learning and the diffusion of useful knowledge. In the same ordinance, valuable provisions were adopted for affording instruction to "indigent children," and the regulation of "primary schools" and of the "Lancasterian School." These provisions were naturally introductory to the institution of the Athenæum, as a part of one general plan for the accomplishment of the objects already indicated. To further these objects leave was granted to the "Richmond Library Association," and the "Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society," to occupy the rooms *in* the upper story of the Athenæum for Library purposes; and provision was made for appropriating annually to each the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, to add to their libraries; but coupled with the terms that these libraries should be made conveniently accessible to the citizens generally. At the same time, a "Committee on the Athenæum" was appointed, with control over the other stories of the building; but under instructions that some of the rooms should be appropriated to public lecture; for admission to which (except in cases appropriate for exemption,) moderate fees should be charged to defray incidental expenses, and, if practicable, to purchase a scientific library and apparatus. The committee were moreover required to consider and report to the Council what repairs and improvements would be proper to the building and lot referred to, with an estimate of the probable cost. Since their appointment, the committee have had several meetings, at which, among other measures, they have resolved to invite our distinguished townsman, Judge Robertson, to deliver an introductory lecture, to which admittance shall be free. They have also organized several sub-committees; one upon the subject of repairs and improvements to the lot and building; another upon the subject of lectures; and another charged with the duty of preparing a public address in regard to the objects of the Athenæum. None of these sub-committees have yet made definite reports; but they have frequently had conferences in relation to the general outline of their plans; and it has been considered advisable that the following address to the citizens of Richmond should be submitted to them without further delay:

The plan of having such an institution as the "Athenæum," if suitably encouraged, must be eminently beneficial. It will place within the reach of all, the means of obtaining useful knowledge, at the lowest cost, and in the most agreeable way. There are few cities in our Union, of equal size with Richmond, in which something of the kind has not been tried; and wherever tried, the results have been auspicious. The libraries here which will at once be placed in the Athenæum are already respectable, and must be constantly improving; not only by city appropriations, but it is hoped, by individual con-

tributions. The community cannot fail to approve and patronise these libraries. Access to them without charge is itself no unimportant benefit to the public. And in connection with their use, a judicious system of lectures, is eminently calculated to awaken a desire for improvement, and to afford the means of its gratification. These lectures may be made to address themselves, and it is anticipated they will address themselves to the diffusion of knowledge; not merely upon subjects of abstract science, but its application to all the useful arts and the ordinary pursuits of life. Lectures on the mechanic arts, on chemistry, and on other subjects calculated to afford instruction, as well to the pupils in our schools as to all others capable or desirous of improving their minds, are in contemplation. In other places, it is by no means uncommon to invite distinguished lecturers from a distance, and afford them remuneration, where required, from the fees of admission or other sources provided for the occasion. Our proximity to Washington and the Smithsonian Institute, where such lecturers are expected to be constantly invited and in attendance, will, we hope, enable us to procure their presence here at a comparatively moderate expense.

There is no business, no trade, no art, no pursuit in life in which the instruction thus obtained would not prove practically useful, and lead, if wisely applied, to distinction and fortune. On a recent occasion, it was strikingly said by Daniel Webster, that the late exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London had proven to the world, and compelled even the British press to acknowledge, "that in everything valuable, in everything for human improvement, the United States go so far ahead of everybody else as to leave nobody in sight." And no reflecting mind can fail to acknowledge that the great cause of this superiority, is the effort, constantly made and continually promoted by the genius of our institutions, for the general diffusion of useful knowledge, and the opening of the fountains of instruction so as to make them readily accessible to the people at large. Nor can a better mode of accomplishing this be in any wise devised, than by a judicious system of public lectures, in combination with well-selected public libraries.

These must invite the attendance of all desirous of improvement, and especially the young, who will find in them sources of pleasure as well as of profit. Instead of repairing to haunts of idleness and dissipation to while away their hours of leisure, they will find recreation far more agreeable, rational and instructive, in meeting their companions, and all who love the pursuits of learning, in the resorts dedicated to the cultivation of science and the encouragement of literature. Richmond is behind many of her sister cities in institutions of the kind contemplated; and it is high time to wipe out the reproach. The proposed lecture-room will be spacious, and eligibly situated; care will be taken to obtain instructive lectures, and it cannot be doubted that after a fair beginning has once been made, a sufficient audience will be always in attendance to secure, out of admission fees, though ever so moderate, sufficient funds to pay expenses and lay up some surplus for ulterior purposes. Still, to insure such a fair beginning, some pecuniary aid and liberal manifestation of enlightened interest on the part of the citizens, would be in the highest degree auspicious. The Athenæum building and the grounds around it, ought to be put in the *best order*. It would be *wise economy* to do this at *once;* all who love the city, the State, and the people within its borders, should give their voices and their aid in furtherance of that object. The institution would then be an ornament to the city, a place to which we might, with feelings of satisfaction, invite the attention of strangers, and an agreeable resort for our own citizens and their families. The lot, as it now is, is susceptible of being very agreeably improved; and if added to, as might perhaps be conveniently accomplished, by the purchase of the adjoining lot, now occupied by Mr. Wright, its advantages would be greatly increased. Nor should a narrow economy interfere with an arrangement so beneficial. Under arbitrary government, the treasures coming from the people, have been lavished upon costly but useless pageantries, pyramids and palaces; but in all enlightened republics, it has been the pride and the pleasure of the people, liberally to contribute from their resources, for the solid improvement and advantage of their country and their posterity.

In setting apart the lot and building for the purposes of an "Athenæum," the City Council have certainly adopted an enlightened policy. The experiment of the "Academy" on its original plan had signally failed. It was once expected that it would have had the effect of cheapening, or giving a higher order to education, and in that way would have dispensed much good; but it failed to do either. There were other schools under individual auspices, at prices no higher, and they were as much resorted to as the Academy under the superintendence of a Board of Trustees.

The heavy debt from the Academy to the city, continued to increase, without any prospect of public advantage; and hence, as the property itself was the only source from which any payment could be anticipated, it was deemed advisable to acquire it, and to devote it to some re-

ally useful and beneficial public purpose. Such a purpose, it is confidently believed, cannot be better subserved, than by the establishment of the proposed Athenæum. Nor is it thought necessary to enlarge more upon its advantages. They are so obvious, and have been attested by experiments elsewhere, so satisfactorily, that such an institution cannot fail to obtain the patronage and support of the Richmond public. At the present juncture, liberal appropriations and contributions towards it would be most opportune to procure a chemical apparatus and for other purposes. And so far as individuals may be disposed to lend their assistance, perhaps it will not be out of place to suggest that their contributions may be appropriately deposited with Col. Thos. H. Ellis, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Committee.

The Commercial Prospects of the South.*

Some 12 or 15 years ago there was a move at the South in favor of direct trade. Conventions were held at various places, and resolutions were passed binding the merchants of the South, like the oath which old Neptune administers to sailors when crossing the Line:—"never to kiss the maid when they can kiss the mistress, unless they like the maid the best:"—"never to eat hard bread when they can get soft, unless they prefer the hard." So our Conventions resolved, that Southern merchants should never buy in the North; when they could purchase at the South, unless they could buy cheaper at the North.

We thought then, that much might be done to recover back to the South its lost trade. But we were of opinion that it could not be done merely by taking Neptunian oaths, or by passing Neptunian resolutions. It could not, we thought, be done unless merchants would put their hands in their pockets: but this they were not prepared to do. And so the impulse then given to Southern commerce ended, we believe, with a cargo or two of sugar that was imported from the West Indies into Norfolk *direct*, instead of being carried right by the Capes of Virginia to New York, and then sent from there back to Norfolk.

We mind the time well when these Conventions took place; our heart was in the move, and our spirit went along with the delegates every time. It was in 1837-8, along there—when the British government was about writing Q. E. D. to the practical demonstration which the "Sirius," the "Liverpool," and the "Great Western," were just then giving to the great problem of Ocean Steam Navigation.

France, the French, and the King of the French, were burning with the desire not to be outdone by England. They had the money ready, and were looking for a port on this side to which they might start an opposition line of steamers. This journal saw it, and proposed that the South should offer to take part of the stock, provided the French would select Norfolk as the terminus for their line—and thus get the Line into the hands of Americans; for we "felt it in our bones" that even at that day, we could beat John Bull.

We did succeed in impressing *one* of the readers of the "Messenger" at last, with our notions. Him we knew well: he was an enterprising, go-ahead fellow. *Requiescat!* Captivated with the idea of subsidizing the French in the noble enterprise, he petitioned the Virginia Legislature to grant him the charter for an Atlantic Steam Navigation Company. He wanted no privileges, no favors, but simply the charter; for he was sure that with the charter and his energies, he could gain the French over as allies and induce them to select Norfolk for the American terminus of their Line.

The Legislature refused the Charter. The French, meeting with no sympathy on this side, receiving no overtures from the South to send their boats to Norfolk, proceeded to build their vessels. They selected New York for their American station, and sent over their steamers filled with officers and servants so bedizzened with "toggery," that passengers could not tell one from the other. Finally, after a trip or two, one of these steamers loaded down with passengers and freight, put to sea from New York, and after getting fairly out into blue water, discovered that the sugar had been forgotten. The Captain made a speech at the breakfast table the next morning, and offered to put back for sugar if the passengers would say so: but it was too late. The passengers had already become *sour*. This sugar business broke up the Line. Johnny Crappo retired from the contest, and left the field to John Bull, to be by him enjoyed without a competitor for some 10 or 12 years.

No human sagacity could penetrate clearly enough into the future then, to see all that has since actually turned up in the way of Ocean Steam Navigation and steamship enterprises; but there is little or no doubt that, had the suggestions of this journal, at the time they were made, been adopted by the advocates of direct trade in the South,—that, had the Legislature of Virginia granted that Ocean Steam Navigation

* *Proceedings of the Virginia Mercantile Convention*, held in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 10th and 11th, 1851. Richmond, Va. [Reported by F. W. Leeds, Jr., Stenographer.] Printed by R. H. Gallaher—Republican Office. 1851.

Charter, Norfolk would at this day have been the centre of steamship enterprise for the United States.

The French steamers would have been built there; they would have been commanded and controlled by Americans who would *never forget their sugar*, nor *make their passengers sour*.

This would have established foundries, machine shops, and ship yards at Norfolk, and have placed her ten or fifteen years ahead of New York in the steamship business. Norfolk would then have been enabled to get the contracts from the Government for establishing those lines of splendid steamers that are now giving such a tremendous impetus to the business, the trade, travel and traffic of New York. The Lines to the Isthmus would have belonged to Norfolk. Hers would probably have been the Havre and Bremen Lines. And the Old Dominion might have claimed also what is now the "Collins' Line."

Geographically speaking, Norfolk is in a position to have commanded the business of the Atlantic seaboard. It is midway the coast. It has a back country of surprising fertility—of great capacity and resources; and as far as the approaches from the sea are concerned, its facility of ingress and egress, at all times and in all weathers, there is from Maine to Georgia, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, nothing like Norfolk.

The waters which flow past Norfolk into the sea, divide the producing from the consuming States of the Atlantic slope—the agricultural from the manufacturing,—the ice ponds of the North from the cotton fields at the South—the potato patch from the rice plantation—the miner from the planter. And these same waters unite at this one place the natural channels that lead from the most famous regions in the country for corn, wheat and tobacco, to the great commercial marts.

In order to satisfy any one of the vast natural advantages which Norfolk has over any other Atlantic sea-port, let us compare the back country which naturally belongs to this ancient borough and modern city, with that which naturally belongs to New York. We hope the reader will refer to a map of the United States and with his pencil trace a line on it to include all the country which isdrained into the Hudson river:—for that is the back country which naturally belongs to the City of New York.

Now let him, in like manner, draw another line to include within it all the country that is drained into the Chesapeake Bay; for this is the back country which naturally belongs to Norfolk. To do this, he will begin and run along upon the ridge—the "Divide," the Western people call it—between the Delaware and the Chesapeake.

Running thence Northwardly, his pencil-mark will include all of Pennsylvania that is in the valley of the Susquehannah—all of Maryland this side of the mountains—the valley of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York and the James rivers, with the valley of the Roanoke and a great part of the State of North Carolina, whose only outlet to the sea is viâ Norfolk.

Such is the back country that nature has given to Norfolk for her commercial foundation—and such to New York for the corner-stone of her commercial edifice.

Virginia saw these advantages and slept upon them. She knew that nature had placed them there and made them hers. She never dreamed that man could take them away. But man has. The enterprise of man has extended the back country of New York from the sea to the Lakes; from the waters of Long Island Sound to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. It has turned the commerce of the St. Lawrence down the Hudson, and placed the mouth of the Mississippi as much at Sandy Hook as it is at the Balize.

Thus did New York while Virginia was sleeping. Just as she was beginning to wake up, chance and the course of events threw in her way the steamship enterprise of the French. Her merchants, however, could not get their hands in their pockets, or rather they stood with their hands in their pockets for ten years, and quietly looked on while New York was projecting her plans, displaying her enterprise and monopolizing all those steam advantages; and now that New York has got fairly under way, they in the South are again rousing up the people and calling their conventions in favor of steamships and direct trade. Better late than never. We welcome the move with all our heart, and mean to support it with all our strength—save and except the Neptunian resolutions. We do not go for them.

We do not wish to discourage the move for a line of steamers from Norfolk to Europe, as great as the odds against Norfolk now are. We know that there are business men in the South who, if once they put their hands in their pockets and their shoulders to the wheel, have energy, enterprise and capacity enough for anything that energy, enterprise and capacity can affect.

While we do not wish to discourage that move therefore, we have a proposition to make, which, by timely adoption, will, we think, do much towards recovering for the South her lost advantages, and that with interest. This proposition is another steam-ship enterprise. It may meet the fate of the former one, but if so, the end

of the next 15 years, will show its rejection to be a piece of short-sighted policy more to be deplored than all the inaction heretofore observed by Virginia with regard to her natural resources and commercial advantages.

The South wants to regain her direct trade. Let us first examine how the South came to lose it, and the North to get it. We shall then know the better how to proceed and what to do towards recovering it.

The course of navigation from Europe to this country used to be down along the coast of Africa to the region of the N. E. trade winds. These winds are fair winds for getting to the westward. Ships took them, and with them ran over to the United States; falling in with the Southern coast first and making the land off Charleston or the capes of the Carolinas or of Virginia, they would then take a fresh departure for New York, Boston, or their port of destination, wherever it was, among the New England States.

This made of Charleston and Norfolk a sort of relay station, and placed them on the way-side of the commercial highway leading from Old to *New* England.

It was rarely that vessels were found in those days to sail more than four or five knots under the most favorable circumstances. About two miles the hour was the average rate of speed for merchantmen in those days. It was not so fast as the Gulf stream would carry a log.

Along the route now pursued by vessels bound from Liverpool to New York, the winds are adverse, and the Gulf stream has to be stemmed nearly all the way. The merchantmen of the last century were incapable of beating up against wind and tide both; consequently the northern passage was closed to them, and the usual route was to follow the track of Columbus—pass through the Sargasso sea, catch the N. E. trades, and getting on the parallel of some southern port in America, to steer due west until they made the land.

If the merchantman of that day, after thus making her land-fall, ascertaining her position and keeping away for her port, met a N. W. gale or a snow storm, as in winter she was very apt to do off New York or Boston, her course was to run back south and to lay in Charleston until the next spring, waiting for good weather, and a fair opportunity for going northward again.

Though the existence of the Gulf stream was known more than two centuries ago, the fact that its waters were warmer than those of the sea along side of it, and the idea that this difference of temperature could be made available for longitude at sea, was not promulgated to navigators until 1796–7.

This is an epoch in navigation, and from it commences an era in the course of trade between the old world and the new.

In those days, if the mariner at sea could lay his out-spread hand down upon his chart and say that it certainly covered the place of his ship, he was called a "lucky dog," and entitled to be considered a navigator.

We beg leave to illustrate, and to instance, as we go along: In 1779 when John Adams was returning to the United States from his first mission to France, he came in a French man-of-war,—and men-of-war were much better navigated in those days than merchantmen. After leaving the shores of France they did not *discover* their longitude until they got soundings in the waters of America.

We quote from his diary.

"Saturday 17th." It was July. "Three days past we have sounded for the Grand Bank, but have not found it."*

Two weeks after that, viz: on the 31st. when they did find bottom, he remarks: "The weather, the wind, the *discovery of our longitude*, give us all fine spirits this morning."

A modern vessel would sail across the Atlantic while the "frigate Sensible" was seeking her longitude.

Such was the course of navigation, such the difficulties in the way of trade across the Atlantic prior to 1796, that Charleston and Norfolk of necessity became the half-way houses, the great entrepots of traffic, the points of communication between Europe and the "colonies."

From 1776 dates a new era in the political affairs of this country—and from 1796—twenty years after—and so on at intervals of twenty years, dates regularly a new era in its affairs of commerce and navigation.

Then—in '96—it was made known to navigators how, by dipping a thermometer into the water as they approached our shores, they might tell whether they were in or out of the Gulf Stream—whether they were on this or that side of it; and consequently know their longitude. This was a discovery. It was hailed as such by the whole sea-faring community. Works were written on "Thermal Navigation," and the streaks of hot and cold water in and near the Gulf Stream, were likened to blue and red ribbons which Providence had stretched upon the green bosom of the Atlantic to warn the navigator of his approach to our shores and to tell him his longitude.

At that time, too, great improvements in naval architecture were about to take place. The

* Life and Works of John Adams, vol. iii. pp. 226–7.

keels of the fastest ships that we have in our navy at this day were laid then.

These discoveries and improvements enabled ships bound from Europe to approach the coast of the United States with the Gulf Stream for a beacon; and they, moreover, enabled merchantmen, by being swift of foot, to turn to windward better, and consequently to beat over from Europe against the Gulf Stream and the prevailing westerly winds of the direct route.

Thus traders began to come direct to our northern ports, instead of first touching at the southern for a land-fall and good weather.

Thus Charleston ceased to be a half-way house, and was made an outside station. The south quietly and in silence looked on while this revolution was making its changes.

After another period of twenty years, viz:—in 1816—another era in commercial affairs and the business of the sea was commenced. In that year, Jeremiah Thompson, Isaac Wright and others—in honor of whom the City of New York should erect a monument—commenced the system of packet ships.

They put three vessels of 300 or 400 tons each, on the line to Liverpool, to sail on stated days regularly once a month or thereaway. The croakers all thought, and many said that these ships would be "no go"—that they were entirely too large, and that often the day of sailing would arrive when there would be neither freight nor passengers to take. But the staid old Quaker who was in the concern knew what he was about. He sailed on the regular day and gave his captains the postage upon all the letters conveyed to and fro, and for a quick passage he promised them a new gown for their wives, sometimes a new coat for themselves.

The "Liners" as the packet ships of New York came to be called, went on increasing in numbers and size and in favor with merchants and ship owners until the sea became white with their sails, and New York the focus from which they diverged to all ports of the world, and to which they all returned.

Opposition lines were got up to Liverpool—and independent ones established to London and Havre. Besides these, lines of packet ships, packet brigs, and packet schooners were established between New York and every sea-port town in the United States. They all had their regular day of sailing, and daily fleets of them were to be seen going out and coming into the harbour of New York.

Having their regular days of sailing for New York they would bring any thing at any rate of freight that would pay for putting in and taking out rather than return empty. Hence they would take for a mere song, pine wood from Virginia, naval stores from North Carolina, stones from New England, ores from Cuba, &c., which last were again taken without freight to England because Cuba ores served for ballast.

Thus the packet system built up New York and made her the great central market for all the surplus produce of all sorts from all parts of the sea board. Whatever the country produced for sale, samples of it were brought by the packets to the wharves of New York,—and thus the warehouses of that city became an immense variety store in which is to be found whatever is to be bought or sold in the U. States.

The packet ships carried the mails across the Atlantic. They made New York the point of communication with the Old World; and they controlled the business of dispatch for the whole country. They were the "Adams' Express" of the day. The merchants of the North and the South all sent by them for their Spring and Fall Fashions—their light goods, small parcels;—all special orders were executed in that way. So completely had they monopolized every thing for New York, in the way of foreign business, travel and correspondence, that in the year 1837, when they had served out their twenty years—there was not a single vessel that cleared from Boston for Liverpool. But they had run their twenty years, and another era in the business of commerce was about to arise.

In 1837 commenced the era of Ocean Steam Navigation, though twenty years before that, the South had sent out an *Avant Courier* from Georgia; but the South rested content with the honor of being the first to stride across the Atlantic under steam. This was the time—'37—when the idea was thrown out that Virginia should offer to co-operate with the French and invite them to send their steamers into Norfolk.

The steamers, contrary to all expectations, gave an impulse to the packet ships, the packet ships re-acted upon the steamers, and both greatly increased in numbers and enlarged the business of the country. Boston got its line of steamers, sent its ships to Liverpool and recovered all the trade and more too, that it had lost when steamers first began to ply.

The steamers, it was found, so far from interfering with the regular "Liners," created a business of their own. New York looked on quietly for ten years, before she understood this matter, or began to move in it. But New York, during the interval was feeling the way with English capital, as in the mean time Norfolk might have done with French. Finally New York got the federal government committed to the tune of many millions for her steam ship enterprize. Thus backed up, New York launched her ocean steamers and now leads the world in that navigation.

There is room for opposition both to Europe and the Gulf, but New York is a powerful competitor, and the odds are now greatly in her favor.

It is curious to look back at the important commercial and political events whice have taken place regularly at intervals of double decades, one after the other.

We commence with 1776:—every generation continues in the majority for about twenty years. When the people therefore who had the ascendency in '76, had passed into the minority, their successors—the next generation—signalized the occasion and their accession to the majority, by turning the Atlantic coast, in a commercial point of view, upside down;—by removing Charleston from the half-way to an outside station on the road between the old world and the new—for at that period the direct trade of Charleston alone was greater than that of New York and all the New England States together. The philosopher with no other instrument than the water-thermometer did all this.

When this generation had fretted out its sway of twenty years in the majority, had reached its sere and yellow leaf and passed into the minority, its successor signalized its installation by the establishment of the packet system—a system which is at the bottom and the top of New York's commercial ascendency, operating as a sort of first principle among the real causes of the great business prosperity of that city.

If we were asked to trace back to the very source, those influences which first obtained expression in the construction of the Erie Canal, we should point to the water-thermometer and the packet system. It was on account of the prosperity, the commercial advantages, power and influence that New York derived from these, that she was enabled to undertake that work. Each new work added more and more to her power and wealth; but the key to it all, the very foundations of that wealth and power, commenced with the water-thermometer and were laid in the packet system. The water-thermometer and the packet system gave her the power to remove the commercial mouth of the St. Lawrence from the Straits of Bellisle to Sandy Hook—to turn the Mississippi valley upside down, causing the produce thereof to flow North and enter the sea under the highlands of Nave Sink.

These are go-ahead times: and the rising generation is crowding so fast upon us of the Ocean Steam Navigation era, that though we have but five years of our allotted time left to run, we doubt whether our successor will not crowd us out before the full term of our double decade shall have expired.

Before 1857, we hope to see the Isthmus pierced with commercial thoroughfares and great national highways—before '57, we hope to see the proposition which we have to make, in full blast, recovering and restoring back to the South in ten-fold measure, all its lost advantages—its foreign commerce, its direct trade, its importing business and commercial prosperity.

Great Britain and Europe are not the only countries in the world with which commercial intercourse is desirable; nor are they the only ones whose trade can enrich and make prosperous.

Let the *South* not forget to look to the *South*. Let her study the immensity of the commercial resources which lie dormant in that direction. Let her see if she have not the ability now to hasten and assist the development of them; and being developed, to command, to reap and enjoy them.

Behold the valley of the Amazon, and the great river-basins of South America. Unexplored there, is a wilderness of treasures there. All the elements of the most valuable commerce are there; and they are of easy development.

We hope the reader will consult the map as he follows us in what we are about to say.

Of more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley, the valley of the Amazon is entirely inter-tropical. An everlasting summer reigns there. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. The Pennsylvania 74 may go there.

A natural canal through the Caciquiari connects it with the Orinoco. Giving drainage and fertility to immense plains that cover two millions of square miles, it receives from the North and the South innumerable tributaries, which it is said, afford an inland navigation up and down of not less than 70 or 80 thousand miles in extent. Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great water-shed would more than completely encircle the earth around at its largest girth.

All the climates of India are there. Indeed, we may say, that from the mouth to the sources of the Amazon, piled up one above the other, and spread out, Andean like, over steppe after steppe in beautiful unbroken succession, are all the climates, and all the soils, with the capacities of production that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow.

The valley of the Amazon is the place of production for India-rubber—an article of commerce, which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple since the invention of the cotton gin. We all recollect when the the only uses to which India-rubber was applied, were to rub out pencil marks and make trap-balls for boys. But it is made into shoes and

hats, caps and cloaks, foot-balls and purses, ribbons and cushions, boats, beds, tents and bags; into pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and into cammels for lifting ships over shoals. It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New applications of it are continually being made. Boundless forests of the Saringa tree are found upon the banks of this stream, and the exportation of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becomieg a business of more and more value, extent and importance.

In 1846-7, pontoons for the British army in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico were made in New England from the India-rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world.

The sugar cane is found there in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest sacharine development. It requires to be planted but once in 20 years.

There too are produced of excellent quality, and in great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs of virtues the most rare, dyes of hues tne most brilliant, and spices of aroma the most exquisite.

Soils of the richest loam and the finest alluviuns are there. The climates of India—of the Moluccas and the Spice Islands are all there. And there, too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and West, all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wings over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of the magician's wand:—those immense resources would spring right up into life and activity.

In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the Ocean under the Line.

Now look: Nature has scooped out the land in Central America, and cut the continent nearly in two there that she might plant between the mouth of the "King of Rivers" and of the "Father of Waters," and arm of the sea capable of receiving the surplus produce which the two grandest river basins on the face of the earth are some day to pour out into the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribbean Sea. These two sheets of water form the great commercial lap of the South. This sea and gulf receive the drainage of all the rivers of note in both continents, except the La Plata on the South, the Columbia on the West, the St. Lawrence and those of the Atlantic seaboard on the East.

Excluding the inhospitable regions of Patagonia on the South, and Labrador on the North, and referring only to the agricultural latitudes, the two Americas cover an area of land in round numbers of about 10 millions of square miles. To not less than 6 of this 10, this sea and gulf are the natural outlet. Of these 6, about two-thirds are inter-tropical, producing a variety of articles to which the other parts of the continent never can offer competition. Nature has so ordered it.

With scarce the exception of a "ten miles square" the whole of this immense Carribbean water-shed, which is nearly double the area of Europe, is composed of fine, rich, arable land. The rainless coasts of Peru, the sandy plains of lower California, the great salt desert of the North, and the Sahara-like desert of Ataeama at the South, all lie without it; they fall within the other 4 of the 10 millions. They are unarable; and, therefore, as they are unfit for cultivation, they should be, in this classification, arranged with the inhospitable regions of Patagonia and Labrador. So classing these barren places, we discover the startling fact, that these two rivers are the natural outlet, and the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico are the natural receptacle, for the surplus produce of nearly three-fourths of the whole extent of arable land in the two Americas. Moreover these two marine basins of the South are also the natural outlet, North and South, for the productions of not less than 70° of latitude. The Mississippi runs South, and crosses parallels of latitude; it consequently traverses a great diversity of climates, and floats down to the Gulf, a great variety of produce,—a large assortment of staples. Its tributaries flow East and West; and each one contributes to the main stream itself many productions that are peculiar to its own latitude and climate.

The Amazon flows East. It runs along a parallel of latitude. Save and except the changes due to elevation, its climates are the same, and its banks, from source to mouth, are lined with the same growth. Its tributaries run North and South, and the products supplied by one of these, to the main stream, are duplicates of the products to be contributed by all.

In our river valley, winter and summer, spring and autumn, mark the year and divide the seasons; in the other, the seasons are the wet and the dry—and the year is all summer. One valley is in the Northern hemisphere; the other in the Southern. When it is seed time on one side, the harvest is ripe on the other.

The Carribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico are twin basins. They are seas Mesopotamian, and wholly American. The great equatorial current having its *genesis* in the Indian Ocean, and doubling the Cape of Good Hope, sweeps by the mouth of the Amazon, and after traversing both Carribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, it meets with the Gulf Stream, and places the commercial outlet of

that river almost as much in the Florida pass as is the mouth of the Mississippi river itself. Two travellers may set out from the Yucatan Pass; one North for the sources of the Missouri, the other South for the head waters of the Amazon. If, when the former reaches the base of the Rocky Mountains, he will cut a tree down and let it fall in the river, so that it will drift with the current without lodging by the way, it will meet in the straits of Florida one cut and cast into the Amazon, by the other traveller, from the sides of the Andes, and floated down that river in like manner. The natural route of the drift-wood from both to the open sea, is through the Gulf of Mexico, around the peninsula of Florida, and so out into the Atlantic through the Gulf Stream.

These twin basins are destined by Nature to be the greatest commercial receptacles in the world. No age, clime, nor quarter of the globe affords any parallel or any conditions of the least resemblance to these which we find in this Sea or Gulf.

What other arm of the ocean is between two continents with opposite seasons? Where is there another Gulf Stream uniting the waters of an Amazon with the waters of a Mississippi—an extra-tropical with an inter-tropical river—and placing the commercial outlet of both before the doors of one and the same people? Where, in the wide ocean, or the wider world, is there another Mesopotamian sea, that is the natural outlet for a system of river basins draining an extent of arable and fertile lands greater than the continent of Europe can contain;—that yield all the productions of the torrid and the temperate zones;—and that are so situated withal, that from opposite hemispheres, with their opposite seasons, they will deliver into the markets a crop every six months? Famine can never visit such a land. The double chance of a crop in double hemispheres, frees it from any such liability.

In consequence of the winds and currents of the sea, the course of navigation from the mouths of these two rivers, as well as from all parts of the Gulf and Carribbean Sea, is such, as to compel every vessel that trades in their markets, whether it be with the produce of the great Amazonian valley at the South, or the mighty valley of the West,—we repeat, the course of navigation is such as to compel every vessel so freighted for Europe, for Africa, for India—nay, for Rio-de-Janeiro and for South America itself, to pass the very offings of our Southern ports on their way to market.

From the Gulf of Mexico, all the great commercial markets of the world are down hill. A vessel bound from that Gulf to Europe, places herself in the current of the Gulf Stream and drifts along with it at the rate, for part of the way, of 80 or 100 miles a day. If her destination be Rio, or India, or California, her course is the same as far north as the island of Bermuda.

And when there shall be established a commercial thoroughfare across the Isthmus, the trade-winds of the Pacific will place China, India, New Holland, and all the islands of that Ocean, down hill also from this sea of ours. In that case, the whole of Europe must pass by our very doors on the great highway to the markets both of the East and the West Indies.

This beautiful Mesopotamian sea, is in a position to occupy the summit level of navigation, and to become the great commercial receptacle of the world. Our rivers run into it, and float down with their currents the surplus articles of merchandise that are produced upon their banks. Arrived with them upon the bosom of this grand marine basin, there are the currents of the sea and the winds of heaven so arranged by nature that they drift it and waft it down hill and down stream to the great market places of the world.

To one who has never studied the course of the winds and currents of the sea, and the influence which they exert upon the routes which vessels must pursue in order to accomplish their voyages to and fro across the ocean, it appears startling to be told that the shores of the Southern States, of Florida and the Carolinas, are on the wayside of vessels bound from the mouth of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Magdalena rivers to Rio-de-Janeiro as well as to Europe. The way out upon the high seas from the mouth of these rivers, and from that of the Mississippi, is practically one and the same.

To a vessel under canvass, Norfolk is not half as far, in point of time, from the mouth of the Amazon as is Rio in Brazil.

On account of the winds and currents of the Atlantic, a vessel bound from the Amazon to Rio, has first to sail to the northward until she reaches the northern parallel of 25° or 30° before she can begin to stand South. It is the same, no matter what be her destination, provided it be not the West Indies, nor any of the ports in the Carribbean Sea, or Gulf of Mexico.

Norfolk and Charleston may be called half-way houses from the Amazon and the Gulf, to New York, to England and Europe, and to all ports in Africa, South America, India and around Cape Horn. Indeed, they are the half-way houses from Amazonia to all the markets of the world, the way to which is across the seas.

We wish to fix attention as to the great advantages which our geographical and physical position gives us of the United States, in contending for the commerce to which the valleys

of the Amazon. the Orinoco and the Magdalena are destined at some day to give rise.

Before we submit the proposition which we design to make to the merchants of the South in particular, and to the people of these United States in general, we wish to call attention to another physical condition which nature has connected with the South American trade, and particularly with the commerce to which her river basins are to give rise. And that is, that not only do none of these river basins, but none of the continents of the Southern hemisphere, afford the contrasts for forming sea-faring communities among their inhabitants. Who ever heard of Brazilian seamen, or of the "mariners of Peru? We have heard of the Gauchos, the Ilaneros, and the horsemen of South America, but never of its seamen.

In order to become sailors, people must use the sea. And that they may use it, familiarity with it from boyhood and in early life is one of the prerequisites; preliminary to this prerequisite is a deeply articulated shore line;—a sea front richly indented with bays, bights, gulfs, and harbors thrusting themselves far up into the country on one hand, with capes, promontories and peninsulas pushing far out into the sea on the other,—thus increasing the length of water line;—thus bringing the inhabitants and the sea into close proximity and into the presence of each other.

Let any one of our readers who lives between tide-water and the Blue Ridge, cast about him, in his neighborhood, and tell how many boys and young men have left it and their country-life to become sailors; small, indeed, is the number. Even there the people are too far from the sea to take to it for a living.

Now let him take the map and look at the stiff, rigid shore line, not only of South America, but of the Southern continent generally—and then let him compare their almost isleless coasts with the finely articulated and beautifully contrasted shore lines of the Northern Hemisphere: the Gulf of Mexico with its gems;—the peninsula of Florida;—its string of Islands;—the sounds and bays;—and gulfs at the north;—the Mediterranean reaching a thousand miles and more back into the heart of the continent;—the Red Sea seperating it almost in too;—the Baltic and the Black;—the Gulfs and Bays and Bights and Peninsulas of India and China. Let him look at these physical features;—let him contrast the two hemispheres in this respect, and see how much more maritime in feature one is than the other: let him study these features on a map of the world, and he will perceive how that nature has decreed that the seat of maritime power, strength and greatness shall be in the Northern, not in the Southern Hemisphere.

Another condition required is the constitution of sea-faring communities is a niggardly soil, or other sources of a scanty livelihood to the laboring man. In these days, men forsake the land for the sea only when the sea affords better means of living than the land.

Where in the history of the world did the people of any nation ever become maritime in their habits, when their climates were mild, their soil kind, and lands cheap? There is no such instance on record. Who ever heard of bodies of men forsaking the cheap lands and beautiful climates of the Mississippi Valley to become mariners, only that they may wring from the seas a hard-earned, coarse, sometimes scanty and often dangerous subsistence?

If the Mississippi Valley do not produce seamen enough to fetch and carry its own produce across the ocean, and to do its own commerce, much less will that of the Amazon with its softer climates and more benignant soils.

Therefore whatever be the extent of the business which the Amazon may have to offer commerce, the fetching and the carrying of it must be done by sailors from our own side of the equator. Why may they not be Virginia and Carolina sailors? Those states have along the sea shore pine barrens poor enough to drive men, women and children all to sea for a living.

In the Amazonian trade, the winds for us are fair to go and fair to come. And we of the Atlantic sea-coast are the only people for whom they are favorable both ways.

The voyage from the capes of Virginia or from Charleston to the Amazon, is the most certain voyage as to the length of time that is to be found between any two ports in the Atlantic Ocean. In eighteen or twenty days, a sailing vessel can go and come, the year round. The N. E. trade winds carry her there; and they bring her back. They are "Soldier's Winds." Therefore among the inducements which the South has to move her in the matter of commencing to establish commercial relations and business ties in that direction; is the future one of compêting in her own vessels and with her own sailors for the carrying trade of that magnificent water shed.

The proposition, therefore, which we have to make is with regard to a line of steamers from Norfolk, Charleston or Savannah, to the mouth of the Amazon.

Para is its "New Orleans." It is the city at its mouth. It has a population of some 15 or 20,000 inhabitants. There is a line of steamers already in operation from Rio to Para.

From Savannah to Para, the distance is about 2,500 miles; from Para to Rio 2,100. This, at

the rate of the best performance of Collins' steamer "Baltic," would give for the passage between Rio and the United States thirteen days for coming and thirteen for going.

The time occupied now in going and coming by sailing vessels, is about ninety days.

Suppose we lengthen this computed passage, and base our estimates upon the supposition that the time to Rio, by this line of steamers, will really require twenty instead of thirteen days, viz: ten to Para and ten thence to Rio.

The effect of such a communication would be to turn the whole correspondence and travel connected with the Atlantic slope of South America, through Norfolk or whatever port may be selected for the American terminus of the line.

Now it should be recollected that our commercial transactions with Brazil and the valley of the Rio de la Plata, are already worth more than they are with any of the countries of Europe, except Great Britain, France and the Hans towns.

At this instant the "Levee" at Para affords foreign commerce enough from the valley of the Amazon to give annual freight to a fleet of fifty sail. But this is nothing to what it will be when the stimulants of civilization, agriculture, navigation and commerce shall be applied to that prodigious wilderness of wealth.

Of more than twice the area of the Mississippi valley, that of the Amazon is much more bountiful. There the labor of one day in seven is enough to crown the board of the husbandman with plenty.

The vegitable kingdom sits enthroned there in surpassing grandeur, sublimity and power. Its energies are in ceaseless display, its forces in perpetual activity, vigor and health. There is there no falling of the leaf; no season of repose in the vegetable economy: and consequently no period for the decay of vegetation;—no time for the development of noxious gasses and pestilential miasmata. As soon as these are evolved from one plant, they are absorbed by another in the perpetual summer: the result is a climate of great salubrity.

The display there of the vegetable force is terrific. Here with us, as we travel along the sea shore, we see the vegetation standing back and seperated from the water by the battle-ground between the waves and the land. Strewed with debris and covered with fragments thrown up from the bottom of the sea, or uprooted from the base of the hills, this field of battle with us is a sandy, barren waste. In it, no subject of the vegetable kingdom is permitted to take root; and not a member of the whole animal family is able to gather even the most scanty means of subistence from it. The scene of the most perfect desolation to be found on the face of our planet is the field of strife on our shores between the waves and the winds and the dry land.

In Amazonia, the mineral gives place to the vegetable kingdom in the conflict, and a new combatant enters the field. The forces of the vegetable kingdom there, march down for the fight to the very water's edge. A storm arises; the waves come and beat back the vegetation, bearing it down and heaping upon it piles of sand and shells, cast up from the depths below. In a few days the tremnedous power of vegetation recovers and it is seen marching down over the sand banks and piles of fragments, and planting its foot again upon the water, in the water and under the water, and pushing out its advance posts in lines of green far into the sea.

The lilies of that valley* attain such gigantic vigor and proportions that a single leaf will float a man.

If there be such a display of vegetable growth in the wild state, of what is such a climate not susceptable when it shall be assisted by the arts of cultivation?

Peruvian bark—cascarilla and cinchona as the Spaniards call it—is found in the valley of the Amazon and no where else. It is cut from the banks of one of its navigable tributaries, packed upon the backs of Peruvian sheep—carried up beyond the clouds into the regions of perpetual snow on mountain tops, and transported beyond the Andes, 600 miles to the Pacific Ocean; arrived there, the Seroon, which, at the place of production in the great Amazonian basin, was worth only a few pence, now commands from eighty to one hundred dollars.

Thus the world is supplied over the mountains and around Cape Horn by sheep, asses and ships with that drug. Were steam once to force its way up the Amazon, this drug would come down the river and pass by our doors on its way to market. That trade, in its present state, is worth upwards of half a million annually. The use of quinine is increasing, and the demand therefore for the bark must continue to increase.

On the steppes of the Andes where they serve as a water shed for the Amazon, are to be found flocks numbering thousands of sheep covered with fleeces of the finest and the rarest of wool; and yet it is scarcely worth the sheering, so great are the difficulties of getting it to market. Nevertheless, were it possible to place this wool on a raft that would keep the current, and were it to be thus launched on the stream where the flocks go to drink, it would drift down the Amazon; and being delivered by it to the winds and currents of the sea, it might, without other guide, be found

* The *Victoria Regia*, a water lily that produces the largest leaf and flower known in the vegitable world.

in the Gulf stream off Cape Hatteras; so direct is the natural rout even from the remote corners of that valley to this country.

Such are the physical conditions which invite the south to the study of the commercial resources, the advantages of trade, and the interests to her navigation in that quarter.

In the valley of Amazon are mines of silver and gold of immense yield. There too are found and wrought the great quick-silver mines of the world; and there, too, situated far down towards the Atlantic in that valley are the mines of diamonds, of gems and precious stones which have dazzled princes, lent splendor to the crowned heads of Europe, and added brilliancy to the pageants of all people.

There is now on the statute books of Portugal a Royal Ordinance forbidding any of the productions of India to be cultivated in Brazil. This was when Brazil was Portuguese; and when Portugal was apprehensive lest the spices of Brazil would injure her eastern commerce and possessions.

The cinnamon of Amazonia is superior to that of Ceylon; its gums and ornamental woods are said to be of surpassing beauty, variety, excellence and value.

Men of science who have studied the physical conditions of Amazonia and India, and who have compared the climatology of the two regions, are of opinion, that in this magnificent wilderness of America, are to be found both soil and climate suitable for the production of every spice, gum, resin and drug that is grown in the East.

The spirit which moved men in the days of knight-errantry, which drove them in the time of the crusades, and which, at a later period, carried them across the seas and conducted them to the New World in search of adventure and geographical discovery, is still as rife in this country as ever it was in the world. But it has assumed a new character: it has doffed the tinsel array of former times, and laid aside the pomp and circumstance with which it was wont to influence the imaginations of men, to dazzle their minds, bewilder their judgment and beguile their energies. Guided now by the lights of knowledge and improvement, which ornament the age in which we live, this active, restless and misdirected spirit of former times has been tamed down. Eminently utilitarian in its character, it now goes abroad with commerce, and seeks adventures in the fields of honest industry—achievements in the paths of peace.

It is this spirit, which, if once permitted upon the wings of free navigation to enter the grand river basins of South America, will cause the wilderness there to blossom, and the whole land to smile under the tillage and the worship of a peaceful and happy population.

Therefore, let the South look to the South for trade and commerce; let her in the peaceful. Christian spirit of the day, cultivate with Brazil the relations of friends and neighbors; let her foster by all means in her power liberal commercial relations with a region which has such vast possessions, such countless treasures, such infinite resources, to make valuable its future commerce, —rich and great the people who are to enjoy it.

There is no colonizer, civilizer, nor Christianizer like commerce.

Encourage commerce therefore with the valley of the Amazon, and you encourage its settlement, and its cultivation, and the development of its resources. And in doing this you keep bright also that precious chain with golden links which bind nations together in peace and friendship.

In the whole domain of future commerce, the greatest boon for the people of the United States is in the settlement of Amazonia. We are bound to enjoy largely of the commerce to which such settlement is to give rise.

The people who go there will, for many generations yet to come, be dependent upon the United States for their manufactories, for articles of fancy and luxury, and for all varieties of merchandise, save and except those articles—and they in their unelaborated state—which they may dig from the mine, or gather from the field or the forest. The climate there is unfavorable for the workshop, and the soil will readily yield to the husbandman the richest of harvests wherewith, by exchange and barter, all his wants may be satisfied.

What would any of the maratime nations not give for a monopoly of the commerce of the valley of the Mississippi as it now is—and what is that commerce now compared to what that of the valley of the Amazon must be?

Settlement there, will transfer the productions of India and place them in Amazonia at our feet; so that the ships of all nations that may flock there to buy and carry them away will have to pass by our gates.

Surely an enterprise that has for its future the possibility of such results; an enterprise which has for its object the lifting up of the Indies and the setting of them down within a week, by steam, at our very doors—surely an enterprise which looks to such a revolution in the commerce of the world—to such a carrying trade, and to such a monopoly of it to ourselves, cannot fail to find favor with every true-hearted American, whether he come from the North or the South, the East or the West.

The beginning, it may be said, is too small for the end—the means proposed not adequate to

the result. Not so: the fall of an apple was the beginning of a science. Have we not seen how by dipping a thermometer in the sea, our Atlantic coast as it regards the course of navigation and trade with Europe, was turned end for end? And how by Jeremiah Thompson's packet ship of 300 tons and the enterprise of New York, the Mississippi valley has been turned upside down, and the commercial mouth of the St. Lawrence river lifted up and brought by canal and railway down to Sandy Hook? We do not mean to commit ourselves to the position that a line of steamers from Norfolk to Para would be self-sustaining *now*. We have been speaking of the future, and maintaining that the establishment of the line *now* would give the South many and great prospective advantages, that the South perhaps never would enjoy to the full extent, unless she commence now and prepare foundations suitable for that magnificent commercial structure which is cartainly at some day to arise out of that valley.

To encourage the enterprise now, there is the carrying of the Brazilian and the Buenos Ayrean mails. The correspondence between the United States, Pará, Rio, Montevideo, and the Argentine Republic is extensive, and the revenue to be derived, for the transportation of these mails, would, with or without previous contract, go far towards supporting the line; and the sources of all of its business, freight, passengers and mail matter, would rapidly increase.

So far, geographical position only is in favor of the South. The facts we have stated, the arguments we have used, commend the enterprise as strongly to the North as to the South; and if the South do not make haste soon to take it up and embark in it, we may rest assured the north will not be slow. The contract for carrying the mails would protect those who may be first to embark in this field, from competition for a few years, which, while the company is getting a foot-hold, is no small consideration.

It is useless, because the attempt would be vain, to draw a picture of what commerce and navigation with the Amazon, or on the Amazon, or up the Amazon, or down the Amazon, would do in a few years; or how the silver from the mines of Potosi and Pasco, the gold of Peru and Bolivia, and copper and tin would all flow down the Amazon to the Atlantic, instead of crossing the Cordilleras to the Pacific. *We* are now informed of gold diggings, *placers* and washings on the Eastern slopes of the Andes that would vie with those of California. They are in the Indian country of Amazonia; but the energy and enterprise to fight, dig and wash are not to be found among the people there. This however, we regard as among the least valuable of the immense resources of that valley. Subdued to commerce it would be a boon indeed.

There is, moreover, another point of view in which the valley of the Amazon, with its magnificent and interesting future, presents itself to the American mind.

That view we will hastily sketch, presenting only the main features of it.

That valley is a slave country. The European and the Indian have been contending with its forests for 300 years, and they have made no impression. If ever the vegetation there be subdued and brought under; if ever the soil be reclaimed from the forest, the reptile and the wild beast, and subjected to the plough and the hoe, it must be done by the African. It is the land of parrots and monkeys, and he alone is equal to the task which man has to accomplish there.

At the North, the spirit of emancipation has been pressing the black man down to the South. He is now confined almost upon the waters of the Gulf. In the South, the same spirit has pressed him up to the North, and assigned to him the valley of the Amazon as his last resting place upon this continent. When that valley is subdued and peopled up, it is not for us to divine what will happen;—it is too far away in the mists of the future for our ken. Sufficient is it for us to know that even then God in hisown wise providence will order the destiny of the black and the white race to be fulfilled, whatever it may be.

Therefore, humanly speaking and humanly perceiving, the settlement of the valley of the Amazon, its relations to this country, its bearings upon our future commerce and institutions appear to be so close, so intimate, and withal so potential, that the destiny of the United States seems to be closely connected with, wrapped up in, and concealed by this question.

Storms will come at sea, and crises will arise on the land; but no mariner or statesman ever escaped the one or avoided the other by failing to prepare for them. When the ship is too much pressed—knowing that she may be—the prudent seaman has all,—ready provided and at hand,—the means of relieving her. In doing this he considers the safety of the vessel, of the cargo, and of all on board. We propose to follow his example with regard to the ship of State.

The institution of slavery as it now exists in this country, fills the mind of its statesmen with anxious solicitude. What is to become of it? If abolished, how are so many people to be got rid of? If retained, how are they to be controlled? In short, when they have increased and multiplied according to the capacity of the

States to hold them, what is to be done with them. whether they be bond or free?

The "slave" States so called, have the black lines drawn about them. There will soon be no more Mississippi lands to clear, no more cotton fields to subdue, and unless some means be devised of getting rid of the negro-increase, the time must come,—and sooner or later it will come,—when there will be an excess in these States, of black people. This excess will be brought about by the operation of two causes:—natural increase of the blacks on one hand; and emigration of the whites on the other. The slaves may go from one slave State to another, but they cannot go out of the slave territory. Therefore in the slave territory must they remain obedient to the command "increase and multiply." As their numbers spread, and as their labor becomes less and less valuable,—as in process of time it seems likely to do,—owners will sell or leave their negroes behind, and emigrate to other parts; thus by their absence increasing the proportion of blacks to whites.

The New England States and the Middle States did not emancipate their slaves; they banished them. They passed their post-natal and prospective laws of emancipation it is true; but they did not command the master to let the slave go free; before the time came round for the slave to go free, he had, in most cases, been taken off to the South and sold there: so that the so called emancipation at the North, was simply a transfer to the South of the slaves of the North—an act of banishment; nothing more.

Statement from the Census Tables of the free colored persons in the New England and in the Southern States:

	1790.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.
N. Eng.	13,156	17,317	19,488	20,756	21,331	22,634
S. States.	27,983	51,923	91,402	115,373	156,633	183,766
	Per Cent. of Increase.					
N. Eng.		3.1	1.2	6	3	6
S. States.		8.5	7.6	2.3	3.5	1.8

Besides their natural increase, the free blacks of New England receive large accessions to their numbers from the free colored emigrants and runaway slaves of the South. It is well known that the tide of emigration of the free men of color, flows North;—there never has been a reflux of it towards the South.

Thus, what is taken from the South by emigration, is added to the North, and therefore in a comparison of the free colored statistics between the two sections, the whole amount of emigration from the South appears as a double difference. It is subtractive on one side of the equation, and additive on the other.

Bearing these statements in mind, it appears from the above quoted statistics, that comparatively but few slaves have *ever* been emancipated at the North; that as between the New England and the Southern States, the Southern have been the principal scene of emancipation; that notwithstanding the emigration from the South, the South has, within the fifty years, between 1790 and 1840, doubled the number of her free blacks nearly six times; whereas the New England States have not in the same interval, doubled theirs once; and that moreover during the period of prospective and post-natal emancipation at the North, ten slaves received their freedom at the South to one at the North.*

The decrease of emancipation at the South, between the first and the last decade of the above table—the falling off from 85 to 18 per cent. in the sources both of emancipation and natural multiplication taken together,—is decisive as to the practical increase at the South of the difficulties in the way of setting the slaves free. In their own mute style these figures proclaim with unutterable eloquence, the injury and the wrong which fanatics, styling themselves the friends of the black man, have inflicted upon his race. With a free colored population of 27,983 in 1790, the South in the next ten years, by natural increase and emancipation, swelled this class by 23,940. The natural increase due the basis of 1830 (156,633) is nearly six times that due the basis of 1790 (27,983.) It ought to be certainly—yet what do we see in the above figures? Why, that with the large basis of 1830, the decennial increase is but 27,133—only 3,193 more from 156,000 in 1830, than from 27,000 in 1790! Why, the free colored race must have fallen off wonderfully in its powers to "increase and multiply," or emancipation must have become much less in vogue among Southern people now than formerly.

Not only do these figures and facts, but the statute books also, show that the practical difficulties of emancipation have been greatly increased at the South. We see that from 1790, the increase of the free colored population at the South has fallen off, from the average annual rate of 8.5 to less than 2 per cent. More properly speaking the ratio in which it has fallen off is as 8.5 to 1.8.

* In drawing this comparison, allowance should be made for the emigration of free blacks from New England to Canada, and the N. Western States, and also for the circumstance that after the free laws went into effect in the New England States, there remained no more slaves to emancipate. But making allowance for all this, and arguing from the supposition that the natural increase of free persons of colour is the same North as South, we shall still be left with the conclusion that the South has emancipated many more slaves than the North ever did, considering the matter rateably.

The South could not, if she would, banish her slaves and tell the world that that is emancipation; for she has no place of banishment to send them to.

In the spirit of truth and candor, we do not think we venture too far when we assert it as a probability that neither New England nor the Middle States, would have passed, when they did, the emancipation acts which sent their slaves into banishment, if they had not had the South or some other place to send them off to.

Now suppose that Maryland and Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, should wish to pass post-natal free laws, or a law of the so-called emancipation; can it be imagined that the remaining slave States would permit the slaves from those States to be crowded down upon them—to be brought there and sold as those of the New England States were, when they were emancipated?

We know the free States would not permit the liberated slaves to come over, in any considerable numbers, into their borders. The new constitution of Indiana, so far as she is concerned, is conclusive upon that point.

It is not to be supposed that the States in question will ever emancipate, if the liberated slaves are to stay where they are. Emancipation and citizenship both, to the slaves of the Southern States, is rather too much to expect from any one of them.

Neither past experience nor future prospects justify the assertion that Liberia and African Colonization can ever be relied on to relieve the country whenever it shall be overpressed with slaves, of those who create the pressure.

The fact must be obvious to the far-reaching minds of our statesmen, that unless some means of relief be devised, some channel afforded, by which the South can, when the time comes, get rid of the excess of her slave population, that she will be ultimately found with regard to this institution, in the predicament of the man with the wolf by the ears:—too dangerous to hold on any longer, and equally dangerous to let go.

To our mind, the event is as certain to happen as any event is which depends on the contingencies of the future, viz: that unless means be devised for gradually relieving the slave States from the undue pressure of this class upon them; unless some way be opened by which they may be rid of their surplus black population,—the time will come—it may not be in the next nor in the succeeding generation—but sooner or later come it will, and come it must—when the two races will join in the death struggle for the mastery.

The valley of the Amazon is the way; in this view, it is the safety-valve of the Union. It is slave territory and a wilderness. One among the many results of this line of steamers, is the entire suppression of the African slave trade with Brazil, by a substitution therefor, of a slave emigration from the United States. At least so it appears to us.

The negroes from the Middle* and the New England States, who, under the emancipation laws of those States, were forced into the markets of Va. and other Southern States, did not thereby become more of slaves than they were before. There was a transfer of the place of servitude; that was all. Not a slave the more was made. But he that was taken from the North to the South, remained in the country. Suppose he had been sent to South America instead of to South Carolina,—it would have still been the same to him, but how different to the country! There would in that case have been a transfer of the place of servitude as before, but according to the anti-slavery tenets of fanaticism, a curse the less would have remained upon the country.

This subject opens to the imagination a vista: in it the valley of the Amazon is seen as the safety-valve of the South, and this line of steamers as a strand at least, in the cord which is to lift that valve whenever the pressure of this institution, be that when it may, shall become too powerful upon the machinery of our great Ship-of-State.

As in the breaking away of the storm, a streak of clear sky is welcomed by the mariner whose ship has been endangered by the elements, so this Amazonian vista is to us. It is the first and the only streak of light to our mind's eye, that the future throws upon the final question of slavery in this country.

Every steamship has her safety-valve; but every steamship is not obliged to use it always. It is there in case of necessity. So with the valley of the Amazon: we need not go there ourselves, nor send our slaves there immediately; but it is well to have the ability to go or to send, in case it may become expedient so to do.

This line of steamers by the commercial ties which it will establish, by the business relations which it will beget, by the frequent intercourse which it will bring about between the valley of the Amazon and the Southern States, will accomplish all these great results and more too.

The subject is immense—its magnitude oppresses us. We commend it to the serious consideration of our merchants and statesmen; and in so doing, we venture, though with diffidence, to ask the question: will not one or more of the States most concerned in the successful issue of the enterprise, give it encouragement?

M. F. M.

* Calling Middle States,—New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, only.

Editor's Table.

The announcement of the death of BEVERLEY TUCKER, which afflicting event took place at Winchester in this State, on the 26th of August last, was accompanied in all the newspapers in the country with the expression of sorrow at so great a public loss, and a generous recognition of his genius and private virtues. It is proper that such a tribute to his memory, however brief and unsatisfactory, should be rendered by this magazine in which have appeared, from time to time, some of the most finished of his prose compositions and the most graceful efforts of his muse.

Judge Tucker's mind was eminently versatile. Few men have worked so well in such widely different fields of intellectual labor. The transition with him was easy and rapid, from the consideration of a disputed point in the science of government to the building of a sonnet, or the invention of a drama. Novels he wrote simply by way of relaxation, and collegiate discourses of the lighter class, either ethical or upon the *belles lettres*, were thrown off by him with remarkable facility. Those occupations which other men make the serious business of their lives, and not unworthily, were pursued by Judge Tucker, as it were, *pour tuer le temps*. And he did all these things well. In the lecture-room he was uniformly eloquent and clear in his expositions, and though many may think his peculiar doctrines were pushed to an unwarrantable extreme, no one can deny that his Lectures are among the very best specimens of political composition that we possess. As a poet, Judge Tucker was not indeed "of imagination all compact," but his gift was certainly something beyond that of mere versification, and the many little gems of rhythmical excellence he produced, which are scattered along the pages of the Messenger, "like orient pearls at random strung," and were contributed always anonymously, are worthy of being preserved in a more appropriate and beautiful setting. As a writer of fiction, Judge Tucker deserves a high rank in the literature of his country. Edgar Poe, certainly no bad critic, declared that had "George Balcombe" been the work of any one born north of Mason and Dixon's line, it would long ago have been recognized as "one of the noblest fictions ever written by an American." It remains only to be said that his Orations and Discourses, pronounced on various occasions, are in no way inferior to those of the finest rhetoricians of the age, and bespeak an entire mastery over the capabilities—the grace, the sweetness, the harmony, the power—of the English language.

Of Judge Tucker in his private relations, within the charméd circled of his friends and admirers, we should hesitate to speak, for we feel that we can not do justice to the subject, and we would not rudely enter the sanctuary of domestic grief. There are those, who have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions, during many years past, beneath the academic shades of William and Mary; men, now eminent in their country's councils or looked up to as the ornaments of society, who, in recalling the associations of *alma mater* and living over the past, will blend with their tenderest recollections of boyhood the lines of that beaming and benevolent countenance, and feel a pride that BEVERLEY TUCKER was once their "guide, philosopher and friend." He never occupied towards us that relation, nor was the privilege of frequently meeting him ever ours. We can not forget, however, the engaging suavity of his manners and the brilliant flow of his conversation, as we were impressed with them on several occasions, and most recently but a few weeks before his death. The last of a set of men, than whom a more gifted or remarkable coterie never existed on earth, Randolph—Leigh—Johnson—Wirt and the rest of them, Judge Tucker remained for years the only bright link of connection between the old generation and the new, and it may indeed be said, in this sense, at least, that he has not "left his like behind."

The occurrence of the solar eclipse, some months since which enabled the great astronomers on both sides of the water,—Arago, Hind, Maury and others—to verify calculations previously made, and has thus been of great benefit to science, has had the good effect of bringing out from newspaper oblivion, the following very beautiful allegory which was written, many years ago, for the Raleigh Register, by the late H. S. Ellenwood of North Carolina. Had the gifted author been a native of Massachusetts, his name would be as familiar to us as household words—as it is, we doubt if one out of ten of our readers has ever before seen it. The eclipse described by the poet was annular, upon which turns the whole effect of his verses—

MARRIAGE OF THE SUN AND MOON.

Do you know that a *wedding* has happened on high,
And who were the parties invited?
'Twas the *Sun* and the *Moon!* in the halls of the sky,
They were joined, and our continent witnessed the tie,
No continent else was invited.

Their courtship was tedious, for seldom they met
Tête-a-tête, while long centuries glided;
But the warmth of his love she could hardly forget,
For, though distant afar, he could smile on her yet,
Save when *Earth* the fine couple divided.

But ah, why so prolix the courtship? and why
So long was postponed their connexion?
That the bridegroom was anxious 'twere vain to deny
Since the heat of his passion pervaded the sky;
But the bride was renowned for reflection.

Besides, 'tis reported their friends were all vexed,
The match was deemed, somehow, unequal;
And when bid to the wedding each made some pretext
To decline, till the lovers, worn out and perplexed,
Were compelled to elope, in the sequel.

Mars and *Jupiter* never such business could bear,
So they haughtily kept themselves from it;
Herschell dwelt at such distance, he could not be there;
Saturn sent, with reluctance, his Ring to the fair,
By the hands of a trust-worthy Comet.

Only one dim, pale Planet, of Planets the least,
Condescended the nuptials to honor;
And that seemed like skulking away to the East;
Some assert it was *Mercury*, acting as Priest,
Some *Venus* a peeping; shame on her!

Earth in silence rejoiced, as a bridegroom and bride
In their mutual embraces would linger;
Whilst careering through regions of light at his side,
She displayed the bright Ring *not* "a world too wide"
For a conjugal pledge on her finger.

Henceforth shall these Orbs, to all husbands and wives,
Shine as patterns of duty respected;
All her splendor and glory from him she derives,
And *She* shows to the world, that the kindness He gives
Is faithfully prized and reflected.

A correspondent of the Southern Era, a pleasing weekly paper of our city devoted to the cause of Temperance, describing a visit to Montpellier—the former seat of President Madison—tells us that there is not even the rudest headstone to mark the spot where the remains of that illustrious man are deposited. This intelligence fills us with surprise. It is indeed a mortifying fact that one of Virginia's most distinguished sons should be thus neglected in the grave. A few years and who shall say, in the strange mutations and vicissitudes of time, that the ploughshare may not rudely disturb the ashes of the mighty dead? No lineal descendants were given the great statesman to perpetuate his family and guard the Lares of the homestead. But shall not the burial-place of Madison be considered sacrosanct by all Virginians, and should not the exact six feet of earth which his ashes occupy be marked with some enduring memorial, while those yet live who can point out the spot, beyond the possibility of a doubt?

It may be remarked here as a singular omission on the part of the Commonwealth, that neither public monument, nor statue, nor painting has ever been erected to Mr. Madison. If we mistake not, one of the statues to be executed by Crawford for the pedestals around the base of the Virginia Washington Monument, is to represent him as the type of jurisprudence. We would, if possible, have his form and features transmitted to posterity in every way, in marble and on canvas, to be seen in our capitols and universities while the Commonwealth shall survive. But this is of inferior moment to the duty of guarding his remains against desecration, for what need has he of monument while stands the perfect constitution of his country, which came from his hands, *totus, teres atque rotundus*!

What needs our hero for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame—
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

While on this subject, it may not be considered frivolous to allude to a small matter of verbal propriety in connection with the country seat of Mr. Madison. The reader may have noticed that we spell the word with two l's. This is upon the authority of Mr. Madison himself and of Mr. Jefferson who was punctilious to the last degree in matters of orthography. We may add that in nearly all the correspondence of the early part of this century in which Montpellier was mentioned, the word was thus spelt.

We heard a good story, the other day, of Macready, which we think has never been in print, and though we cannot hope to tell it, 'as 'twas told to us,' we must yet endeavor to record it for the benefit of our readers.

It seems that in the good old days of the Park Theatre, the great tragedian was enacting his round of characters there, to very crowded houses 'of the first society.' It so happened that the second parts were sustained by a most respectable Irish actor, whose brogue was particularly rich; a man very sensitive to reproof and not over tolerant of Macready's rigid stage discipline. They met one morning at the rehearsal of Macbeth, having, over night, been at loggerheads concerning an alleged departure, on the part of our Irish friend, from his proper *rôle*. Macready was anxious to make a sensation in the *finale*, and was therefore most precise in his instructions to 'Monsieur Macduff.' "Now," said he, "my good sir," advancing with the aforesaid Macduff to the foot-lights, and placing the toe of his boot upon a nail which he had driven in for the purpose, "when I come forward—and place mee foot upon this nail—make the lunge—but, mark you—neither (pronouncing it nyther) sooner nor later—or you'll r-r-r-ruin the piece." (All this was said in that tragic undertone which moistens the handkerchiefs of the dress-circle, and curdles the blood of the gallery, and with much the same

emphasis that Mrs. Siddons threw into her question, which frightened the shopkeeper out of his wits, as to the calico—"Will it wash?") "Will you r-r-r-recollect this?" said Mr. Macready.

"Yis, sir, oh yis, sir," replied the Irishman. Rehearsal over, however, and the Thane of Glamis gone off in a hack to his hotel, O'Flaherty, (for so we shall call him,) comes quietly back to the spot where he had received his lesson, and producing a hammer, draws out the nail and puts it in his pocket. Evening arrives, the Theatre is crammed, the great tragedian was never so powerful. 'The first four acts already past,' as Bishop Berkeley says, Mr. Macready cautions O'Flaherty once more, behind the scenes, as to the nail and the lunge. He promises obedience. Meanwhile the curtain thickens and the plot rises, (our sentence transposes itself in spite of us,) Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane, and the last struggle alone remains. Mr. Macready is really great, and stands in his tin coat of mail, the impersonation of despair. Thus, with wonderful rapidity of utterance, he concludes the text—

> Yet I will try the last. Before my body
> I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
> And damned be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*

Exeunt fighting, according to the best editions, but they soon return, Mr. Macready looking for the nail. Mr. Macready not seeing it, the dialogue runs as follows—

Macbeth. Make the lunge!
Macduff. Put your fut on the nale, Misther Macrady.
Macbeth. Make the lunge, I say.
Macduff. Put your fut on the nale, Misther Macrady.
Macbeth. (With increasing warmth, and audibly to the whole house,) D—n you, make the lunge!
Macduff. (With great *sang froid* and as loudly as his antagonist,) Let's see your fut on the nale, Misther Macrady.

It was clear that O'Flaherty would not kill him under any circumstances. so that nothing remained but suicide, to which ignoble resort, Mr. Macready was at last compelled. He did not die, however, until he had grappled his non-combatant antagonist in a frenzy of indignation and in utter disregard of the unities. Then the hero and the curtain fell together.

One fact in addition may be stated. Mr. Macready never played again with Mr. O'Flaherty.

The genial and appreciative notice of our lamented friend, Philip Pendleton Cooke, in foregoing pages of our present number, is from the pen of Dr. Griswold, the Editor of the International Magazine. The retired life of a poet-farmer affords little of incident for biography, and the memoir of Cooke, therefore, might not possess interest for the many. Yet we could wish to see it written by a loving hand. That he left behind him no imperishable work of genius is assuredly true, but we feel a deep conviction, that had his life been spared, he would not have failed to entitle himself to a place in the foremost rank of the literary men of the age. As a letter-writer he was particularly happy. Pleasant descriptions of nature, sketches of fireside enjoyment in the country, brilliant brevities of criticism overflowed in a style at once finished and colloquial, which evidenced equally the scholar and the gentleman. A compilation from his familiar correspondence, if such could be made, would give us one of the most delightful "country-books" that could be placed in the library, and endear his name and memory to many who now possess too little knowledge of his rare and excellent qualities.

A rather singular harmony and conflict of opinion is presented in two articles in this number of our magazine. We refer to "The Ebony Line," and "The Commercial Prospects of the South," on the vexed question of what is to be done with the Free Negroes. The harmony is seen in the recognition by both of the existence and probable increase of an evil in the social system; and the conflict, in the feasibility of African Colonization; the latter article merely expressing its doubts of the success of the scheme which the former endeavors to show is altogether practicable. Both of these papers are well worthy of attentive perusal. The views of Lieut. Maury are marked in a high degree, with the originality and the *lucidus ordo* which characterize everything that comes from his pen. His style, too, is singularly pure and fresh, and at times becomes really poetical, showing that had he not been one of the first *savans*, he might have been one of the most distinguished *litterateurs* of the age.

The Richmond Athenæum, which has just been organized by the Common Council of our City, is an institution that promises to achieve most desirable results. We take so deep an interest in the *projet*, that we have thought it proper to embody in our pages the very clear and able report of Arthur A. Morson, Esq., the Chairman of the Athenæum Committee.

A late number of the Southern Literary Gazette informs us that the former associate Editor, D. H. Jacques, Esq., has withdrawn from that paper and has been succeeded by Edwin Heriot. Esq. Mr. Heriot is already favorably known, in his own State, as the author of some excellent collegiate addresses, and some striking political pamphlets. He makes his *debut* very gracefully, and, we doubt not, will render good

service to Southern Letters in his new and untried vocation. We welcome him to the fraternity of the quill, and shall always be happy to hear of his abundant success.

Notices of New Works.

ALBAN. *A Tale of the New World. By the Author of "Lady Alice."* New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1851.

We have so much respect for Mr. Putnam, the publisher of this volume, that we took it up with the sanguine expectation that we should find in its pages nothing of that flagrant immodesty which so signally characterized the former work of its author. We regret to record our sad disappointment. Mr. Huntingdon, since his connection with the Church of Rome, is not a whit more decent,—nay, if possible, he is less so,—than when, eighteen months ago, he walked after Dr. Pusey as only a Tractarian When the Lady Alice appeared, we felt it our duty to warn the public against the evil tendencies, (all the more to be dreaded, because insidiously exerted) of that immoral work, and to point out, at some length, the absurdities and wickedness of the whole performance. We have not now space—certainly we have not the inclination—to undertake a similar task with regard to "Alban." A few words of condemnation are all that we can permit ourselves here to employ.

To a sufficient understanding of the design of "Alban," it will be enough for us to say that the author traces the religious career of a young, ardent and 'talented' New Englander, from his Presbyterian baptism, through the vicissitudes of faith at school and college, now on the "anxious bench" at a Camp-Meeting, and now hearing the law read at a synagogue, to his ultimate conversion as a Roman Catholic and the absolution of his sins by a Father in orders. With the book as a theological exposition, we have of course nothing to do. It will be readily apprehended that there is little difficulty in getting the better of an argument, both sides of which are carried on by the same disputant; so that Mr. Huntingdon makes out a pretty clear case for himself in some points at issue between the Protestant and Romish Churches, by making the defenders of the former as weak and incompetent as possible. Pierce Egan; or any other coryphæus of the swell mob, would not have accorded the highest honors of "the fancy" to the pugilist, who merely floored an antagonist of straw, of his own setting up.

As theological novels are generally dull, the reader will be quick to suppose that "Alban" proves no exception to the rule. And this is true in part. We could wish it were true altogether. For although Mr. Huntingdon is as dry as an Oxford Tract wherever he is decent, there is some piquancy in other passages where he gives play to his very impure imagination. Where he is proper he is stupid, and where he is not stupid, he is marvellously improper. We can not sully our pages to fortify our assertion that "Alban" is the very worst specimen of licentiousness in literature that has ever come under our notice. Don Juan was considered by the critics obnoxious to the charge of impurity. Some of Little's Poems, which Moore, in his old age, has expunged from his works, were thought rather free for indiscriminate perusal. We would not think of placing the novels of George Sand in the hands of a young female friend. There have been other writers of the class dangerous, who are "tabooed" in good society. But the author of "Alban" has left them all behind. The little colporteurs of the devil who furtively sell yellow-covered romances at every street corner, have nothing secreted in the bottom of their baskets, so utterly vile and abominable as his fictions.

We are aware that in speaking thus plainly of "Alban," we run the risk of inducing many persons of prurient fancy to buy and read the volume who might not otherwise have their attention drawn to it. But we *do* trust that we may guard many innocent minds against its contamination, and especially that it may be excluded, by virtue of our censure, from families where its clerical authorship might otherwise find it admission. Sorry are we indeed that such offences against good morals as the production of volumes like this, can not be reached by the arm of the law. The Arch-Fiend has no agents, accredited to do his work in this wicked world, who render him such fatal and effective service as those who are engaged in debauching the imaginations of the young, and society is but poorly protected, when it can provide no defence against their efforts. Assuming the truth of Mr. Huntingdon's new faith, and without designing a jest, we may say that it would require perennial fountains of holy water to exorcise such infernal spirits and nullify their machinations.

One remarkable episode there is in "Alban," which we may note in passing. The Rochester Knockings are introduced, with gross exaggeration of the alleged portents, (such as unlawful beating with sticks, clubs, bludgeons, &c., contrary to the statute, and in one case, the crime of arson)—are treated by the author as actual occurrences, and explained by the hypothesis of diabolical agency. A Catholic priest comes in to cast out the devils, just in time to save the house from burning and rescue its inhabitants from assassination by demons. Is this the manner in which the Holy Catholic Church regards the Spiritual Rappings, Mesmerism, Electro-biology, *et id omne genus?* We should like farther information on this point.

We cannot forbear, in dismissing the work, to express our sincere regret that "Alban" should have been introduced to the public by so respectable a person as Mr. Putnam. Had it come in the unquestionable shape of an Ann Street flash novel, with the heroine "in very thin clothing and but little of it" on the frontispiece, there would not be so much ground of apprehension as to its consequences. But sanctioned by the name of so worthy a publisher, it may be innocently purchased by any lady who lounges into the nearest book-store to look over the latest "new works." One little favor at least we must ask of Mr. Putnam. If he *will* put forth such volumes, let him keep them for his Northern friends. We want no such portraitures of Northern society on this side of the Potomac.

"Alban" is for sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

NEGROMANIA: *Being an Examination of the falsely assumed equality of the various races of men, &c.* By JOHN CAMPBELL. Philadelphia: Campbell & Powers. 1851.

The author of this book, Mr. Campbell, is one of that class of meritorious persons who, with little or no help of an adventitious character, has attained a position of respectability and influence. He has, we believe, appeared before the public in other publications, which, however, have had a circulation purely local. On this occasion he challenges notice, by reason of his efforts to

wards the elucidation of a subject national in its bearings and effects.

In substance this book is an argument to show; *first*, that negroes are an essentially inferior and subservient race; a proposition which Mr. Campbell fortifies by copious quotations from the authors mentioned in the title page, which we have given above—and *second*, that, as a necessary consequence of his first proposition, wherever negro and white races exist together, there, the slavery or the extinction of the blacks, is unavoidable. Now, whether we assent or not to these propositions, we must at least yield to Mr. Campbell the merit of a bold and manly statement of his views, and of a laborious effort to maintain them by authority.

It is not our province, holding the position which we do, to advocate either side of this question: we esteem it more fitting to fairly criticise the arguments as presented by the respective champions, and thus turn the attention of our readers to the sources whence *they* may best gather the materials for forming a correct judgment. In this spirit we recommend Mr. Campbell's book as an earnest attempt to support the idea of the natural inferiority of the blacks and their unavoidable slavery.

Our readers will at once see the truth of our remarks from a single extract:

"In the recent discussion upon negro equality, I broadly asserted the fact that there is not one white person in fifty thousand who believes in such a revolting and infamous doctrine, and I frequently dared all the speakers to say if any one of them were satisfied to give his child in marriage to a negro. I need hardly to say that such a challenge was not accepted. How I loathe that hypocrisy which claims the same mental, moral, and physical equality for the negro which the whites possess."

Io: A Tale of the Olden Fane. By *K. Barton*. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1851.

We have gone over the two hundred and fifty pages of "Io" with some care, and have been much struck with the *style* of the work. At one moment we fancied Mr. Barton a *Poe redivivus*, at another some American Alphonse de Lamartine whose light, hitherto hidden under a bushel, was now about to illuminate us with all the splendors of the author of the "Confidences." Now Poe was the farthest possible removed from M. de Lamartine in thought and the clothing of thought—that is style—and hence the reader may infer that "Io" is rather a jumble of heterogeneous mannerisms.

This is, indeed, the fact. Here are paragraphs which you might swear—but for the words "by K. Barton" on the title page—belonged to Mr. Poe.

"The times whereof we write—the days of Io—were in those distant years which lie beyond that glorious epoch, known throughout these eighteen centuries and a half as the Christian Era.

"The material universe differed in no essential point from that which now surrounds us:

"Nature progressed in stages inperceptible to the daily observer, in those earlier as in these later days. Yet was she ever as now advancing toward the goal of perfection."

This is a veritable echo of the author of "Shadow:" here is a paragraph which seems to have been taken from the "Raphaël" of Lamartine.

"Beneath two darkly pencilled brows rolled two mighty magnets, ever emitting from their deep blue orbs that strange, undefined, electric influence which seems to draw toward it by inexorable fate all sympathetic mind, while it, in turn, yields to the undefined attraction in another. The soft and wooing kindness of those eyes was irresistible, and yet there lurked in them the stern element of repulsion. Arouse it and they drove you from their presence and the light of their joy, with a burning and a withering glance—the glance of injured truth, of sincerity turned against you forever, of beauty's sentence falling upon you like the knell of Death itself. Strange fascination! Strange power!"

And this description of the maiden Io is a tolerably fair specimen of the book "Io."

It is no easy task to revive that ancient world which lives for us only faintly and dimly in a few musty tomes in the dead and gone languages of the past. Greater writers than the author of this book have failed. And that, because the successful achievement of any thing like an equally *true* and *lifelike* portraiture demands the rarest combination of qualities.

Shakspere could paint the loftier and the common characters of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" with a truth, delicacy and humor which commands our admiration; but we are the least possible of opinion that the "Dukes" of those times talked thus, or that English "Bottom" was then in existence.

Corneille has given us in his "Horace" and "Pompeè" and "Hèraclius" what aim at being pictures of the ancient past. But instead of Roman men who talk and act as Romans, we have, the characters, the thoughts and the feelings of the stiff and formal seventeenth century, thrown back into that fiery atmosphere of old Rome which nurtured Cæsar and the profane poets.

Coming further down, Scott has failed in his "Count Robert of Paris," D'Israeli in his "Alroy" and "Iskander," James in his "Attila" and other works seeking to depict the earlier ages. It seems impossible that any writer whatsoever can give us an ancient novel which shall be recognized as a masterpiece. The nearest approach to such a work is perhaps Bulwer's "Pompeii."

"Io" is a work of considerable merit, and the episode of the trial of Artimos is finely and beautifully drawn. The book is full of characters which, under a more skilful hand, might have impressed the reader strongly. As it is the book will *not* impress strongly. There is an absence of those powerful lines which reveal the individuality of the portrait—there is absolutely *no* grouping (the first and most elementary of rules)—and no thesis whatsoever. We do not insist on a "moral" in such works but we maintain that a thesis is indispensably necessary.

"We have only to add that "Io" is from the press of the Appletons and presents a very attractive appearance.

The Girlhood of Shakspere's Heroines. By *Mary Cowden Clarke*. New York. George P. Putnam. 1851.

Tale VII. Katherine and Bianca.

Tale VIII. Ophelia, the Rose of Elsinore.

This little serial of which we should say in passing we have received but two numbers, the seventh and eighth, is from the pen of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, whose excellent Concordance to Shakspere has caused her name to be so widely and favorably known.

The design of the authoress seems to be a portraiture down to the most familiar details of what the girlhood of Katherine, Ophelia, etc. *must have been*. Premising as the foundation of her design that such characters really lived and spoke and acted as Shakspere represents, her intention is to let us know the events in early life which shaped their minds and produced those mental features, so clearly and wonderfully delineated by the great dramatist.

A moment's thought will serve to convince the reader that this design is one of most difficult performance. Shakspere is a perilous writer to interpret; it is dangerous to attempt any clearing up of the strange anoma-

lies in his human beings, when all the world confesses that those beings, with all their contrarieties and eccentricities and contradictions were the offspring of a brain whose sublime instinct in human nature *could not go astray*. Like the artist who endeavors to "restore" some masterpiece of the old painters, there is danger of scraping off a portion of the masterpiece itself.

With all the fears for the success of Mrs. Clarke, arising from the convictions expressed above, we ran over these little stories, and were exceedingly pleased. The shrew Katherine and her boy-lover Giolio Vinci are drawn with the utmost force, and the tale reads like a historical revelation of Katherine's early life. The spoiled girl is here before us, who, with the irresistible fate of human nature, is to become the shrew of Shakspere. Bianca is as clearly presented as her sister.

"Ophelia"—the eighth of the series—is a history of "the fair Ophelia" from her cradle to the death of Hamlet's father. We have no space for further allusion, but commend the tale to all of our readers, old and young. A more beautiful and more affecting vision is only to be found in that writer in whose footsteps the authoress seeks to tread, with an admiring veneration.

Mr. Putnam has prettily reprinted the series, and each tale is preceded by a graceful steel engraving.

King Arthur. By *Sir Edward B. Lytton*. Bart. Author of the New Timon. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Hogan, Perkins & Co. (late Hogan & Thompson.) 1851.

It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of our readers to this reprint of a poem, upon which its illustrious author rests his hopes of immortality. He says of it "Here ends all that I feel called upon to say respecting a poem which I now acknowledge as the child of my most cherished hopes, and to which I deliberately confide the task to uphold, and the chance to continue, its Father's name." The cheapness and excellence of this edition will certainly commend it to purchasers.

The Literature and the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. By *Abraham Mills*, A. M., Author of Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, etc. etc. etc. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

In these volumes we have the Literature and the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland, down to the time of Junius, most pleasantly discussed in Forty-Six Lectures. The extracts laid before the reader are chosen with judgment and good taste, and the comments of the author are uniformly dispassionate and proper. Much valuable information of a biographical nature is incidentally given, and the whole is presented in an attractive form and very beautiful typography.

The volumes may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

The Wedding-Dress. By *Alexander Dumas*, Author of "The Three Guardsmen," "Monte Christo," &c. Translated by Fayette Robinson, Esq. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1851.

We cannot assert that M. Dumas is always entertaining, but we may safely say that the reader who takes up one of his multitudinous novels to while away an idle hour, will rarely be disappointed, if he is content with matter which seizes his attention. "Monte Christo" is scarcely an *entertaining* book, but it is undeniably of extraordinary *interest*:—the unfolding by the author of the secrets of that dark heart contains too much tragedy to amuse. Yet we may also say that M. Dumas is most often *merely* entertaining. His historical romances are remarkable for their lively dialogue, their picturesque personages, and an unfailing stream of invention which certainly has never been surpassed, though we include the wonderful exploits of Lope de Vega. We wish we could as highly commend his delicacy and morality—though we would never be guilty of the injustice of classing the author of "Amaury" with Sue.

We have not read the "Wedding Dress" very carefully, and can only add that it is a story whose time is "between the peace of Tilsit and the conference of Erfurt." Eugène Beauharnais is one of the characters.

We have received it from Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport.

The Nile Boat: or, *Glimpses of The Land of Egypt*. By *W. H. Bartlett*, author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

Mr. Bartlett is favorably known to the people of the United States for the very elegant work on "American Scenery," which he got up some years since; a work as excellent in its way (barring the misnomer of "American Scenery" to sketches confined almost exclusively to the Northern States,) as any that we recollect. The present book was originally published in England and met with decided success in the exquisite garb in which it made its appearance. The Harpers have given us a very fair imitation of the English volume, sumptuously printed and with good copies of the numerous illustrations. The letter-press possesses decided interest, both on account of its graphic descriptions of nature and the pleasant flow of the narrative.

Morris & Brother have it for sale.

Life. *A Poem*. By *D. Parrish Barkydt*. New York: William Holdredge. 1851.

This work made its first appearance, we believe, in the columns of the Literary World, which is a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of the verses. We have found it, upon a second examination, worthy of very warm praise. Mr. Barhydt has some of the elements of the genuine poet,—a receptive spirit, deep love of nature, and a generous fervor of expression. He writes, we think, much too carelessly, and we might point out blemishes resulting from this want of pains, which might subject him to the charge of affectation. But as we have not room to quote some fine passages which we have marked in pencil, and do not like to cite defects when we cannot borrow beauties, we forbear to play the critic to that extent. Our thanks are due to the author for a copy of his poem.

The Lily and the Bee; *An Apologue of the Crystal Palace*. By *Samuel Warren*, F. R. S. Author of "Now and Then," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

Such a compound of dashes, hyphens, asterisks and daggers we have rarely seen as this little volume. We have read it with some care, that is to say, we have considered whatever of intelligible ideas can be found floating in its sea of punctuation marks, and we confess ourselves in a condition of utter bewilderment, as to what it all means. The first few pages would seem to imply that the author's design was only to sing praises to her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Albert, but beyond that, we lost ourselves in the fog of type and could catch nothing whatever of the meaning. Even this notice partakes of the confused nature of the performance itself, from our having just read it, and we feel sure that a recurrence to any marked passage would quite incapacitate us from writing one lucid sentence concerning it.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVII. RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1851. NO. 12.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

CHAPTER THIRD.

RICHMOND DURING THE COLONY.

Dr Little

The Legislature of Virginia in 1679 granted to Captain William Byrd land in the neighborhood of the falls of the James, on condition of his making a settlement there. His grant was to begin one mile and a half below the falls on the south side, to extend five miles up the river, and one mile backwards into the woods; on the north side, to begin half a mile below the falls, to extend five miles up, and two miles backwards from the river. He was to place there fifty able-bodied and well-armed men; said men, however, to be armed and maintained by the lower counties; also not less than 250 tytheables, who were to be concentrated in a space of half a mile along and a quarter back from the river. He was to be captain of these men and lead them against the Indians, within a circle of twenty miles around, without pay; if they went farther on an excursion they were to be paid as other soldiers were. He was, with two others, to act as judges, and had the power to make all by-laws necessary to the government of his society. The 250 tytheables were free from any arrest for debt, or any other cause except treason, for twelve years, provided they had not broken jail to enter the community, and they were free from all taxes, except such as they laid on themselves for fifteen years. It was thus proposed to make an armed colony on the frontier, bound by a feudal tenure, as protection against the Indian tribes; these colonies were also extended to other parts of the frontier; one was established where Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, now stands.

In 1680 the number of fifty men was found unnecessary or burdensome and they were reduced to twenty soldiers, and Colonel Byrd was allowed 2,000 pounds of tobacco for maintaining each one.

In 1682 the fear of Indian invasion seems to have died away and this standing army of Virginia, consisting of twenty men and two corporals, was disbanded. The land, which probably belonged to Colonel Byrd originally, was still occupied by him, a trading post was established, and the soil cleared and planted. It appears in the records at that time, until it was made into a town by act of Assembly in 1742, as Byrd's Warehouse; the name very well indicates the character of the place. We hear nothing more of it in the colony's history for some time. Colonel Byrd of Westover, son of the one to whom the grant was made, had the honor of planning and laying out the town of Richmond and of giving it a name.

He had been appointed one of the commissioners to run the line between North Carolina and Virginia, and wrote a very graphic and entertaining account of the toils, sufferings and dangers incurred in exploring, for the first time, the Dismal Swamp, and in passing through a wild and unsettled country up to the mountains.

It was while toiling through these dense woods and dark morasses that the idea of building a city at the falls of the James first entered his mind, and afterwards, while exploring lands in North Carolina, in company with his friend, Mr. Banister, on a journey, as he quaintly terms it, to the Land of Eden, the city was planned. He thus speaks of it. "When we got home we laid the foundation of two large cities. One at Shacco's to be called Richmond, and the other at the point of the Appomattox river to be named Petersburg. These, Major Mayo offered to lay out into lots without fee or reward. The truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost landings on James and Appomattox rivers are naturally intended for marts, where the traffic of the outer inhabitants most centre. Thus did we not only build castles, but also cities in the air."

The prosperity of Richmond as a place of trade, and the great lines of communication now centering here and bringing on them the traffic of the upper country and of the mountains, prove the sagacity of Colonel Byrd in choosing this as a mart for the *outer* inhabitants. From the mention of the place on which Richmond stands, made by Colonel Byrd in his manuscripts the year preceding, it appears to have been a large plantation, and to have had several mills moved by the abundant water power.

In his Progress to the Mines he thus speaks: "Sept. 18, 1732. For the pleasure of the good company of Mrs. Byrd and her little governor, my son, I went about half way to the falls in the chariot. There we halted, not far from a purling stream, and upon the stump of a propagate oak picked the bones of a piece of roast beef. By the spirit which that gave me I was the better able to part with the dear companions of my

travels, and to perform the rest of my journey on horseback. I reached Shacco's before two o'clock, and crossed the river to the mills. I had the grief to find them both standing as still for the want of water as a dead woman's tongue for want of breath. It had rained so little for many weeks above the falls, that the naiads had hardly water enough left to wash their faces. However, as we ought to turn all our misfortunes to the best advantage, I directed Mr. Booker, my first minister there, to make use of the lowness of the water for blowing up the rocks at the mouth of the canal. For that purpose I ordered iron drills to be made about two feet long, pointed with steel, chisel-fashion, in order to make holes, into which we put cartridges of powder containing each about three ounces. There wanted skill among my engineers to choose the best parts of the stone for boring, that we might blow to the most advantage.

"They made their holes quite perpendicular, whereas they should have humored the grain of the stone for the more effectual execution. I ordered the points of the drills to be made chisel way, rather than the diamond, that they might need to be seldom repaired, though in stone the diamond points would make the most despatch.

"The water now flowed out of the river so slowly that the miller was obliged to pond it up in the canal by setting open the flood-gates at the mouth, and shutting those close at the mill. By this contrivance he was able at any time to grind two or three bushels, either for his choice customers, or for the use of my plantations. Then I walked to the place where they broke the flax, which is wrought with much greater ease than the hemp, and is much better for spinning. From thence I paid a visit to the weaver, who needed a little of Minerva's inspiration to make the most of a piece of cloth. Then I looked in upon my Caledonian spinster, who has mended more in her looks than in her humour. However, she promised much, though at the same time intended to perform little. She is too high-spirited for Mr. Booker, who hates to have his sweet temper ruffled, and will rather suffer matters to go a little wrong sometimes, than give his righteous spirit any uneasiness. Sept. 19. After I had swallowed a few poached eggs, we rode down to the mouth of the canal, and from thence crossed over to the broad rock island in a canoe. Our errand was to view some iron ore which we dug up in two places. That on the surface seemed spongy and poor, which gave us no great encouragement to search deeper, nor did the quantity appear to be very great. However, for my greater satisfaction, I ordered a hand to dig there for some time this winter.

"We walked from one end of the island to the other, being about half a mile in length, and found the soil very good and too high for any flood less than that of Deucalion to do the least damage. There is a very wild prospect both upward and downward the river, being full of rocks, over which the stream tumbled with a murmur loud enough to drown the notes of a scolding wife.

"This island would make an agreeable hermitage for any good christian, who had a mind to retire from the world.

"Sept. 20. About nine I left the prudentest orders I could think of with my vizier and then crossed the river to Shacco's. I made a morning visit to three of my quarters, where, besides finding my people well, I had the pleasure of seeing better crops than usual, both of corn and tobacco."

Colonel Byrd proceeded to lay out his town and to collect settlers within it; and in 1742 obtained from the House of Burgesses an act of incorporation.

In this act, bearing date May 17, by which the town, already laid off and partly sold, was granted a charter, we find that it lay below Shockoe creek, partly on the hill and partly under it on the river bank, leaving a large open space above the town between it and the creek. This space, expressly exempted from buildings and kept as a common, was particularly described in the act as lying between the westernmost street of the town and the creek, and between the hills and the river.

Fairs were directed to be held twice a year; one on the second Thursday in May, the other on the second Thursday in November, for the purpose of aiding the newly begun city, and of making it a place of trade.

Privileges were granted to those attending such fairs, on the plan of those held in European cities; power to trade free from tax and impost, freedom from all demands of the sheriff for service, and exemption from military duty. This system is now happily obsolete; it betokens a semi-civilized state of society and had its origin when the principles of trade were not well understood, when commerce was not on any regular footing, and when even intercourse between man and man was not safe.

Whether these fairs were well kept up or not we do not hear; from the fact that other ordinances directing fairs to be held in this town were made at various times, we think it likely that they were but slightly attended, except when ships came from England.

Among the next acts passed, was one forbidding the erection of wooden chimneys, and requiring the sheriff of Henrico to pull down any that remained after three years. This act was renewed again and again, as our ancestors seem to have been fond of log chimneys, although

they risked the future capital of Virginia by their obstinate attachment to that inelegant and dangerous form of building.

In 1752 trustees were appointed by an act of Assembly to lay off the city, to regulate streets, and to settle and determine in all disputes relating to the city; they had the power to elect successors, and to fill all vacancies in their own body. Their names were the honorable Peter Randolph, Esq., William Byrd, Esq., William Randolph, Bowler Cocke, Richard Randolph, Thomas Atkinson, Samuel Gleadowe, Samuel Duval and John Pleasants, gentlemen.

Burnaby, who travelled through this country in 1759, visited and describes the seat of Colonel Byrd, the son of Colonel William Byrd who laid off the town; it was called Belvidere, "as romantic and elegant as any thing I have ever seen; situated very high and commanding a fine prospect of the river, which is half a mile broad forming cataracts in its passage down the falls, There are several little islands scattered carelessly about, very rocky and covered with trees, and two or three villages in view at a small distance. Over all these you discover a prodigious extent of wilderness, and the river winding majestically along through the midst of it."

In 1768 Colonel Byrd laid off the towns of Shoccoes and Rocky Ridge; one an addition to Richmond, the other the present Manchester. We find in the paper of that day, The Virginia Gazette, that they were sold by lottery; it was regularly advertised in successive papers that Presley Thornton, Peyton Randolph, John Page, Charles Carter, Esqrs. and others would act as managers; the time of drawing was mentioned, the lots spoken of and numbered, and mills, ferries and water powers were placed among the prizes. The preface states that the obstructions in the river would soon be removed, that by thus passing the falls the navigation of the river would be opened some two hundred miles, so that there would be only about sixty miles of portage between the cessation of boat navigation and the Ohio river; that thus a trade with the western country and the Indian tribes could be carried on, and that consequently the Richmond lottery afforded great advantages.

Thus early was pointed out the destiny of the capital city of Virginia; the wisdom of its founders selected it as a place to concentrate trade, and the promise of improved navigation, and the suggestion thrown out in regard to the Ohio, contain the first plan of opening a communication with the west for the purpose of trade. The titles thus acquired are often referred to in investigating the rights of property; and although these titles are valid enough, still Richmond cannot be preserved from the charge of having been built up by *chance*.

In 1773 the power of the justices was increased by act of Assembly, in allowing them to build wharves and quays, to erect cranes and other things for the furtherance of trade and for the public good. Another ordinance, directing the pulling down of wooden chimneys, showed the still unsightly and smoky character of the town, and as hogs and goats were abundant and much given to running at large, it was enacted that any man might kill them who chose, provided he did not eat what he killed, but informed the owner of the thing done. Imagination might picture Richmond as it was then; and to do so, let us go towards Rocketts and look around. We see a shabby looking village of log houses, with wooden chimneys stuck at each end of them, and seeming, from the way in which they lean off, as though they had just quarrelled and were about to part company. Some few better built houses render the others more dingy and rough by contrast. The streets, neither well laid out nor paved, are covered with mud or dust; hogs and goats wander about unchecked; pigstyes abound and perfume the air; white headed children in ragged troops, and black ones of all shades of color, gambol in the dust, build mud houses where now well-paved streets and well-constructed buildings stand, bathe in Shockoe creek or swim in the river.

Larger lads hunt and set traps for hares or muskrats where now is the heart of Richmond, the deer and the turkey are found on the hills around, and the plough moves through the present place of business. Where now the hammer of industry rings and the builder plies his trowel; where the beast of burden toils under his load, and the various sounds that mark the existence of busy, noisy man are heard, there the forest spread silently, the deer bounded before the hunter, the squirrel sprung from tree to tree; and the bird built her nest fearlessly where now the mother cheers her offspring.

What a motley crew must the streets of the village have presented; and how many varieties in language, dress, manner and appearance could be seen:—the English, the Scotch and the Irish of all kinds, from the shrewd, intelligent London or Glasgow bred merchant to the servant sold for crime from his native country; the Virginia gentleman with the dress, speech and carriage of the English county squire; the mechanics of various nations and of various trades, working for the rich and indolent men of the province; the shopmen with keen eyes, making the most of his goods and speaking of high prices in England, with the names of European houses and streets as glibly turned from his tongue as those of Stew-

art's and Broadway are now. The Red Indian of many tribes still visited the strong place of his fathers, not to mourn over his loss, but to gain the firewater of the whites, and with it death and ruin. The Cherokees on their trading excursions, and other nations of the south and west all were here, with their wild dress, their paint, their weapons and their language. The West Indian trader and his Spanish or Dutch crew with their strange dress and dialect; the wild-looking waggoner and his hardy team from the upper country; and the wilder hunter dressed in the skins of slim animals, or in the picturesque hunting shirt, are seen. Arms are in every hand; and among this varied throng, the peculiar dress that distinguished the gentleman of the olden time and marked them from the common herd, is conspicuous.

Add to these, Africans of all ages, sizes and languages; for, perhaps, there was not a nation of western Africa whose tongue was not here spoken in one or more varieties, and mingled with broken English and Spanish. Almost every English town has some representative, felonious or otherwise; the Indian, the backwoodsman, the Spaniard, the Dutchman and the African, in all their dialects, stand represented in this Congress of Babel.

Now see the sheriff of Henrico endeavoring to enforce the law and pull down some obnoxious chimney. See the scampering off of children, white-headed and black, the shrill objurgations, downright scolding and abusive epithets of some good wife whose prospect of dinner and comfort is thus interrupted.

Twenty tongues, in as many dialects, are let loose on the devoted sheriff; above all, even the emphatic English oath, rises the well-trained tongue of some old fish wife from Billingsgate, who has rather improved in raciness and vigor by a compulsory voyage across the Atlantic and by the care of stupid negroes from the Guinea coast.

Wild young lads are galloping through the streets; men are buying and selling; horses are in process of exchange; dancing and junketing are going on; the cards and dice are out; in one part the horse race is already begun, and the cock fighters are preparing for their amusements in another. A much imposed on citizen shoots some hog that trespasses; forthwith a hubbub rises, and a quarrel, and perhaps a fight, increases the interest of the scene.

The magistrates sit in conclave to straighten streets and settle difficulties; to order the pulling down of other chimneys, thus occasioning more disturbance and Billingsgate; directing hogs to be shot, and thereby causing endless bickering between man and man. Altogether a queer scene must Richmond have presented in these days of its earlier settlement. Imagine the impossibility of cleanliness, the confusion of tongues, the motley population, and the abundance of mosquitoes and other insects of tenacious character, among such a population.

This was perhaps its appearance on fair days, or on great occasions; then a direct trade was carried on with England, with Africa and with other parts of the world. On other days, it sank back to its usual village quiet. The English style of dress and food, mingled in the lower orders with Indian customs, prevailed. Ale and beer constituted the chief drinks, especially in the inferior class, not having been supplanted by whiskey as is now the case. Even as late as the revolution we find an English brewer advertising his skill. In nothing have we more changed than in dress and drink.

As there was but one paper published in the colony and that at the seat of government, rather a scanty supply of news must have been furnished; it was, however, the advertising sheet for the people of Virginia, and contained notices of sales, descriptions of strayed horses and runaway wives, notices of cock-fights, and accounts of matters and things in general from all parts of the colony. Extracts were usually pasted up at the post-office or in the taverns, and thus information was disseminated.

The best criterion by which to judge the character of the business part of a people is to see in what manner they advertise, and the taste of a community may be fairly estimated in the same manner; for the editorials belong to one man, the advertisements are collected from the minds of many. It will amuse and instruct us then, to select some specimens from The Virginia Gazette, edited in Williamsburg by Alexander Perdie and John Dixon. The first thing that strikes us, is the fondness of our ancestors for lotteries; a taste that has legitimately descended to the present day. As in Colonel Byrd's lottery, already mentioned, the managers of these schemes were men high in point of talent, rank and wealth. Hanover town, and other places were thus disposed of, and the lots thus obtained were settled on or sold to settlers.

Several lotteries, where the prizes were lots in towns, farms, stock and negroes, are advertised by those who took this mode of paying their debts; it being generally stated, that the subscriber had endeavored to sell, but could not from the scarcity of money, and to pay his debts and provide for a large family, took this method of disposing of his property. The names of George Wythe, Edmund Pendleton and others appear as managers, and tickets were to be had in various parts of the colony, and always at the post-office.

One advertiser, in offering his estate in a lottery to pay his creditors, "hopes the public will countenance him, as his misfortunes were not occasioned by any want of industry, but by accidents, and his too hospitable, friendly and generous temper." Among the articles specified, are besides land and negroes, "a bay horse with a bald face, called Ball, a very good riding horse; a new, large copper kettle, &c., &c."

Runaway servants are advertised; generally white men, convicts sold for their crimes; the nation, as well as the description of the person, is given, and sometimes the manner of carrying himself when in liquor. We find Englishmen, Irish, Welsh and Scotch, all in print as runaway convict slaves. Horses of all sizes and colors, found in every part of the state and long lists of letters left in the post offices of Fredericksburg and other places also, are advertised in Williamsburg, that those who have lost horses or not received letters may know where to find them.

In the Gazette of December 8, 1768, a lottery containing prizes to the value of 18,400 pounds, (about $74,000,) consisting of land and negroes, is advertised by Colonel Bernard Moore, to be drawn in Williamsburg; among the managers are Archibald Cary, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Henry Lee, and George Washington, Gentlemen.

It was the custom of the day to dispose of property in this manner; and the managers were gentlemen, (relations and friends of the party putting up the estate.) well known to the public. These were among the first men in the State.

Marriage notices were not as abundant as might have been expected; perhaps weddings were so common, that no notice was taken of them, unless the parties were of note. Or the editors may have been bachelors, and have been unwilling to publish what they considered the follies of their fellow men. We read that David Mead, Esq., of Nansemond, was married to Miss Sally Waters, an agreeable young lady. This title of agreeable is often put after the lady's name; it being taken for granted that the gentleman was agreeable, or else he would not have been successful.

Edmund Randolph is described as marrying a young lady, whose amiable sweetness of disposition, joined with the finest intellectual accomplishments, cannot fail of rendering the worthy man of her choice completely happy. Another description adds to the charms of the young lady, by making her not only agreeable, but possessed of a handsome fortune. A few lines of poetry, signalized with a flourish of trumpets the denouement. And then alongside would be found the number of criminals to be tried at the next court in Williamsburg, as if both were classed together. Matrimony sometimes either leads to, or is followed by ill feeling, as in one instance we find that Nathaniel Talley forewarns all ministers from marrying his son Zebulon Talley to Mourning Abbott, "as he is under age, and this shall indemnify them for so doing." How the warning is to indemnify the parson is not explained. It may be hoped that in such marriage the *first* names of *both* parties were changed.

Husbands and wives advertise each other with abuse; in which the wife, as usual in matrimonial quarrels, having more tongue and knowing better the use of it, has the advantage. Particulars of the whole affair are inserted in one instance, filling half a column, commencing—"Whereas Ben Bannerman my husband has published a false and scandalous account," &c., &c.; but it is unnecessary to show the ill temper of the times. It is gratifying to find that these viragos all date from the old country; not one is found that does not refer to Europe; thus proving that, then as now, our fair countrywomen were as good-tempered as they were beautiful.

We find advertisements of goods from different ports of Europe; mechanics offering their services, and teachers who have learned in England. One merchant bluntly makes known his intention to visit Europe, and the necessary collection of debts, thus: "I intend for Great Britain soon." Another states his going, and the time of return; and another, poor fellow, rather under the weather in health and in pocket too, begins "as it is the opinion of the compassionate Doctor Pope that I may obtain a return of health by a timely voyage to England, &c." insinuating that his creditors will be pleased to wait his return, "which will give him the highest pleasure, &c." A school-master understanding "that a man properly qualified to teach reading, writing and arithmetic, is very much needed in Williamsburg," offers his services, and complains of the want of scholars. Quack medicines and quack doctors, then as now, cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and offer the infallible gull-bait of no cure, no pay.

Schools in various parts of England are advertised, and commended to public notice as healthy and excellent places of instruction for young lads.

In one place, an advertisement is inserted commencing, "George III, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the faith, &c., greeting to our Sheriff of Goochland. We command you to summon Mr. Harris to appear before our justices in our county of Goochland, &c."

In another, Lord Botetourt, Governor of the colony, offers a reward for the discovery of some one who had burnt the kitchen and fired the house of a citizen of the commonwealth. An announce-

ment is made of a match of cocks to be fought in Sussex county, 20 cocks on a side, and the festivities of the day to be wound up by a ball at night for the benefit of the ladies. In the paper of Oct. 5, 1769, after notice of a very agreeable dinner, given by our esteemed representative, Peyton Randolph, Esq., at the Raleigh Tavern, where the evening was spent in jollity and agreeable converse to the satisfaction of all; and after mention of various pieces of election news, occurs the following equivocal obituary, "Died at his house, the Rev. Mr. John Ramsey, *who although not universally beloved*, was an affectionate husband, a kind neighbor, and a faithful friend. Charity—many virtues, many failings." The papers were filled with foreign news extracted from English exchanges, and they did not hesitate to satirize the state of affairs in England, especially where the efforts at taxation were touched on. From the paper of Dec. 28, the following piece extracted will show the state of the public mind in the colony.

PRICES OF STOCKS IN ENGLAND.

Impudence,	Open.
Arbitrary power,	Very high.
Assurance,	10 per cent.
India stock,	Very precarious.
Modesty,	Shut.
Moderate patriotism,	Above par.
Merit,	No. price.
Ministerial influence,	Very low.
Lottery tickets,	14a15.
Gulls,	Near 60,000.
National good,	Nothing done.

To close this subject, we extract the only advertisement put in by George Washington; and we make no apology for inserting it in full, as all that belongs to that remarkable man is of interest to the public.

MOUNT VERNON, Fairfax county.

His Excellency, the Governor, by and with the consent of his Majesties Council, having been pleased to grant 200,000 acres of land on the Great Canhawa, &c., to the officers and soldiers who embarked in the service of this colony, agreeable to a proclamation issued the 19th of February, 1754, by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., then Lieutenant Governor; and having, moreover, been pleased to require that I should receive the several and respective claims of every person who engaged in the service aforesaid, before the battle of the Meadows in 1754, I do hereby give this public notice thereof, requesting that every officer and soldier, or their representatives, will exhibit their respective claims to a share of these lands, properly attested, to me, before the 10th day of October next ensuing, in order that the whole may be laid before his Lordship and Council, and finally adjusted. And to the intent that no unnecessary application may be made, it is hereby signified that no person who entered into the service of this colony after the said battle of the Meadows, (which concluded the campaign of 1574,) is entitled to any part of these 200,000 acres of land, as they were given to the first adventurers, under the proclamation aforesaid.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

At the era of the revolution, Richmond was less in size than either Fredericksburg or Norfolk, and possessed less importance; it was from its central and safe position alone, that it was chosen the capital of the State. It was a collection of villages lying around a trading place; Byrd's warehouse stood just opposite the present Exchange; another large place of inspection for tobacco stood near Rocketts; these with some places of business, Col. Byrd's residence, Belvidere, and St. John's church on the hill, were the only houses of any size or note. The surface of the ground was rough, the hills steep and encroaching on the river; Shockoe creek passed winding through the town; there was no dock and very few landing places; but one church and that out of sight, scarcely ever preached in and badly attended; the men of the city wore the old-fashioned dress, breeches, stockings, large roomy coats, cocked hats and knee buckles for the better classes; and hunting shirts and leggings for the lower.

Such was Richmond in 1775; a collection of disjointed country villages, placed amid the rugged ground at the Falls of the James.

The only man of note in this period of Richmond's history was Col. William Byrd of Westover, who was really the father of the city. His son simply followed his father's example in disposing of lots, and thus carried out his design. We have other mementos of Col. Byrd beside the chief city of Virginia; he was as ready with his pen, as he was prompt in undertaking and skilful in carrying out the running boundary lines through the Dismal Swamp. In his manuscripts published some few years since by Edward Ruffin, Esq., he describes in a racy, familiar style, the incidents and the toils of running the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. A Journey to the Land of Eden is the title of another manuscript, containing his adventures in taking up some wild land in North Carolina; the name was given to that province, because its Governor was Charles Eden, and because the land and the

people reminded one of that ancient garden, by the utter and entire contrast it presented.

A Progress to the Mines completes the volume; he describes in it his visit to Governor Spotswood, who was mining near Fredericksburg, and whom from his being the first to open and work an iron mine in this continent, he calls the Tubal Cain of America. His sketches are lively and off-hand; giving much information of the state of society in that distant age of Virginia, though evidently not written for publication, but for amusement. To judge him from his works, written and otherwise, he was a man of intellect, wit, cultivation of mind and manners, of refined tastes, of great and persevering energy, and with a sagacity far beyond his age. He foresaw the future importance of the place he had chosen, and used all his influence to make it a great city. His talents were appreciated and rewarded; he was made receiver-general of his majesty's revenues here, thrice appointed public agent to England, and finally President of the Council of the Colony. His epitaph describes him as "the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist, and prudent father of a family, the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country."

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

DURING THE REVOLUTION.

Richmond had hitherto been a petty town in an English colony. On the 20th of March, 1775, a body of men assembled in it, collected from all parts of Virginia, who were destined to sever the colony and the country from the harsh rule and unjust taxation of England, and to build up a mighty state and nation. They were also to propose a form of government, as free as it was novel, and to carry out in its administration principles of liberty, which, scarcely heard of then, are now the common property of all nations. This was the meeting of the second Virginia convention. The first one had met in Williamsburg, August 1st, 1774, and had rather sought redress of grievances than any thing else; its tone had been expostulatory and its temper opposed to resistance. This convention organized a provisional government, appointed a committee of safety, and directed that the colony should be put in a state of defence by embodying, arming and disciplining a militia, consisting of yeomen and gentlemen. In it the question of peace or war was decided; in it Virginia pledged herself to resist all tyranny, and to carry on war, if in no other way her rights could be maintained. Richmond then has the honor of having had begun in it the first plan of resistance to British oppression; from her issued the voice of Virginia calling on the colonies to organize, and put themselves in a posture of defence against England, and the men who met in this convention, and the measures they proposed and advocated, took the lead among all others. On Richmond hill, in this city, stands old St. John's church, surrounded by its grave-yard; now, a building somewhat modernized by the addition of a tower, then a plain wooden structure, with nothing of architectural beauty to recommend it, although placed on a commanding situation. This house of God was the place of meeting for the convention; it was no desecration, but on the contrary a most fitting place of meeting for men engaged in so holy a work. Let us look at some of the men composing this body, to see of what material they are made, and whether success is likely to crown their efforts. First on the list stands Patrick Henry, that mighty man of eloquence, a nobler Demosthenes struggling against an encroaching tyrant, and struggling successfully because he lived among a better people. On looking at his efforts, on this and other occasions we know not which most to admire, the intrepidity that made him dare, or the eloquence that made him succeed. Far in advance of his age, from the mountain top of his own intellectual perspicacity, he saw the necessity and the certain success too of the contest, and gifted with courage that defied opposition, and with eloquence that persuaded and convinced all who heard him, he took the lead, offered resolutions pledging Virginia to war, and inspired all men with a courage and with sentiments similar to his own.

Whence had this man this power, and who taught him to sway the minds of others in this wonderful manner? Of a figure tall, spare and slightly stooping; a dark sun-burnt complexion; a grave, thoughtful countenance; a forehead high and straight; the eye dark and deep set under a thick, black eyebrow, and a mouth expressing fairness, gentleness and persuasion; dressed as a country gentleman, and with the accent and knowledge of a man untaught in the schools, he yet possessed the power to wield at will the opinions of the cultivated minds around him. Who can doubt that this man, thus peculiarly qualified for his perilous task, was a being brought into existence for this very purpose. That this untaught and indolent lad, who spent his days in solitude, and whose powers and abilities were unknown even to himself, had within him an intellect and energy, that when displayed in eloquence would shake the throne of Britain, and limit her powers, and create an empire here, seems almost incredible.

He stepped forth, at the appointed time, like one

of the ancient prophets, burdened with a message of wisdom and of hope to his astonished countrymen, and in the language of one inspired, predicted success and urged them to effort, shaming the weak-hearted, cheering the timid and directing the bold; speaking in thunder tones what other men only whispered, and boldly justifying what others scarcely dared avow, his intrepid eloquence earned success.

His mighty voice, like the miraculous sound that prostrated the walls of Jericho, bore down the barrier of awe and reverence that had hitherto surrounded the power of Great Britain, and showed that power, stripped of its defences, no longer invincible when assailed by the indignation of an incensed people.

Peyton Randolph, President of the First Congress, was there, a man who died too early for his country's good and for his own fame; of one of the noblest and wealthiest families in the colony, well-informed, practical, sensible; a sound lawyer, a judicious statesman and an honest man.

Richard Bland was there, who wrote the first pamphlet on the connexion with Great Britain that correctly viewed the subject; a man learned, logical and profound in constitutional lore.

George Wythe was there, afterwards Chancellor of the State, a man of patriarchal simplicity and integrity, able and laborious, the best classical scholar in the house, possessing varied and vast acquirements. In person he was tall, thin and stooping. Kind and benevolent to all about him, he was beloved by the many students who filled his office, by the children whose amusements he contributed to and by his servants whose darkened minds he endeavored to instruct. Of him Henry Clay beautifully and truly spoke when he called him "the immortal Wythe, the patron of my youth, like Cato wise, like Aristides just." He, however, possessed too little management to make him successful when opposed by an adroit adversary. Yet his integrity, modesty, capacity and knowledge of business raised him to high honor and made him universally respected and beloved.

Edmund Pendleton was another of these worthies; like Henry, a man of slight education, he had overcome difficulties by diligence; he was graceful and elegant in person and manner; possessing a mind clear, acute and far-reaching, of great perseverance and untiring assiduity, he was considered the best parliamentary manager in the convention. His talent lay in his persuasive eloquence; and his graceful, easy manner and his soft silvery voice added force to his words and arguments. His dexterity and knowledge of the arts of debate made him a formidable competitor of George Wythe, his frequent adversary in the courts of law.

Of George Washington, delegate from Fairfax, it is unnecessary to speak; or of Thomas Jefferson, men afterwards famous in the annals of the republic and of the world.

Another member was Robert C. Nicholas, a lawyer of the first practice, well trained and learned in his profession, a graceful and very able speaker, and remarkably scrupulous in choosing and understanding the right before deciding; a man cautious, firm and wise.

Richard Henry Lee of Westmoreland also graced the Convention, the Cicero as Henry was the Demosthenes of the House, possessing a noble Roman countenance and a graceful and dignified bearing. A critic, a man of fine taste and of minute and extensive and thorough acquirements, learned in every branch of science and literature, well versed in historical and political knowledge, with a mind untramelled by an education for, or by practice at the bar, he possessed an eloquence the most persuasive and powerful. His speech was not like that of Henry's, a torrent bearing every thing before it, but like a clear, gentle, flowing river, bearing on its bosom the wealth brought from far, and disseminating beauty and fertility along its course.

George Mason, who wrote the first constitution of Virginia, and who was one of the wisest men and most ardent patriots this country ever produced, is the last of these illustrious persons that we shall mention. With them were many others, as wise though not as famous, men of strong minds, firm wills and stout hearts, men to be relied on, who though they shone not so brightly by these stars of the first magnitude, were yet suns in their own districts, gathering influence and dispensing light.

After two days of hesitation, and when thanks had been given to those who had served in the first Congress, when doubt and indecision sat on every face, and men shrank back from the idea of a contest with England, Henry rose and offered his celebrated resolutions that the colony be immediately put in a state of defence by organizing an armed force. It was in this memorable debate that, after hearing and allowing full force to all that had been urged in favor of peaceful measures, he bore down opposition by the force of his eloquence, and inspiring his hearers and the nation with his own spirit, uttered forth the war cry of the revolution, "give me liberty or give me death." The resolutions passed, and a committee of safety was appointed to carry them out, and to watch over the interests of the State. They entered actively on the performance of their duties, organized troops, and directed a stand of colors to be prepared in each district, bearing on one side the name of the district, and on the other "Virginia for Constitutional Lib-

erty," a motto the State has proudly carried ever since in her political course. This was the first deliberate and organized state resistance to Great Britain; Henry has the honor of having conceived and carried it out, and the old church in Richmond is the place where this great principle was first fairly promulgated. It was the cradle of liberty in the south, and the additional honor of being the starting point of the revolution is thus given to the spot, marked out by nature and by Indian sagacity for the capital of Virginia.

Richmond went back to its usual quietness; magazines of arms and provisions were collected in it, and manufactories of powder, cannon and small arms were put in operation at Westham in its vicinity. It served also as a station for troops towards the close of the war, a place of drill and preparation for the southern campaigns, and from being the Capital and Governor's residence became a place of great resort.

In 1779, the seat of government was removed from Williamsburg to Richmond, when Thomas Jefferson was chief officer of the State. It had been proposed frequently before, even so early as 1746, during the time of Governor Gooch. The act of assembly gives, as a reason for the removal, the unsafe and exposed situation of Williamsburg, its inconvenience as a place of meeting for the courts or the legislature, and the central position of Richmond. It directed six squares on Shockoe hill to be bought for the public buildings; the streets to be improved, and the town to be enlarged. It was intended that these squares should lie together, intersected by streets; and on one the capitol should stand, the Governor's house on another, and on the others the courts and offices, the jail and public market houses. The plan was not adhered to. The population of Richmond at this time must have been small, as ten years later it only numbered 300 houses. There was hardly room for the members of the legislature and the officers of the State. The first tavern built was the old City Hotel, used during the time of the convention as a place of resort. It still stands, a plain wooden building; from the shape of its windows, and its general style (if that architectural term can be applied to it) like that of the old church, it was probably built about the same time. It stands on Main street opposite the Union Hotel, and is now used as a carpenter shop. In it, probably, were draughted those resolutions that roused and pledged Virginia to action; it was the resting place for the great men who met to consider our case as a nation. The sound of the saw and hammer, and the rough words of the laborers now strike the ear, where mighty questions of national policy were once discussed; where Henry's fervour in debate and fascinating conversation, where the classic wit of Lee, and the quietly delivered yet forcible opinions of Washington, and of many other sages and patriots, were once heard.

The Capitol stood on the upper side of Pearl street, extending down to Cary; it was a large, clumsy looking, wooden building without any thing to mark it. Had it been a building of any note as to size or beauty, it would have been burnt when the British, under Arnold, entered Richmond. Probably they were unable to discover where the Virginia Legislature sat, and judging from appearance, esteemed the building to be some old warehouse. After the present Capitol was erected it reverted to its original use, having been held as a store and warehouse by the firm of Brown and Rives, one among the most wealthy and energetic houses of the city. The honorable William C. Rives is the son of one member of this influential firm.

Alongside of it, toward Main street, stood at a later date the tavern of The Rising Sun, kept by Fletcher, and much frequented by members of the Legislature.

In 1781 the British force under Arnold invaded Virginia and took possession of Richmond; much blame has been cast on the Governor for not preventing this insult to our State, and for inefficient conduct on the occasion. It is certain, that he had received notice from General Washington of the expected attack on Virginia, and, that although the invading fleet was in our waters and proceeding up James River, yet Richmond was not put in a state of defence, nor the militia called out, until the emergency presented itself. A few militiamen came on the ground, unprepared by possessing good discipline or good officers to meet a well trained foe. The enemy landed at Westover, and marched without opposition to Richmond, burned and plundered at will, and then returned to their ships in safety. It is the greatest disgrace that ever befell Virginia; and although great credit is due to Thomas Jefferson for his services to our State and nation, and for his firm attachment to republican principles; although his name will ever descend to posterity as one of our greatest men and wisest civilians, this unresisted conquest of our capital by 900 men, will remain as a blot on his memory. No amount of excuse can ever wipe away the stain; nor will it serve to say, that he was not correctly informed, had no troops, and could not collect militia. Had he shown firmness, and met the danger instead of running away from it; had he been more anxious to preserve the public honor, than to save the public stores; had he rallied the forces on the spot against the enemy himself, instead of employing all hands in carrying off arms and

powder; he would thus, in place of creating a panic that conquered the town before the enemy reached it, have produced a spirit of confidence, and have driven them to their ships. Patrick Henry, or Governor Nelson, would have exhibited a very different spirit; and in their hands, this great stigma on our State would have been prevented. Had a military man, possessing such powers and supplies, and with the power to call out militia, warned too of his enemies' approach, acted in a similar manner, he would have been broken for misconduct, and probably shot for cowardice; and the State expects more from its chief officer, than the general does from his subordinate. I extract from the narrative of Lieut. Col. Simcoe, who was an active British partizan, and commanded under Arnold in this plundering expedition. His account of the ease with which the conquest was made, and of the panic that pervaded our citizens and forces, is corroborated by the account given in Tucker's Life of Jefferson; although he does not mention the burning and plundering of private property, nor the threat of Arnold to destroy the town, unless he was permitted to bring up his ships and carry off the tobacco from its warehouses.

The streets were filled with the provisions and liquors from the stores; and the hogs of the city got drunk with the British soldiers, and were together seen staggering along the streets—fitting company for such beastly men, and for such a rascally commander.

On the approach of the British no preparations were made for defence; the cannon were hurried off or sunk in the James; the public arms and stores were carried across the river or sent to Westham, and very great general activity was shown in running away. The Governor and most of the white families left the city, and only some two or three hundred militia, uncommanded and already alarmed, were posted on the hills to run away also, as soon as the enemy came in sight. There was not even a show of resistance, nor a gun fired; and a handful of rangers scattered a militia force, far outnumbering them, like so many sheep. "On the arrival at Westover, the troops were immediately disembarked; at first from the reports of the country of the force that was assembling to defend Richmond, Gen. Arnold hesitated whether he should proceed thither or not, his positive injunctions being not to undertake any enterprise that had much risk in it; but Lieut. Cols. Dundas and Simcoe, concurring that one day's march might be made with perfect security, and that by this means more perfect information might be obtained, the troops were immediately put in motion, and proceeded towards Richmond, where the enemy was understood to have very considerable magazines.

"It was above 30 miles from Westover; several transports had not arrived, and Gen. Arnold's force did not amount to 800 men. On the second day's march, while a bridge was replacing over a creek, the advanced guard only having passed over, some of the enemy's militia, who had destroyed it the evening before and were to assemble with others to defend it, were deceived by the dress of the Rangers and came to Lieut. Col. Simcoe, who immediately reprimanded them for not coming sooner, held conversation with them, and then sent them prisoners to Gen. Arnold. Within seven miles of Richmond a patrol of the enemy appeared, who on being discovered fled at full speed; the Queen's Rangers, whose horses were in a miserable condition from the voyage, could not pursue them. Soon after, Lieut. Col. Simcoe halted, having received the clearest information that a road made passable for wood carts led through the thickets to the rear of the heights, on which the town of Richmond was placed, where they terminated in a plain, although they were almost inaccessible by the common road. On giving this information to Gen. Arnold, he said it was not worth while to quit the road as the enemy would not fight. On approaching the town, Gen. Arnold ordered the troops to march as open, and to make as great an appearance as possible; and the ground was so favorable that a more skilful enemy than those who were now reconnoitring would have imagined the numbers to have been double.

"The enemy at Richmond appeared drawn up on the heights to the number of two or three hundred men; the road passed through a wood at the bottom of those heights, and then ran between them and the river into the lower town. Lieut. Col. Simcoe was ordered to dislodge them: he mounted the hill in small bodies, stretching away to the right, so as to threaten the enemy with a design to outflank them; and as they filed off in appearance to secure their flank, he directly ascended with his cavalry, where it was so steep that they were obliged to dismount and lead their horses. Luckily the enemy made no resistance, nor did they fire; but on the cavalry's arrival on the summit, retreated to the woods in great confusion.

"There was a party of horsemen in the lower town, watching the motions of Lieut. Col. Dundas, who, the heights being gained, was now entering it. Lieut. Col. Simcoe pushed on with the cavalry unnoticed by the enemy in the lower town, till such time as he began to descend in their rear, when an impassable creek stopped him, and gave the enemy time to escape to the top of another hill beyond the town. Having crossed over lower down, he ascended the hill, using such conversation and words towards them

as might prevent their inclination to retreat. However, when the Rangers were arrived within twenty yards of the summit, the enemy, greatly superior in numbers, but made up of militia and spectators, some with and some without arms, galloped off. They were immediately pursued, but without the least regularity. Capt. Shank and Lieut. Spencer, who had met with good horses in the country, far distanced the rest of the cavalry.

"Lieut. Col. Simcoe left an officer to mark the position he meant his infantry to take on their arrival, and collecting all the men he could overtake, followed Capt. Shank, anxious lest his ardour should prove fatal; he had pursued the enemy four or five miles, six or seven of whom he had taken with several horses—a well timed capture. On Lieut. Col. Simcoe's return he met with orders from Gen. Arnold to march to the foundry at Westham and destroy it; the flank companies of the 80th under Major Gordon, were sent as a reinforcement.

"With these, and his corps, he proceeded to the foundry; the trunions of many pieces of iron cannon were struck off, a quantity of small arms and a great variety of military stores were destroyed.

"Upon consultation with the artillery officer, it was thought better to destroy the magazine than to blow it up. This fatiguing business was effected by carrying the powder down the cliffs and pouring it in the water; the warehouses and mills were then set on fire, and many explosions happened in various parts of the buildings which might have been hazardous had it been relied on that all the powder was regularly deposited in one magazine; and the foundry, which was a very complete one, was totally destroyed. It was night before the troops returned to Richmond; the provisions which had been made for them had now to be cooked; fatigued with the march the men in general went to sleep; some of them got into private houses and there obtained rum." In the above extract some of the soft expressions require explanation. Captain Shank, &c., "who had met with good horses," is a shaded mode of saying that the Captain had stolen a fine horse soon after landing at Westover; and the men "who got into private houses," &c., would now be considered robbers and housebreakers, and hanged accordingly. Tarleton, another famous partisan, was dismounted from a stolen horse by its owner, in the streets of Yorktown, after the surrender of that city; Virginia lost a great deal of private property by British officers and soldiers *meeting* with the horses, and *getting* into the houses of her citizens in this manner.

This insult to our capital roused the spirit of the people of Virginia; forces were organized in every part of the State, and Lafayette was sent with some continental troops to form a junction with Steuben, and to take command. He entered Richmond in April, and held it against the forces of Arnold and Phillips, who had marched from Petersburg to Manchester. Cornwallis now marched into Virginia, united his forces with those of Arnold, and, driving Lafayette before him, again occupied Richmond.

Of the remaining events of the war; the arming throughout Virginia, the retreat of Cornwallis to Yorktown, the advance of Washington and the French forces, and the final struggle which gloriously terminated the war, I need not here speak. General Nelson had been made Governor and commanded the militia of the State in person at Yorktown. He made every exertion that his office permitted, and pledged his private fortune to raise supplies, and prepare forces to vindicate the injured honor of the State.

Richmond sunk back into its usual quietness; and being a small town, badly built, and only containing some 1,800 or 2,000 inhabitants, must have astonished the foreign officers in our service when told that it was the capital of Virginia. The Marquis Chastellux, who served with honor in the French army, and who visited Richmond in 1781, thus describes it:

"Though Richmond be already an old town, and well situated for trade, being built on the spot where James River begins to be navigable, that is just below the Rapids, it was before the war one of the least considerable in Virginia, where they are all in general very small; but the seat of government having been removed from Williamsburg, it is become a real capital and is augmenting every day.

"It was necessary doubtless to place the legislative body at a distance from the sea coast, where it was exposed to the rapid and unexpected inroads of the English; but Williamsburg had the still farther inconvenience of being situated at the extremity of the State, which obliged a great part of the delegates to make a long journey to the Assembly; besides that from its position between James and York rivers, it has no port or communication with them but by small creeks very difficult for navigation, whilst vessels of 200 tons come up to Richmond. This new capital is divided into three parts, one of which is on the edge of the river and may be considered as the port; the two others are built on two eminences which are separated by a little valley.

"I was conducted to that on the west, where I found a good inn, and my lodging and dinner ordered by a servant whom I had sent on two days before with a lame horse. We were served therefore immediately, but with such magnifi-

cence and profusion, that there would have been too much for twenty persons. Every plate that was brought up produced a burst of laughter, but not without considerable alarm for the bill of the next day; for I had been apprized that the inns of Richmond were uncommonly extravagant. I escaped, however, for seven or eight Louis d'or, which was not enormous considering our expenditure; a short time before M. de Rochambeau had paid five and twenty Louis, at another inn, for some horses which remained there for four or five days, although he neither ate nor slept in it himself. Mr. Formicald, my landlord, was more honest, his only error was the exalted idea he had formed of the manner in which French general officers must be treated. He is a Neapolitan who came to Virginia with Lord Dunmore.

"After dinner I went to pay a visit to Mr. Harrison, then Governor of the State. I found him in a homely but spacious enough house, which was fitted up for him. The Assembly was not then sitting; there was nothing to distinguish him from other citizens. One of his brothers, who is a colonel of artillery, and one of his sons who acted as his secretary, were with him.

"The conversation was free and agreeable, which he was desirous of prolonging; for on my rising in half an hour, lest I might interrupt him, he assured me that the business of the day was at an end, and desired me to resume my seat.

"We talked much of the first Congress in America, in which he sat for two years, and which was composed of every person distinguished for virtue and capacity on the continent. This subject led us naturally to that which is the most general topic among the Americans, the origin and commencement of the present revolution. It is a circumstance peculiar to Virginia, that the inhabitants of that country were certainly in the best situation of all the colonists under the English government. The Virginians were planters; they possessed almost exclusively the priviledged article of tobacco which the English came in quest of into the very heart of the country, bringing in exchange every article of utility and even of luxury. They had a particular predilection for Virginia, and favored accordingly the peculiar disposition of that country, where indolence and cupidity go hand in hand, and serve only as boundaries to each other.

"It was undoubtedly no easy matter therefore to persuade this people to take up arms, because the town of Boston did not choose to pay a duty on tea, and was in open rupture with England. That idea was to be awakened at which every man, educated in the principles of the English Constitution, shudders, the idea of a servile submission to a tax to which he has not himself consented.

"The precise case, however, relative to them, had not yet occurred, though every enlightened mind foresaw that such was the object, and would be the inevitable consequence of the early measures of the government; but how were the people to be convinced of this? By what other motive could they be brought to adopt decisive measures, if not by the confidence they reposed in their leaders?

"Mr. Harrison informed me, that when he was on the point of setting out with Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Lee to attend the first Congress at Philadelphia, a number of respectable, but uninformed inhabitants, waited upon and addressed them as follows: 'You assert that there is a fixed intention to invade our rights and privileges; we own that we do not see this clearly, but since you assure us that it is so we believe the fact. We are about to take a very dangerous step, but we confide in you and are ready to support you in every measure you shall think proper to adopt.'

"Mr. Harrison added, that he found himself greatly relieved by a speech made by Lord North soon after, in which he could not refrain from avowing in the clearest manner the plan of the British government. This speech was published in the public papers, and all America rang with with its contents. Returning afterwards to Virginia he saw the same persons who had thus addressed him on his departure, who now confessed that he had not deceived them, and that henceforward they were resolutely determined upon war.

"The reader will not be surprised at the pleasure I took in conversing with Mr. Harrison. Besides that, I was particularly happy to form an acquaintance with a man of so estimable a character in every respect, and whose best eulogium it is to say that he is the intimate friend of Dr. Franklin."

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CHAPTER V.

CONVENTION OF '88.

Both Washington and Lafayette visited Richmond in 1784, and were welcomed by committees appointed by the Legislature to receive them and express their sense of the great services which they had rendered to the country. Patrick Henry was then Governor, and cordially united with the Legislature in offering this State homage and tribute of thanks.

The meeting of the Convention of Ratification in Richmond was the next great event in its history. It met in the old capitol the 2nd of June, 1788, and afforded a fine field of display

in the intellectual contests of its talented members.

When we reflect on the important issues at stake, and on the weight that Virginia had in the confederacy, we may well question whether, if she had withheld her consent and refused to ratify the Constitution, any government could have been formed.

In the first Richmond Convention the American Revolution was set in motion; in the second, Virginia gave her voice in favor of the Union of the States, and virtually by that decision put in operation the present government. In that convention the destiny of our country hung doubtful, suspended on the eloquence and the influence of the men who composed it. This was the most important public meeting ever held in Virginia, if we consider the question involved, the amount of talent employed, and the brilliancy and vigor of the debate. In the former meeting, if opposition existed, it was rather as to the time and manner of resistance than as to resistance itself, and early in that debate all thought alike on the subject. There was display of talent; yet it was rather the vehement harangue, than the power of argument which distinguished that body. In this one, there was exhibited a gladiatorial contest of mighty and well-trained intellects such as this country has never seen before nor since. Virginia sent her choicest sons to decide for her; beside Henry, Pendleton, Wythe and Lee, men trained in her debates, and who had taken the lead and carried things onward in the Revolution, there were others of strong mind, deep learning, and ardent spirit.

Out of the house and during the canvass, parties were distinctly divided for or against the Constitution; and when the Convention met, they readily divided off, and we will speak of them under these two divisions.

James Madison who had been one of the most useful men in forming the Constitution, now came forth to defend it; he brought extensive learning, natural abilities of the highest order, and a well-trained intellect to its aid. His mind was remarkable for its depth, its clearness, and its comprehensiveness; better fitted for the committee room than the forum, he rarely mingled in debate, and scarcely ever rose to eloquence. He had the peculiar faculty of accomplishing whatever he undertook, and his invariable success exhibited at once his good sense in laying his plans, and his sagacity and perseverance in carrying them out. No man of his time equalled him in the distinct, lucid, and convincing manner in which his state papers were drawn up, and no one has since surpassed him. He stands a model for American writers; for his written arguments, like Marshall's spoken logic, could neither be gainsaid nor resisted. His spirit was too pure and lofty to be soiled in the strife of party politics; he moved above the storm, in the philosophic calm of his own soul, directing and restraining it. Pure in life, simple in manners, plain in dress and appearance, he stands pre-eminent, the first and the greatest statesman this country has ever produced. And he has the even higher honor of being the only prominent public man, filling twice the executive chair, carrying this country through a harassing war, and being closely connected with political affairs during a long life, whose name was never mentioned with detraction, who escaped the ordeal of violent abuse showered on every other great man, and who gained and kept the esteem and the confidence of even bitter political opponents. He possessed that rare combination, a mighty intellect, a practical and energetic disposition, and a heart naturally calm, or with its passions thoroughly under control.

John Marshall brought the treasures of his mind and tongue to bear on the important question. His faculties had not yet acquired strength with training; but his undeveloped powers were formidable to those who opposed the constitution. Totally differing from Henry in his style of eloquence, he nevertheless possessed a power unequalled by any other orator of this country. It was that of analyzing a subject thoroughly, clearing away from it all that might interfere with his view of the case, and presenting the kernel of the matter in his own light. No flight of fancy carried him off, no charms of imagination could make him swerve aside; no matter how high or how far his opponent may have borne off the subject and the feelings of his hearers, his intellect, as surely and powerfully as the force of gravitation itself, seized upon and brought them back. In fact, it was just as natural for him, by the very weight and mass of his intellectual power, to attract to himself the convictions of his audience, as for the earth to draw within its influence all bodies near it. And in debate he was like the stone mentioned in the Scripture—whoever fell upon it was broken, and upon whomsoever it fell, with its crushing weight, he was ground to powder. He was an iceberg of intellect; cold, impassioned, vast; yet attracting by its grandeur and its beauty, and overcoming every resistance by the momentum of its combined mass and motion.

General Lee, commonly called Legion Harry, the famous partisan of the Revolution, gave his voice very decidedly in favor of the Constitution. He was as active in the forum as in the field, and from his knowledge of military affairs, his prompt readiness, and his attacking style of oratory, was a useful member of the House and a formidable opponent.

George Nicholas opened the debate in the House by standing up in behalf of the Constitution; he was young, ardent, talented, endowed with rare vigor of intellect, well informed in all things connected with constitutional law, and possessing a decision and intrepidity that made him prominent. He removed soon after to Kentucky, and became one of the leading politicians, and very first lawyers in that State.

Bushrod Washington, nephew of the General, and afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court, a man of solid rather than brilliant qualities, was another advocate of the federal government.

George Wythe, although generally in the chair as presiding officer, yet gave in his adherence to the Constitution and raised his voice in favor of its adoption. Pendleton, with his ripe wisdom, and Francis Corbin, young, talented, thoroughly educated, brilliant and graceful in oratory; one just entering, and the other, after long service, leaving the political arena, urged in the most effective manner the acceptance of our present system of government. Edmund Randolph, formerly Governor of the State, and afterwards first Attorney General of the United States, whom Clay called "the wise, the chaste, the enlightened Randolph," had been one of the delegates to the Convention which formed the Constitution and had refused to sign it; yet finding the mass of the people and of the States in favour of it, and fearing the evils of the former confederacy, he had laid aside his objections and was one of the most able, as he certainly was the most eloquent advocate of it in the House. He is thus described by Wirt: "A figure large and portly; his features uncommonly fine; his dark eyes and his whole countenance lighted up with an expression of the most conciliatory sensibility; his attitudes dignified and commanding; his gesture easy and graceful; his voice perfect harmony; and his whole manner that of an accomplished and engaging gentleman.

"He has filled the highest offices in this commonwealth, and has very long maintained a most respectable rank in his profession. His character with the people is that of a great lawyer and an eloquent speaker.

"To me, however, it seems that his mind, as is often, but not invariably the case, corresponds with his personal appearance; that is, that it is turned rather for ornament than for severe use. His temper and habits lead him to the stately swelling manner of Bolingbroke, but either from the want of promptitude and richness of conception, or his too sedulous concern and hunting after words, he does not maintain that manner smoothly and happily. On the contrary, the spirits of his hearers, after having been awakened and put into sweet and pleasant motion, have their tide not unfrequently checked, ruffled and painfully obstructed by the hesitation and perplexity of the speaker. . . . . Although when brought to the standard of perfect oratory, he may be subject to the censure which I have passed on him, yet it is to be acknowledged, and I make the acknowledgment with pleasure, that he is a man of extensive reading, a well-informed lawyer, a fine belles lettres scholar, and sometimes a beautiful speaker."

James Innes, Attorney General of Virginia, came late into the House, and made but one speech in favor of the Constitution; yet that was one of the most powerful delivered during the debate. It produced a profound effect on the House, and Patrick Henry in reply said of him, and the sentence describes his eloquence justly: "that honorable gentleman is endowed with great eloquence—eloquence splendid, magnificent, and sufficient to shake the human mind." And Wirt describes him as a rare union of pomp and power; his eloquence, a splendid conflagration.

These, with others of less note and power, were the men who stood up in favor of the Constitution, and urged every argument and used every weapon that the armory of their well-stored minds could furnish to remove objections and enforce its advantages.

On the other side, were exerted all the mighty eloquence, the statesmanship, the talent for debate, the personal influence, and the fervent earnestness of Patrick Henry. Never had he exerted himself as in this battle of the giants, and never did he deserve so much credit for the vigorous display of all those varied talents, rich acquirements, and highly trained faculties which his nature and his position had formed and cultivated. As an impassioned orator, and brilliant, persuasive reasoner, he was well known; yet no one had given him credit for such powers for debate, and such versatility of mind, as he displayed on this occasion.

Richard Henry Lee was also personally hostile to the Constitution, yet he spoke not much against it, and voted finally to submit it to the people.

James Monroe opposed the adoption of that Constitution, under which he was afterwards to hold the highest office. He objected without violence; pointing out the defects and suggesting changes, comparing it with the old confederacy, and wishing rather a union of States than a consolidation of the people into one government. Here was a State's Rights man, and a firm advocate of republican principles. He had served in the Revolution, been wounded at Princeton, and afterwards studied law. He was not brilliant or eloquent, nor even learned; yet from his

industry, energy, knowledge of business, and honest, sincere, sagacious character, he gradually rose to high honor. He united the frank cordiality of the soldier with the acuteness of the civilian. He appears to me a striking instance of a man elevated to the highest offices by the force of common sense and directness of purpose alone, without the aid of more than ordinary talent. Though not great himself, he possessed that affinity for greatness which made him attach himself to men of mind and influence; and his political course, and especially his elevation to the presidency, was owing rather to the weight of character and influence of his associates, Jefferson and Madison. It was the momentum imparted to a lesser body by the motion of a greater, which continued to advance by reason of its inferior bulk after that which set it in motion had ceased to act. Monroe nevertheless possessed, though in an inferior degree, that rare peculiarity belonging to Madison—the faculty of succeeding in whatever he undertook, and, owing to a similar cause, his most excellent common sense.

William Grayson was distinguished even among these men of talent, and that is praise enough for any man. He possessed eloquence, logical acuteness, great power of sarcasm and stores of knowledge collected from all sources. He was one of the most earnest and most able opponents of the whole system, deprecating the ratification of the constitution, and using all his powers in exhibiting and attacking its weak points.

George Mason was next to Patrick Henry, the most bitter and effective enemy to the ratification. He was one of the wisest men this country then possessed; by him was written the first constitution of Virginia, he had sat in the councils of the state and nation, and mingled in all important debates of the time, he was one of the Virginia delegates to the convention by which the constitution had been formed; he had opposed it strenuously there, refused to sign it, and now came into this debate thoroughly informed upon the merits of the question, and decidedly opposed to its passage. His character is better understood by giving the opinions of some great cotemporaries. Madison said of him, that he had the greatest talent for debate of any man whom he had ever met. Patrick Henry considered him the greatest statesman in all respects of the age and country. And Jefferson said of him, "he was of the first order of wisdom among those who acted on the theatre of the revolution, of expansive mind, profound judgment, cogent in argument, learned in the lore of our former constitution and earnest for the republican change on democratic principles. His eloquence was neither flowing nor smooth, but his language was strong, his manner most impressive and strengthening by a dash of biting criticism when provocation made it seasonable." His strong ground of objection was that the consolidation of government was dangerous to the liberties of the country, and he feared that the result would be the establishment of a monarchical form of government. He urged also the want of a "Bill of Rights" as a limit to the general sovereignty given by the constitution, and thought with Patrick Henry, that there was too much ambiguity and indistinctness used in defining the powers and privileges of the government. For twenty days did this discussion continue, and every faculty of mind, every mode of attack and defence, every species of logic and argument, every variety of illustration and every thing that eloquence could dictate to persuade and to convince, was used. Every thing but invective; the courtesy of debate was never broken, and the harmony that prevails among gentlemen was not interrupted. The speakers allowed themselves much latitude in discussion, and the exciting causes of our revolutionary struggle and the principles of all governments were considered and debated. It was in fact a debate on the principles of government, over which the learned Wythe presided, and in whose discussion the strongest minded and most thoroughly informed men in America bore a part. And it was thus, for subject, for interest and for the men engaged in it, the most remarkable debate that this country ever saw. It gave a stamp and character to Virginia statesmanship, and trained her public men, and instructed her people, so that she attained a standard of political excellence which no other state at that time or since has ever possessed.

This convention may be called the Nursery of Reputations, for in it they sprang up into a vigorous growth and to its discussions and displays may be legitimately traced the presidencies and the statesmanlike reputation of Madison and Monroe; the chief justiceship and the legal fame of Marshall; the attorney generalship of Randolph; the distinguished honor in which Kentucky held Nicholas; the senatorship of Mason and of Grayson; General Lee's elevation to the chair of Governor, and the state-wide reputation of all who took part in the debate.

Richmond was filled with persons from every part of the State, who felt interest in the success of the constitution, or who desired to witness these splendid corruscations of intellect; the state house was filled with an eager and attentive audience, competent to enjoy the rich intellectual treat, and who carried throughout the State the opinions of government, and of men which they there acquired. It was at the close of this debate that Patrick Henry, feeling deeply the

responsibility of the position of the house in having to decide so momentous a question, "made an appeal to it, which in point of sublimity has never been surpassed in any age or country of the world. After describing, in accents which spoke to the soul, and to which every bosom deeply responded, the awful immensity of the question to the present and future generations and the throbbing apprehensions with which he looked to the issue, he passed from the house and from the earth, and looking as he said 'beyond that horizon which binds mortal eyes,' he pointed—with a countenance and action that made the blood run back upon the aching heart—to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of more than half the human race. To these beings—with the same thrilling look and action—he had just addressed an invocation that made every nerve shudder with supernatural horror—when, lo! a storm at that instant arose which shook the whole building, and the spirits whom he had called seemed to have come at his bidding. Nor did his eloquence or the storm immediately cease—but availing himself of the incident, with a master's art, he seemed to mix in the fight of his ethereal auxiliaries, and 'rising on the wings of the tempest, to seize upon the artillery of heaven, and direct its fiercest thunders against the heads of his adversaries.' The scene became insupportable, and the house rose without the formality of adjournment, the members rushing from their seats with precipitation and confusion."

One of the spectators who came on purpose to hear this discussion, and who was always strongly in favor of the constitution, said that when he heard this speech he felt as certain that if the constitution was adopted we should be a ruined people as he was of his own existence.* The constitution was adopted in a house of 168 members by a majority of only ten, although the great mass of the people were in favor of it; so powerful was Patrick Henry's influence and genius, and so sound his objections, that it required the weight of Washington's name among the people, and of Madison, Randolph, Wythe and Nicholas among the statesmen to overcome them. If to one man more than another we owe the adoption of the constitution by the people, that man is George Washington; he had advised and labored in the convention which formed it; he had put the sanction of his name to it, and had used in private all his influence to urge its adoption.

* Colonel Posey of Spottsylvania; my informant was Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton, then a tutor in his family.

If Virginia had not ratified the constitution, it could never have gone into effect, and we owe it to James Madison in the house and to George Washington out of it, that it passed. It stands a glorious monument of their united labors.

While Virginia adopted, she recommended important amendments to the constitution, and these afterwards became part of it. Among them were freedom of speech, press and religion; the rights of the people to bear arms, and to assemble and petition for redress of grievances; that excessive bail or fines should not be exacted, nor cruel and excessive punishment used; that trial by jury in criminal and civil cases should be allowed, and that all powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, should be reserved to the states respectively or to the people.

To Richmond belongs the honor of being the scene of this great intellectual battle, the last great contest which the friends of the constitution had to fight; it was to the cause of the union what Yorktown was in the revolution, the place of final and decisive battle.

The utmost joy was expressed when the Federal constitution was adopted; accounts of its joyful reception were extracted from other papers of different parts of the country, and were published in the Independent Chronicle of Augustine Davis. He himself rejoiced in the prospect, and thus discourses: "What Virginian's breast glows not with expectation of this boon, when he considers that its first shoot sprung from this State; that it has been reared to maturity by men who give dignity to human nature; that it is The Tree of Life, whose fruit will enthrone this western empire high among the nations, and raise the firmest and fairest temple to liberty that has ever yet dignified this globe."!

In January 1787 a fire broke out in a store, spread to Anderson's tavern near, and continued increasing until it had destroyed Byrd's warehouse with a large quantity of tobacco in it, and some fifty other houses, with their contents. With much difficulty, the treasury and other public buildings were preserved, although it was found necessary to remove papers and records of importance. The loss to private individuals was estimated at half a million of dollars. This loss fell heavily on many who could ill afford it; and, by the advice of the Governor, a meeting of the citizens was called, and subscriptions taken up for their relief. Sympathy for the sufferers was felt in every part of the State, and committees were appointed in every town to collect funds and forward them to Richmond. In this way much of the injury sustained was repaired, and the city again rose from its ruins. At that time

a fire of such an extent was no trivial matter to a city containing not quite 300 houses.

During this time the capitol was going up; it was at first doubtful on which hill it should stand, while, however, the committee were in treaty with one proprietor on Church Hill and demurring about his price, another on Shockoe Hill offered them land enough as a gift. The offer was accepted and the capitol built on the land given by him; the town began at once to be directed towards the new capitol, lots there rose in value, and the wisdom of the gift was made apparent. Jefferson, then minister in Paris, finding that a state capitol was determined on, and that preparations were making to build it, and fearing lest blunders might be made, and a building put up that would disgrace the State, offered his taste to select a model. He chose the "Maison Quarrée" of Nismes. Its position is upon the most elevated part of the city; its appearance imposing and grand when seen at a distance, or on approaching Richmond from the south; and a nearer approach and closer inspection does not diminish, but rather increases the impression of its beauty, grandeur and grace.

In a letter to Mr. Madison, Jefferson thus speaks, "we took for our model what is called the Maison Quarrée of Nismes, one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, and precious morsel of architecture left us by antiquity. It was built by Caius and Lucius Cæsar, and repaired by Louis XIV., and has the suffrage of all the judges of architecture who have seen it, as yielding to no one of the beautiful monuments of Greece, Rome, Palmyra and Balbec, which late travellers have communicated to us."

Arthur Young notices it thus, "It is beyond all expression the most light, elegant and pleasing building I ever beheld; without any extraordinary magnificence to surprise, it rivets attention. There is a magic harmony in the proportions that charms the eye. One can fix on no particular part of preëminent beauty; it is one perfect whole of symmetry and grace."

A plain, wooden building, surrounded on two or three sides by porches, was occupied by the Governor of the commonwealth; it stood on the same spot now occupied by the square and massively-built Governor's house. This last dates from 1804, and is inferior to many private residences in beauty and convenience.

In 1791 and '93 Richmond was again the centre of attraction, from one of the most remarkable exhibitions of forensic eloquence that this or any other country ever saw. It was in the celebrated British debt case; a case discussed before the Supreme Court with so much ability and eloquence as to place the bar of Virginia, in point of power and excellence, above all others in the Union. The case was this; a British subject brought an action for debt contracted before the war against an American citizen. We had just come out of a long and harassing war; wherein private property had not been respected by the British, and during which also the Virginia legislature had declared the property of British subjects forfeited to the commonwealth, and that any citizen, owing money to any of them, should, on paying the same into the loan office of the government, receive a receipt which should discharge him from the debt. The American had complied with this requisition, and the trial was brought up to test the validity of the law. On one side were Messrs. Ronald, Baker, Wickham and Starke, all men of learning and power. For the defendant appeared Patrick Henry, John Marshall, Alexander Campbell and Colonel Innes, attorney general,—a decided preponderance of eloquence and talent. Patrick Henry came out in all his power on this occasion; so powerful was his eloquence that he forced from the judge on the bench (Iredell) the exclamation, "Gracious God! he is an orator indeed!" And so able were the men on each side, and so eloquently and argumentatively was the discussion kept up, that the countess of Huntingdon, who heard it said, that if those speeches had been delivered in Westminster Hall, each speaker would have been rewarded with a peerage. The case was decided for the American debtor, and a great and important question for Virginia was thus disposed of.

Passing over the years during which Governor Lee, Brooke and Wood were in office, as years of slight interest, marked only by the gradual increase of the city, we come to the time when James Monroe held the chair of state. This was a stirring and interesting period in Virginia's history, and Richmond partook of the excitement. During the administration of Governor Wood, the Armory was begun in Richmond, and other measures adopted to put the State in a posture of defence. The republican party of Virginia had watched with a jealous eye every measure of the federal government; and strong fears were entertained, that it was calculated to increase in power until danger would accrue to our liberties from its action. The chief objection to the constitution had been, that it would swallow up state sovereignties and become so powerful as to oppress the several states.

The legislature of Virginia, judging from many acts of the Federal government that a crisis was approaching, quietly prepared for it by forming an armory and encouraging the manufacturing of arms. The building rapidly rose; it stands between the river and the canal about a quarter of a mile above the basin, and presents very well

towards the river. It has a handsome front, two wings and a cupola in the centre; the barracks connect the two wings, and these circle round so as to include the parade ground, the cannon in long rows with piles of balls, and the workshops. About an acre of ground is included in this area, and every thing is kept with soldier-like neatness and propriety. At first, arms were manufactured and cannon made here; now, workmen are employed in repairing and keeping in order the arms stored away.

The Richmond Armory can equip and arm a hundred thousand men on very short notice. The curious stranger will notice, among the large iron cannon in the yard, six ancient and fine looking brass eighteen pounders and two mortars; they are French in make, containing all of them the fleur de lis in the French coat of arms, and names and place of makers to indicate their origin. A handsome figure on each to represent the sun scattering its rays, and some name as "*le Demoniaque, l'Advocat, le Gourmand*," &c., marks each one. "*Ultima ratio regum*" is marked on the body of every gun, and some of them bear the date of 1678; they are all highly finished, and show great skill in the maker. Nothing is known definitely, as to the manner in which these guns came into possession of the State of Virginia. The most probable opinion is, that they were a gift to the commonwealth from the French king, and were landed to take part in the siege of Yorktown.*

The Virginia penitentiary had been planned and begun; it did not go into operation until the year 1800. The need of such an institution had been long felt, yet it was not until 1796 that the legislature passed an act directing one to be built, and to be a receptacle of all the convicts of the State whose crimes were not punishable with death. It is built on a high, healthy and airy situation in the western part of the city; formerly entirely out of town, but now by encroaching streets and houses nearly surrounded; it covers more than an acre of ground, and its area is filled with workshops. A high wall surrounds it on three sides, the main building forms a fourth side, and the space thus enclosed contains several acres. Men and women are kept separated, and various mechanic arts are taught them. The first building put up was burnt in 1823; fortunately no lives were lost, and apart from the alarm of the convicts at the prospect of being burned, and of the citizens in fear of their escape, no harm resulted. This institution is the oldest of the kind in this country; it is well arranged in every respect and under excellent management.

* For a fuller account of the Armory guns see Messenger for April 1847.—[ED. MESS.

A LEGEND OF BARBER-Y.

There was a little dandy man that lived—no matter where,
Who thought it vastly *comme il faut* to cultivate his hair,
And so he kept in constant pay a hair (and whisker) dresser—
Who called himself in pompous phrase 'tonsorial professor'—
Beneath whose kindly curling-tongs our hero's ringlets twined,
Not Absalom's so beauteous grew, nor hung so low behind,
And soon upon his upper lip, right wondrous to behold,
There sprouted an immense moustache with sunny hue of gold.

Along the street this dandy man would walk, at set of sun,
And as the ladies passed him by, he'd throw at every one
Such melting looks from underneath his hyacinthine curls,
That fixed forever was the fate of all these hapless girls—
In vain they tried to think no more of such ambrosial tresses,
Night, with its hours of dreamy rest, but deepened their distresses,
For in their visions soft and light, Don Whiskerandos came,
A halo round his shining hair and his moustache in flame!

But soon our little dandy man became involved in ruin,
By spending such enormous sums in real grease of Bruin,
The famed Macassar Oil he found a most expensive item,
Alas for those Hyperion locks! he was compelled to slight 'em;
Until one dark and fatal day, completely out of cash,
He vowed to cut the ringlets off and *couper* the moustache;
And having, at the barber's hands, sustained this cruel blow,
That little balance yet unpaid, he bade the barber go!

But when our little dandy man arose, quite late, next day,
He saw—oh sight to fill the soul with terror and dismay!
Upon his lip moustache more fierce than ever brigand knew—
Like young Augustus Tomlinson's, his hair more fiercely grew;
'Twas not confined by art within "its proper share of space,"
Nor yet about the forehead thrown with Apollonian grace—
But like "the fretful porcupine" quite fearful 'twas to view, Sir,
As with its horrid snakes appears the head of the Medusa!

Outspake that little dandy man—"Come hither once again,
"My trusty knight of razor strops, your work was done in vain,
"Bring forth your sharpest scissors now, your keenest Sheffield blade,
"And let your bravest handicraft be quickly here displayed."
Then sat he down, fast flew the shears his tangled curls among,

Like maize before the scythe fast fell his beard so dense and strong,
The floor beneath was thickly strewn with tufts of golden hair,
A gayer and a cleaner man he left the barber's chair.

Still for our little dandy man what horrors were in store!
Next morn the crop upon his head was thicker than before,
The huge moustache depended low upon his throbbing breast—
He seemed like one by 'frightful fiends' and demons sore oppressed,
Before his mirror thus he stood, the scaredest man of any,
As, when the marble horseman spoke, stood luckless Don Giovanni,
And from that hour all human skill did unavailing prove
That superhuman growth of hair and whisker to remove.

With speed our little dandy man 'went flying all abroad'—
By steamer sailed to Liverpool, by rail to Paris rode—
And still no remedy he found, in England or in France,
The fruitless effort only served his sorrows to enhance;
Day after day his health declined, he grew at heart more sick,
His 'matted and combinéd locks' not even Hobbs could pick,
And, more than that, as if to make his anguish but the deeper,
That beard so indestructible defied McCormick's Reaper.

At length our little dandy man, when every means had failed—
For at the worst experiments his spirit never quailed—
Besought a learned African, of widest fame, who said
The only way to cure the ill was—to cut off the head:
And so our hero built himself a private guillotine,
And very soon, beneath its axe, beheaded he was seen.
And now the locks, moustache and beard, translated to the sky,
Are hung, like Berenice's hair, among the stars on high.

X. Y. Z.

A LOVE STORY.

It is our purpose, reader, to write for your entertainment a love story. In it we will develope to you an attachment as remarkable as any, perhaps, that ever originated in the romantic imaginings of the novelist, springing up under circumstances peculiarly unfavorable to its existence, progressing while both parties were subjected to the strongest causes of estrangement, and while impediments almost insuperable were opposed to its consummation.

We do not mean to describe our hero as a gentleman of fine, portly appearance, for he was, on the contrary, of rather a slender and emaciated form; nor do we mean to say that he had hair as dark as the raven's wing, and an eye as black as jet, for, so far as we are informed, the one may have been of a deep red hue, and the other of a greyish color. We may, however, with reason presume that the latter possessed a penetrating brilliancy. It is seldom that a dull eye is set in a head of much brains, and we have the most undoubted proofs that he, whom we are now introducing to the reader, had an intellect capable of conceiving, as he had a resolution capable of executing, the grandest projects. He had a high forehead which was in suitable correspondence with the loftiness of his intellect, and a mouth of inflexible decision, justly indicative of that sternness of will and firmness of purpose which were his striking characteristics. Whether he wore a moustache over that mouth, or an imperial under it, we are equally ignorant, as we are of the color of the coat it was his taste to display upon his shoulders, or of the kind of shoe he was accustomed to wear upon his feet. We are inclined to presume an absence of the moustache and imperial, either of these being, in our opinion, incompatible with true dignity of character. A blue cloth coat with metallic buttons would not have been unbecoming, and we might put patent leather gaiters upon our hero, if these were not an invention of a date subsequent to his time, he having died on the 22nd day of August, 1819.

Notices of deaths and marriages have a universal attractiveness. To our mind there appears no reason why the same interest should not attach to notices of births. We therefore state that our hero was born at Daylesford in England on the 6th day of December, 1732. For fear of manifesting so intimate an acquaintance with his history, as to excite a suspicion of the truth of our statements, we will not give the very hour of his birth, as Dickens has done in his late work, entitled The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield The Younger, confident that the ascertainment of the day will satisfy all reasonable curiosity. Nor will we enter into a minute detail of all the events of his early life. We would thus of necessity transcend the limits we have prescribed for ourselves in this undertaking. We cannot, however, forbear mentioning that he was the sole offspring of an idle, worthless father, who married at sixteen, lost his wife in two years, and afterward emigrated to the West Indies, whence he never returned. The infant son thus lost his mother at an age when he had not been sufficiently strengthened by the nutriment, which the maternal bosom affords, to receive the coarser, less delicate food, which is derivable from other sources. Deserted likewise by his father he was left in a state of entire dependency upon his relations, and was taught, while yet in his childhood, to struggle with adverse fate. We find ourselves in a state of ignorance as to whether he ever experienced any ten-

der emotions for the fair during his youth and early manhood. Were we allowed to substitute inferences for facts, we might venture to suggest the probability that he did, youth being the season of susceptibility and ardor. This much we do know, that at the age of thirty-six he formed an attachment of a strong, violent, permanent character. And now, if licensed to draw upon our imagination, we would describe a neat, little, white, rural cottage, embowered in vines and shaded with umbrageous trees, as the place of the first meeting between him and his lady-love, but in so doing we would depart from the truth. The scene of their first meeting was a very different one. It was the ocean. They accidentally embarked, in the spring of 1769, upon the same vessel, The Duke of Grafton, the one for the inhospitable shore of Bengal in Hindostan, the other for her home in the more salubrious clime of Franconia in Germany.

Inasmuch as she is to occupy a conspicuous place in our story, the reader may be somewhat curious to know what kind of a being she was. We regret that we have not ampler materials for furnishing her portraiture. We will betray no one into the delusive belief that she was eminently beautiful. She was only moderately handsome. She may have had a tendency to *embonpoint* or she may have been spare; she may have been tall or she may have been low; she may have been unusually large or unusually diminutive, or of medium size; she may have had a blue or a hazel eye, a fair or a brunette complexion; she may have had hair bound up and confined in a graceful knot, or freely floating in dark, massive curls upon her shoulders, without conflicting in any manner with any knowledge in our possession. We suppose she must have had a pretty red lip, for we cannot understand how a gentleman could fall in love with a lady who had a pallid one. But even this single suggestion we submit with great hesitancy, having resolved not to supply the place of fact with what is only fanciful. Withal, not deeming these external qualities as worthy of any very great consideration, we are entirely assured that she possessed a mind thoroughly cultivated, and manners in the highest degree engaging. And, as the sequel will show, though born in Archangel in Russia, near the frozen latitude of the Arctic circle, she had a heart as warm as any that ever kindled into a flame beneath the burning rays of an equatorial sun. She and our hero had, we imagine, no formal introduction. And we imagine so because, so far as we have been able to learn, they had no common acquaintance to discharge for them this office of courtesy. Thrown together, however, on ship-board, they rightly considered it better to violate what is usually a very salutary rule of etiquette rather than forego the pleasure of agreeable society, so peculiarly needed during a voyage at sea. The particular occasion of their becoming acquainted we pretend not to know. Whether one day in passing him she inadvertently dropped her glove, thus moving him to an act of gallantry, which demanded a corresponding acknowledgment, or whether as they leaned together over the vessel's side one serene night, she thought it not immodest in her to remark upon the beauty of the waves as they flashed in the moonbeam, or whether he, struck with her appearance and demeanor, and discarding all ceremony, availed himself of the earliest opportunity to engage her in conversation, we are not informed.

We only know that they did become acquainted, one with the other; that this acquaintance by daily association grew more and more intimate, that it finally ripened into the most deep-seated, devoted attachment. Whether she gave him any earlier proofs of this attachment on her part is likewise matter of presumption only, but an occasion occurred upon which she did give such proofs in a most palpable mode. He fell sick; finally grew ill. With no friend on board to attend him in his illness, she concluded that motives of delicacy should have no greater weight with her than motives of humanity. Towards this conclusion she was, no doubt, greatly assisted by the partial feelings for him, which had been awakened in her bosom. She therefore watched by his bed-side during his affliction, with her own hands administered his medicines and cooled his fevered brow, with her own voice inquired after his wants and whispered sympathy into his ear. Under the soothing influence of her gentle and constant attentions he recovered. Without these assiduities he might have died. It is not too much to say that many a one has fallen a victim to disease, who might have been resuscitated with the aid of feminine sympathy and feminine watchfulness.

As his heart began to beat with a stronger and a more healthful pulsation, it swelled with an increasingly fond feeling for the gentle watcher over the hours of his illness. He loved her—loved her deeply. She saw it—she knew it. Another has truly said, "quickly comes such knowledge." He would have married her, would have had the ceremony performed even before their voyage was ended, but an obstacle intervened; one great enough to intimidate ordinary minds. She was already married and her husband was with her. For this husband, however, she had as great an aversion and as hearty a dislike, as for her new acquaintance she felt an unalterable affection and a wild devotion. There was only one way in which she could hold fast to her integrity, and

gratify the absorbing wish of her heart. This wish she refused to gratify if it must be done at the sacrifice of that integrity. It was agreed then among the three that the husband and wife should go to their home in Germany—that they should there live together until they could be regularly divorced in the courts of Franconia. This done, every impediment to an honorable alliance in accordance with her feelings would be removed. How long after this fixed understanding and agreement between her and our hero they remained together on the vessel, we would deem it unimportant to state, even were we in possession of the facts. We think it probable it was several weeks at the least. At that day the mighty iron sea-horse had not set his fleet foot of flame upon the great thoroughfare of nations.

We have no doubt that during these weeks their pastimes were varied in character; that they played many a game of back-gammon and chess together; that they amused themselves by conversing alternately in their respective native dialects; that to diversify their employments they frequently read to each other from a favorite author; and that, when every other source of enjoyment was exhausted, they merely sat by each other's side and felt happy. Finally they separated. The best of friends must separate. She went to Germany, he to the possessions of the British East India Company in Bengal. Their different destinations were thousands of miles apart. Mountains, and rivers, and seas intervened. Under the most favorable issue of events, they could not consummate their wishes in several years. How many contingencies might arise to disappoint their hopes! How many new faces might he see among the young and fair and beautiful to alienate his affections! How many diseases prevailed and might carry him off in the ungenial clime of the torrid zone! How many perils of life would he incur among a barbarous and treacherous population! On the other hand, how might an insidious chill, in the higher latitude of Germany, seize upon her feminine frame and hurry her to the grave? How might the courts of Franconia fix immoveably the barrier that stood in the way of her designs! How might his image fade imperceptibly from her bosom with the lapse of time! How might a heart, unblessed with a husband's affections, though cursed with a husband's dominion, reach out its sympathies towards some being immediately about it, as an unsupported vine will cling to the nearest object, upon which it can fix its tendril! Yet they confided in each other and confided in the future. The one remained in the country of her adoption, quietly awaiting the event, that would liberate her from a miserable connexion and would remove the only impediment which opposed the formation of a tie that would render her happy. The other, in a strange land, entered upon political adventures, civil and military, tending to increase the power and authority of those whom he represented, and demonstrating to the world his own high qualifications for government and his own title to distinction among men.

Amid these scenes of excitement, amid the heavy commercial transactions in which he took a part, amid the onerous administrative duties he had to perform, amid the conflicts of mind and the conflicts of the sword in which he mingled, even when he was lifted high upon the crested wave of Fortune, he forgot not the vows he had made upon the billows of an equally tumultuous and an equally inconstant sea.

After years of patient expectancy the news of a much-desired divorce reached him. He immediately repaired to Germany, married her whom he had so long loved, and from whom he had received such convincing proofs of reciprocal regard, returned to Calcutta, gave a most magnificent banquet, to which were invited all the chief personages of the State, continued to reside in Bengal at the head of the government for several years afterward, until eventually, having won for himself a wide-spread celebrity and a princely fortune, he embarked for his native land. The residue of his life, with but slight exception, he spent at the manor of Daylesford, the ancient heritage of his family, where he finally died in the 83rd year of his age, after having outlived the allotted period of human existence and enjoyed many years of uninterrupted connubial bliss. Our hero is the great Warren Hastings, and she, who blessed him at once with her hand and her heart, the Baroness Imhoff.

J. G. B

Richmond, Oct. 9th, 1851.

DE CAUSIS BIBENDI.

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi; Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis; atque futura; Et vini bonitas; et qualibet altera causa.

IMITATED.

There are, according to my thinking,
Five causes which excuse one's drinking;
First, that your house contains a guest;
Next, that your palate is possest
By present drowth; or, thirdly, some
Forethought of thirst that is to come;
Or, fourth, 'tis plain that drink you should
Whene'er the wine is very good;
Fifthly, 'tis never out of season,
To drink for any other reason.

E. W. J.

Scenes Beyond the Western Border.

WRITTEN ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY A CAPTAIN OF U. S. DRAGOONS.

September 22.—Delightful truly, to escort two hundred waggons with twelve owners, independently disposed, and sharply interested in carrying out different views of emergencies;—the failure of water, grass, or fuel.

Want of water pushed us yesterday far ahead of them; want of grass set us in motion this morning. We had not made much headway,—against a beating wind, when it was made known that Indian dogs had been in camp, and a rather doubtful horseman seen. Fifty sabres and a howitzer were speedily sent back with a roving commission, as whippers in of these tardy merchant-*men*.

We were then on a very brown and very smooth desert; a table land with just enough of the hill about it, as, by insensibly curving out of sight, with nothing below the sky to relieve or correct the eye by comparison, to create the sensation of immensity, and of vast height, as well; it is a very rare conformation, and the effect difficult to describe; the beholder suspects an illusion, but he is doubtful whether optical or imaginary. We were passing for ten miles, apparently over this hill-top, before a shallow pool, which we might dispute with the buffalo, enabled us to encamp.

Alas for hungry humanity! Alas! that the blood of six fat bulls cries in vain from the prairie against stomachs without consciences. So it is—the Saxon soldier goes *that* "entire animal," and still craves a piece of the *hog*.

23.—Here we are opposite Jackson Grove; a point near unsurveyed and unmarked national boundaries:—it was named by an officer who was called upon very suddenly to decide to which of three nations it belonged; there depended much individual, if not national interest:—some half a million of property and the amount of blood that might be risked for the capture or retention of so much. The *decision* was right; (by some four seconds of longitude, as it has proved in 1844): the *act* was to dash across the wide river, swimming in places and with quicksands nearly every where, in the face of one or two hundred Anglo-Saxon prairie rovers (to soften two consonants into one,) armed to the teeth.

Oh, Mark Tapley! thou strange brain-conception! To-day wouldst thou have been content, and have taken credit for cheerfulness. Caught twenty-five miles from fuel in a thirteen hours rain, such "rain as *is* rain;" for fifteen miles we soaked, and mayhap sulked; in vain was excitement offered in the shape of the most convenient herds of buffalo; cows, calves, in fat family groups frisking, as they ran past, the mud almost into our faces:—a cape saturated to board-like stiffness, thrown back—a sodden holster-cover half raised—a horse urged to a deeper splash or two, and then reaction brought us to the cold stage again!

Fifteen miles!—and flesh and blood—mule flesh—could stand no more; the column's head, followed by all its drill-cemented joints, was turned to a quarter where a "woodman's" faith in the "mariner's" compass was confirmed by the greater convexity of the tree-less plain, that it would more suddenly dip to the hospitable meadows of the Arkansas; I knew, too, the *hydraulic* paradox, that in the low, flat bottom we should find dry ground, for it is composed of sand; but for fuel, the poor fellows after their wet, cold ride, had to wade waist-deep, and over tedious quicksands, a quarter of a mile through the river to the Grove, and return with the wet sticks upon their shoulders; and the weather has turned cold. Pleasant passage that of military life!

26.—*Imaginary Friend.* "You neglect me! and for several days past you have had little to do."

"True; but how depressing the circumstances!—rain and frost, in a desert without fuel;—forage fast going the way of all *grass;* and no power to recede or advance, for the caravan is again stuck in the mud."

I. F. "I have heard of winter marches, but always, I believe, when the poor soldier with his single blanket, could have a good fire. Was there really a frost?"

"Last night there was a severe frost, and the winds are very high, and low enough, as you see, to flare the candle under the tent and cover me with dust; but let us change the disagreeable subject. You should have seen our buffalo hunt yesterday as we marched up the river bottom, or rather bull-baiting; an officer chased him toward the road and gave him with his pistol a fatal wound; the column halted, and eleven officers approached and commenced firing, and two had carbines; the animal was at bay, and would dash at any one who came within fifteen or twenty paces; the fire was kept up for near a quarter of an hour; I was practising my new horse, but took deliberate aims; the furious beast must have weighed as he stood two thousand pounds. He had many wounds through the lights; one ball struck his spine or paralyzed it, and he trotted dragging his hinder parts! but he recovered from that. Never did I see such a picture; his eyes glared terribly, his compressed breathings

were snorts of excessive rage, every muscle of his body was rigid or working with effort to vent his anger; his tufted tail stood like an iron rod; the blood from lung-wounds spirted from his sides at every breath—at least fifty balls had struck him,—he never flinched! deliberate shots were fired at his eyes, he seemed not to feel them; at last he sank upon his knees and after many unavailing efforts to rise, as an experiment, I shook a great-coat over him; his rage then inspired him with strength, he rose and dashed after me! Several more wounds were inflicted before the poor brave beast fell and expired. How strange! I have not exaggerated. Usually on receiving a single wound, such as first given in this case, if undisturbed they will lie down and soon die, whilst now and then such an animal as this is encountered, that seems deathless; of course the excitement must give strength and keep them alive."

I. F. "The excitement and motion prevent a fatal coagulation; are not the cows the best game now?"

"Yes, but we seldom get them, they herd separately; the men are on half allowance of flour and bull meat; the bulls are now most dangerous; by-the-by, one of the young officers fell and dislocated his shoulder the other day, his horse at speed trod in a dog hole—that spoils his sport for the season."

I. F. "Are there no signs of your old friends, the Camanches?"

"The animal itself; a vidette on the little hill behind the camp, saw this afternoon a horseman in the sand hills over the river—seeing is believing, but few will believe he saw him.

I. F. "Unwilling men—for it gives them trouble and labour—will only believe what they see and while they see it; such have constantly to be taken care of."

"And grumble at the care."

I. F. "To be constantly on the defensive, and the strongest is not the best school for strategy or military caution."

"True enough, though cavalry is always weak on the defensive, and peculiarly so without grain; on the offensive also, our town-bred soldiers can only be efficient on the prairie through speed, bottom and superior strength or audacity. A surprise or concealed manœuvre, would scarcely be a practicable method; a forced night march would be their nearest approach to it."

I. F. "What then becomes of the common idea that a plain is the ground for cavalry?"

"It is a vulgar error; of practicable ground, a flat plain is perhaps the worst for an attack by cavalry; and it is an arm that always strikes—even when it shields a retreating army. I would choose hilly or rolling ground on which to attack infantry, but especially if supported by artillery, and this ground serves for shelter from the enemy's artillery, and cavalry cannot *rest* under its fire."

I. F. "The Indians then have advantages in attacking?"

"Decidedly in their usual method by surprise, their perfect knowledge of the ground enables them to use the concealment of long swells which we would scarcely perceive; they have no roads, and are never in danger of wandering from their object; their knowledge, too, enables them to form ambushes, a favourite resort of partisan cavalry; they have no jingling arms, their horses are better trained and will endure much more, they lead them without tiring when concealment is necessary."

I. F. And they can operate better in the night?"

"They could—but the prairie Indians never do attack in the night; and foolishly enough, very rarely if ever attempt to drive off our horses, or even merchant teams."

I. F. "Nay! to the D—l his due; that is chivalry!"

September 28.—"The 'Caches.'"

"Yesterday we marched here for fresh grass. I expected a part at least of the caravan; but lo! this morning an express to Taos for mules! It reports the whole caravan still water-bound at Cow-Creek."

I. F. "And I think *you* are getting into deep water, as Oily Gammon says."

"A sea of troubles at least. What is to be done with Uncle Sam's cavalry? the elite of *six* companies of her sole regiment of mounted dragoons. I was ordered since I marched to go on to Santa Fe, then leave New Mexico and winter somewhere about the head of the Arkansas. I replied, you know, that I would either winter in New Mexico or return to Fort L."

I. F. "With an eye to the Señoritas!"

"To save expense; I calculated on an average season!"

I. F. "And it is an extraordinary one. So much for penny-wise notions. Capitalists great enough to be self-insured, must be 'pound-foolish,' *in appearance* to you small fry operators."

"Who could possibly have foreseen when I last wrote, that in seventeen days we should progress but ninety miles! Now will the rations come?"

I. F. "You have made it a question, and you *must* answer! You may starve man as well as horse, or be crippled in your power to act, or circumstances as changeable as the weather in this desert, where the fickle winds have never a bush to stay their fury!"

"When one, after close calculation, has an-

nounced an undertaking which wiseacres pronounce impossible; then to find the scroll of fate unrolling obstacles which experience could not anticipate is a severe trial, and almost with anguish we anticipate the triumph of folly!"

I. F. "And the eternal, 'I told you so,' coming from friends—those prophets of the past."

"I have sent an express back to the officer in command of the company with the caravan, to learn if they will demand escort beyond the boundary; and how far?"

I. F. "Well, keep cool."

"A cool mind in a wet body!" only a free translation.

Oct. 1.—The night before last was to the human body almost freezing cold; there was a storm of raw, searching wind, from which blankets seemed no protection; the fires were all *blown out*—off—extinguished! Bent has come and has ten loads of rations behind, but anxiously awaits my decision whether I shall give him the required notice to reduce his contract in a great portion of flour and beef, not yet purchased. Yesterday afternoon the express returned with a letter from the traders, answering me, that they require my escort to "Red river," nearly to Santa Fe. Immediately after came their interpreter with a confidential message that they could dispense with it *much* nearer, *provided* Bent and his people could be kept in complete ignorance of any intention of returning; fearing it would be communicated to enemies. Nests, they say, of semi-trappers and semi-brigands who harbour not very far from B.'s establishment, and not far from a distinct point of their route. Now, during this conversation, Mr. B. (and suite) walk up impatient for my final answer, for which he had very inconveniently waited a day, involving more or less this very point! A writer of scenic representation of the burlesque, could hardly contrive a prettier comic climax than this pinnacle of the difficult!

My detachment has rejoined, but has gone. Some of the caravan are in advance of others, none can say when they will come. And now shall I dispatch an express to Fort L. for a light load of medicines and other necessaries for eight months in the wilderness, time being precious, or shall I wait for the small chance of the Mexicans dispersing with the escort at the lower Senarone Spring, sixty miles in their country, in which event the command should certainly return?

Fair and bright dawned the first of October! The fierce chilling blast has sung a fit requiem to the infernal September; with its cloudy wings it has taken its eternal flight—may *such* another never revisit poor people so helplessly exposed to its dreary influences! Seven of the Mexicans have died under its inflictions, and twenty more of the comfortless wretches are prostrated with disease.

Oct. 5th, 9 o'clock, P. M.—There has just gone forth from the hill-tops, on the wailing north wind, the wildest chorus that I ever heard; a swelling unison of many tones and a dying cadence! It is music—natural concert music—performed by brutes under the influence of this dark hour which heralds the dread footsteps of winter. And did you not know that wolves howl in concert? Did you never see them under the pale moon sit in circle watching their leader as bipeds do?

All Nature is musical; the birds hail the dawn, and when the God of day touches with his pencil of light the lovely landscape picture, their glad voices swell to harmonious glees of praise. In evening twilight, or when the silvery moon (like Memory) casts the homely in shadow and brightens every point of beauty, that Beauty finds a voice! Like a sigh of happiness, Zephyr swells, and falls, and rises again 'till the answering foliage rustles with music; the myriad insects—whose life is a song—led by sweet katydid, hum a mellow and soothing concord. Now and then this monotone is relieved by the dream-notes of some happy bird, or solo of whip-poor-will, whose song expresses the very Poetry of Night. Ah! *then*, how happy those who hear that music of all,—the *voice* they love!

Nature is full of music, and for every ear—that harmonizes with all smiles and tears—the sounds attuned by man can only accord with the transient mood; he can thrill the victor with the brazen-mouthed voice of triumph, or echo with plaintive flute the lover's sigh.

The wolves then harmoniously howl their plaints to Nature, and soothe their pains with music; it is the natural expression of the hour and its influences, and it strikes in the human breast the chord which they have strung.

It may be singular—I can scarce account to myself—but I *never* heard without pleasure this voice of the Night—the more if it be stormy and threatening—whether in the "witching" midnight hour, or in the lonely morning watch by the feeble guard-fire, their wild and mournful howling has been *ever* welcome. This instant! listen! It comes to my soul far more intelligible music than those extravaganzas of sound triumphantly "executed" by men and maidens.

* * Blessed IDEAL! rosy realm! Welcome resort of sad and weary souls! *welcome*, as to the fainting lost way-farer, struggling with darkness and perils, the rising sun revealing prospects of relief and enjoyment!

Dear Friend! whose presence I have felt—whose spirit has taken the poetic embodiment

and has by the holy sympathy of Love illumined my soul to recognize thee with joy—Sweet Inspiration! that leadest me from this drear world, through transparent skies, to the fountains and groves of Memory—Beautiful Presence!

I. F.—"Dreamer, awake! Thy monologue I endured whilst it touched of earth; but, when self-forgetting, thou transformest thy true friend to a spirit-minister of dubious sex—who, methinks, would wander *here*, from no comfortable abode of earth or sky"—

"Scoffer! Thou knowest not what thou hast done. *Now*,—I feel that we are on the earth.

"There has been a *change*; Destiny has new shuffled the cards of our small fates; they had been stocked by some attendant imp, who was leading us (and tickling us the while with exciting chimeras) to the D—."

I. F. "Nay, Friend, *I* belong to earth—from thy flight descend not *lower:* as your old fashioned friend, I feel interested in your *surface* wanderings; but let your double-refined poetry and romance go 'to the D—.'"

"I submit. But the Reality I think is too darkly, coldly real, the earth *very* earthy; but, to please you, mark—I now attempt a lower level."

I. F. "Where I fear you will scarcely be at home to-night; only tell me then what you did near this hour—two nights ago—with those dark men who excluded me from your presence?"

"It was the Mexican and our merchants whom at last I got together; they insisted upon my going *on*—so I marched fifteen miles next day, and as I approached a camp ground on the river bank, a man ran out and told me that there was a Mexican escort, waiting a few miles above, at the crossing! This sudden and—of late—wholly unthought of news nearly took my breath. Joy and disappointment—of wild and dreamy adventures—had an agitating struggle in my breast, but home-feelings soon reconciled me to Destiny; the brain—"

I. F. "Can master every passion."

"Cool and philosophical as a woman, (of *whom* it may be true,) but the passions not only increase in force with the power of the brain but in a higher ratio."

I. F. "A forfeit! Mathematics are *infernal*."

—"I assure you (it is a secret of mine) that nothing else known among *men* can cope with feminine logic; but that is magical; the d—l can as well resist holy water."

I. F. "Brave man!—when you know there is not a woman within 400 miles."

"But that only makes us think of them the more. Well, at this news it was remarkable and quite a study—speaking of ratios—that the faces of the married men were lengthened in proportion to the length of their married life."

I. F. "Scoffer!"

"'Fairly hit!' Return we then to 'our sheep,' I should say our Mexican escort. They were 50 lancers—an advance party, a 'forlorn hope,' of 150 more who would not trust their carcasses on this disputed ground further than the Cimerone. They all left Santa Fe a few hours after the arrival of a courier from the City of Mexico."

Next morning, leaving the baggage, I marched to the crossing in my best style; on our approach we saw the Mexicans beyond the river saddle and mount, but on our dismounting they were dismissed. Our adjutant rode over to make inquiries and invite them to cross and spend the day with us. Their commander declined, with the pointed excuse that he was ordered on no account to cross "the boundary." There can be no doubt that the Mexican minister seeing General G.'s published letter, announcing our return and intention for "free trade" sake to visit Santa Fe, hastened to inform his government, and that President Santa Anna sent the express with orders to dispatch an escort "within an hour" after its arrival in Santa Fe. They were just in time!

Receiving their hint with a good grace, as soon as the caravan was over, we mounted in order of battle, and as a significant salute, fired a round from the Howitzer battery, the shells were directed in ricochêt down a fine reach of the river between us, and after a dozen of beautiful rebounds, exploded under water—to the manifest astonishment of some of the aborigines amongst our suspicious allies. Then, turning our faces homeward, we filed off,—returned and slept in the camp where we had left our baggage.

I. F.—"Which to-night is twenty-five miles behind you; it is a subject for gratulation, *for you will accomplish your undertaking!* I leave you to your slumbers and your wolves.

LINES TO AN IDEAL.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Ah, all things meet that truly love, I said,
And why not we?
As thousand voices questioned from my heart,
And why not we?

I took my thoughts so lonely and so sad
To the calm shade,
And laid my form to rest on the brown bed
The old leaves made.

I closed my eyes to stop the gathering tears,
But through each lid
They coursing came adown my cold, white cheeks,
Like guests unbid.

I crushed the dead and sear leaves in my hand
To drown each sigh,
And careless tried to smile—but all in vain—
Cold winds swept by.

They roughly bent the boughs and parted them
Above my face,
But back they joyful sprung like severed friends
In glad embrace—

And why not *we?* my pale lips trembling asked—
My heart was chilled,
For a low wail like spirit's voice unblest
The damp air filled.

Then to the darkened, solemn sky I turned,
And twilight's star
Seemed to my saddened and inquiring gaze
An eye afar.

It searched my soul, but thick clouds swift-winged came
And hid from me
With grace, how beautiful! this new born hope
So like *to thee*.

Through falling tears my distant home I saw,
It said, "why stray
'Mid silent woods?" Bright were its cheerful lights—
I turned away—

For as I gazed the quivering gleams grew dark
Like my own breast,
An ice-cold hand upon my throbbing brow
Its fingers prest.

I turned away, but hope new-lit her fire
And gladdened me,
And still my heart breathes out the wish, the prayer,
To meet with thee.

Arthur Lennox, or the Challenge.

BY RALPH LOCKWOOD.

Mr. Lennox was a Presbyterian minister having charge of a congregation in the city of Philadelphia. His labors were so arduous, and his devotion to his duty so unremitting, that his health was seriously affected, and he was ordered by his physician to suspend his labors for some months, as the only means of escaping entire and perhaps fatal prostration. This was in the summer of 1837. He determined to spend the season amid the mountains of Western Virginia, using cautiously the celebrated mineral waters and unrivalled thermal baths of that region. His son Arthur had just graduated at Yale College, and as the studiousness that had won his high honors for him, had cost him some of his bloom, his father determined, partly on account of his health, but more for the pleasure of his society, to take him as a companion of his trip. Arthur Lennox was just under twenty-one. He was over the middle size, with an uncommonly complete physical development. At college he had so well improved his opportunities, that he had acquired a thorough and systemetic education, but his special proficiency was in the Literary department. To this, however, was united a fondness for the experimental sciences, which the fascinating lectures of Prof. Silliman rarely fail to awaken in the breast of every graduate of Yale. His feelings were ardent, and his temper impetuous, and though universally beloved, he had not been without full experience of those college difficulties, which like the falls we get in childhood, though terrifying to the beholder, and in fact just like the things that are so dangerous in after life, really hurt but little, and teach us to walk more securely in future. He was not professedly religious, but his moral principles were sound, and so firm, that aided by early habits, he had passed through the temptations of college untarnished. His pious father saw in the noble young man before him, the lineaments of the conscientious lad who, four years previously, had left the paternal roof,—and he hastened to his closet, that he might weep in secret, as he poured out his gratitude to a covenant God, who had kept his darling from the power of the lion.

Leaving the city in the early part of June, they arrived, after spending several days at intermediate points, at the village of L—, in the valley of Virginia. This village is well known for its picturesque situation, and its flourishing Literary Institutions, to all who visit either the Virginia Springs, or the celebrated Natural Bridge in its vicinity—and in the recollections of many, it is endeared by the refined hospitalities they have received at the hands of its citizens. A week before he left home, Mr. Lennox had paid a visit to Dr. Alexander of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. This distinguished and venerable divine is a native of L—, where several of his nearest relations, with their descendants, reside at present. At their parting Dr. Alexander, unsolicited, put into his hand a letter of introduction, with the remark that if he should chance to make any stay there, it might aid him in spending his time pleasantly. It was a forethought not amiss, for Mr. Lennox was detained there, very unexpectedly, for some time.

It was just after dark that Arthur and his father were crossing in a hack that had brought them from Staunton, the covered bridge that spans the stream, (a brauch of James river,) near which the town is situated. Within the cover of the bridge, the obscurity was complete. When the carriage was midway in the passage, a cow that had taken advantage of the shelter for her night's repose, rose up suddenly before the horses as they were stepping along cautiously in the dark, and so alarmed them, that they attempted

to turn round abruptly, and in so doing threw the light, open carriage with much violence against the timbers of the bridge, and dislocated the shoulder of Arthur, who was sitting on that side. With difficulty the driver succeeded in quieting his horses, and in getting them to draw the shattered vehicle a short distance to the principal hotel, where Arthur in great pain was taken out. A surgeon was sent for, who reduced the shoulder and promised that all would soon be well, but commanded a week's rest from movement. The next morning, Mr. Lennox sent his letter of introduction to Col. Sinclair, to whom it was addressed, and in a short time received a visit from him. Col. Sinclair was between forty-five and fifty years of age, of good family and large property. He had graduated at West Point, but remained in the army only two years and then resigned. to enjoy upon his paternal estate in the immediate vicinity of L—, the sweets of domestic life, with a wife to whom he was most tenderly attached. This dear object of his love had been taken from him in early life, leaving him a daughter, Helen, now about nineteen, and a son, Robert, two years younger. Col. Sinclair devoted himself to the education of his children. the management of his estate, and to matters connected with the interests of the Presbyterian church, in which he was an elder. His frank salute, and his sincere, sympathizing way, made Mr. Lennox feel at once the kindness of Dr. Alexander, in introducing him to such an acquaintance. Col. Sinclair at once proposed that Arthur should be removed to his house. "You could not," said he, "find a kinder host than Mr. Jordan, but it is impossible that in this large establishment, you can be as comfortable either of you, as at my house." Mr. Lennox felt his claims for such special attention to be so slight, that he attempted to decline it; but there was no resisting the peremptory kindness of Col. Sinclair, and that evening saw father and son established in his hospitable mansion. Two days were sufficient to release Arthur from his chamber, and bring him down to the family circle, with his arm well secured by a bandage and sling. Nothing facilitates the progress of acquaintanceship, more than invalidism in one party. The offices of personal attention are so frequent, and of such a nature, that they at once banish formality, and refresh and set a-growing the susceptibilities of our nature, as night dews do delicate flowers. Arthur enjoyed the full benefit of this. He was treated just as Robert Sinclair would have been, by cousin Betsy, a maiden lady, who had never married because her betrothed, in early life, had fallen into habits of dissipation which made her discard him; but his death, which occurred soon after in a very melancholy manner, prevented her from forgetting him, so as to receive the addresses of any of several suitors who would have been glad to offer themselves. Since the death of the wife of her near kinsman, she had presided over his establishment with great dignity, and had been a true mother to his children. To laugh at Arthur when he came down in the morning, for the awkward tie of his cravat, and the set of his collar, and to adjust both for him—to help him to put on a *robe de chambre* of Col. Sinclair's more ample in its volume than any thing appurtenant to himself, and to perform other like kind offices for him, was as natural to cousin Betsy, as her good breeding, and so won upon Arthur, that insensibly he found himself calling her Cousin, along with Helen and Robert. Of course Helen's services to the invalid were of a different character, but they were unembarrassed, appropriate and graceful—she could place the cushion for his disabled arm, pour the cream over his dish of strawberries, and if it chanced that no table was nigh them as they sat together, hold it for him while he used his spoon, or at breakfast laugh to see him chase a biscuit round his plate with his knife, in the attempt to butter it, and then taking it up with a hand that put the whiteness of the flour to a severe test, perform the operation for him. Virginians are proud, foolishly so, some think, of two things—their great men, and their refined ladies. As to the first point, some little allowance must be made for the mother-state of Washington. Henry, Jefferson, Madison and Marshall—and as to the second, they really are not so far wrong as might be supposed, when they say, that for dignity without formality or stiffness, ease without familiarity, grace without mannerism, and kindness without pretence or ostentation, the Virginia lady at home is hardly to be equalled. At least so thought Arthur Lennox. While at college, he had gone but little into the society of ladies, and with all his attainments, and his genial nature to boot, had grown up with the idea that he could make but little figure with the fair sex. He was therefore really diffident and had prepared himself for a serious trial, in being an inmate for a few days of Col. Sinclair's family. What was his surprise to find how easy a thing it was for him to be entertained, and, as he believed, to contribute his share to the entertainment of others. His estimate of himself was enhanced. He was not sufficiently versed in society, to know how much of the credit was due to those with whom he was thrown. Perfectly well-bred people not only possess ease themselves, but know also how to impart it to others. Arthur enjoyed to the full the novel delights of his position. One day a visitor, alluding to his accident. began to blame the carelessness of the man at the bridge, that

he did not see to it that it was kept clear of every thing that might endanger the safety of travellers. "On the contrary," said he gaily, "I thank him downright, and I esteem him as my special benefactor—true, this shoulder was dislocated, but then this other shoulder, my head, body, and other members, in short all that makes up this '*ich*,' as Carlyle calls it, or to translate for the benefit of the ladies, my distinguished self, never was in its experience heretofore, so well located, and therefore I am the gainer by just as much as the whole is greater than the part—no indeed! I mean to make my especial thanks to the toll-man, and tell him that if ever I live to return to Virginia, I will pass him after night, and hope that he will have a cow in readiness, or if he cannot conveniently do so, that he will at least stretch a rope across, that I may have some chance of repeating my agreeable experience of the past week."

Indeed, he began to feel real concern, that his father and himself were so soon to leave L—, the departure being fixed for the third day following. But he was to remain longer than he supposed. Col. Sinclair broke in, rather abruptly, one evening, upon a conversation which was going on round the tea-table, by saying to the father—

"Mr. Lennox, an idea strikes me, which I am surprised did not sooner occur—you are going to the White Sulphur, and so am I—for I make an annual trip there. We will set off, Helen and I, about the middle of July. Now suppose you leave Mr. Arthur to go with us? I am sure he does not need the water, and stage travelling over the mountains might not be entirely safe for his shoulder. What say you?"

"That we are under great obligations for your kind hospitality already, but"—

"No obligations at all—none in the world, but if you have any idea of that sort, do not requite me by refusing my first request. Arthur, how say you?"

"I must confess, sir," said Arthur, "that it seems to me, that I can be of no service to my father in my present condition for assistance or defence, seeing I am no David to overthrow enemies with a sling," looking down at his arm, "and that I would be likely to prove a burden to him if I go, as I certainly shall to you if I remain; but as there are several of you here, I might hope that you could divide the burden so as to make it fall lighter on each one, than it would on him alone. With this candid statement, suppose we take the sense of the house on the question. All in favor of Col. Sinclair's motion, and against my moving for the present, will say aye."

The vote was unanimous, and in this jocular way, it was settled that Mr. Lennox should proceed leisurely by the way of Fincastle and the Sweet Springs, to the White Sulphur, where in about a month he would be joined by Arthur, with Col. Sinclair and Helen. Every one was pleased with the arrangement. Mr. Lennox was fully aware of the advantage to his son of associating at his age with persons of such refinement, and Arthur, as we have seen, recognized the *dulce* even more distinctly than his father did the *utile*. On the other hand, Col. Sinclair was fond of young men, and was particularly pleased with Arthur for his general intelligence, and had been especially struck with his acquaintance with chemistry and mineralogy, subjects which had engaged much of his own attention as an agriculturist. Cousin Betsy had pure goodness enough to love him, without any special cause, yet it cannot be certainly known that his manly beauty and animated conversation, did not revive in her mind images now so mellowed by time, that they were sweet though sad. To Robert, Arthur seemed just the hero that every distinguished graduate of a celebrated University does to a sophomore. Frequently he would be so charmed by his vivid description of Yale, the professors, the exhibition of the societies, and the great Commencement Day, mingled with many a college joke, that he would not open his books the whole evening. But then, in compensation, Arthur was ready next morning before breakfast, to explain for him his analytical geometry, or read his Homer, almost without looking at the text. And Helen—Arthur was an agreeable companion to Helen—very much so. I have said nothing about Helen, except that she was about nineteen. She was not very handsome, but she was what every body calls a very striking looking girl, and that is what every handsome girl is not always. She was large, but her form was perfect symmetry—she had blue eyes, brown hair, and temples so wide, that they impaired the mere beauty of her face, while they increased its expressiveness and gave it character. The characteristics of her countenance were intelligence, dignity and composure. It is strange what a fascination there is in the composure and self-possession of a young girl. It speaks of high breeding, and better, it is the index of deep purity, unstained by shame, and unruffled by passion. It is the pure, deep, tranquil, blue lake, whose mingled beauty and majesty subdue the soul more than the surging ocean. The understanding of Helen was clear, vigorous and discriminating, but not brilliant. Her education had been thorough, and in music her proficiency was of that grade that none ever attain but those who possess the finest natural gifts, and have received a complete course of scientific instruction. Helen was warm in her feelings, and, what only those who knew her well were aware

of, she was romantic in her temperament. It is often supposed that a calm exterior is indicative of cold feelings and apathetic sensibilities, and girls are esteemed warm-hearted and romantic, whose eyes and face flash readily, and whose brilliant conversation proves an eager fancy. In truth, they are often merely excitеable. But for true romance of feeling, for that, I mean, which is self-forgetting, intense, passionate and enduring, in other words, for Love,—for I find that while I am using the word romance I am thinking of love,—give me your quiet, Anglo-Saxon looking girl, with fair complexion and deep-souled blue eyes, who is a little too proud to be vain, and instead of seeking to excite a laugh by a witticism, talks earnest, good sense, in clear, unaffected English. Awaken in her bosom the feeling of romance, (I believe I called it love just now, but no matter,) and it will find there whereon to feed and grow with a vigor and luxuriance impossible for the merely brilliant girl. Helen was fully able to appreciate the intellectual strength displayed by Arthur and his varied attainments. She was much interested in his analysis of Northern character, and the pride with which he would point out the ineffaceable impress of Puritanism, at the same time that he could show off with great humor what was ludicrous among the Yankees, not, however, including himself among them. For this candor, however, as he called it, he claimed the right of making Helen laugh in spite of herself at some things that had caught his observant eye in the Old Dominion. "But indeed," said he one day, "the puritans of the Bay State and the cavaliers of Virginia, were essentially the same noble men. They possessed the same boldness, the same truth, and the same restlessness of restraint unduly imposed. With what instant sympathy Virginia echoed back the battle-cry of Bunker Hill?—and when swords were flashing and blood streaming in the fiercest fight, cavalier and puritan stood side by side in the front rank. It would be hard to say which was the most of a cavalier, Otis or Henry—and James Madison was as much of a puritan as John Adams. I declare," he continued, "as I have contemplated the character of Washington, and beheld his courage, his disinterestedness, his stainless honor, and at the same time his coolness, his patience and his piety, I have been often at a loss to determine whether in his unparalleled excellence was to be discovered most of the cavalier, or most of the puritan."

"Whatever else he was," interrupted Helen, "he was altogether Virginian."

"And that," said Arthur, "accounts sufficiently to you for his excellence. Well, as we agree about the facts, I will not at present adopt or deny your theory.

Upon such topics often, and in a similar strain, would conversation be carried on between them as they sat together in the drawing room, Arthur upon the sofa, his arm supported by pillows, and Helen beside the table with her work. Occasionally, as Arthur would be indulging in something a little extravagant, or overwrought in sentiment or style, he would be surprised, and sometimes piqued, as Helen by a plain remark, or calm question, in striking contrast with his fervour, would show that she was secretly amused at him; and just as often was he surprised, when letting her work fall from her hands for a moment, she would avow, and with earnest look and forcible words would advocate some sentiment which he, while feeling its truth, had hesitated to utter, because it seemed extreme. And so it was that their mutual enjoyment of the society of one another, was so decided, so rational and so unembarrassed, that they were glad to have it prolonged by the arrangement which had just been made. During the three weeks preceding their setting out for the Springs, they were constantly together, though not always within doors. Arthur could ride out, and they made an excursion with a party of young people to the Natural Bridge, and another to the House Mountain, and many shorter ones, with Col. Sinclair, over his estate, and to the summits in the neighborhood, which best commanded the picturesque scenery of the country.

That their appreciation of each other, was not lowered by this further acquaintance is certain, and yet they were both conscious of a shade of embarrassment when together alone. Arthur was more apt to fall into silence, and Helen, as she sat at the piano, playing for him piece after piece, could not dismiss from her mind the feeling that she was looked at, and if her ear caught the whisper of a sigh, she could not prevent the color from mounting a little into her cheeks. How sweet is the young dawn of a May morning!—how Elysian the first notes of music that wakes us from our sleep! But there are things, the beginnings of which are gentler and lovelier than the dawn, and more entrancing than waking music!

The journey to the White Sulphur occupied two days. When they started, Col. Sinclair and Helen occupied the travelling carriage, Arthur drove a sulky, and a servant rode on horseback. After dinner of the first day, however, the Colonel felt wearied with the carriage, and proposed to Arthur to exchange places. This arrangement was continued until they crossed the Alleghany Mountain, and were within six miles of the Springs. Never before had Arthur made so delightful a journey, and never had he appeared to greater advantage. His remarks upon the

mineralogical and geological features of the country interested Col. Sinclair very much, and Helen thought she had never heard him so eloquent. As they rested together upon the summit of one of several mountains which they crossed, waiting for the carriage toiling slowly up, Arthur expressed his rapture in contemplating the scene before them, and poured forth from his copious mind, rich analogies as he compared to human life the wide prospect before them, with its sunlit peaks and dark ravines. its quiet green valleys and rocky wastes, its boundless extent disappearing in mist, but wider than all, encompassing all, and above all, the deep blue heavens—deep blue, save the Western horizon, now all in glory with the setting sun. Helen listened delighted to all this,—she admired it, she sympathised with it. She did not know, perhaps, but perhaps she partly guessed, that this fervid strain was not due entirely to the inspiration of mountain scenery, but was in part the reflection of a brighter glow, as that blazing horizon was of the sun just beneath —that the heart of him who thus discoursed, restraining with powerful effort its consuming emotions, was seeking some relief by expressing in their most intense form, sentiments akin to passion. It was during this ride, that Arthur had distinctly acknowledged to himself for the first time, that he loved Helen Sinclair. That word inwardly uttered, has in the young heart the effect that a word spoken among the Alpine glaciers is said sometimes to produce—it loosens the avalanche—and streams, not of icy desolation, but of fiery ecstacy, flow madly down the steeps of the heart. So it is, wherever the secret word is spoken—in retirement, or even in the gay circle—but when the heart speaks it to itself in the midst of the grand and beautiful scenes of Nature, it seems as if the wide extent caught the sound, and rolled it back in a mighty reverberation to the chambers of that bursting heart. All nature sympathises with true young love, and Arthur felt the stimulus, until his excitement became almost unendurable. Sleep fled from him, his imagination became vivid to a painful degree, his brain reeled, and a sound of sweet music seemed ever present in his ears. Had the ride continued another day, further restraint would have been impossible, and Helen would have heard, what possibly she might not have been altogether unprepared for. But once at the White Sulphur, and Arthur's self-possession was restored. If nature's scenes stimulate the romance of our being, nothing checks it like society. In the gay throng, the ostentatious pageant, among the votaries of fashion or of mammon, where all is artificial or sordid, what is there in unison with young love, all true and pure? Arthur's feelings were now understood by himself, and he could wait for a proper time and occasion to make them known to the object of them. In the mean time, he was almost constantly with Helen, and daily the excellencies of her character were unfolding themselves to his enraptured view. They had been about ten days at the Springs. Mr. Lennox. who was there on their arrival, had gone to the Red Sulphur for a short time. One evening, Arthur and Helen stepped into the ball room, as it is called—dancing saloon it might be more properly termed, being merely a spacious room where music is provided every evening for those who wish to dance, while many go to look on who do not dance, and who never frequent balls properly so called.

"And you do not dance," said Arthur to Helen. "I was very much surprised to hear this—I thought the Southern ladies all learned to dance as an indispensable part of education."

"But being the son of a Presbyterian minister, you ought to have known, that Presbyterianism is the same thing North and South, and therefore you ought not to have expected to see the daughter of an elder dancing."

"That is true, but until one has seen both sections of our country, he is apt to suppose the difference between them to be much greater than it is. But how do you like the restraint? Would you not like to dance?"

"It often seems to me a most graceful amusement," said Helen, "and in many aspect entirely harmless; but it is very fascinating, and I do not know that I would be willing to trust myself to it; for I see that some very refined girls of my acquaintance mingle in dances of a character that seems to me exceedingly unbecoming in ladies. But even if I desired it, I would certainly sacrifice my inclination to my father's wishes. He never forbade me to dance, nor do I think that his prejudices are strong upon the subject, but I am sure that he is pleased to see me refrain, and that is enough to induce me to make the slight sacrifice—a very slight one indeed, if it is any; for I think I am very happy without it."

"Our sentiments agree wonderfully," said Arthur. "I heard my father, who is stringent upon this topic, preach a sermon upon it not long ago, and I felt like dissenting respectfully from some of his positions, but your view of the subject is much more conclusive, and you cannot know how fully I respond to your last sentiment, that one can be happy, very happy, even in a ball-room, without it. But I see there Mrs. G., with whom I am to make some arrangements for a walk to-morrow. I must leave you for a moment."

Arthur had been absent but a short time, when turning his eyes in the direction of Helen, he

perceived that she was much annoyed by the attentions of a young man from Mississippi, who had been introduced to their circle a week before, by a friend in whom they had entire confidence. Since that time he had been much with them, and they had all, not excepting Arthur, been much entertained with his gaiety, and pleased with his generous sentiments. Indeed, Horace Tucker, though not a useful member of society, was an agreeable one. The son of a rich planter, he had been well educated, but he had not sufficient character to resist the temptations which assail young men whose wealth exempts them from the necessity of exertion. Not that he was vicious, or even absolutely dissipated, but he trusted himself too incautiously on Pleasure's glittering, but deceitful and dangerous stream. On this occasion his convivialities had evidently been pushed too far, and his excessive and unsteady bowing, and gallant gesticulation, as he stood by Helen, and his loud and extravagant complimentary discourse, rendered him ridiculous and her painfully conspicuous. Arthur perceived it, and stepping up to him, said, "Mr. Tucker, will you allow me a single word with you?"

"A word, sir, a word! Yes, sir—certainly, sir, if that will do, sir—*verbum sat*—if I give you a Wordsworth, you must not ask for Moore—ha! pretty good that—yes, sir, you can get a word, sir, with the permission of this Helen of—of—confound me if I recollect where she was born, though I have a faint idea that she belonged to the city of Paris. Lady, have I your permission to retire for a moment from your presence? Without your permission, I would not leave you even upon an invitation to sign the Declaration of Independence."

Helen was of course but too glad to get rid of him, and with a sweeping bow and uttering *au revoir* in an emphatic tone, taking the arm of Arthur, with a tragic stride he accompanied him to an opposite window. Here, after offering an apology for the liberty, Arthur persuaded him to retire—but he took it as an insult; said he should answer for it—and, breaking away, went to resume his place by Helen, who, however, had of course availed herself of the opportunity to leave the room, and was waiting at the outer door for her father, for whom she had dispatched a servant. Tucker, who had returned to the spot where he had left Helen, not finding her, and catching the audible though suppressed laugh which proceeded from a group near by, who had observed and understood the whole scene, was hastening away in wrath, as he perceived Helen leaving the door arm in arm with Arthur Lennox.

"Scoundrel," said Tucker to him, "you shall give me satisfaction for this."

"To-morrow," said Arthur, gravely, hoping to get rid of him.

"Aye, to-morrow," said Tucker, "shall be devoted to you, and this evening to this lady—I will see her home."

Arthur's temper began to boil, but restraining himself, he said, "We will leave it to the lady to decide between us."

"No!" exclaimed Tucker, "it is my right, and never will I surrender it."

So saying, he attempted to take the arm of Helen, who, without letting go the arm of Arthur, shrank behind him, and by the movement brought the two young men face to face. Arthur felt that longer forbearance was impossible, and with a single blow he felled Tucker to the ground. Stopping only long enough to see by his beginning to rise, that he was not seriously hurt, he conducted Helen hastily to her cabin, and felt in the tone in which she said, "I thank you: good night." that her acknowledgments were thus brief, because she dared not trust herself to say more. Arthur was so filled with delicious thoughts, that after inwardly regretting that Tucker, for whom he had a sincere regard, had so exposed himself, he gave himself up to a reverie that lasted until it was insensibly merged in his dreams. Next morning, however, the affair of the evening presented itself to his mind in a more serious light, and he felt some embarrassment as he perceived that at the breakfast table in the common hall, he was the object of marked observation. Soon after breakfast a friend, Mr. Lewis, called at his room, and said that he was the topic of conversation in every circle, and that his conduct was the subject of general commendation.

"All this vexes me," said Arthur, "and surprises me very much too, especially down here among you Southerners. I hardly thought so slight a thing would attract so much notice."

"It would not," replied his friend, "any where else than at the Springs, but here where men have nothing to do but to drink water and talk, they catch at every new theme of conversation with great eagerness. Besides, they are enhancing the interest of this one by discussing the probability of a duel from it."

"A duel!" said Arthur, with unfeigned amazement. "A duel! How absurd—why unless I have very much mistaken his character, Mr. Tucker himself would acknowledge that I did nothing but what I was compelled to do—and in fact, when you knocked at my door, it would not have surprised me in the least, to have seen him enter and frankly say as much."

"It is not usual," said Lewis, "for men who have been knocked down, over night, to come next morning, so soon after breakfast, to return

thanks for it: though I would as soon expect Horace Tucker to take the right view of a thing of this sort as any man I know, were it not that he happens to be just now hooked in, most unluckily and unworthily, with a shabby set of fellows from Mississippi—fellows who when they sit down to a card-table, leave their shirt-bosom open, that they may exhibit the handle of a bowie-knife, and who think they show their immense superiority by storming at the servants. This class of men is very justly despised, and by none more despised than by the real gentleman of Mississippi and the far South. Nothing but Tucker's extreme good nature, and reprehensible carelessness, accorded to such fellows the privilege of his acquaintance, upon the single meagre plea that they are a disgrace to the State that he is an honor to in many respects, and nothing but his laziness would allow them to influence him in the slightest degree. But in matters of honor, a man is supposed, very absurdly, to be incapable of judging for himself, and so he has to put himself into the hands of his friends, as the phrase is. If any of these fellows can thrust themselves upon such a committee, I have not a doubt that they would willingly risk the life of any body except themselves for the sake of the notoriety they might gain. But let us hope better things—*nous verrons.*" So saying, he left the room, but before he had taken his hand from the door he opened it again to say, standing—"I forgot to tell you that I heard a handsome compliment paid you this morning from an enviable quarter. As I was coming up from the Spring, I overtook Miss Sinclair, who was talking in a strain of animation quite unlike her usual quietude, to her cousin Henry Carrington. 'Rely upon it, cousin Henry,' said she, 'true honor is not a thing of latitude, nor yet of education merely; and whatever you may say about his being a Northerner, and his father's being a clergyman, and however you may be ready to bet about his fighting or not fighting, he will prove himself to be a man of courage and honor, or I have mistaken his character entirely, and perhaps I know him as well as you do.' Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes flashing, as she turned to acknowledge my salutation. That's a speech you ought to thank me for repeating, for I have no idea that she would pay me in such coin, if she knew that I had brought it to you so fresh and warm."

How little oft-times we appreciate, or can foresee, the influence of what we say or do? Well had it been for Arthur, had that speech never been repeated to him. How lovely those flushed cheeks seemed to his fancy—how those flashing eyes darted their beams to his heart! Never should she have cause to take back her trustful avouchment for him, and confess that she had been mistaken in his character!

He was not long at liberty to indulge his thoughts on this subject, for in a short time some one knocked at his door, and he admitted a gentleman who introduced himself upon entering as Captain Jones of Mississippi. Captain Jones was dressed in the extreme of the fashion, in a glaring waistcoat with a heavy double gold chain going from the button-hole to the left hand pocket, and a silver cigar case sticking up out of the pocket on the right. He wore a glazed cap, and his feet were encased in gaiter boots buttoned up at the sides. After a brief pause, he opened with vulgar formality and pomposity the business of his visit. He was the bearer of a challenge from Mr. Tucker to Mr. Lennox.

Arthur's first impulse was to dismiss him abruptly, and tell him that he would call in person and speak to Mr. Tucker, but a moment's reflection suggested to him that this might subject him to misconstruction, and he merely said, "As this is a matter of importance, and as I have no experience in such affairs, Captain Jones will not consider it as unreasonable if I suspend my answer until this evening."

"Certainly not, if you desire it, sir," and with a formal bow Capt. Jones withdrew.

Arthur began to comprehend the difficulties of his position. Upon no subject could his opinion be more decided than upon duelling. He held it to be at once highly absurd and deeply sinful. So thinking, how could he hesitate? Could he think of yielding his deliberate convictions to a foolish public opinion? No. He had moral courage enough to disregard public opinion, but what would *she* say? She, who had pledged herself for his honorable conduct. He paused in his self questionings, to indulge himself in contemplating the flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, whose visionary beauty and brightness presented themselves with irresistible force. In this condition he felt that his mind was not in good working order, and besides he was entirely without experience in such matters, and so he resolved to send for his friend Lewis to consult with.

Lewis came, and after receiving an account of the visit of Captain Jones, he said to Arthur, "Now tell me frankly, my dear sir, what are your feelings upon the subject?"

"Certainly," said Arthur, "I regard duelling as at once wicked and foolish, and were my principles different, I could not look upon the present affair as sufficiently serious to demand an appeal to arms, even in the eyes of those who justify the practice. You may ask, then, why I have sent for you. I cannot express to you my own astonishment in finding myself pausing for

a moment. I am amazed that I did not say just this much to that vulgar man who called on me this morning—and yet I must confess, that, whether it is that I am infected with Southern notions by breathing your air, or whether I am actuated by some deeper cause, I cannot suppress a desire to have this matter settled without being obliged to say in so many words, I will not fight. My own heart tells me that I am not a coward, and I cannot well put up with the thought that others should have the privilege of calling me so. But I have, as you may well suppose, no knowledge about such matters, and I wanted to ask you what would be the consequences of my refusing."

"Well, you will be sustained by a large portion of the community—all the religious people of course, though you would be surprised to hear some of these speak sometimes—they condemn in formal terms, but so palliate the crime and admire any display of courage, that they seem to give the support of their principles to one side, and the encouragement of their sympathies to the other." The thought flashed across Arthur's mind—how Col. Sinclair would feel, bred up a soldier. "With the ladies the case is pretty much the same. Almost all of them condemn duelling, but all of them do not frown upon it as they should, or it would be put down. Among the non-religious portion of the community, there is a predominance of sound sentiment, I think, in Virginia, but I cannot promise that you may expect this predominance at such a watering-place as the White Sulphur. Your Northern education will make some believe that you act from principle, and others that you act from cowardice. Now that I have given you these theoretical opinions, I will state what may be the progress of events. If you refuse the challenge, you may very possibly be posted."

"Posted!" said Arthur; "what is that?"

"The opposite party," continued Lewis, "will set up, on one or two conspicuous places, a placard, in which you will be denounced as a coward, and will have other opprobrious epithets applied to you; for while duellists are very punctilious in their preliminary communications, placards are usually composed in the grossest terms." Arthur's blood mounted to his temples. "Add to this you will be liable to open insult, if your adversary is not content with silent contempt."

"Mr. Lewis," cried Arthur, "how could I possibly endure this?"

"I do not think you could stand it, my dear sir, and therefore you will be obliged to leave the place."

"Leave the place!" exclaimed Arthur. "Run away as if I was afraid—be forced to separate myself ignominiously from those with whom I associate, and thus bring upon them the imputation of having countenanced an unworthy adventurer—leave my name to be vilified by my enemies while I shut the mouths of my friends by my flight! Never! No principle of true morality can call me to this."

"My dear sir," said Lewis, evidently moved, "I know you, I think and I believe you to be a brave man. If you choose to leave this place, no man shall say aught against you in my hearing. No man can be more opposed to duelling than I am, and I shall honor you with my whole heart, if you refuse this challenge. But those Mississippi fellows know me, and I will give them to understand clearly, that if they say anything against your character, I will hold them accountable for it."

"Your advising me to refuse the challenge," said Arthur, smiling in spite of himself at the inconsistency of his friend, "and promising, in the same breath, to fight for me yourself, is more friendly than logical. But again I ask you, is there not good reason to hope, that by my authorizing you as my friend to confer with Capt. Jones, you could adjust this matter, without either fighting or categorically refusing."

"I fear not," said Lewis. "This militia captain, Jones, is a rowdy fellow I am persuaded, and would be pleased to have the management of a duel in which he was not to be shot at, and the least appearance of anxiety on my part to settle the matter, would make him the more difficult. Besides, if you commission me as your friend to take it up at all, there is in some sort an implied pledge that you will go on with it if it cannot be settled."

"What then do you advise?" said Arthur.

"I advise nothing," said Lewis; "this is an affair in which no one ought to take the responsibility of giving advice. I have set before you to the best of my ability the state of the case, and now you must decide for yourself. I will leave you now: when shall I return?"

"At five, if you please: I am to send some reply to Capt. Jones this evening."

"Well, I will be back at five, though I would much rather that you could sleep on it, for, as I know by experience, a night's rest often makes a great difference in a man's feelings."

Left to himself, Arthur's imagination worked up into elaborate pictures the materials furnished by Lewis. He saw himself dishonored, pointed at, whispered about, shunned. He pictured to himself the various groups, with eager curiosity, hastening to read the foul placard. How could he meet the pitying look of Col. Sinclair? and could he dare to approach again her who had been the sponsor for his honor? No—he felt the truth of what Lewis had said—he could remain

there no longer. And would he tamely surrender her who was dearer to him than life, to the machinations of a set of bullies? (He always exonerated Tucker.) No, manhood, truth and love, alike forbade the dastardly thought. He felt that he might trust to an overruling Providence—ah, could he? His principles were too enlightened, and his religious sentiments too sincere, to allow him to entertain for many moments the idea that he could expect the blessing of Providence, if wilfully he entered upon a path which might probably lead to the wicked shedding of human blood. And the miserable young man bent down his head in agony on his knees. Violent and long was the struggle between feeling and principle, and when, exhausted by the inward conflict, he ceased from the effort to come to a decision, principle had not triumphed, that is, it had been overcome; for error always keeps the field when a drawn battle is proclaimed between her and truth. Arthur could not decide whether in the last resort, he would go to the bloody field, or whether he would refuse and bear the consequences, but he did decide that he would run the risk of commissioning Lewis to act as his friend and meet Captain Jones.

This mental conflict which I have so imperfectly described, lasted about four hours, and during the whole of it, Arthur felt the strongest impulse to hasten to Helen Sinclair, confess his love for her, confide to her his trouble, and place his fate in her hands. But while he felt the impulse, the thought seemed too preposterous to be considered for a moment. Was this a time to avow his passion? How unmanly as well as how unbecoming, to consult a young girl upon such a subject? Nevertheless, Arthur Lennox, well had it been for thee, hadst thou yielded to that impulse—it was the whispering of thy guardian angel. The passionate heart of that quiet, blue-eyed girl, has perceived thy love, and is ready, from its own depths, to answer to it. And with all your intellect, Arthur Lennox, Helen Sinclair has a clearer view of essential truth than you have. And brave as you are, her moral courage will droop never a pinion where yours will cower; and therefore, Arthur Lennox, well hadst thou done to have gone to Helen as a counsellor.

Lewis came at the appointed hour, and after hearing the decision of Arthur, again explained to him that it was to some extent a committal of of himself, and that he entertained but little hope that he could do any thing with Jones. Lewis was right in his anticipations—Jones would consent to nothing, except on conditions which Lewis told him he should not repeat in his presence, and which of course he did not communicate to Lennox. The result was, that Arthur Lennox had, by 10 o'clock, sent by the hands of his reluctant friend an acceptance of the challenge.

I will not attempt to describe his feelings during that sleepless night. At one time he would with a shudder bury his head in his pillow, as he thought of himself as the possible murderer of a man for whom he entertained even friendly sentiments, and then with the image of Helen before him, he would eagerly justify himself and bewail the fate he could not shun. In such dreadful fluctuations of feeling he welcomed the dawn. During the day his demeanor was calm, but his inward anguish was but the more consuming. He had not seen Helen for two days. He dared not trust himself with her. Colonel Sinclair had, to his relief, left the Springs that morning and would not be back until night. Arthur remained in his room all day expecting Lewis to call on him to make arrangements for the contemplated meeting. Lewis, however, did not come. In the evening, as he was standing at his window, to his surprise Arthur saw his father, who was not expected for several days, get out of the stage. He stepped out to meet him, and his father exclaimed, "My son, are you ill?" Arthur said that he was slightly indisposed, but his father was not to be thus put off, and accompanying him to his chamber he perceived that it was mental distress, not bodily sickness that gave him such a haggard look. What can escape or deceive the eye of a fond parent, accustomed for years to scan every varying expression of the countenance of a beloved child?

"My son," said he, "some sore distress has come upon you—tell me I beseech you what it is?"

Arthur tried to evade the inquiry, but his increasing perturbation only augmented his father's anxiety, and added solemnity to his entreaties and commands to entrust him with that which it was his right in the sight of God to know. At last, overcome, Arthur threw his arms round his neck, and with bursting heart exclaimed:

"Father, I have never concealed any thing from you. Until now I never had any thing to conceal, and now I will tell you all, though it will go nigh to kill you."

"My son cannot have committed crime, and any thing else, I think by God's help, I can bear."

"Say not so, Father, until you have learned all. You know not how near I may be to crime."

"Never so near that God's power cannot rescue you. Say on, my son."

With his elbow resting on the table, and his hand shading his eyes, for he could not look up, in a low but now steady tone, Arthur told his father every thing, not omitting his love for Helen.

As he proceeded in his narrative of the efforts to avoid the duel, his father's hands were clasped. his body inclined forward, and his eyes almost protruding from their sockets with agonizing anxiety, and when he said that he had accepted the challenge, he uttered a sharp cry as if pierced, and fell forward on the table between them. Arthur sprang to him to raise him, exclaiming:

"Father, father," and as he looked upon his pallid features, "oh, my God, I have killed my father!"

He laid him on a bed and was rushing out of the room for aid, when, in a feeble tone, his father said, "no, my son, let us be alone."

Arthur saw him clasp his hands and raise them over his breast, and saw his pale lips moving in supplication to God. Soon he revived entirely, and sitting up said,

"Blessed be God, who, by his Providence, caused me to return to-day—and now, my son, we must leave this place in the stage to-night."

"Leave this place to night, father! and would you have to-morrow's sun rise on me branded with dishonor?"

"My son, you are not now in a condition to reason—think not that I mean to upbraid. Well I know the fiery trial to which you have been subjected—no human strength, unaided by grace from on high, which alas, my boy, you have not sought, could resist it—never did the tempter set more artful toils to secure a noble prey. But I see clearly that the only safety for you is to leave this place."

"Father, I cannot; what will the world say?"

"Let it say, my son, what it will, if God and your conscience say peace."

"And, Father, what will she say?"

"If she is worthy of you, Arthur, as I believe she is, she will say that you have done right. But better lose her, if you must, than lose your soul."

"Father, I cannot."

"Say not so, my son, God will give you strength. Arthur, often have I prayed with you in childhood, kneel with me now my son, oh kneel with me, and let us implore God together, that he would give us grace to help in this time of sorest need!"

And they kneeled together, father and son, as they had often done before, and as in solemn and fervent strain, the father prayed for the *lad*, as in touching scripture phrase he called him, "for the life of the lad, even for the life of his soul,"—the long revered voice, with its hallowed associations, overcame Arthur. He wept like a child—the mists of pride and false shame melted from his eyes—by the divine blessing sought and obtained, error was driven from his soul, and serene, heavenly truth resumed her throne there. They arose.

"Father, I yield, I yield. God's will be done."

"Amen, my son, God's name be praised."

They left the White Sulphur that night, Mr. Lennox merely saying, that a matter of the utmost moment required their instant departure, and requesting the manager of the hotel to present their farewell to the family of Colonel Sinclair and other friends, and to say that the emergency of their departure prevented more formal leave-taking.

The dejection of Arthur was extreme, notwithstanding the tenderest and most skilful efforts on the part of his father at once to arouse and soothe him. This dejection continued after their arrival at Philadelphia, so as to occasion great uneasiness as to his health. One day, about two months afterwards, as he was walking slowly up Chesnut street, to his great surprise, he saw Horace Tucker advancing towards him with the manifest intention of accosting him. "My trials," thought Arthur, "follow me here." Expecting to be insulted he endeavored to prepare himself for a calm and firm reply. How great was his surprise then to see him stretch out his hand, and in the most cordial manner exclaim—

"Why Lennox, my good fellow, how are you—how are you? But bless me, are you unwell? You look as thin as a volume of American poetry. What's the matter?"

Arthur was so astounded that he could not reply, and Tucker to relieve him said, "By the way, I expected an answer to my last letter."

"Your last letter," said Arthur coloring at the painful recollection of the only correspondence which had taken place between them. "I do not understand you. I never received but one, I believe, and to that I returned an answer by my friend Mr. Lewis."

"Oh confound that one," said Tucker, letter and answer both,—we will agree to forget them if you please. I mean the one that I sent you the night of your departure."

"The night of my departure!" said Arthur eagerly, a ray of light striking his mind. "I never received it—what were its contents?"

"Never received it? Surely my servant did not impose upon me. He told me that, knocking at your door, and receiving no answer, he had ventured to open it, when he saw you standing by the bed on which your father was lying apparently asleep and sick, and fearing to disturb him or you, he had laid the letter on a table beside you where you must see it, and retired."

In truth Mr. Lennox had perceived the letter as he was leaving the room and having looked at the signature, did not doubt that it was a communication touching some arrangements for the duel, and fearful that it might shake the still wavering mind of Arthur, had hastily destroyed it.

"Perhaps so," said Arthur. "I have some faint recollection that I saw a servant enter my room, but I heard nothing of any letter, and your manner makes me anxious to learn what was its purport."

"And you did not receive it!" again repeated Tucker. "Then, my dear sir, you have to learn about a certain lady, something that I did not doubt you had been feasting on for the last two months. But turn in with me to my lodgings, this is not matter for a street yarn."

After they were seated, Tucker in his easy off hand way, gave Lennox a circumstantial narrative, an outline of which, in our own words, is sufficient to conclude our story. Helen Sinclair had anticipated the possibility of something unpleasant between the young men growing out of the scene at the ball-room, and when Arthur had shunned her all the next day, her uneasiness increased. The three visits, in one day, made by Lewis to Arthur's room had not escaped her observation, and the next day she took her course decidedly. She sent for Mr. Lewis and told him her suspicions. Lewis endeavored to evade her questions, but she told him that she had been the subject of the original disagreement, that it was therefore her duty and office to arrest any thing further, and that she must be informed distinctly of the state of the case. Her calm authoritative manner was not to be resisted, and after some demurring, Lewis told her what had been done.

"Is it possible," said she, "that Mr. Lennox can thus have surrendered his principles to public opinion? I thought he was a braver man." She paused some moments as if for reflection, putting her hand to her brow and over her eyes. Lewis thought he saw a tear trickle round the ring on her finger, but if so it was no indication of weakness. Raising her head, she said, "Mr. Lewis you must carry a note from me to Mr. Tucker. I must see him." Again Lewis demurred, but again yielded, for he felt that the decision with which Helen acted, was based upon a clearer view of the exigencies of the case than he himself could command. Tucker came cheerfully, and made a graceful apology to Helen for his deportment in the ball-room, and thanked her for allowing him the privilege of coming into her presence so soon again. Helen conducted herself with mingled dignity and grace, and with infinite tact. Tucker said at once in reply to her inquiries, that so far from bearing any grudge to Lennox for what he had done, he would have considered him a contemptible fellow had he done less.

"With such feelings, Mr. Tucker, how could you send a challenge which might have resulted in the death of one or both of you?"

"In truth," said he, "I thought but little about it. Those fellows around me seemed to take it for granted that I would challenge him, and I supposed it likely that some honorable adjustment would take place, or if we must fight, why it was an inevitable misfortune, and neither of us would be to blame. I see now the folly of this inconsideration, and moreover, I begin to suspect that Jones, who has been officious in this matter, is not every thing he ought to be."

"Of that you may rest assured," said Lewis, "I have made some discoveries about him this morning, which I will communicate to you some time again."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and a servant said that Captain Jones had sent to beg the favor of a word with Mr. Tucker.

"The impertinent fellow," exclaimed Tucker, "What does he mean by interrupting me with such messages. Tell him to wait will you, boy."

"Nay," said Lewis, "it is a capital opportunity for me to give you some idea of what sort of a gentleman Captain Jones is. Send him word just to step to the door."

Accordingly Captain Jones came to the door where he paused, as if he expected Tucker to come out and speak to him.

"Walk in Captain Jones," cried Lewis in rather a drawling tone, "walk in, sir."

And Captain Jones, with his glazed cap and gaiter boots, stepped into Helen's cabin, with a look of surprise, but bowed with easy familiarity to its fair occupant, who looked cold and motionless as an iceberg. "Now, Mr. Captain," said Lewis, rising as he spoke, "since you have had the impudence to disturb us here with your messages, I take the occasion to tell you, that I happen to know why you left Memphis in the fall of 1836, and to say that if you do not leave this place instantly, I will, with this lady's permission, cane you where you stand, and if you are not satisfied, I will repeat it to-morrow on the promenade."

Captain Jones made an instantaneous exit, and left the Springs that night in the Stage.

In fine, Tucker himself proposed, for his was as generous a nature as ever the sun shone upon, to write a letter to Lennox, and withdraw the challenge, frankly expressing his regret for all that had occurred. Lewis said he had intended to call upon Lennox, but would not do so that day that he might not anticipate Tucker's communication. This was about two o'clock; Tucker sent the letter just before dark, and the result we know. "When I found," said Tucker, "that you were gone, owing, as the manager said, to some sudden news brought by your father, I made it my business, aided by Lewis, to give free circulation to the whole matter—

the challenge by me, your acceptance, and my withdrawal of it, not omitting the episode of Captain Jones. You became quite a hero, enjoying the reputation of knocking me down at the ball-room—coming out, not second best, in the matter of the challenge, and sharing, in some way, though certainly undeservedly, the credit with Lewis, of Jones' overthrow. And now sir," rising as he spoke, "I trust we are as good friends as I have been mistaken in supposing we were, for two months past."

"Friend—best of friends!" cried Arthur, "never shall I be able to thank you sufficiently for your generous conduct." And he clasped him in his arms. "Hold on, hold on!" cried Tucker, extricating himself—"I never will allow a man with a beard to kiss me,—take care, sir, or I will remember that you once had the pleasure of knocking me down, and I will return the compliment. But seriously, my dear sir, let me call a carriage and see you home, for you evidently need repose."

We leave the reader to imagine the pious gratitude that filled the bosom of Mr. Lennox, as he heard from Arthur the details of the circumstances we have mentioned, and it will be believed that it is beyond our power to describe the impetuous love-tide that surged in Arthur's breast, as he thought of Helen, and admitted to his bosom once more, that image which for two months he had been repelling as fitted only to wring his soul with anguish. He hastened to write to her, pouring out his love, asking permission to visit her, and saying that there were a thousand things that he wished to explain to her. Helen's reply was a mere mischievous note. She made no response to his declaration of love, and said that it seemed to her hardly worth his while to come from Philadelphia to Virginia to make explanations, but if he thought otherwise, she would not deny that it would give her pleasure to see him.

June 1838, Arthur Lennox and his bride, old Mr. Lennox, Col. Sinclair, cousin Betsey, and Robert, who was on his way to Yale, Mr. Lewis and Horace Tucker, who had come on to L—, expressly to be present at the marriage ceremony, travelled together to Philadelphia, and all concurred with cousin Betsey when she said, that the aggregate happiness possessed by the party, was sufficient, if judiciously distributed, to make five hundred people comfortable for life.

Mis-ascribed Quotation.—"Semel insanivimus omnes," which, in most cases, is ascribed to Horace, forms part of a verse in an eclogue of Mantuanus, "De honesto amore." The whole is as follows:

"Id commune malum, semel insanivimus omnes."

The Window Panes at B——n.

Upon the window panes at B——n, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond ring, of many of those who have composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
re-assembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window, by chance,
these memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
in an instant, surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved, all
distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away, we
but look, and a vision behold—
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with
its colours of crimson and gold—
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
from beneath the gay 'mistletoe bough,'
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely
as any that beam on us now.

While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along
o'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim, and
the play of affection is warm:
Look once more—as the garlanded Spring re-appears,
in her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem that
has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs on
the old-fashioned wainscotted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down
on the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse, and
though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below,
in a moment, takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes with
the tracery-work of the rime,
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
from some far away tropical clime—
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child, in
its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane, and
thus cancel the story it bears:
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain—
unto trustier tablets consigned—
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, oh young soul, with ambition inspired!—let
the moral be read as we pass—
Recollect the illusory tablets of fame
have been ever as brittle as glass:
Oh then be not content with a name there inscribed,—
for as well may you trace it in dust,—
But resolve to record it where long it shall stand,
in the hearts of the good and the just!

J. R. Thompson. Σ.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

No. VII.

Additional prejudices considered—False impressions, as to the moral aimlessness of poetry, as a mere art; and the separate province of Christianity—Sources of prejudice—Inferiority of devotional poetry—Dr. Johnson's opinion examined—Influence of Ancient Classics—Relation of the Bible to literary taste—Elements of Christian character supposed unpoetical.

An enlightened Pagan might become familiar with a large portion of our polite literature, without forming a clear conception of the distinctive character of our religion. And yet that literature professes to portray our best thoughts and purest sentiments—our noblest virtues and highest interests. Or could we imagine such a Pagan to be the shade of some ancient poet of Greece or Rome, permitted for a time to revisit the earth, he would perhaps conclude, while reviewing that portion of our literature, which gives no intimation of a higher and holier faith, that an obscure fragment of his own once gorgeous mythology was perpetuated in the belief of a degenerated people. It is a source of regret to every serious mind, familiar with the subject, that much of the poetry and fine writing in nominally Christian lands bears no faithful impress of the prevailing religion. How has this come to pass? When other religions have pervaded all the forms of literature in other times, why does Christianity refuse to blend with so large a compass of modern literature? When the light of superstition sent its rays through all the avenues of ancient life, and coloured all the forms of art and all the images of poetry; why does the light of a brighter and better faith now shine for the most part through a separate medium; and why, with us, is the beautiful domain of elegant literature shrouded in earth-born mists and shadows, or illuminated only by the floating gas-lights of its own production? Have our men of taste and genius, the authors of this elegant literature, discarded christianity as false? Or assenting, as they do generally, to its truth, is it from any law of exclusiveness, in the exercise of their art, as poets, that they are prohibited all reference to the themes of piety? Do Christianity and polite literature constitute two distinct departments—two hostile territories, between which all intercourse is excluded? No! it is not thus we may explain this anomaly. The difference between Christianity and other systems of religion, as it regards a connection with literature, so far from being a disparagement of its nature, is rather an evidence of its truth. It is of divine origin. Other systems are of human growth. It aims to regenerate and restore man to purity and peace; and as a remedy divinely adapted to its end, it encounters antipathy in the diseases of our nature. Other systems accord with the morbid taste of that nature, which gave them birth; and, instead of counteracting, foster and feed its perverted tendencies. Christianity claims among its true adherents a comparatively small number of partially transformed and assimilated characters, who have realized its regenerating power while multitudes carelessly assent to its truth, but remain strangers to its spirit and life. Other systems, presenting no conflict between conviction and impulse, in so far as they gain an ascendancy over the understanding, carry with them, in full consent, the passions of the devoted multitude. Many, who in theory acknowledge the truth of christianity, do yet practically refuse to submit to its authority. As a remedy adapted to restore fallen man to the image and favour of God, the gospel will of course be uncongenial to the propensities of his unrenewed nature; and, even after a formal assent is yielded to its truth, the heart will spontaneously rebel against the remedy, until it has felt its transforming efficacy. And if, in the mean time, *a position of indifference* can be maintained, between such formal assent to the truth of the system, on the one hand, and a cordial compliance with its duties, on the other, that position will become the chosen attitude of multitudes, in a nominally christian land. From these ranks of *practical unbelief*, a large proportion of our polite literature is derived. Hence the frequent exclusion of Christianity from its pages.

The condition of the moral nature—the state of the heart—will modify our literary, as well as our moral tastes. The intellectual beauty that charms the soul depends, not so much on a combination of certain inherent qualities in an object, as on a secret law of congeniality between the desires and tendencies of the individual mind, and the nature of the object; which law is as variable as the shades of human character. If the heart be perverted by evil propensities, a preference will be awarded in point of excellence to objects, which do not intrinsically merit such a distinction. Hence in that divine character, held forth as a model for humanity to admire and imitate, many "see no beauty, that they should desire him," although it is adorned with perfect loveliness, with infinite attractions. Hence also the themes and topics, the sentiments and virtues peculiar to Christianity, are to a great extent practically excluded from the department of polite literature. How far this exclusion extends, we shall not pause to determine. Its prev-

alence is such at least, as to give rise to an impression of some inherent hostility between the two departments of poetry and religion—an impression which, if true, explains the origin of the evil deplored; but, at the same time, renders its existence perpetual. But we by no means sanction an impression which is as melancholy in its results, as it is baseless in its origin. Two distinct parties are thus thrown asunder, and confirmed in mutual hostility. But the final issues of the contest are not fairly met, nor fully anticipated on either hand. The Christian reprobates polite literature, as hostile to his cause, or at best, as occasionally neutral in its position, and altogether as hopeless in efficiency for good. He discards its glittering weapons in his warfare, and renounces all its brilliant advantages, and to avoid the suspicion of parleying with the enemy, or of symbolizing with the profane, he seeks perhaps an opposite extreme, in selecting means and instrumentalities of usefulness; while the territory, thus defined as peculiar to the enemy, is occasionally visited to indulge an idle curiosity, or to gain an allowable relaxation from severer pursuits. But he forgets, in the mean time, that the constant, silent, swelling stream of this reprobated literature is rolling onward with accelerated force and accumulated poison, when thus abandoned entirely to the guidance of evil.

On the other hand, the devotee of polite literature, satisfied with an undefined impression as to some inherent hostility between the claims of Christianity and the interests of his art, turns away in proud indifference from the obligations of piety, as appropriate to the capacity of vulgar minds, and not reaching so high as his peculiar sphere—yields himself to the engrossing fascination of the one pursuit; while a careless contradictory assent is given to the truth of religion. But he forgets, in the mean time, that on the supposition of such an antipathy between the two interests, his avowed preference for the one involves a decided rejection of the other; and that by such a rejection, he forfeits to himself all the immortal blessings revealed in the gospel; and that by the exercise of his perverted genius, so far as his influence prevails, he robs his fellowmen of the same inestimable treasure.

Such is the question at issue. Such is the present attitude of the two parties, placed by misconception and prejudice in mutual hostility. That such hostility does not exist really in the things themselves, we are fully convinced. It would be an important service to mankind, to investigate and settle the question thus raised—to expose the prejudice and delusion which would cast a cloud over the bright face of our blessed religion—to take from Taste and Genius a pretended license, assumed in virtue of their office, to spurn the obligations of faith, and revel in impiety, and to go forth, in "the livery of Heaven," in the bright colours of poetry, and with the polished arms of wit, to wage war on the present purity and peace, and the immortal hopes of mankind—all, with the hideous mockery of a purpose *to impart literary entertainment.*

So far from this prejudice having any foundation in reason, we believe the very reverse to be the truth. So far from Christianity being adverse to the interests of poetry, we believe, and shall endeavour to show, that poetical literature derives its noblest inspiration, its highest excellence from the spirit and motives of the gospel. The prejudices which we encounter on this point assume different forms, and are variously expressed! Such an impression is sometimes urged, on the ground that *poetry is a mere art*, designed to impart pleasure by gratifying the taste; and that therefore it has no immediate connection with the office of christianity. But admitting poetry to be an art, in the sense intended, it may be asked: does christianity afford no suitable materials for its exercise? And why should *this*, the most intellectual and spiritual of all the fine arts, *alone* refuse an alliance with that sacred cause, which involves our highest spiritual interests? In modern times especially, architecture, painting and music have rejoiced in a consecration to the service of religion—have found their choicest themes, and achieved their noblest triumphs, in the department of christianity. What reason then can be assigned for the profane isolation demanded for poetry in this respect? Why should it, the only rebel in the ranks, the only infidel art, refuse to bow in the temple of devotion, and receive a purer inspiration from the fire that burns upon its altar? No! The supposition is without plausibility in theory, and without foundation in fact. It derives no support from reason, and none from history. Perverted and abused, as poetry too often has been, to unworthy purposes, yet, in many instances, it has nobly vindicated its high relationship and maintained its legitimate attitude. Many of our best and greatest poets have borne the Christian name and breathed the Christian spirit. Need we mention Cowper, Young, Milton, and a long list of earlier and later names? Need we point to their productions, as among the noblest, best-sustained, most popular and influential poems in our language? Or need we advert to the significant fact, that in the works of irreligious poets their finest passages are those in which they rise to the elevation of Christian sentiment; and that the earthly Muse never takes so sublime a flight, as when she mounts on the borrowed wings of religious faith! Christianity has refined and exalted every art and science.

But more than all others, poetry is indebted to its quickening power for new life and nobler dignity.

We however, more than question the propriety of designating poetry as a mere art. If it be an art, it must be in a sense different from that in which the term is employed in other cases. True, it is governed by the rules of versification and certain laws of propriety in language. But something beyond this is implied in poetry. It involves something more than mechanical skill, something more than sensible imitation. To confine the idea of poetry to such a definition, would convert it into a senseless harlequin, with his gaudy cap and jingling bells, his antic jestures and unmeaning grimace. The very instrument employed by poetry, includes something more than art. It employs language to effect its purpose; and its excellence is found in the use of language, with the greatest propriety, fitness and force. But language is a medium of expression—a sign of thought—and when used with propriety, must convey either truth or error, and extend an influence for good or evil through society. An intellectual and a moral significance enters into the very structure of poetry. The essence of poetry is thought, feeling, sentiment—developed in the appropriate form of verse. This thought, feeling and sentiment, moreover, must be of a refined or elevated character. It must be of a nature to captivate or thrill—to melt or inflame the heart. Poetry, therefore, converses with our highest relations and most important interests; for it is only in connection with these that the peculiar emotions which it awakens are found associated. Those who attach a frivolous character to poetry, know nothing of its real nature. True, it embraces all moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" but it is only in moments of relaxation that it indulges in levity. When it girds itself for its proper work, its aspect is thoughtful, its step majestic, its tones earnest and solemn. The sphere of poetry is enlarged, elevated, and endlessly diversified. It embraces all objects that are beautiful or sublime—all themes that are lofty or thrilling, grand or pathetic, tender or triumphant. If, then, christianity has no connection with the department of poetry, it must be because it embraces no themes and topics of the character just named, and furnishes no subjects of thought calculated to awaken lofty, thrilling or pathetic emotions. Hence, to maintain the dignity of poetry and at the same time its exclusion from christianity, the latter must suffer disparagement. It must be represented as a cold, contracted, cheerless spirit, presiding over a bleak and barren island, remote from the main land of human existence, severed from the sunny clime in which the imagination unfolds its glowing colours, and the heart expands its luxuriant emotions, by a shadowy sea, sailed over only by the mystic vessel of faith. Such, in effect, is the view taken of christianity by those who maintain its exclusion from the province of poetry. But the nature of christianity is blindly misconceived and grossly misrepresented.

This libel on our holy religion has perhaps gained greater currency from the seeming sanction given to it by the famous dictatorial announcement of Dr. Johnson on the subject. But his meaning is not rightly apprehended by those who understand him as designing to exclude every feature of christianity from polite literature. He does not make the general assertion that the spirit and precepts of the gospel are inimical to poetry. He does not refer, in the connection, to religious or christian poetry, as a whole; but to a particular branch, a specific kind. He alludes to *devotional* poetry—the poetry of hymn books. He is remarking on the inferior character of such poetry. Taking this as a fact, in his own opinion, he makes it the occasion of philosophizing as to its cause, and builds a theory for its explanation. But this is not the only instance of his assuming more majesty than the occasion required, and dealing forth decisions more pompous than correct, more plausible than true, and more dogmatic than wise. Yet admitting the accuracy of his judgment on this point, his decision does not include the whole field of religious poetry. Surely no one would confine the idea of religious or christian poetry exclusively to "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Religion is not a transient impulse, expressed in occasional acts of devotion. It is a spirit which animates the life. It is a law which pervades the universe. All the relations of human society—all the topics of human thought are included within its circumference.

As a general fact, the inferiority of devotional poetry, as contained in our common versions of hymns, may perhaps be admitted; but it is a fact which required no parade of philosophy or sweeping generalization of theory for its explanation. There are obvious reasons to account for inferior poetical merit in such productions, without concluding that religion itself disowns all fellowship with poetry. In the manner in which such collections are formed—in the purpose to which they are devoted—in the promiscuous tastes and capacities of the multitude who join in their use, in the public exercises of devotion, we see causes which forbid the highest poetic excellence. Indeed, the gratification of taste, by poetic fascination, if an object at all, is a secondary object in such productions. The chief design in their composition is to present

the most familiar scriptural truth in the greatest simplicity of expression, adapted to the comprehension of the humblest capacity; and they assume the form of verse for the convenience of measure in singing. The hymns in common use are mostly compilations from various sources. Many of them were written by men destitute of the talent, and even of the title, of poets; and the principle which governed their selection, was conformity to the test of truth, more than to the standard of taste—the subject more than the style.

But while this general concession is made of inferiority in the mass of existing devotional poetry, yet we deny that such poetry is from its nature incapable of assuming the highest form of excellence. The efforts of many gifted poets, in this department, do not fall beneath their noblest flights on other occasions. Many of the hymns of Watts, and those of Cowper, Heber, and others, rank with justice among the brightest gems of true poetry. But to see the utter emptiness of the plea, turn to the devotional parts of the Bible—the psalms of David—portions of the book of Job—the song of praise at the Red sea—the prayers of Habakkuk, and of Daniel—the holy aspirations, pathetic lamentations, and rapturous praises that occur in all the prophets; and say if here we do not find specimens of poetry purely devotional, which, in elevation of sentiment, splendor of imagery and power of language, rise above the highest efforts of ancient or modern art? How then, in the face of facts like these, can it be affirmed, even by the authority of a Johnson, that the pulsations of a pious heart, the breathings of a devout spirit, are incapable of utterance in poetry?

But if we examine minutely the response of this oracle, it will be found to be nothing more imposing than a splendid sophism. Let us notice some of his expressions; for the plausibility of the argument rests on the ambiguity of the terms employed. His proposition is thus announced—"poetical devotion cannot often please." Why? It might be asked. And *one* obvious answer *might* be—"Not because the poetry is inferior, but because the devotion is distasteful." A taste for poetry, and a relish for devotion are not always united in the same character. There are thousands who, when piety is the theme, resemble "the deaf adder which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely." But he argues in support of a different proposition from that announced. He aims to show that devotional feeling cannot be appropriately expressed in poetry—not that, when so expressed, it often fails to please; for this, as we have seen, may be explained without denying the excellence of the poetry itself. He admits that "the doctrines of religion may be defended, the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, may be described, and the Maker be praised for his works" by the poet. Yet he contends that in this the theme is "not piety, but the motives to piety—not God, but the works of God." But where is the propriety of such a distinction? Can we, in reality, separate piety from its motives, or God from his works? Is not piety awakened by motives? Is not God seen in his works, which display his image, and declare his glory? Are these things *ever* disunited in the exercises of a pious mind? Are they *ever* placed asunder, except by those who remain impious in spite of all motives, and who forget God in the midst of his works?

Again he says, "the essence of poetry is invention. By producing something unexpected, it surprises and delights." But, he pleads, the topics of devotion are free and familiar,—can neither be enlarged nor increased; and, therefore, they are not suitable for the exercise of poetic invention. But what is here meant by *invention*, as the essence of poetry? Is it meant that poetry brings to light facts before unknown to the world? This is the appropriate work of scientific discovery. Or is it meant that poetry imagines fictitious scenes and events? These, unless designed to represent some corresponding reality in nature and life, would be absurd, fantastic, or monstrous; and poetry would become an artifice, instead of an art—a contemptible trick of mental jugglery, unworthy the attention of a rational mind. Or is it meant that poetry exaggerates and exceeds the truth; and presents an image brighter than the reality? This may be an exercise of poetry, when it converses with inferior topics—but this is not its common, nor its highest exercise. We utterly repudiate that irrational conception of poetry, which makes it consist in exaggerated ideas, unnatural emotions, and farcical airs and attitudes. No wonder it becomes contemptible as an affectation, instead of honorable as an art, when such an idea is entertained of its nature. Poetry is not driven to such pitiable resorts of exaggeration and falsehood, in order to afford entertainment. The invention of human fancy cannot surpass nature, the creation of God. The glimmer of human fiction cannot outshine truth, the emanation of divine intelligence. But while nature cannot be excelled, our conceptions of nature may be enlarged. While truth cannot be beautified, our apprehensions of truth may be brightened. Beauty is but the visible complexion of truth. And poetry produces its brightest picture, when it paints her portrait. Here we find the proper

office of poetry—not in imagining unreal objects, and fictitious scenery, and painting the prospect in fantastic and glaring colours; but in elevating the level of our thoughts, and clustering together the kindred trains of association and feeling, in some higher degree of approximation to the dignity of nature and truth; and thus producing a faithful image of realities, the dim outlines of which lie darkened and degraded in the grovelling conceptions of ordinary minds. In this sense alone, the true poet invents and creates—not by producing a vision more exalted than truth—but *a vision of truth*, more exalted than our previous inadequate conceptions. And thus he surprises and delights, not by the novelties of fiction, or "the foreign aid of ornament," but by originating new and nobler trains of thought, and awakening more profound and thrilling emotions, by communicating to others the conceptions and feelings of his own gifted spirit, which utters itself in poetry, only because it sees the beauty and feels the melody of things, that are in themselves poetical. Poetry, as an agent, is but the interpreter of nature—as an instrument, but the mirror of truth. It is only, therefore, by a double misconception of the nature both of poetry and religion, that there is any significance in the conclusion, that because the topics of devotion are few and familiar, they cannot become the fit themes of poetry. If they be familiar, are our conceptions and emotions with regard to them, always adequately exalted? If the topics of devotion may not be increased nor enlarged, surely our devotional thoughts and feelings may be! But it is not true that the topics of devotion are few; nor, as he expresses the same idea in different terms, "is faith invariably uniform in its exercise." Faith converses primarily with the vital and central truths of christianity; and these are the main elements of true devotion. But stationed thus at the glowing centre, faith looks abroad over a mighty circle of truth—surveys glories that are unseen and eternal—and sees things visible and temporal in their true light, their relative magnitude and value, and their just order and connection, as parts of one general system; and from every quarter within the vast circumference, it gathers themes of devout meditation and motives to adoring praise.

Again, it is stated to the same effect, "Omnipotence cannot be exalted. Infinity cannot be amplified. Perfection cannot be improved." Very true. But may not *our ideas* of Omnipotence be exalted? May not *our conceptions* of infinity be amplified? May not *our views* of perfection be improved? And may not poetry, by supplying worthier apprehensions of these attributes of the Deity, furnish additional motives to more ardent devotion?

But we cannot follow this celebrated writer any further at present. This double fallacy as to the nature of christianity and the office of poetry, underlies, like a surface of ice, the whole fabric of his brilliant reflections on this subject. Let the light of truth shine upon it and the superstructure sinks. We have paused to consider this remarkable passage, more out of regard to the authority of the name than the force of the argument of the writer. Thousands will plead the sanction of his opinion to justify their contempt of a subject which he always venerated, and which he lived long enough at last to appreciate and enjoy. If any should still hesitate in rejecting his opinion on this topic, we would refer them to a minute and masterly refutation of this argument, by Prof. Wilson of Edinburg, in his Essay on Sacred Poetry. The same point is ably discussed by James Montgomery and others.

We however regard this decision of Dr. Johnson, as but the echo of a prevailing prejudice in the public mind, which takes a wider latitude than he gave it, so as to exclude all christian themes and sentiments from the sphere of poetry. This prejudice must be supported by certain pretexts, which give it at least an air of plausibility. We shall notice some considerations which have served to encourage the delusion. We have already adverted to one fact of the kind, viz. the inferior poetical merit of much of the devotional poetry in our common collections of hymns; and we have given, we think, a satisfactory explanation.

Another influence, which has doubtless operated to the prejudice of christianity among modern poets, may be styled *a habit of veneration for the example of those ancient heathen authors, whose writings have been regarded as classic models in every succeeding age.* We will not say how far this veneration is misplaced or extravagant; although we believe its undue indulgence has served no little to retard the progress of modern literature toward perfection. We do not deny the utility of a study of the ancient classics, as an important branch of liberal education. Every student who masters their language will secure a valuable aid in mental discipline, and acquire a greater facility in the use of his own tongue; and by becoming familiar with their style, imagery and sentiments, the taste will be improved and the art of elegant composition will be more readily acquired. But to exalt these ancient poets on a throne of infallible authority—to imitate them in every feature as models of perfection, instead of using them as means of improvement—to adopt their style, their sentiments, their subjects, their creed, their spirit, and discard every thing else as incompatible with refined taste and lofty poetic genius, is surely an instance

of the grossest servility. Yet, is not this in a measure realized in the prevalent habit of referring to these ancient models as standards in taste and criticism, from whose authority there is no appeal? Do we not thus witness the practical acknowledgment of a test purely Pagan, by which it is ascertained what sentiments and virtues, what trains of thought and models of character, what supernatural machinery and spiritual beings are suitable for a modern poet in a christian land, to introduce in a work of genius? With such a test acknowledged, of course all the peculiar and distinctive features of christianity, every thing that renders it divine in contrast with mere human systems, must be discarded as unsuitable for poetry; for such peculiarities are not found in these ancient models. That the false virtues and false heroism portrayed by ancient poets, should be reproduced in modern poetry, even after the world has been taught by the religion of Christ the virtues of a new and nobler heroism, is more a matter of regret than of surprise, when we consider the natural propensity of the human heart and the sway of worldly fashion. But that beyond this, an attempt should be made to reconstruct the exploded systems of ancient superstition, and retain the fables and deities of heathen mythology, which have not a shade of credulity left for their support among the most ignorant of the present age, is, to say the least, a most impracticable absurdity. Still more absurd would be the conclusion which seems to be gaining favor in some circles, to discard all religion, to banish all supernatural agency from the sphere of poetry. A far different conclusion should be drawn from these ancient examples. A far higher lesson is taught by the union of Pagan mythology with poetry. It shows that the spirit of poetry claims fellowship with religion—that it converses with the spiritual and the divine—that its aspirations lift it from the earth, and it mounts heavenward in its flight. The fables and deities, embalmed in ancient song, were not the mere creations of poetic fancy, to serve the purpose of embellishment in art, but they were the sacred realities of religious faith to the heathen mind—the traditional forms in which its dim conceptions of the invisible, the spiritual, and the divine were embodied. Now that the light of truth has dispelled these floating visions forever—now that we have revealed a brighter prospect of life and immortality, and more exalted views of the character and government of God—now that a more glorious vision of the unseen and the eternal rises before the eye of faith, peopled with higher intelligencies and pervaded by a purer element; surely poetry should rejoice in the light; expatiate amid the surrounding glories, and seek its greatest triumphs amid such inspiring realities! The fabled Muses have vanished from their earthly retreats. The genii of the grove, and stream, and mountain, have departed. The elysian fields, peopled with the shades of bloody heroes, and the shapes of lascivious gods have faded from the sky. A new order of spiritual beings traverse the air. A new scene rises in glory above the heavens. And "we are come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; and to an innumerable company of Angels; to the general assembly and church of the first born; and to God, the judge of all; and to the spirit of just men made perfect; and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant." To what quarter shall poetry now turn for high inspiration and worthy employment? Shall she wander among the tombs of departed mythologies? If so, she will not be followed by the faith and sympathies of mankind. Disowning then all relation to the spiritual and the divine, shall she crawl contented on the earth; or roam the air in vacancy and darkness? Alas! such too often seems to be the sad alternative! And we pronounce that, in this fact, we discover the cause of the general decline of modern poetry. The reign of superstition has terminated; but the dominion of truth is not supreme. The inspiration of fable has ceased; but the inspiration of faith does not fully prevail. Under the dazzling glare of "the dry light of science," a glittering array of sordid material-interests fills the public eye, and the glories of the unseen and the eternal are eclipsed. The genius of poetry is sustained by no high inspiration. It has not risen to the summits of heavenly truth. It has not surveyed the scenery of the better land. It has not welcomed the light of a pure, spiritual, divine dispensation. The modern Muse is of the earth, earthy; or of the air, visionary. But on neither condition can poetry live and triumph. It cannot dwell forever in the dust. The passions of earth, the fascinations of love, the pomp of chivalry, and the pride of heroism, as materials for poetry, are soon exhausted. The labour of genius becomes a tiresome task of repetition, and society at length grows weary of its tasteless productions. Neither can poetry live in utter vacancy and darkness. Though it sweeps in a lofty circuit through the air, yet, like the eagle, it must face the sun in its upward flight, and repose at intervals on its mountain eyrie. The discursive imagination requires the fixed realities of religious faith to sustain and guide its adventurous wing, in exploring such a region. Divest the spirit land of all such scenery and objects in the conception of the poet, and the prospect, otherwise transporting, becomes a dismal blank. His career is arbitrary and aimless, and his unintelligible song

awakens no responsive sympathy in the hearts of his fellow men. Thus, excluded from the fountains of spiritual life, an exile in captivity, under the prevailing power of mammon, which reigns over modern society, the spirit of poetry languishes in gloom and hangs its silent harp on the willows; and we have no hope of its permanent resuscitation, until it becomes quickened by the divine energy of christian faith, and is "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire from heaven."

But this poetical prejudice against christianity professes to derive a sanction from the Bible itself. It is intimated that the authority of a standard of taste is not recognized in the Bible. Nay, that compliance with such a standard is forbidden, as inconsistent with the sacredness of its spirit and the austerity of its doctrines. In proof of this, we are referred to those scriptural expressions which repudiate "the wisdom of this world"—"the words which man's wisdom teacheth," and "the excellency of speech and of knowledge." And we are reminded that in many instances the rules of modern rhetoric are violated by the sacred writers. It will be seen that the old ground is here assumed, on which folly and ignorance were wont formerly to claim their exclusive right to the patronage of christianity. Indeed science and philosophy might lament their banishment from the christian fold, with far greater reason than poetry, for *its* adoption is practically exemplified in many portions of the sacred volume, which shine in all the glories of inspired song. The truth is, neither science, philosophy, nor poetry is disowned as essentially alien to the gospel. Only false science, proud and shallow wisdom, and fantastic extravagance of style are reprobated. As to instances of rhetorical blemish, supposed discernible in the Bible, if we except such as are of human origin in the English translation of the original text, they will be found to be inseparable from the subjects discussed. These are not always of an agreeable nature. The Bible was not designed to be an elegant treatise on select themes, to afford entertainment to the educated and refined. It is a message from heaven to earth—from God to our guilty race, portraying our moral debasement and ruin, and pointing to a way of hope and salvation. We discover, in all its parts, the harmony of a divine adaptation to the great purpose of a revelation to mankind. Even its seeming blemishes are in keeping with this leading design. We might, with equal justice, arraign a volume on medicine for inelegancies of style in describing the various diseases of the body, as censure the Bible for violating the laws of literary taste, in treating of the darker maladies of our moral nature. To adopt the language of a profound writer—"God would speak to man directly as a creature standing before him, and not as if he were regarding man as a creature placed in refined society, and to be addressed in language modified according to its rules, and as if he were considerate of the creature's dignity or taste. Some of the more trivial of the infidel tribe have attempted on this account to detract from the venerableness and dignity of the Bible, talking about its dealing in coarse language and images. As well might the vain spirits in the prophet's time, have affected to be shocked that Elijah would not put on a court dress when he had to appear, in the name of the Almighty, before kings and queens and princes; or that John the Baptist came in so coarse a garb to preach repentance and announce the kingdom of God. Yet, after all this, it is a perfectly obvious fact that the scriptures do abound in every kind of beauty and sublimity in sentiments, images and language. As in the case of Elijah, there was his rough mantle, but also the chariot and horses of fire. But then it is most remarkably characteristic of the sacred writings, that these beauties seem to come with no manner of design to please the taste and fancy. They appear as most simply spontaneous from the subject."

There is a divine consistency in the word of God, which attests its origin. It appreciates all objects according to their real value. It classifies all qualities according to their intrinsic merit. It places truth before taste. It exalts moral distinctions above those that are intellectual or physical. The world adopts a different standard, and arranges qualities according to an opposite scale of appreciation. It exalts supreme in its regard, those distinctions that are really secondary and subordinate. It places first and foremost those qualities that are exterior, incidental and transient in their nature, while the essential elements of character, the primary features of the moral man, which alone are permanent, are not suffered to pass current in its esteem, unless attended by these mere outward and visible appendages. The distinctions of learning, wealth, rank, fashion, refinement and taste, are elevated above all moral considerations in the world's regard. In the Word of God, moral distinctions alone are treated as essentially important. The Bible does not stoop to pay a flattering tribute to any of these external and transient classifications amongst men. And in this respect a consistent harmony pervades the contents and the style of the sacred volume—the doctrines of religion and the mode of their communication—the birth, life, and teachings of our Saviour—the dispensation of his grace—the experience of his people, and the history of his church. Man is viewed in the moral aspect of his nature, which

alone is uniform and common to the race. All subordinate distinctions vanish in the sight of him who looks upon the heart, and judgeth not according to the appearance. The whole race are regarded in the same relation to him as creatures; subjects of the same law and expectants of the same destiny. No mere external classifications are regarded in the settlement of this common interest. The transient social distinctions, recognized by men, do not include a corresponding moral difference. Superiority in physical or intellectual attainments does not imply superior excellence of character, or greater purity of heart. On the contrary, the reverse of this seems to be the general law of association. Those distinguishing gifts of a benign providence, which form the basis of such social distinctions, are too often perverted by human depravity into sources of ungodliness and worldly lusts. Hence, so far from paying a flattering tribute of homage to such external distinctions amongst men, it accords with a higher consistency, that God, in the dispensations of his providence and word, should cast a degree of seeming contempt on these transient accomplishments which constitute the pride and glory of man.

This fact, which lies as a stepping-stone, at the very entrance of that spiritual temple, erected amid the ruins of our fallen nature, is often "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence" to the proud heart of man. The adoption of the Jews, a nation comparatively obscure in regard to attainments of the arts and sciences, as the depository of the sacred oracles; and the selection of their land as the birth-place of the Messiah, was an offence to the refined Greek and the haughty Roman; and gave to the gospel, in advance of any candid investigation of its claims, an aspect of foolishness in their estimation. The lowly birth of the Saviour in a manger—the extreme poverty of his life, so that although "foxes had holes and birds of the air had nests, yet the Son of man had not where to lay his head"—his condescending intercourse and compassionate sympathy with the vile outcasts of earth, so as to be called "the friend of publicans and sinners"—his special benevolence to the poor, afflicted and oppressed amongst men, as he went about doing good and proclaiming the message of mercy, so as to place it among the prominent proofs of his divine mission, that "to the poor the gospel was preached"—the abject humiliation of his life and death, by which his divinity was eclipsed to human view, except in transient flashes of glory emitted at intervals in his career, so as to show that "his kingdom was not of this world," but based on spiritual conditions in the pure hearts of his people:—in all this, the carnal conceptions of the Jews, who expected a Messiah to come surrounded by all the appendages of earthly pomp and power, to magnify their national pride and minister to their worldly lusts; encountered "a stumbling block" which offended their prejudice and exasperated their malignity. Corresponding to these peculiarities, which pertain more especially to the past, there are similar features displayed in the career of the Christian church, which are no less offensive to the modern prejudices of the world. In every age the poor, the ignorant and the obscure have constituted the larger proportion of the professed followers of Christ. Wealth, power, learning, taste and genius have never yet been so generally attracted around the cross, as to confer their peculiar honors on the Christian name. The human heart, prone to prize such distinctions above their intrinsic value, would desire a different policy; but, in every feature of the mighty plan, is displayed the wisdom of Him, whose thoughts and ways are as much above ours, as the heavens are above the earth. The human heart would have a Bible for the noble, the learned and the gifted; but it would be a revelation of human pride, and not of divine purity. The human heart would have a Saviour, somewhat after the Jewish model, arrayed at his coming in all the splendor of earthly pomp, associating in his life, with the higher circles of society, whispering the accents of mercy in the ear of taste, unfolding the glories of heaven to the eye of genius, and collecting the jewels of his final crown from gew-gaws of earthly magnificence. But what a Saviour would this be? With the weakness of human folly—the perversion of human passion—the prejudice of human pride—and the contracted partiality of human benevolence! No, we need a *divine* Saviour!—who, with the dignity of divine condescension, when he stoops from heaven to earth, can disregard the little distinctions amongst men, as unworthy of his concern, and take his station on the lowest level of human life—who, with the discrimination of divine purity, passing by all outward diversity of circumstance, looks alone on the moral attributes of character, and meets the Scribe and Pharisee on the same footing with the publican and the sinner—who, with the enlarged capacity of divine benevolence, can embrace "a world lying in wickedness," and whose mercy not confined to a favored few, (such as in their outward circumstances, can least appreciate, and in their moral qualities may least merit, the distinction,) extends, in all the fulness of its treasures, to the poor, the humble and the vile. In like manner, man would construct the model of a Christian church. All vulgar elements would be excluded. A temple would arise in the symmetrical proportions of a classic dome. Its walls would be hung

with the tapestry of earthly splendor and adorned with the trophies of human art. The great, the noble and the refined alone should tread its aisles and bow before its altar; while the music of praise and the message of truth, should alike fall in modulated tones of softest melody on ears polite. But in such a temple, though the eye, the ear, and the taste might find pleasure in the forms of an idolatrous fascination, the heart would remain dumb as to true devotion. No! the divine policy displayed in the structure of the Bible, the conditions of the gospel, and the history of the church, surpasses the devices of human fancy, alike in the discrimination of its wisdom, the holiness of its aim, and the comprehensiveness of its benevolence. The qualities that pertain to human character are here arranged in their proper classification. What is essential and vital is made supreme. What is incidental is made subordinate. The physical and the mental sink below the moral. Taste, learning and genius become subservient to spiritual life. Who can say there is injustice, or violence to nature in this arrangement? The soul rises in new dignity and unfolds its powers in more vigorous existence. Order and harmony mark all its movements, and taste and genius themselves rejoice in their appropriate subordination to higher elements.

In the preceding remarks, we have in part anticipated the ground of this prejudice, as presented in another form. This has reference to the practical development of Christianity in the character and life of its professors. It is maintained that *there is something essentially unpoetical in the elements of Christian character;* as if the form or mould of doctrine, by which the moral nature of the believer is impressed with the image of a new character obliterated every feature of taste and genius. This charge, which amounts to a general libel on the Christian name, is yet so indefinite in its nature as to forbid a direct refutation. We gather it only from current epithets of derision, and cant phrases of contempt, coined in the mint of prejudice, and circulated in the commerce of polite literature—such as, "narrow creed," "sectarian bigotry," "vulgar superstition," fierce intolerance," and "gloomy fanaticism." To affirm that the history of the Church has never presented samples of character to which such terms were appropriate, would be as far from truth, as to maintain that such terms were faithfully descriptive of the general aspect of Christian character. The exclusive application of such epithets is found in certain unfavorable exhibitions of mere nominal christianity. A mind destitute of piety is perverted by prejudice on such a subject. Hence the irreligious are inevitably prone to a false estimate of christian character. A judge thus biased will find some objectionable features in the fairest cause. The world has never fully approved any model of genuine piety that has been presented to its notice. As in the days of John the Baptist and the Saviour, when at one time it assumes an aspect of austere sanctity, it is met with the exclamation, "lo! it hath a devil!" and when at another, it appears in the form of affable benignity, it is hailed with the cry, "behold a friend of publicans and sinners!" Thus disqualified for impartial investigation, the world takes its impression of the doctrines and spirit of the gospel, not from the Bible, in which they are revealed, but from that imperfect visible expression of them found in the prevailing party or sect with which it may be at the time familiar. But no creed, sect, or party has ever presented a perfect image of the divine original. The flowing stream, however pure, gathers corruptions in its course, which are not found in the living fountain. In every age the visible church has contained within its pale corrupt materials. At different times, entire branches of the church have degenerated and become heretical and impure. So that even truth and purity, in seeking to perpetuate the integrity of the christian cause, have been forced into conflict with such hostile elements in the body itself; and have thus been compelled to assume a belligerent aspect, which is foreign to their nature. Hence agitations, controversies, and revolutions have arisen in the church. These features, moreover, receive an unhappy prominence in the written record of the Church's history. These, indeed, constitute its history. The evils, blemishes and corruptions of the church alone form events and eras in its career. Pure, peaceful, prosperous piety has no annals; consequently in surveying the past progress of christianity, and looking over the present aspect of the Church, the mind is liable to a deception, similar to that which befalls the eye of an observer, when cast over a region of country intersected by mountains. The rugged prominences in the landscape alone are visible. The quiet valleys, smiling in beauty and teeming with luxuriance, are concealed from view. In addition to this, we are to consider that the piety of the church at different periods has been prone to peculiar extremes in its manifestation. Under the pressure of existing influences it has tended to certain human excesses, which have served to obscure its original brightness. Hence each succeeding age may be traced by some peculiar phase of Christianity, which has for the time prevailed. Thus a period of excitement has been succeeded by a period of speculation—a time of showy observance in forms and ceremonies, by a time of rigid simplicity and austere puritanism.

These passing phases of piety, growing out of the circumstances of the age, have furnished food for prejudice, given occasion to malignant caricature to paint distortions of Christian character, and supplied materials for the logic of epithet to darken the Christian name. When under such circumstances pictures of vital christianity are drawn by an unfriendly hand, not every mind has the candor or the discrimination to conceive it, as it existed, *in contrast* with the opposing impiety of the age in which it appeared. Witness in point the caricatures of so-called puritanism, presented in the hostile literature of succeeding times. As we look upon its rigid features, we are prone to forget, on the other hand, the bloated sensuality, the haughty insolence, and the bloodthirsty rage, which reigned supreme in the opposite ranks of society. And yet this ungainly puritanism, with its Calvinistic creed, its sanctimonious aspect, and its uncompromising spirit, gave birth to the genius of a Milton and a Bunyan, and contained within itself the plastic germ of whatever increased intellectual dignity, civil liberty, and social progress have since distinguished the modern history of the world.

Taste and genius are not recognized as conditions of saving grace, we admit. But in this they are treated with no disparagement. True dignity consists in proper subordination, and the noblest freedom is found when every object obeys its appropriate laws and moves harmoniously in its legitimate sphere. The provisions of the gospel are adapted to the humblest condition of human life; but they are equally adapted to the highest human capacity. The poor and the ignorant, from the highways and hedges, may more readily obey the invitation, and come in greater numbers to the feast; but there is room also for the great and gifted, and ample provisions spread for their nourishment. Yet they too seldom heed the invitation, because they have greater attractions at home to plead as pretexts for refusal. It is not, therefore, because of anything vulgar or unpoetical in the system of Christian faith, or in the structure of Christian character, that the poor and illiterate are attracted, and the refined and gifted are repelled. The mere predilections of literary taste do not determine such a distinction. There are deeper causes at work in the nature of man, both attractive and repellant, in connection with this subject. Christianity is not responsible for the distortions of character, which human ignorance, superstition and fanaticism have produced under its name. It is admitted that there have been unlovely exhibitions of character and ungenial manifestations of spirit, in connection with the Christian Church. Corresponding to these there have been human moulds of doctrine—formal creeds, constructed from disjointed fragments of the divine system of truth, which rise in gloomy and forbidding disproportion, and frown defiance on all enlarged and lofty views of the universe, and all the pure and generous emotions of our nature. But the sublime system of Christian truth stands forth distinct and separate from all such human fabrications. The spirit it infuses into human life is warm, generous and expansive. The shape it impresses on human character is bright and lovely in all its lineaments. That system, as its outlines are revealed in the sacred Scriptures, rises in its simplicity, purity and majesty above all other forms of truth, and yet harmonises with every other department of truth in the universe. The same divine mind formed the nature of man, built the structure of the universe, conducts the agency of providence, and revealed the system of truth in the gospel. There is a correspondence, a unity, a harmony, pervading all the varied departments of his works. Christianity deals prominently with vital and central truths, regarding man in his moral relations. But in attaching primary importance to the great truths of the gospel, the christian does not close his eyes on appropriate views of life—relinquish all the generous affections of his nature, and, retiring apart to some frigid zone, congeal into stiff conformity to a cold, isolated, contracted creed. No, man becomes a Christian, not by a process of compression, but of expansion—not by the extinction, but by the resuscitation of life. The gospel is not a remote, secluded, solitary system. It comprehends all the relations and interests of humanity. It is the mighty reservoir into which all the streams of nature, providence and human life are continually pouring. It is not a hermit's well, hidden, remote in the solitude of a mountain wilderness; but the wide and all-embracing ocean, collecting the streams of earth into its arms, and reflecting the glory of heaven in its breast.

It is true, there is *in one sense*, a separation from the world, and a renunciation of its interests, on the part of the christian. There are false views of life—delusive worldly prospects—extravagant worldly attachments—unworthy, but imposing worldly qualities—and *these* are often painted by the art of genius, and arrayed in the brilliant colors of poetry. There are renounced, and so far as poetry may be composed of such elements, it also must be relinquished. But who will pretend that poetry is found necessarily and only in such a connection? Who will say that it is born of error and delusion—that it feeds on false views of life—that it fosters extravagant and guilty excesses of the passions—and that while it is the highest product of human genius, it tends inevitably to the degrada-

tion and ruin of mankind? If so, then christianity disowns its fellowship. But, while there may be *a kind* of poetry of this description, which is to be deprecated and disowned; yet, who does not see it is poetry under perversion—nay, *under an eclipse—shrouded and sunk in the shame of an unholy prostitution?* No, error is cold and contracted—delusion is dark and cheerless. Truth is vast, bright, variegated, beautiful and boundless. And christianity, harmonizing with all subordinate truth, unfolds before the vision of poetry the most inviting prospect to allure its flight, and. with its pure, pervading spirit, quickens and sustains its high career, by the most ennobling inspiration. This we shall proceed to show by a number of conclusive considerations.

W. C. S.

Powhatan Co, Va. Wm. C. Scott

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. JOHN C. M'CABE.

Methought it was spring-time—the sunshine fell mildly,
The church yard lay bathed in its beautiful light—
O'er the well-beaten pathway my footsteps flew wildly,
And boyhood's brave shout I rang forth in my might.
Methought the old steeple and vine-covered tower
Stood out just as boldly as thirty years gone,
And the deep moss lay irised with many a flower,
Around each quaint, sculptured, memorial stone.

Oh! was I again the free boy in his childhood?
Had time borne me back to the hours of my youth,
Ere my spirit had wandered in life's devious wildwood
To seek the illusory fountains of truth?
Had I dreamed I was old? Had the seam and the furrow
Indeed been a fancy? my hair thin and grey
But a vision of night which this new dawning morrow
Had smiled on in joy ere it vanished away?

I stood in the aisle, the bell o'er me was ringing,
And silvery its tones as they floated along,
And voices I well recollected were singing,
And sweet were the notes of their beautiful song.
That hymn I had learned from the lips of my mother,
That strain I had chaunted, a rosy-cheeked boy,
When seated at night with my sister and brother,
The moon had looked down on our innocent joy.

Again those old walls echoed back the evangel,
I heard the old Bishop, so gentle, so good,
His features still beamed with the smile of an angel
As he spoke of the Saviour's free ransoming blood.
At that moment an eye bent upon me in sadness—
'Twas my mother's! I started—I knew 'twas her shade
That rose to my vision, and throbbing with madness
My head on its tear-watered pillow was laid!

'Twas a dream, a sweet dream, that too soon had departed!
The mates of my childhood have wandered afar—
Some sank in the pride of their youth broken-hearted,
Some paled away early like morning's sweet star.
'Twas a dream! For that tower to the owlet is given,
The church is a ruin—my mother is dead—
The Bishop, the choir, are now hymning in heaven,
I am old—I am sad—the bright vision is fled!

Oh! perchance such illusions come over the spirit
To tell how our lost ones still watch us with love,
To woo us and win us that rest to inherit,
That waits for the souls of the blessed above.
Where the heart, sorely tried in this world of affliction,
Shall thrill, but with rapture—shall throb, but in bliss;
Where fruition reveals all the joys that prediction
Hath told us of that, and we feel not in this!

Hampton, Va., 1851.

OLD CHURCHES IN VIRGINIA.

BY E. KENNEDY.

We lately stumbled upon some musty manuscripts—quite an armful of them—belonging, once upon a time, to a Virginia parson of the old school; that is to say, they were written by him. Some bore date of 1767—and none of them were later than 1782. They were written with a free pen, not precisely in the form of a diary, but something of that nature—calendars, domestic records, &c., especially illustrative, however, of the writer, as well as of that peculiar genus to which he belonged, namely, the ante-revolutionary clergy—a race whom we are not bound, according to all we hear said of them, to regard with that respect which is due to the profession.

It is an old saying that one can tell Hercules from his foot—*ex pede Herculem*, as the learned have it: and a single hour's rummaging among these ancient papers has given us to understand very fully what sort of a spirit the writer of them possessed when he lived and moved among men: a spirit not of meekness, and gentleness, and long suffering, we are sorry to say, but a spirit of the world rather. The old gentleman, however, has gone to his rest, and we will not become critical, but only make use of his MSS. as suggestive of some remarks of a historical nature. We learn incidentally that their author died early in the dawning of the present century.

The christian church, in the present day, has nothing to fear from the development of the fact—a fact abundantly substantiated by historical evidence—that the clergy of the olden time, those officiating when prayers were read here in Virginia for "our sovereign George, the King," were to a very considerable extent worldly-minded men. The American revolution which operated as a grand extinguisher of certain ancient usages, fulfilled that purpose so effectually in re-

gard to the church establishment, that we almost forget that such a law ever prevailed in our land, as that men should be taxed to support an officiating clergyman, whom they had no voice in choosing. These were the days when "sums of tobacco" were unwillingly extorted from the yeomanry of the State to feed and to clothe a class of officials, who were sadly derelict in their duties. The mother country, be it understood, exercised the part of a surly step-dame towards the colonies in more ways than one; nor was the character of the officials, whom she sent over to supply the vacant parishes, among the smallest manifestations of her unkindness and neglect. We remember more, however, of her ungenerous taxation upon tea than we do of the treatment which our ancestors received, in the sending of inefficient teachers amongst them. Dr. Hawks in his "Ecclesiastical History of Virginia," sets the matter in a very clear light as to the spiritual dearth of the "Establishment" in the *good* old days when George was King, and when "sums of tobacco" seemed to constitute the grand connecting link between pastors and people, and when the rise and fall of that staple gave birth to as much open contention between the incumbents of the parishes and the citizens thereof, as the tariff does between opposite parties in our own time. Everybody remembers the famous "parson's cause," which first gave Patrick Henry a lift into celebrity. This "cause" had its origin in tobacco,—and in all human probability this same speech which contributed to make the name of Henry immortal, gave also the first "hard knock" upon the head of church establishments which they had yet received in America:—certain it is, that Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson never ceased "knocking" until the last vestige of the "Establishment" had disappeared from the statute books, and even the very glebe lands had been absorbed in the coffers of the State, or applied to charitable purposes. There seemed to be heavy calamities in the day when the misfortunes fell upon the heads of the sufferers, but we have lived to see the wisdom of it all, and time and experience has proved to us beyond all possibility of cavil, that church establishments do not suit the genius of a cis-Atlantic population, whatever may be the benefits attending such things abroad.

But lest we grow prosy over these smoky old records of the past, we come more particularly to speak of the Rev. ———, and of his occupancy of ——— parish. What he has here written shows most abundantly the prevailing temper of his mind; and that although a man of education—he even quotes Latin to his vestrymen in some of his numerous "squabbles" with those dignitaries—he was nevertheless as devoid of spirituality and of the power of the Holy Ghost, as if, in the language of the disciples at Ephesus, he had "not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." Poor old gentleman! no doubt he was a very clever sort of a man in his way, but his everlasting contentions about "sums of tobacco" are very amusing to be sure—and from all we read in these MSS. we doubt very much whether the account of Elijah's being fed by ravens had much practical bearing either upon his heart or in his life.

We chanced to visit lately the very self same ancient church, once, in days long gone by, the scene of his labors. It is rare to find one of these old edifices that has escaped the hammer and the paint brush of modernism. Some such there are, we know, but they are found only in remote places where the people have been too poor to "improve," and too honest and simple-hearted to desecrate. Oh, 'tis a rich treat for any body to visit—any body of taste we mean,—this relic of a day that's past and gone—a day when the forms of other men darkened its portals! To our very great gratification we found it in a most admirable state of preservation, for the people in the neighbourhood—a thousand blessings upon them!—did, by a strong effort, succeed a few years ago in putting a new roof upon the house, and in replastering the walls, but in all respects else left it untouched and "unimproved." Not a flag-stone of the aisles is removed—not a nail has been drawn from those massive pews—not a thimble-ful of paint has ever been applied to the interior of that edifice since the day when the last finishing touch was given it in beautiful lead-color. some hundred years gone by;—not even has the clerk's bench and box been taken away, albeit a very useless appendage now-a-days, but occupies its ancient position immediately in front of and below the reading desk. These substantial pews with their perpendicular backs, how aristocratically square they are! a congregation of moderate sized people "hide their diminished heads" very sensibly when stowed away within their ample enclosures. The pulpit—"tub pulpit," as was the name formerly—vid. Hudibras—rears itself still aloft as it was wont to do when Tillotson, and Barrow, and South, and the "divine Jeremy," were the sole standards of good taste and sound doctrine; that old pulpit, to which you ascend by a winding stair to almost a giddy height above, and its circular canopy over your head, too, with a broad flaring gilt star, radiating widely upon the under surface thereof—that lofty pulpit, midway from the heads of the congregation to the very ceiling—'tis all there, every bit of it! No, not all, we forget, for some shabby fellow—if it were in our power we would anathematise him—has

stolen the dove with expanded wings, which used to perch in emblematic flight from the topmost point of this same elevated canopy. And then the chancel—dear reader, we must not omit to tell thee of this, for it was the *chef d' œuvre* of the architect: you will find it, should your curiosity ever lead you to seek out the ancient edifice, in the *east end*, of course, for this was, as every good churchman well knows, according to law in such cases made and provided. The fluted columns, with Corinthian "caps," still display their elaborate carving—painted white once, but very dingy now, placed there no doubt to show off the tablets to a fine advantage. In these old Virginia churches you always see the tablets, the creed, the ten commandments, and the Lord's prayer in conspicuous lettering upon the wall of the chancel. In this the original gilt lettering remains broadly set forth upon what was once a sky-blue ground, now, alas! quite faded and dull. The same small windows with many of the original panes of thick green glass still admit the light of day. Nothing, indeed, is changed—only the worshippers—ah! they are all changed. One no longer sees the powdered heads, with the knee breeches, and flap waistcoats of the men, nor the hooped skirts and high heeled shoes of those fair ones, our great-grand mothers, who sat upon these seats, and listened to the words of instruction from yonder desk, or perchance kneeled here at this altar, and partook of the sacred elements. If one would realise something of human life in such aspect as that of its "passing away," he has only to stand by one of these old windows, and gaze out upon the parish burial ground, which for upwards of a century, as the tomb-stones abundantly record, has offered a final resting-place for the gathering relics of mortality. The grass grows green above these mounds, but the names inscribed are, many of them, almost obliterated—preachers and people, for several generations, all mingle their dust there.

Some few years ago the people in the neighborhood made an extraordinary effort and gave a new roof to the old church at ——; some were for "refixing" its interior—the young ladies of the congregation in particular voted the ancient fabric to be "out of the question" in these days of improvement—that it was "perfectly forlorn," and, in particular, they lamented that when fairly seated within the enclosure of those high-backed pews, nobody could see them. However, either a better taste, or a saving poverty, prevented the desecration, so that the old time edifice with all its clustering associations remains to us in its pristine condition—for which there is cause, we say, to be thankful.

But to leave the church and return to the parson, and his smoky documents: We take up, for instance, "The Parson's Calendar for ye year 1781." Here we find intermingled with the "Table of Lessons" for the "Sundays throughout the year" a number of other items of inferior dignity, but by no means inferior interest to the reader at this day: receipts for various ailments, both in men-folks and in cattle, form a frequent subject for the filling up of blank pages. Occasionally we have a list of new publications in London, together with a running commentary of the writer upon the same. The "new-light fanatics" receive some very severe digs from our prosy parson—this of course. What, however, we found most to our fancy, was a contract for services, to be rendered as priest of the parish—the reverend gentleman having been hired, as men hire overseers, *by the year*. We subjoin this business-like document entire,—calling the reader's attention particularly to the nature of the hindrances which might arise to prevent Divine Service—such as "health, business and weather"—receiving "for his trouble" such compensation as the article calls for:

"Whereas the Rev. —— hath agreed to serve at the upper church in this parish of —— as minister thereof, and to preach at the same one Sunday in every Fortnight when his Health and Business, and the Weather will permit, for and during the term of one year; to commence from the Date hereof—excepting in the three months of January, February and March—and hath agreed to receive for his Trouble at the rate of three hundred pounds of Tobacco for each and every Sunday he shall attend at the said Church; and whereas it is necessary that a Clerk and Sexton be also provided for the said Church; We the subscribers, Inhabitants of the said parish, in consideration thereof do promise to pay unto —— and —— gentlemen, or either of them the several sums of Tobacco to our names respectively annexed, on or before the 15th day of September, 1781, in order to enable them, our Trustees in this behalf or either of them to pay the Rev. —— for his services the sum of three hundred pounds of Tobacco for each Sunday he shall attend during the nine months aforesaid. Witness our hands this 15th day of Sept. 1780."

In another place we find his Articles of Agreement still more explicit, binding the said minister "to perform divine service according to the rites of the Church of England"—all of which is to be done as before named, "when his necessary Business does not hinder"—"to visit the Subscribers when they are sick and *send for him*"—"to administer the sacrament three times a year, the subscribers *finding the elements*, and Baptism as often as is necessary,"—and stipulating "that the Rev. ——'s affidavit shall be al-

lowed as legal and sufficient Evidence to prove the number of Sundays he hath attended," &c.

The standing topic of altercation—and not always a peaceable altercation either—between parsons and people, was the emolument due to the office as minister of the Parish. By law, as early as 1727, it was enacted, that every parish priest, *received* by the vestry as such, should be entitled to a salary, amounting to sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco a year: but this law could be evaded by the non-"reception" of such ministers as had either been sent to them from England, or were appointed by the Governor to the living. A temporary supply of such vacancies was obtained by "hiring" a parson from year to year, which could be effected as we have seen in the document quoted above. Our Reverend friend, the author of these papers, which we have disentombed for the reader's edification, was such a "hireling" as the very specific wording of his articles of Agreement goes clearly to shew; and the worthy citizens of that parish must have been considerably the gainers by the transaction—that is in a pecuniary sense; as to the question in a spiritual point of view, we will not agitate it any further to the disparagement of our aged friend.

Disputes we say were endless, as may well be presumed. One has only to consider that human nature in its same erring aspect, appeared in the days of our great-grandfathers as it does now, in order to understand perfectly the value as well as the causes of such contentions—and how that unless the sweet law of Christian charity prevails, all manner of irregularities will and must occur. A charity of this kind seems to have been sadly deficient in these ante-revolutionary ecclesiastical affairs. The case we have to record was of that worthy personage the clerk; or in common parlance, "clark"—this same official who was wont to occupy the "box" in front of the reading desk in —— church, as we have already described. His name was West,—Ben West, and we have no doubt he uttered the responses in a most business-like and audible voice, and that he sung the Psalms from "Tate and Brady" with striking emphasis and nasal intonation. Usually the disputes seemed to lay between the parson and his clerk, but upon the present occasion the parson came forward as a defender of his assistant: we find the following in the "Calendar" for 1772:

"*The Case of Ben West, (Parish Clerk.)*

"Canon 91. No Parish Clerk shall be chosen but by the Parson or Vicar; and the said Clerks so chosen shall have and receive their ancient Wages, without Fraud or Diminution, either by the Hands of the Church Wardens at such times as hath been accustomed, or by their own collection, according to the most ancient custom of every Parish."

From this very plain state of the matter, we are led to infer the Vestry had departed from usage, in two grievous "Resolutions," which seemed as much aimed at the prerogative of the parson as at the "Wages" of the under officer. The first of these yields the point as to the minister's right to appoint his own Clerk, but in the second the perquisites in tobacco of the said worthy individual are sadly interfered with. The affair came to a trial, and our parson made a speech before that august body who sat in council upon "Ben West's wages." We find the speech written out in full:—whether it was delivered as written, would be difficult to determine now, after the lapse of nearly a century; neither do the public records furnish any evidence of the fact, although it was undoubtedly a most weighty matter in its day. We copy the parson's speech, however, as a specimeu of the piquancy of the ante-revolutionary clerical style. The abbreviations, the capitals, as well as the Latin—for which last the ladies will please excuse us—are all the Parson's own, and are a precise transcript of his MS.

"*Gentlemen of the Vestry.*

"Yr second Resolution is not only contrary to the plain words and meaning of the Canon, whereon you ground yr first, but is, in its Consequences, utterly subversive of yr first Resolution. For if you can diminish the Clerk's Salary at all, you may reduce it from 1,000 (*the ancient Wages.*) to one Chew of Tobacco, for which you are sure no person will serve; the Consequence whereof will be, that tho' you allow the Minister a Right of chusing a Clerk, yet you put it out of his Power ever to have one.

"But you complain, that the present Clerk fails in his Duty, that he refuses to read Prayers in the Absence of the Minister. Admitting yr Complaint to be just, it is not in yr Power to punish him, no more than you can his master, for he is no officer of yours: and if the Parson is so unreasonably obstinate as to continue him in office, you must have Recourse to a higher Tribunal for his Expulsion. But yr present Complaint is altogether groundless, for the Clerk is not bound to read the whole Service—it is no Part of his Duty, nor has he, strictly speaking, any Right to do so; his Portions of the Service are pointed out to him, and his Bounds assigned, which he ought not in Strictness to pass, unless he were a Clerk in Orders.

"But the Custom of the Country, you say, gives you a Right to insist on it. To this it may be answered, that yr Custom is not a general

but a partial one, the Usage being otherways in many Parishes in Virginia; neither the Statute, nor Common, nor Canon Law warrants yr Custom; the Usage in England (where these matters are thoroughly understood) is expressly agst yr Custom: and the particular Bounds assigned the Clerk in the Church Service, (as I before took notice) amounts by Implication to a Prohibition of it.

"Gentlemen of the Vestry: For the knowing Ones among you (for some such undoubtedly there are) I shall make the following Apology: 'Nemo omnibus horis sapit: Et humanum est errare.' And as for the rest of you, allow me to give you this necessary Caution, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.'"

The result of this great trial has not come down to our day—nor have we any means of determining whether "Ben West" or the Vestry were the better fellows.

"Journal, 1766," is, or professes to be, an account of a Voyage to London "on board the Munificence, Capt. John Johnson Commander:" but we look in vain for any pleasant "Pencillings by the Way" in this meagre "Journal." Such observations as—"Weighed anchor and past Cape Henry," "Got sight of Lizzard Point about 6 P. M." "Came to anchor off Dover Cliff," are not quite so much to the purpose as we could desire. The Parson's brain seems here quite barren of that vivacity which he had shewn in the "West" case, and he gives us only a few items with all the precision of a sailor's log-book as to the "soundings and anchorings," but not a word of the passengers, or what any of them said, or whether they talked about pending troubles with the mother country: Perhaps they were all too "loyal" to open their lips upon such troublous questions, or our parson's pen was too well dedicated to the service of "Our gracious sovereign George," to have taken note of such observations had they been uttered. We are constrained to notice also the barrenness of interest so far as any detailed record is made of his visit to London in 1766. Now had it been ourselves instead of this matter-of-fact parson we should have been all over London, from Aldgate pump to Tyburn gate in a very short time. We should have seen Sam. Johnson at Bolt Court, and Goldsmith, and Reynolds, and other choice spirits at the "Kit-cat"—Garrick at Drury Lane, Burke at the House of Commons—and caught even a glimpse of "Junius," had such a thing been possible:—but not so the "Parson." He seems to have gone over on business, pretty much as men go to New York and Philadelphia in these days, and having done what he went after, and made all his purchases, returned home again.

The ship sailed from Virginia on the first of July, and on the twenty-fifth day of August, the traveller landed safe and sound "at Billingsgate in London, and put up at the Cross Keys' Inn," having performed the perilous voyage in fifty-five days—all told. On his return he enters the following important fact in his "Journal:" "Nov. 15th, 1766, took coach at the Virginia Coffee House, and arrived at Gravesend the same evening, where we remained 'til the 17th, when we embarked on board the Hamburg and fell down the Thames." After a happy, and we presume very patient voyage of two months lacking five days, the vessel arrived at the Capes of Virginia."

In these ante-Revolutionary times, our good grandfathers and grandmothers procured all their necessaries from abroad. In this business visit of the parson to London, some items are worthy of notice. One memorandum calls for "jewelry" to be "mended" in London,—together with medicines and books to be bought for sundry of the parson's neighbors. George Wiffin is to be paid thirty shillings for a "Cardinal and bonnet," received heretofore on credit—how we should love to have a sight of that same "Cardinal and bonnet;" and among other items of baggage, we notice "1 Box and Wigg." What went with the old wig, now that a new one was procured, it would be hard to say:—probably it fell to that same notable "Ben West, the Parish Clerk," as was by no means unusual in that day when wigs were worn as a matter of dignity, and when even the cast-off peruke was sufficient to lend an air of respectability (?) to the official who "read Prayers in the absence of the Minister."

Such are some of the gleanings—rather impertinent ones, perhaps, it may be supposed—from the old gentleman's Note Books, and private Calendars. They could be extended much further, because they have to do with a period of our country's history which is rapidly becoming a classic one. The toast which Quincy Adams gave some years ago, to the effect that the signers of the Declaration of Independence were "like the leaves of the Sybil, increasing in value as they diminish in number," may apply not improperly to documents such as these we have before us. So valuable indeed are all items of personal history, such as relate to revolutionary and ante-revolutionary times, that we fondly dwell upon these smoky relics, and upon the associations which they bring before our mind. Speaking of our "parsons" of the older school, Dr. Hawks in his history tells us of one—he a Virginian too—who, in the "times that tried men's souls," left the pulpit for the saddle, and exchanged his cassock for a General's uniform, and served throughout the war with no small eclat: one would like right well to fall in with his pri-

vate papers, if perchance they would subserve so valuable a purpose of suggestion as these now under review. The reader will call to mind the warrior Bishop Compton in the time of William and Mary, who, as Macaulay tells us, did good service in the field and in the chancel alternately. Strange times these were; but strange as they may and do seem, we are bound to report them just as they come down to us, with all the attendant circumstances of curious truth. Our Virginia parson, whose memoranda we have been sifting, was also a curiosity in his way, as will have been seen. But the reader is doubtless weary of our antiquarian ramble, and so we give over further search.

MY HARP.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

1.

It sings of nature fair—
  Of hill, and vale and sea,
Of spring flowers rich and rare,
  The loved of bird and bee;
    Of summer breezes singing,
    Of birds from earth upspringing,
    Their sky-ward journeys winging
      With bursts of vocal glee.

2.

It sings the joys of wine—
  The gen'rous and the kind,
Infusing strength divine
  In heart and soul and mind;
    Where lamps are burning brightly,
    Where hearts are beating lightly,
    Where eld and youth meet nightly
      And time fleets by like wind.

3.

It sings of woman's love—
  The beautiful and bright,
The star sent from above
  To bathe our hearts with light;—
    Of pledges kept and broken,
    Of sigh, and word, and token,
    Of tales by lovers spoken
      With faltering tones at night.

4.

It sorrows for the brave,
  With dulcet notes of woe,
It wails above the grave
  If stout hearts lie below;
    But then its descant changing,
    To themes of vengeance ranging—
    It calls for swords avenging
      To lay earth's tyrants low.

5.

It loves the strife of men—
  It loves the serried line,
On mountain ridge or glen,
  This wild, wild harp of mine:
    The brazen trumpets playing,
    The charging and the slaying,
    The fierce, the wild hurraing—
      Down, down wild harp of mine.

CUPID'S SPORTS.

"Sly Cupid always on new mischiefs bent,
To the rich field and furrowed tillage went;
Like any ploughman toiled the little God,
His tune he whistled and his wheat he sowed,
Then sat and laughed."

Gentle reader, it has been a long time since you and I had a nice little jaunt together, and may be you have forgotten me, and my friend Tim, whose misfortunes in days gone by, it was my good fortune to record. If so, you must hunt up the first volume of the Messenger, and refresh your memory with the rare sport sly Cupid enjoyed at the expense of my hero—yes, hero, for Tim was often engaged in battle with Cupid, and though in every encounter he invariably came off second best, or, in other words, was whipt, kicked, and cuffed, yet he was ever "up to time," and ready for another bout, often even before his wounds were properly healed. When I would rally him and ask how it happened that he was "still bending under the weight of shouldered Cupid," he would look queer and say that he could only answer in the words of the poet:

"Once on a time, as for my fair,
  A wreath I chanced to twine,
I caught young love amongst the flowers,
  And plunged him in my wine;—
I plunged him in and drank him up,
  With such delicious glee,
That now the urchin with his wings,
  Is always—tickling me."

When last we had an interview with Tim, the jig was up with him. For those of you who cannot procure the Messenger, we must again record the fact that Tim had just been discarded, by his once dear little Katy,—that he had just received and perused a sad, sad little note, which concluded with the doleful enunciation, "Our engagement is terminated," and we left him sitting with "his elbow on the table and his head upon his hand." What he said, what he did, you who have been in his situation can easily conjecture. He was the instrument upon whom the unruly tongues of amiable gossips had so fantastically

played. He and little Katy were the gentle pair whose happiness had been marred by the tittle tattle of those who retailed slanders without meaning any harm.

> Oh, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,
> As that abominable tittle tattle,
> Which is the cud eschewed by human cattle."

Now, gentle reader, you think no doubt that when two loving hearts have been severed without just cause, that it is an easy matter to reconcile their differences and bring about a genial glow of love again. You think that love with his radiant smile might dissipate such mists—you think that two loving hearts that were welded together with a flame as white as ever burned on Hymen's altar, could not be sundered but by a power as resistless as Vulcan's hammer. But in the ups and downs of this world's wonders, sometimes 'tis not so, and so it happened to Tim, for do what he would, say what he could, look as he might, strive as he did, it was all to no purpose, and he was forced "to give it up so."

Something must be done, Tim grew puny, not in strength or person, for he rather fattened, but he was puny in countenance, his heart was faint, there was an undefinable, indescribable weakness and lassitude about his looks that made men weak who saw him move "as we feel warm in a winter's sun, in passing one who weighs a ton." The Doctor said he wanted air, fresh country air—the springs, the mountains blue, and the freshening breeze. It was a pleasant prescription, one that jumped with his humour and Tim bought him a handsome new buggy and a sleek gay steed, a new whip, a new trunk, a new suit of black and altogether looked like a young widow emerging from her weeds when the first little bit of a white ribbon flaunts jauntily from her head. My good young sir, did you ever notice this little symptom? You have. Well I assure you, "Shun danger and fly," for there is as much danger under that little bit of a flag as ever lurked under the glance of Kate Kearney.

I have a story to tell. Do you suppose I intend following Tim along the road, stopping at this tavern to feed his horse, at that one to eat fried bacon and eggs and chickens that the dogs had run down five minutes before and were almost fluttering when they were served in his plate? There is no sentiment in plain "chicken fixings and mutton doings." Cupid has never yet been represented by painters or sculptors, peeping from a dish like the "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." He lurks among the roses, he is seen among the flowers, the dimples are his foot prints, and tresses are his bowers.

Tim set out for the Springs, but he had relations that lived under the mountain, and he called to see them on his way, and found the old mansion crowded with a bevy of cheerful, romping, wicked girls, full of fun and mischief, wild as gazelles, with hearts free and souls pure. Now good critic, do not ask how girls can be wicked and mischievous, and yet have pure souls. I use the terms knowingly, it is no slip of the pen. A wicked girl is one who is devilish pretty, and knows it, and knows how to flirt and play the devil with you, and yet can say at the same time, in all purity, "get thee behind me satan." She is one with whom that little devil, Cupid, dwells, and from whose windows he shoots his most envenomed darts. "Her ringlets so curly, are Cupid's own net." And her mischief is so artless and full of fun and pleasantry, that you forget all about Cupid and his wiles—his disguise is so complete you are utterly thrown off your guard.

> "His lamp, his bow, and quiver laid aside,
> A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied."

You believe you are perfectly safe while you are chatting with a little innocent country lassie, when, my dear sir, you are under the dominion of the little god who is whistling his tune and sowing his wheat; and if it happen to fall upon good, mellow ground, it will spring up and bear a glorious harvest, some an hundred, some a thousand fold.

While the girls were wild and mischievous and full of frolic, Tim was just the reverse, and possessed not one amusing thought in the world,—he was grum, morose, sour, pensive, meditative, absent. He had shut himself within his shell, and what cared he for girls? He could

> "Laugh at your darts tipped with flaming desire,
> Since his heart, burnt to ashes, was proof against fire."

But there was one "varmint" of a girl, who didn't choose to have any moping, woe-begone faces about her, she didn't like people who were "down in the cellar,"—she couldn't bear, she said, your psalm-singing, poke-easy, good for nothing, dumb-founded, sighing sort of beaux,—she liked a fellow who could laugh. She said this not *to* Tim, but *at* him. She didn't like a groaning christian, one that would roll his eyes to heaven, and twirl his thumbs, and say "*umph!* ah me!" when any body smiled. "Now, Mr. Wilberforce," she appealed to Tim, "do you?" And before he could answer; "for my part," she said, "I like to laugh"—and she suited the action to the word, and laughed very sweetly too. "I like to rattle away—and to talk to a gentleman that knows how to talk—none of your 'this is very fine weather to-day, Miss,—this is horrid weather—indeed I think this is a very fine day,'" and then she mimicked, most happily, one whom all

the girls knew very well, seizing a hat and stick and twirling the stick, and spinning the hat round upon her fingers and bowing very fantastically. "Now," she said, "I like to cheer a gentleman up," and just as a friend of hers was seating himself near her, she pulled the chair from under him, and he was cheered up by landing at full length on the floor; and then she begged his pardon so sincerely and hoped he wasn't hurt—wouldn't have hurt him for the world, but the temptation was so strong—didn't mean to do it—knew he didn't mind it. "Oh do forgive me; Mr. Wilberforce wouldn't you?" And so she ran on, sometimes wit sparkling, sometimes mirth inspiring, all the time, "bright eyes flashing—tresses waving," and it was impossible not to be pleased.

Now, gentle reader, I wish I had time to introduce you to all these lassies and to unfold half the tricks and past times they played. It is a pleasure to recur to these scenes. It is delightful to waken thoughts that long have slept, and to feel that those whom once we loved "in memory, bloom again."

But they brought Tim out, they rallied him about his heart, they told him there was "as good fish in the sea as ever came out." And our cheerful Fanny, that was her name, said she had read somewhere, that once Cyclops was in love, "and you know, Mr. Tim, he was an ugly hideous old fellow—

> 'My single eye enormous lids enclose,
> And o'er my blubbered lips projects my nose;'"

And she pouted out her lips and made her nose almost meet her chin, "and even he," she said, "had learned love's torments to endure, and calm'd the passion which he could not cure." Now she ran on: I do love to make up a match; "I do want so much to see you in love; I have a nice little friend, Mr. Tim, she's 'A lovely bird with azure wings,' 'an eye of most transparent light,' and she can sing 'songs that say a thousand things, and seem to say them all for you.'" "Now," said Tim, "if you go on in this way, Miss Fan, I shall not only fall in love with your friend, but with the friend of the friend." "What, me? Lor bless you honey—me? that would be funny. Never had a beau in my life"—and she pulled her long ringlets down and tied them under her chin, and then she gave him such a look out of the corner of her eye and tossed her head and made him a low courtesy. "Oh," she said, "she has black eyes—coal black, sparkling; little tiny foot, just peeping out, grace, softness. I know *you* would love a die away girl—not a romp like me." Now all this was said with a playfulness and an archness and a carelessness that was truly winning. Tim did not know what to be about. Not to make himself agreeable to one who was so full of mirth and pleasantry, would be to play the part of an ascetic. He did not like to be outdone; "He ought to do—and did his best."

Days ran on—time swiftly flew—hours glided away in mirth, and music, and dancing, and many a gay repartee, and many a lively banter had Tim with the wild, the witching Fan; and he thought that his heart was unscathed. "To-morrow," he said, "I shall leave you, Miss Fan, I shall expect, some of these days, an introduction to your sweet friend." "Come and see me then, we'll cheer you up," she archly said, "and

> 'Strong indeed must be the heart,
> Where love finds no unguarded part.'

Now, before you go, Mr. Tim, I am going to sing you a song. You and I will be such cronies—I've taken a fancy to you, you know, and I'll say so many kind words for you to Bella"—and down she sat at the piano, and poured out her whole soul in a little merry air: "My heart's in the Hielands—My heart is not here—My heart's in the Hielands a chasing the deer—A chasing the wild deer and following the roe—My heart's in the Hielands wherever I go."

When a man's heart has been shivered and he comes across one who seems to take a liking to him, and tries to mend his heart, and patches it with kindness and soothes him and takes him by the hand and cheers him, and whose friendship seems to be without selfish motive, and whose society is agreeable, who has a laughing eye and a laughing mouth, and withal a sweet voice,

> "The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice,"

that man may be safely said to be getting into a quandary. Did you ever see a little cloud—"a frown upon the atmosphere," into which all the little fleecy sunlit mists of the heavens were rapidly drawn by the presence of the electric fluid, congregating into one solid mass, until its deep bosom heaved and muttered thunders? Well, when you get in love, you'll feel drawn by a power stronger than the fluid, and your bosom will heave, but your muttering will be as the cooing of a dove.

Tim went his way—but the wheat was sown. As he rode along, "My heart's in the Hielands," came ringing through his ears; he hummed it, he whistled it, he sang it, and then, for variety, he whistled it, he sang it, and he hummed it; and if he had been the happy owner of a Jewsharp, he would have Jewsharped it all along the road. Tim communed with himself: he did not believe for a moment that he who had "ambled through all love's gradations," could be caught by a wild harum scarum girl; he thought he could love a quiet, calm, soft, tender, sweet, mild little sort of a somebody. Ah, Tim! thou

knowest not thyself, nor yet the eccentricities of love. I've seen a bandy-legged, crooked-shank, hump-backed, hair-lipped, cross-eyed, hard-fisted customer yoked to a beautiful, gentle little May-flower. I have seen a tall, Lombardy poplar, lank, lean, cadaverous spindle, with a fat, chubby, dumpy, rosy, plump partridge of a girl, hanging on to his elbow. I've seen a gay Lothario, with form and features that Adonis might have coveted, looking wistfully in the eyes of a haggard, swarthy old crone. There is nothing wonderful in contradictions like this. Love seems to sport in eccentricities and delights in bringing antipodes together.

Now gentle reader since we have jogged on cosily enough, we must introduce you to other scenes. Our wild little Fan lived in a rural retreat, far from the noise and bustle of the city, which for many years had been ornamented by the hand of beauty and of taste. Her mother had taken the greatest pleasure—(she had been gathered to her fathers within a few years gone by)—in adorning the approaches to the house with all the gay flowers and evergreens that she could collect, and they were trimmed and trailed in tasty festoons, and on beautiful arbors, that at once caught the eye, and made the place look like the retreat of the Graces and the Muses: and little Fan had followed the good example set before her and continued to add specimens of rare plants and beautiful exotics, which displayed her taste and added to the attractions and loveliness of her home. She was the idol of her father, who sorely afflicted with frequent attacks of the gout, seemed to cling to her gayety and mirth as the life-giving principle of his age. And while she frisked and romped like a mettlesome, unbridled steed with gay companions, yet she knew how to show him all the tender, delicate attentions that soften pain and disease and smooth the brow furrowed with care. Oh, how much those old bachelors, who have tasted the sweets of

> "Some slight, light, hereditary twinges
> Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges,"

would give for a soft, little, velvety hand ("*mollitèr manus imposuit,*") gently and smoothly gliding along that heated, fevered, burning, throbbing, piercing toe.

Our friend Fan—we have a right to call her so—had been for some time secluded without companions, and had been confined to her father's bedside, but now he was recovering from his attack, and she had rambled away from the house all alone along the public road to catch the fresh air. She had no idea of meeting a human being, but she was always neat and jaunty, and this evening she was dressed in a glossy, black silk, with a little white apron and neat little pockets—in the one was a fine cambric handkerchief, and in the other, two ripe peaches she had pulled in her walk. I like to be particular. Then instead of rose buds and flowers, she had culled a few sprigs of white clover blossom and a spire or two of grass that had gone to seed, and these she had carelessly, you may almost say dashed into her hair. She was without her bonnet, and yet if she had set at the glass for an hour, she could not have disposed them with half the effect. I conscientiously believe that *Cupid* guided her fingers. If you or I, sir, had tried from morning till evening with hair pins and head pins, and side combs and tuck combs, and even with wafers or paste, we couldn't have fixed those little love traps to have saved our souls—they wouldn't have stayed there with all the care and pains we could have bestowed; but sir, she might have tossed her head with disdain, she might have shaken her locks as the bird shakes its wing when wet with the gentle spray,—she might have spun round and round in the giddy waltz, till every ringlet by the centrifugal force would have been as straight as an Indian's, and yet not one clover blossom would have stirred from the position she gave it. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in thy philosophy." She had ended her stroll and completed her toilet, as we have seen unwittingly made, when she heard the approach of wheels, and suddenly at a turn in the road our lucky Tim, who was whistling with all his might, "My Heart's in the Highlands," came "full but," "plenum sed," right along side of those same clover blossoms.

Tim didn't know that he was so near Miss Fan's abode; he was seeking the house no doubt; he had been enquiring the road and been told it was full five miles off, and he was not prepared for the meeting. But then she met him so kindly. Didn't he intend coming in? And she inquired of him in the same vein that Scott knew so well how to describe. "And wha hae ye been, and what hae ye been a doing, and what for did ye na write till us." And Tim said she looked so well and put him in mind of old friends. And she said, "Now don't fall in love with me, Mr. Wilberforce—I wont allow it—I'm saving you for another."

Tim took her up in the buggy—and she shook him by the hand again. "Pon honor, you've improved," she said. "You don't look so moping. When I first saw you I thought you were a parson. Haven't I changed? I've become quite ugly. I used to think that I could give a little glance"—and she looked at Tim full in the eye—(there was a heartquake)—"but now my eye has lost its power." They reached the house, and

she ushered Tim in—she ran into the next room and in an instant she came back with a silver waiter in her hand, with a single glass of wine and bit of sponge cake. She made him a courtesy. "Ain't I a nice little waiting maid? I told you I'd treat you kindly if you came to see me. I am so glad to see you." She ran her hand into her little pocket and gave him the peaches she had culled. "I pulled them to give to my beau," she said. "Don't be flattering yourself though that I meant you,"—and away she went, leaving Tim, as she said, to look at the pictures.

Tim was in a flutter. The whole affair had come upon him so suddenly. Here was he in this lovely place, with nobody but himself and little Fan—all her friends gone, father sick; he didn't know whether it was proper for him to remain, and he began to be alarmed

"With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain."

He said to himself he would pursue his journey, but he didn't. And here she comes again—

"Her eye its sun-like radiance flings
Beneath her dark, o'ershadowing tresses."

"I am so sorry, Mr. Wilberforce, my papa is not able to see you. He is just recovering from the gout and says I must entertain you, and you know how I can do it. We can have such a snug little tete-a-tete. Pa says he's nothing but an old weed that hath no business to grow among the corn, but I laughingly tell him we often see in the same land,

'Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers together stand,'

and you know he thinks I'm a very daisy, but the beaux call me a coquette—me!—innocent me," and she looked artlessly at Tim, and half-winked her eye—'twas not a full wink; if it had been, it would not have been worth a fig. Now gentle reader can you imagine a young gentleman in a more dangerous situation than this? Even the most stubborn and determinedly stiff may be made under such circumstances "to bend his knee to love, and make obeisance at his mighty shrine." But Tim, as you know, was a susceptible gentleman—he had soft places in his heart, and Cupid knew how to come at them. Oh, how many sweet things that girl did say that evening, and there was such a frankness and such a genuine friendship about her sayings, and they sat down by a little round table with two bright silver candlesticks, and she handed him the "Poets of the Ancients," and they read together out of the same book, or rather he read to her and she looked on, and sometimes he would, and sometimes she would, and sometimes both would turn over the leaf, and then their hands would touch, and Tim would feel the force of the poet's exclamation,

"One touch and all thy strength is gone,"

and while he was reading, it was strange to notice how many lines seemed to have been written expressly for Tim. The Poet said

"Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or if it doth, in vain for me."

Tim looked her full in the face, and the blood tingled in his cheek. She did not look down nor blush in turn, but she laughingly said, "That's very prettily said by the poet. The first time you get a fair chance, Mr. Tim, you say it to your sweetheart. 'Twould produce quite a flutter, wouldn't it? If some folks that I know were sitting like you and I, and reading all about love and darts and hearts, and were to come spang up to two such lines, they'd grow a little pale—wouldn't they?" Tim's brow cooled down. He shut the book and mused. "Why now," she said, how you look like that same old parson—moping, wo-begone," and taking the book she opened it at hap-hazard and read away—

'He who defers the work from day to day,
Does on a river's brink expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone.'

"Now wouldn't that be pretty for me to say to my sweetheart, if I had one, to spur him on? But no body ever came a-courting me. We live away off here in the country—you town gentlemen don't care for country lassies. Oh, I know *you* do"—laying the stress on the *you*. "You *like* me amazingly, but I'm talking of *lovers*."

Good reader, I had no stenographer that evening, else you should have the whole of it, but of what avail would it be unless Hogarth or Cruikshank had been there too and could have caught the manner. Every look was a new mesh in that net that Cupid wove then and there. And she had a harp upon which she discoursed gentle music when the conversation might have flagged. But what was the use of harps in a place like this?

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
There's music in the gushing of a rill,
There's music in all things, if men had ears."

After playing for some time, she suddenly jumped from the harp, and running backwards to the door she kissed her hand, and taking the tips of her apron between her finger and thumb she courtesied low, and saying, may "balmy sleep attend you," ran out of the room.

In a short time Tim was ushered to his chamber for the night. Have you ever seen a young rabbit turned loose into a room for the first time

by itself? If ever you should see one, you will have a full idea of Tim's actions. I am an observer of nature and study her ways. You must study them too. This was a lady's apartment—there was no mistake about that. Tim thought the sexton had showed him into the wrong pew. There was a rosewood wardrobe carved most beautifully and polished most highly—a dressing table of the same wood, with a white marble top surmounted by a mirror which hid every wrinkle and smoothed the brow, and on the marble sat vases freshly filled with rose buds of every shade and hue, and a little white satin pincushion filled with tiny pins, and fanciful cut-cut-glass bottles of real Farina cologne and perfumes of Araby, and there was a French rosewood bedstead, over which, from a gilt ring fastened in the ceiling, hung a canopy covered with an open net curtain lined with pink and fringed with a richly-worked border looped at the four centres with a pink bow; and downy pillows with frilled edges and snow-white linen sheets. And there was a bible and a prayer-book with purple velvet covers clasped and tipped with gold. And there was a little book of poems—'twas lying on a chair, and between its leaves was a fresh leaf of rose geranium, and on the page the lines were marked,

> "'Tis all too late—*thou wert—thou art*
> The cherished madness of my heart."

Tim wanted to get out of this apartment: he would have preferred a soft plank in a barn. He desired to ring for the servant, but he saw no bell. There were two doors: the one at which he entered—the other which led he knew not whither. He wished to peep through the key-hole, but he did'nt.

Reader, he put out the light and then himself he put to bed, and tossed—not slept, and hoped, (and yet he hardly would admit he was in love,) and hoped—

> "For Hope's fond tongue
> Can dupe the old as it has duped the young."

THE GREEK SLAVE.

Was it Carrara or the Parian vein
From which this stately presence was set free,
Embedded there beyond the memory,
Of human life? O beautiful! I fain
Would speak the thoughts that welled up from my heart
At sight of thy divinest anguish, place
On paper the expression of that face,
That haunts me ever, has become a part
Of my existence. No! I cannot think
The vile bazaar has ever held this form
With woman's tender beauty, instinct, warm:
Or see thee standing thus upon the brink
Of servitude:—thou art Andromache
Chained to a rock, silent before the sea.

Notices of New Works.

THE BOOK OF HOME BEAUTY. By MRS. KIRKLAND. *With Twelve Portraits from Life.* By CHARLES MARTIN, Esq. Engraved by eminent artists. New York: George P. Putnam. 1852.

Here it is, at last, the volume of volumes, over which engravers and printers have worked so long and so faithfully, and into whose gallery of portraits hundreds of excellent but despairing ladies have been ready, for many months, to part with their ears for admission; here it is, "rolled out for inspection" in all its beauty and its bravery, and "glittering," as Mr. Burke said of the Dauphiness, "like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy." We need not tell the reader that in externals, in typography and magnificent engravings, it fully comes up to the public expectation, high as that had been raised; for as Mr. Charles Martin and Mr. Putnam, in their respective branches, had each a reputation to lose, they would not probably have allowed it to go forth unless it were altogether *comme il faut*.

We confess that we feel some embarrassment in giving an opinion as to the taste of this novel experiment in book-making, because of the fact that, as the names are affixed to the portraits in each instance, we cannot speak of it in terms of disparagement, without appearing to be personal in our remarks; and not for the world would we offend any one of these ticketed beauties, who have doubtless as much delicacy as becomes their sex and many more charms than Mr. Martin has given them. As an independent proposition, we certainly think it immodest in those divinities who have been endowed by nature with an uncommon share of pulchritude, to suffer their fair features to be paraded before the public, and made the subject of criticism in all the book-stores throughout the country. And this appears the more objectionable in America, because it makes them obnoxious to the charge of aping the aristocratic and titled females of the English court circle, whom Mr. Heath has for many years enshrined in his well-known annual. We hear it said, indeed, that Mr. Martin has defended his sitters from the chance of remark upon their individual charms, by making the heads of "The Book of Home Beauty" *as little like the originals as possible*, and for the credit of the United States we hope this is so, for we should be very unwilling that these portraits should stand as the representatives of American loveliness.

It may be readily supposed that the letter-press of this volume was a subject in itself of no little difficulty. Public expectation was on tiptoe concerning it, and Mrs. Kirkland was thought to occupy a rather delicate position Should each portrait be accompanied with a biographical sketch of the lady? Should she tell of the conquests each of them had made during maidenhood? Such a course would obviously be improper, so she has adopted, with exceeding good sense, a very different one, by saying nothing whatever about the faces that interleave her work. This is a continuous story of great point and piquancy which will be read with interest and delight.

We dismiss the volume by saying, that sumptuous as it is, it yields in point of attractiveness to another publication of Mr. Putnam, which we shall straightway proceed to consider.

THE HOME BOOK OF THE PICTURESQUE: *or American Scenery, Art and Literature.* Beautifully Illustrated. New York: George P. Putnam. 1852.

In looking over the excellent illustrations of this superb volume, we feel a regret that the most picturesque scenery of our whole broad country could not be drawn for us in just such a spirited and natural manner as is here displayed. The book is altogether the most fresh and original one that we have seen for years. The pictures are from the pencils of the best landscape painters of America, and have been engraved with rare fidelity and effect. The literary department is unusually good, embracing original articles from Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Tuckerman and others, which refer directly to the localities set forth in the engravings. Such a volume is really worthy of the largest encouragement, and its success will be so triumphant, we hope, as to induce Mr. Putnam to bring out further works of the same class and the same high order of excellence.

Mr. Putnam's Christmas volumes are for sale by Morris.

THE WOMEN OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY; *A Series of Portraits, with appropriate descriptions by several American Clergymen.* Edited by *Rev. J. A. Spencer, M. A.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1852.

THE LAND OF BONDAGE: *Its Ancient Monuments and Present Condition.* Being the Journal of a Tour in Egypt. By *Jonathan M. Wainwright, D. D.* Same publishers.

These are very magnificent gift-books, and we are greatly at a loss to determine which is the superior of the two. Perhaps it will be better to leave our readers to decide for themselves after purchasing both. "The Women of Early Christianity" contains the sweet portraits of some of the early female saints and martyrs, and all who have read Mrs. Jameson's "Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," know how delightful a volume can be made out of such interesting materials. The illustrations are as fine as any of the kind we have ever seen, and the text is just what we have a right to expect from the editorial supervision of Rev. Mr. Spencer. Among the contributors, we recognise our old friend, Dr. Sprague of Albany, whose writings are always excellent.

"The Land of Bondage" is entitled to the praise of being pronounced by far the best work that has been published on Egypt, in this country, and the engravings, which are plentifully interleaved throughout the volume, are exceedingly spirited. Egypt has been so much "done," in the book line, of late years, that one is not apt to be taken with the title, however originally expressed, of another publication concerning its antiquities. The Pyramids do, indeed, seem to be eternal and the Sphinx an everlasting puzzle. Dr. Wainwright's Sketches give us no brilliant pictures like Eothen—nor in following him do we appear to wander in the dream of an opium-eater, as under the guidance of the author of that intoxicating volume, but they present a pleasing and truth-like description of the condition of Egypt—the Egypt of to-day.

We cannot forbear saying here how much we are gratified at the substitution of such works as these for the ordinary "purple and gold" Christmas finery. One of them is worth a dozen of the "Forget-me-Nots," and "Friendship's Offerings" which, in times past, were made to do centre-table service from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day, and were then forgotten forever. Nash and Woodhouse have sent us these volumes, but they may also be found at Randolph's and Morris's bookstores.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, *with a Memoir of the Author, a Critical View of his Writings, and Explanatory Notes.* By *James Robert Boyd.* New York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

Albeit Edward Young is the melancholy Poet, whose sad spirit, according to Madame de Staël, has inspired all subsequent English Literature with sepulchral gloom, yet Mr. Scribner, instead of presenting him to us in black morocco binding, enstamped with dismal yew trees, and death's heads—has tricked him out in gay apparel, even in cheerful green and gold, and given to him a countenance suggestive of anything but a "Complaint," or the need of "Consolation."

Those who have hitherto communed with their favorite in brown and greasy covers, and from a narrow-margined page, tinted like the sear and yellow leaf, would hardly recognise their old friend in his new and attractive attire.

What a comfort would such an edition as that which now lies before us, have been to the late Joseph Emerson, who tells us that Young was the dear companion of his early youth, the most faithful counsellor of his advancing years—for more than thirty summers the balm of his sorrows, the pillow of his weary head, the sweetener of his sweetest joys!

But the surviving admirers of the Mighty Bard may in future delight their eyes, together with their hearts, as they peruse his immortal lines, stamped upon the smooth and snowy page, with a type worthy of the honor.

In addition to its superior mechanical execution, the work is copiously illustrated with notes, some of which at first sight seem almost impertinent from their simplicity, until the Editor's special design, of making it a handbook for the young and uneducated, is explained. There are many readers who might be moved and profited by the solemn teachings of this great Poem, who, without a clear unfolding of their meaning would lose all the advantage of its apt classical allusions.

It is not every reader who is familiar with the Aonian Mount, the Cimmerian Vale, the Pierian train, the Charms of Circe, or the thread of the fatal Sisters. Nor is every one aware of what is meant by an Iris on the bosom of the Cloud, by a Favonian breath, or the groans of Atlas. Explanations of such phrases are well enough, but we think the annotator might have saved himself the trouble of informing any one who can read *or* talk, that when Young said a "furrow'd brow," he meant a wrinkled brow, that the word "abscond," meant to withdraw from view, and that to "earth a treasure," was to hide a treasure in the earth.

These little gratuitous services, however, need not diminish our admiration of the most beautiful edition of Young yet presented to the public, and which Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse doubtless stand ready to *present* to their friends.

HAND-BOOK OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS: Comprising complete and accurate Definitions of all Terms employed in Belles-Lettres, Philosophy, Theology, &c., &c. Compiled and arranged by *George Ripley* and *Bayard Taylor.* New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1852.

The latest enterprise in the book-trade, which Mr. Putnam has undertaken, is one which promises to place into the hands of every body a series of very excellent and useful volumes, as authorities in all branches of human investigation. The work before us is the second of the series, the "Dictionary of Dates" having been the first.

The preparation of a "Hand-Book of Literature and the Fine Arts," could not, perhaps, have been confided to a better person than Mr. Ripley. A man of ripe scholar-

ship and refined taste in Art, he is remarkable alike for industry and method. From a cursory examination of his present performance, we are disposed to think that it has been compiled, to meet an immediate demand, with too much haste. The definitions though clear, are not full, and the articles of a more extended character, while obviously free from bias or partiality, are yet occasionally incomplete. One of these we take occasion to notice. Under the general head of Literature, the author comes to speak of American Letters, of which he gives a fair and well-digested summary. But he, singularly enough, omits to place, among the eminent writers on law, the distinguished name of Chancellor Kent, associated forever in the jurisprudence of the country with the names of Marshall and Story; and makes no mention at all of the eminent literary labors of the lamented Legaré, under whose charge the Southern Review became a worthy rival of the Edinburgh and the Quarterly. These omissions, we say, would seem to imply precipitation in the getting up of the volume. But lest we may appear unfair in judging the edifice by a single brick, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that few more valuable books have been issued from an American publishing house than this, and that we give Mr. Putnam great credit for supplying the large class of reading men, whose means will not allow them to purchase such expensive works as the larger Encyclopædias, with so valuable a *vade mecum*, at a comparatively inconsiderable charge.

This work is for sale by Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

SWALLOW BARN, or *A Sojourn in the Old Dominion*. By *John P. Kennedy*. Revised Edition. With Twenty Illustrations by Strother. New York: George P. Putnam. 1851.

Nobody in Virginia needs to be told what Swallow Barn is—a series of most agreeable and faithful sketches of Virginia life, drawn by the hand of a master. Twenty years ago, it was read and enjoyed, from the Chesapeake to the Ohio, and now a second generation will read and enjoy it in a much more worthy and beautiful edition. We do not think we praise it too highly in saying, that in after times, when the historian shall garner up all the cotemporaneous *materiel* which he can find to represent, as it was, the social life of the Old Dominion in 1820, he will value Swallow Barn above anything else in his possession.

Strother's illustrations, in the edition before us, are very excellent, and could not possibly have been done by any other than a Southern man. One must have grown up among the negroes, been the companion of their sports, frequented the quarters on a plantation, and stolen the "pone" of corn bread from the "aunty's" kitchen fire, to catch so exactly the negro's expression and draw him so much to the life. We congratulate Mr. Kennedy upon his good fortune in securing the services of so capital an illustrator; Strother has done for him what Retschz did for Goethe, though in a less pretending way. If we should ever attempt the delineation of Southern manners in fiction, by all means, we should try to enlist Strother to make the designs for its embellishment.

This new edition of Swallow Barn is for sale by Morris.

Putnam's Home Cyclopedia. HAND-BOOK OF UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY. By *Parke Godwin*. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1852.

This portly and respectable volume seems to have been compiled with labour and discrimination from former biographical dictionaries, and will be most acceptable to the public. Mr. Godwin is a man of talent and accurate investigation, but from his position as one of the Editors of a most objectionable anti-slavery paper—the Evening Post—and his known sectional prejudices, the original portions of his volume must be received with caution. He states himself in the Preface, that perhaps some names are given which might have been omitted, and others omitted which should have been supplied, and we find upon examination that as far as American personages are concerned, the unnecessary biographies are of Northern, while the omissions are almost altogether of Southern celebrities. Notwithstanding these faults, the work, as we have said, is a valuable one, and is a most important addition to the "Home Cyclopedia" which Putnam is engaged in publishing.

It may be obtained in Richmond of Nash & Woodhouse.

THE WOODBINE: A Holiday Gift. *Edited by Caroline May*. With Illustrations. Philadelphia; Lindsay and Blakiston.

This showily attired, holiday book, which comes to us "with the compliments of the season," is made up of an agreeable variety of prose and verse, original and selected, evincing the good taste and literary talent of Miss Caroline May. It will commend itself to purchasers as a proper presentation volume.

To be obtained at Morris's bookstore.

DRAYTON: *A Story of American Life*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street. 1851.

We have been enabled to bestow but very little time upon this (outwardly) handsome volume, and can only call the attention of our readers to the general character of the work, abstaining from any opinion of its literary value. Drayton is a young man who, early bound apprentice to a shoemaker, has his aspirations crushed within his breast by an inexorable fatality. A haughty aristocrat by spurning him like a dog, and calling his beloved Plutarch a "trashy romance," first arouses his energy, and he soon passes away from the ignoble life and the more ignoble employment which had hitherto chained his faculties.

We have not space to follow him through the various incidents of his career, and indeed with the limited insight we have been compelled to content ourselves with into this his life, would find the task somewhat difficult. We, however, feel the more entitled to pass the work with this hasty notice, as, should we proceed farther, we should be compelled to encounter "Mr. Brown," one of the characters who was the author of those *terrible* lines "To Mary." If our readers are nervous we recommend to them the most careful look-out for the above-mentioned verses—in order that the work may be instantly closed, and that very disagreeable, (or, as Charles Lamb would say, "inconvenient") visitant, *coma* be staved off.

Finally after all his vicissitudes, Drayton marries Ellen, the lady of his heart, and on achieving for his hero this consummation, in many cases so devoutly to be wished, the author kindly "takes leave" of him and his fortunes. We do the same with only the additional remark that Mr. Drayton presents himself to us, (to narrate for our amusement the narrative of his life,) in an "outward accoutrement" as graceful and becoming as those master workmen tailors, the Harpers, are ever accustomed to supply to such mere novices.

"Drayton" may be found at Morris's Book Store.